









# ST. NICHOLAS



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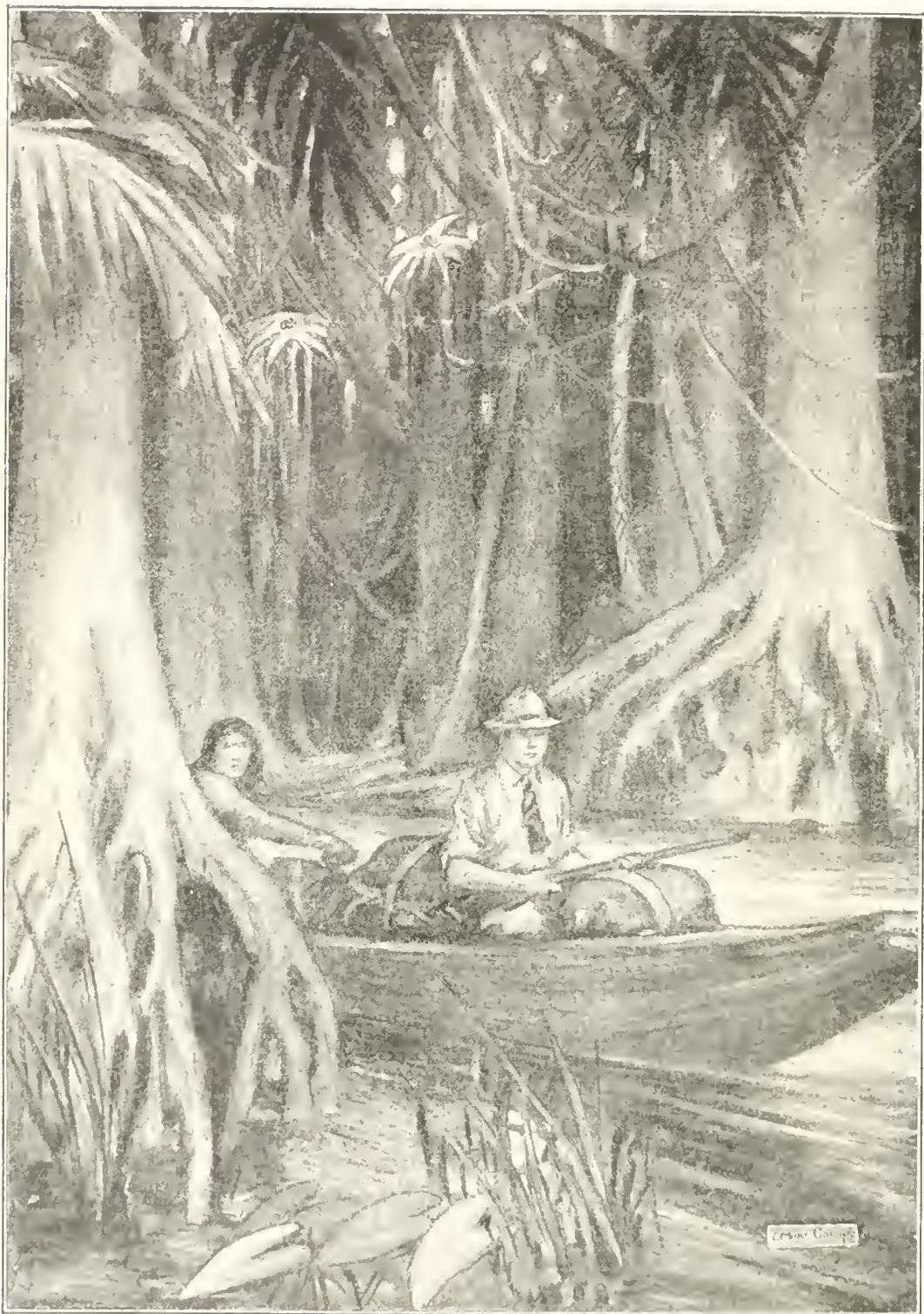
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## BOY HUNTERS IN DEMERARA

By GEORGE INNESS HARTLEY

### CHAPTER I

#### THE CAMP ON THE MAZARUNI

It was mid-afternoon on the Mazaruni River. The heat was intense, but tempered by creeping bands of shadow which were spreading over the dark brown water. On either shore rose the jungle, like two weathered cliffs hidden by masses of luxuriant vegetation. No sounds issued from the depths of the forest except the thud of falling fruits and the crash of time-worn branches; but overhead flew several Amazon parrots with hoarse cries, following the course of the stream northward. The dark muzzle of an otter protruded from the water, and disappeared with a muffled snort in a circle of ripples. A single fish, a *lukani*, leaped in the failing sunlight.

A small canoe, in which were seated two people, glided under the eastern shore, so close that its occupants bent low to escape the overhanging branches. A fat boy of sixteen, inappropriately clad in immaculate flannels, crouched in the bow with a shotgun across his knees. In the stern sat an Indian, stripped bare to the waist, who guided the craft with a long, narrow-bladed paddle. The boy stared suspiciously at the shore as it swept past, and maintained the silence of one who is awed by what he sees. The Indian applied himself wholly to dodging snags.

Above them, the jungle formed a solid wall a hundred feet high,—in favored places a hundred and fifty,—all bound together by great vines,

many several inches thick, which dangled down to the water or twisted and curled like gigantic serpents until lost in the dense foliage. The tree trunks were many colored—silvery white, dull brown, green, and even yellow. Many were enlarged near their bases. In others, the roots acted like guy-ropes, reaching the trunk several feet from the ground; while still others had roots like solid buttresses, growing evenly from the trunk like the partitions of a revolving door. In many cases these buttresses were twisted and convoluted, and overlapped one another. The foliage was composed of the purples, pinks, and yellows of new-born leaflets, the variegated greens of summer-time, and the browns of autumn. All the trees stood so close together that the eyes could penetrate them but a short distance.

The river-bank, as the canoe slipped by, changed greatly. Here it was high, built of red clay and gouged by the undermining current,—which swept with full force against it,—but held together by a network of gnarled roots; there it was so low that the water overflowed it and disappeared in a mass of swamp vegetation. The low places were guarded by belts of mangroves, whose spider-legged roots sank into the mud, or by the thick stalks of *mucka-mucka* plants, with their great heart-shaped leaves and queer, cone-like fruit. Often, half hidden by overhanging branches, there was a low outcropping of rock, which ran for a hundred yards; again it was a sandy beach which sloped gently up toward the

base of the jungle. The river extended far to the southward, where it was lost by a sudden turn into the trees.

The canoe, a hollowed log pointed at both ends, swept forward with silent rapidity. The boy maintained his air of suspicion mingled with fascination. Once he raised his hand as a signal to the Indian to cease paddling and stared ahead, gripping his gun nervously. But it was a false alarm, and he waved the canoe on again.

An hour passed, and they approached a maze of small islands which cut the river into narrow channels. The end of their journey was in sight.

The canoe turned into the passage which separated the nearest island from the mainland and grounded beside a second dugout on a strip of sand at the foot of a sloping bank. For the first time in an hour the Indian spoke.

"Dar camp," he said, pointing toward the top of the bank. "Dar marster in big white tent. You call, he come. Me carry bags up. Me sorry you see no *maipurie*—what you call tapir."

"Righto, Wa'na," Paul Jenkins replied cheerfully, stepping ashore as daintily as his huge proportions would permit and ruefully examining his trousers, which were a trifle the worse for wear. "I'm sorry too. You go ahead with the war-bags and I'll find the camp. Yoohoo, Fred and Jack! Where are you?"

He began a ponderous scramble up the bank.

"Coming!" a voice cried from over the hill, and an instant later he was pounced upon by a boy of his own age.

"Hello, Paul!" The new-comer grasped at him with one hand and pounded him on the back with the other. "How 's the old scout? Yeow! I'm glad to see you!"

"Fine, Fred! How 's old Skinny Shanks? Say, it cert'ainly is good to see you! Who'd have thought I'd ever travel thousands of miles just to catch a glimpse of your ugly old emaciated face again!"

"I've got you where I want you now, Fatty!" Fred Milton shouted. "Whew, are n't you going to sweat it, though, before we get through with you, you old porpoise! Come on up to the tent and we'll bunt up Jack."

He led the way along a narrow trail, cut for fifty yards through thick underbrush, which debouched into a clearing on the brow of a hill that overlooked the river. Several small tents were scattered about the place, and beneath a huge, spreading tree stood a larger one with a raised fly. Fred led the way toward this.

"Those other tents are for our different departments of work. That one over there with the chicken wire around it is for the bulk of our specimens, the awning with the long table beneath it

is the skinning-room, where they are prepared. That's where Wa'na and the other Indians hang out most of the time when they're not hunting in the 'bush' or going down river to fetch back fat boys fresh and green from New York. The tent in back of our large one was put up for the Indians, but they preferred sleeping in the open, so it's used as a store-room."

With Fred rattling on in this fashion, they entered the big tent. Paul was surprised to find it floored with rough boards; he had expected no such luxury in the far-away jungle. Three wooden cots, with their complement of gray army blankets, occupied one side of the spacious interior, and a long wooden table the other. Several boxes, whose contents had once been canned tomatoes, acted as stools. On the table were accumulated a variety of articles: books,—a hundred or more,—two microscopes, a small typewriter, a towering column of flat, yellowish boxes,—which he afterward discovered contained pinned insects,—several binoculars, the stuffed skins of three or four bright-colored birds, two large cameras, and a general litter of paper, knives, forceps, dividers, and rulers. Leaning against the table were a shotgun and a small rifle. A line was stretched between two tent-poles, and held, among other things, three flannel shirts, a pair of khaki breeches, and two swinging shelves on which lay numerous bird skins wrapped in cotton wool in the process of drying. This was Paul's first glimpse of the working laboratory of a naturalist in the field.

"Jiminy, you fellows are fixed up in good shape!" he exclaimed, in pleased amazement. "How did you get all that stuff up here? I thought we were going to rough it. Say, this is what I like!" There was a feeling of relief in his tone.

"Haw, Fatty," his companion chuckled, seating himself on one of the cots and motioning Paul to do likewise, "it's tougher than you think. It took us a long time to get all the equipment together, many trips in the old dugouts, and several in a large batuan that we hired. This is our permanent camp, so we wanted to make it as comfortable as possible. It's used as a base, and we take long trips into the interior every little while in search of material,—though there really is n't much need of it; there's plenty right at our back door. You'll find it rough enough on those trips, Fat—rough enough to spoil the fancy clothes you've got on."

"Wait a minute!" the other interrupted hurriedly, taking Fred seriously. "I've got other clothes to wear on trips like that. It would n't do to ruin these, you know. They're just to wear when we have callers."

"Callers!" the slight boy choked, "callers! The only visitors we'll ever have are a few dilapidated Indians looking for a job or trying to sell us a bird or two. White people don't often come this far up river."

His chum looked surprised and slightly upset at this news.

"But the living 's not so bad here," Fred continued. "There are a few queer noises to get used to at night, and you must n't mind a few insects crawling up your back, flying into your mouth, or falling into your plate when you eat. All our meat is killed in the jungle. About twenty dif-

ferent kinds are on our menu: deer, peccaries, monkeys, tinamous, curassows, and a dozen others, which beat all hollow anything you can get at home. It's cool at night and not hot in the daytime—"

"Not what?"

The stout boy wiped his streaming face with an already wringing-wet hunk of hief, which tailed completely in its duty of further absorbing moisture.

"If you don't call this hot, what is it?" he demanded.

"That 's only because you're not used to it. Just wait until we've run some of the fat off you! Look at the thermometer hanging over your head, if you don't believe it. I bet you it reads hardly over eighty."

He reached toward the instrument.

"What did I tell you? eighty-two! It 's because you think you *ought* to be hot in the tropics

that you *are* hot. Say," changing the subject, "I wish Jack would come back. He went out with Walee, one of the Indians, a little while ago to photograph the nest of an ant-bird. Ought to have been back long ago. Hold hard—here 's Wa'na with your stuff. Put them down on the bed in the corner, Wa'na."

The Indian had entered, staggering under the weight of three duffle-bags, a gigantic valise, and several nondescript bundles, which he deposited in the spot indicated. Breathing heavily, he turned to depart.

"Where you go now, Wa'na?" the thin chap in-



SEVERAL SMALL TENTS WERE SCATTERED ABOUT THE PLACE

quired, using the broken English best understood by Akawai Indians of the British colony of Guiana, or, as it is locally known, Demerara.

Wa'na paused in his exit. "Me go get trunk," and, grinning to himself, he disappeared.

"I just brought a few clothes and some other things. Thought I might need them," came the half-apologetic explanation.

Fred rolled on the cot in a convulsion of laughter. At last, having affectionately clapped his chum on the back several times as an outlet to his feelings, he managed to gasp:

"You're the same old Fat; have n't changed a bit! Always got to have enough clothes. But we don't dress for dinner down here, Chub. Anyway, we can use 'em for gun-rags when my old shirt gives out."

"Aw, nothin' doing, Fred. There 's not any more than I can use."

"Sure we will! But, honesty speakin', I gue-

it was a good move of yours, for there 's nothing like comfort when you can get it. I 've found that out already. It 's fine to have a set of dry clothes to wear of an evening, because you 're pretty wet most of the day from showers and perspiration. What sort of a trip did you have? get seasick? run into any hurricanes?"

Question after question was shot at Paul, who answered to the best of his ability while still keeping pace with the interrogations.

"How did you like the steamer that brought you up river? How did the canoe trip strike you? See any animals?"

"Steamer was n't so bad, but cooking was rotten. Spent the night on board, but was kept awake most of the time by a million bugs that kept buzzing around. Trip in the canoe was fine! Came up the Essequibo in the steamer, and it was like traveling on a big lake six or seven miles wide. Never saw a river the size of that before. Even the Mazaruni 's pretty near as wide as the Hudson at the Battery, and it 's not quarter as big as the Essequibo. Met the canoe at the end of the steamer route and traveled most of the day getting here. And, say! the water in the river 's the color of coffee! I never saw anything like it—"

"Juices from tree roots, decayed vegetation, and swamp water. Go on."

"Wa'nai—that 's his name, is n't it?—told me to watch out for tapirs along the shore, but I did n't see any, though I kept my eyes open. Did n't see any animals and mighty few birds. Thought the tropics were full of them."

"There are lots, both birds and animals, but you won't notice many until your eyes become trained to see them. Hullo, here 's Jack! Oh, Jack!"—triumphantly—"Paul 's here!"

## CHAPTER II

### THE MILIONS AND PAUL

AFTER a cordial greeting, in which Fred took an active and noisy part, Jack Milton seated himself between the two boys. He was six years older than his brother, tall, broad-chested, and with a square, determined chin. Fred too was tall, but thinner and wiry. He had Jack's chin and blue eyes, but his mouth carried a perpetual grin, and his face was a mass of freckles. Jack had spent a year in France flying over the enemy lines, and had carried consternation to at least four Boche *Fokkers*, which had fallen victims to the deadly accuracy of his machine-gun fire. Owing to a slight wound in the shoulder, received near the close of hostilities, he had been sent home shortly after the signing of the Armistice, and two months later obtained his discharge from the service.

As soon as he was freed from further military

duty, Milton had returned to the work he loved. He was a naturalist, born and bred, a gift inherited directly from his father, who, before his death, had been one of the leading authorities on South American mammals. His mother had died a few years after Fred was born.

One day, shortly after his return to the museum where he was an assistant to the curator of the mammal department, he had been called to the office of the head of the museum.

"Sit down, Jack," Dr. Keene had said, waving him to a chair. "I have something to talk over with you. Make yourself comfortable; there is much to be said."

Thoroughly mystified, Jack had seated himself. Then Dr. Keene had outlined at full length a plan for establishing a permanent camp in South America, under the auspices of the museum, for the purpose of supplying that institution with a continuous flow of specimens. This Milton was to have charge of.

"When you exhaust one region," the doctor had explained, "you can move to another. But the idea is to make a *thorough* collection of the fauna of a locality before you leave it. You know what that means: years, perhaps, in one place. Any collector in a few months can skim off what he considers the cream of animal life, but the *true* cream is what he really overlooks. He gathers the commoner species; you must go after the rarer material, that which we know little about. It is work your father would have relished."

Jack was naturally delighted with the prospect. The opportunity of his life, he felt, had come. He decided to take Fred, whose love of the outdoors equaled that of his brother, but only under the condition that the boy should continue his studies to fit himself for college. Fred had demurred good-naturedly at this condition, but accepted with alacrity. He would have agreed to anything that would take him on the journey.

"You want to make a greasy grind of me—hey, Jack?—even down in the jungle where the bugs bite and the monkeys howl?" he had grinned. "Well, I 'll go you, but have a heart and don't drive me too hard. Can Fatty Jenkins come down later on?"

Three months later found them with their camp established on the lower Mazaruni, twenty miles above the terminus of the colonial government steamer line. To the uninitiated, this may not seem far removed from civilization; but considering that their nearest white neighbor was fifteen miles to the northward, and that the jungle stretched unbroken for a thousand miles to the southward, clear to the banks of the Amazon River, and then two thousand more to Argentine, they had not chosen badly for a base camp. As



far as appearances, forest life, and natives were concerned, they were in the heart of the Amazon wilderness.

Paul Jenkins was as stout as his chum was thin, and rejoiced in the title of Fatty, while Fred lived at school under the alias of Skinny, or Skinny

where they would glitter to better advantage. But underlying his exterior of smart dress and easy living, was a deep-running love of adventure. He was not lazy, only pretended to be.

On the day Fred left school for his journey, he had extracted a reluctant promise from Paul that,



THE OPPORTUNITY OF HIS LIFE, JACK FELT, HAD COME.

Shank. They were incomparable. *Jack Spratt* and his wife, and between them managed to keep the school ladder in a fair state of reduction. In the matter of food they agreed, and in many other things, but the love of city life was as imbedded in Paul as was the outdoors in Fred. Immaculateness of dress was Paul's hobby; his chum was not so particular. Parties, theaters, social gatherings, were revels in by the fat boy; Fred would rather ramble in the woods, with a pair of field-glasses, a camera, or a gun.

Paul did not hate the country and the woods, he was simply not well acquainted with them. His bright tie and rattling lirt seemed out of place in the field, therefore he attended function

his parents willing, he would join the expedition at the close of the school term. Paul had laughed the idea down at first, remarking that the north was hot enough in the summer time without having to travel south for comfort; that old New York was good enough for him; and that the only bugs and snakes he wanted to see were in glass cases at the museum. He had a horror of insects, and the sight of a reptile sent cold shivers down his back. Nevertheless, when Fred enlarged upon the beauties of the jungle, spoke of the wonderful hooting there, and the gorgeous bird, the imagination of his chum took fire, and at length he gave his promise. He would try the hooting and hallow, in the hope of Roosevelt.

When Paul gave his word to do a thing, if it was possible, he did it. So, after a successful struggle with his parents, having secured an outfit of clothes, rifles, and guns which would have sufficed an expedition of several years' duration through the heart of Africa, the close of school saw him on a small steamer bound for Demerara.

The voyage was uneventful. On the seventh day out they sighted the first land of the West Indies, and then island after island hove into view: St. Thomas, St. Kitts, Guadeloupe, Dominica, Martinique, with its northern end shattered by the explosion of Mt. Pelée, Barbadoes, and finally, on the fifteenth day, Georgetown, British Guiana. Two days later he reached the camp on the Mazaruni.

### CHAPTER III

#### MOSTLY INDIANS

"Now that you're all settled and comfortable, let's go out and look things over," Fred suggested, when Paul with gentle care had unpacked some of his belongings and made himself at home as best he could in one corner of the tent.

"Wait a minute until I change my clothes," denominated that boy. "It won't take a second."

"Aw, come on! If you could sit most of the day in a canoe in those you've got on, you ought to be able to wear 'em a while longer around camp."

Paul followed his impetuous friend out of the tent, but not without a reluctant glance at the unptuous wardrobe he was leaving untouched. A bright green shirt with narrow yellow stripes particularly caught his eye. He sighed with regret that the time had not yet come for him to wear it.

They strolled about the camp while Fred pointed out the items of especial interest. Other than the several small tents already mentioned, there were three shelters rooted with palm leaves, but without walls. Two contained cord hammocks slung between poles, and the third, a small stove on which all the cooking was done. The hammocks belonged to the Indian helpers.

"Ever have any trouble with your hunters?" inquired Paul, whose knowledge of Indians was limited to Fenimore Cooper and Edward S. Ellis. He had visions of savage uprisings, skulking shadows in the jungle, blood curdling war whoops, and horrible massacres.

Fred was loath to cloud the illusion of his chum and replied in a careless manner, "It if it mattered little.

"Oh, once in a while. You've got to handle 'em with care. If you get them riled up, they're liable to do mo't anything, shoot you in the back, when you're walking in the jungle, catch you and

scalp you. They've never run amuck yet, though, and attacked the camp." And he grinned mischievously to himself.

His companion shuddered. This was more than he had bargained for, but having once ventured into this terrible region, he would play the game.

"Did you ever get into a mix up yourself, Skinny?" he asked, in an awe-stricken voice.

"No, but Jack has. Ask him about it." Then casually changing the subject, he pointed to the large tree under which stood the big tent.

"That's a cashew. In another month its fruit'll be ripe—there are a few on the ground now!"

Fred picked up a red object, in shape, color, and consistency like a large strawberry. At the pointed end clung what the other thought was the coiled shell of a snail.

"No, that's no snail," his companion corrected. "It's the seed, hanging to the outside instead of the inside. You've eaten them many a time in New York, Fatty, under the name of cashew-nut, but they're really not nuts at all. They contain a pair of leaves just like a bean, and only need a little moisture to make 'em sprout after they hit the ground. Be careful there, man!" The large boy had made a motion to crack open the seed with his teeth. "That's poisonous! It has to be baked before it's good to eat. The fruit's all right, though. Try that."

Paul bit gingerly into the juicy red pulp, then, the delicious, tart flavor pleasing his palate, swallowed it with avidity.

"Um m m, that *was* good, Skinny!" he exclaimed, smacking his lips. "But who ever heard of an honest to goodness fine fruit like that with a poisonous seed hanging to the outside? I never did. And cashew-nuts come from this tree, but have to be cooked before they're fit to eat! What do you know about that?" He gazed open-mouthed at the tree.

"You've got to be mighty careful, Fat, about eating wild fruit down here." Fred was in deadly earnest now; "most of it's good, but some is terribly poisonous, and unless you're wise to them, it's mighty hard to tell which is which. It's said that if a monkey'll eat it, it's all right for you; but the best plan, unless you're absolutely sure, is to leave it alone altogether. That's what Jack says, and I guess he knows. Hullo, here's Jim Wonder what he's got."

A naked Indian, clothed only in a red loin cloth, emerged from the forest and advanced toward them carrying a large bird, which in outward appearance resembled a large grayish brown chicken, but with smaller wings, a narrower neck, and thinner bill. Fred took it from the Indian and handed it to Paul.

"It's a big tinamou," he explained. "The natives call them *maams*. This is the biggest kind. They're the finest thing you ever ate, all breast from the neck almost clear down to the stern. It's classed among birds way down low on the list, next to ostriches, but you can't beat it for eating. They're common in the jungle, and we'll shoot plenty ourselves before we're through here. Lives on the ground in the daytime, but roosts on low branches at night. Don't fly much on account of its small wings; but when it does, it scares you to death from the noise it makes getting off the ground."

The remainder of the afternoon was spent nosing around the camp, until Paul was thoroughly familiar with it. He was struck by the great size of the trees which surrounded them, and the lack of living sounds coming from their depths. There frequently echoed the crash of falling dead-wood, the *plump* of some huge nut or fruit, but seldom did he hear the cry of a bird. Of four-footed beasts, there was no sign. If the new-comer had realized it, he was living in a sea of sound, but thus far his ear had been attuned only to the bolder cries. He had expected the clamor of the parrot-house in the zoo, but had met, instead, the gentler drone of insects and the timid calls of birds, which he mistook for the sough of wind through the foliage.

That evening for supper they had the tinamou, which proved as delicious as Fred had said. But throughout the meal Paul remained silent. He was disappointed by the jungle stillness. How different it was from what he had dreamed—from what Fred had led him to believe. How treacherous it was, with its bright-colored fruit! He wondered about its snakes; it must be alive with them—he had always believed so. And the wild Indians! He shivered. What a meal he would make for them!

"What's the matter, Paul?" inquired Jack, noting his quietness. "Feel a bit homesick?"

"No!" was the indignant response—for who likes to be called homesick? "I was just thinkin'," and he relapsed again into silence. A moment later he inquired aloud, though actually unconscious of the fact, "I wonder if they like 'em fat?"

Jack stared at him in astonishment and Fred choked over a mouthful of tinamou.

"What do you mean—fat?" interrogated the elder.

"Who?—what?—I?" Paul came to himself with a start. "Oh, I was just thinking of the Indians. Don't you have to stand guard against them? Fred said—"

"I can guess what Fred said," Jack interrupted, concealing a grin. "You've lived with him long

enough, Paul, to know that nine tenths of what he says is well, just fooling. The remaining tenth you have to take with a grain of salt. What's he been stuffing you about now?"

"Was n't stuffin' him about anything," cried Skinny, in an injured tone.

"He said the Indians were liable to rise at any time and attack you when you walk in the jungle. He told me you'd had a lot of trouble yourself with them. I n't that so?" Fat turned an innocent eye on Jack.

Milton faced his brother. "Why, you confounded young jackanapes!" he exclaimed, leaning over to seize him by the scruff of the neck. Fred was rolling about on his tomato-lox in a convulsion of laughter.

"Leave me alone," he gasped, making ineffectual efforts to release himself.

Paul glared at him across the table.

"Was he foolin'?" he demanded of Jack.

"Of course he was. None of the Indians in British Guiana are savage. They're wild enough, and I don't know what they do to each other, but there has n't been a case of a white man being attacked for years and years except under the greatest provocation, and then he deserved what he got."

Resentment and relief struggled for mastery in Paul's expression. Finally relief and his sense of humor won; he burst into an uproar of merriment that outrivalled his chum.

"You great old fraud, Skinny Shanks!" he cried affectionately. "That's one on me. You almost had me going. I'll admit being scared for a while."

"You were so easy!" cried the other, wiping his eyes.

"You'll have to watch out for that fellow," warned Milton. "He's likely to say anything. Just come to me when you want true answers."

"Huh! He's a worse fibber than I am. But, honestly, Fat, everything else I told you was true."

"All right, I'll forgive you this time, old Skinny Shanks, but mark my words: I'll get you if it takes six months. Go on about the Indians, Jack."

"There are three tribes in this neighborhood, Arawak, Akawai, and Macusi. The Arawak is a separate race of Indians, while the other two belong to the Carib branch. Of course there are several other tribes in Guiana, but they don't live in this locality. The Arawaks were the original owners of the country, but several hundred years ago the Caribs moved inland from the coast and drove them back. There was a continual war between them for generations, and even now they're none too friendly. Three of our hunters

are Akawai and the other Maui. We have no Arawaks.

"They are quite different from the North American Indians, though doubtless coming from the same original stock. Their color is the same, but their features are a trifle more regular. They are not true forest runners like our own natives, — though just as skilled in forest lore, — but are essentially river-men and canoe-men. You notice their splendid development of chest and shoulders, while their legs are thin, almost as bad as Skinny's over there.

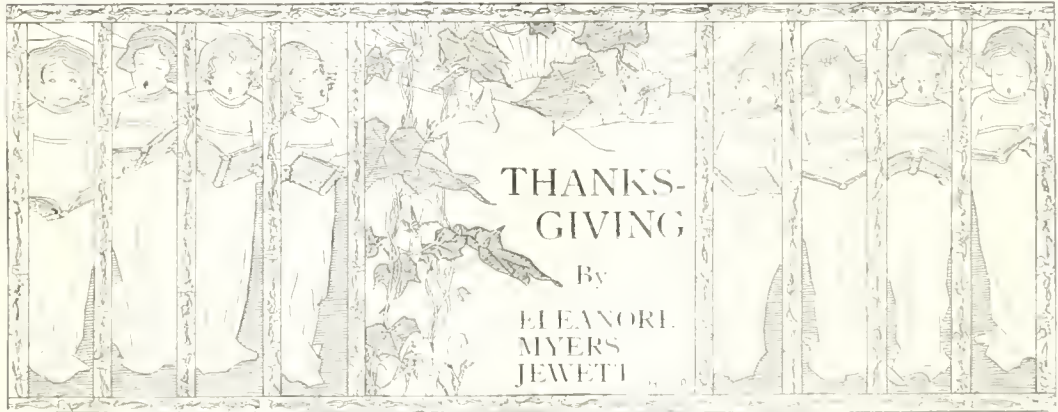
"They are a gentle, lazy people, apparently having lost their warlike instincts, and are extremely shy of white men. But this shyness is not due to hatred, only fear of coming into contact with things they can't understand. When you once

break through that barrier, they are as honest and loyal a people as you'd wish to deal with.

"Our four hunters are employed to provide us with meat for the table and to secure specimens. Each one uses a little twenty-eight gauge shotgun I supply him with, and you'll be surprised at the amount of game he can bring down with one. A short while ago, Wa'na even killed a tapir with his. He crawled within ten feet of the beast before shooting, and the charge of b.b. shot tore a hole in the back of its skull as large as my hat. One of them brings in a deer virtually every day."

Paul was intensely interested in what Jack had related. He spent the rest of the evening in asking questions until he felt there was little more to learn. The jungle did not seem such a dismal place after all.

*(To be continued)*



When the first song sparrow warbles  
In the spring,

When a bluebird flashes by  
On gleaming wing,

When the bloodroots, waxen white,  
Fill the waysides with delight,  
And the crocuses are bright  
Blossoming;

When the summer morning mists  
Are pearly gray,

When I hear the veery trill  
His winding lay,

Or, in fall, when I behold  
Trees in flaming red and gold,  
And the corn shock, dry and old,  
Stacked away,

When I hear the lake ice snapping  
In the night,

When the moon upon the housetops  
Glistens bright,

When the fine, kind snow slips down,  
Clothing hill and field and town  
In a fairy ermine gown,  
Soft and white;

Lord, in moments such as the e,  
Rich and rare,—

Spring or summer, autumn, winter,  
Anywhere,

Through my heart there sweeps along  
Wordless praise as deep and strong  
As a glad, sweet rush of song  
Or a prayer!



"THE PICTURE-BOOK" — PAINTED BY LYDIA FIELD EMMET

# IN TRANSIT

By ETHELYN SEXTON

As REX stood in the shipping-room after work, admiring the lines of the two new Wolverine Specials, he was joined by a well-dressed stranger. Rex barely noticed that his complexion was florid and that he had small, black, roving eyes.

"Pretty good lookers, what?" said the stranger.

"The best the Wolverine people ever made."

"They're cold?"

"To Buck, Lincoln, Nebraska."

"Driven through, or shipped?"

Rex was examining the tonneau, noting the folding racks, the compartments in the floor, and the beautiful upholstery, and answered absently.

"Driven. His cars always go cross country."

The man walked around the front of the car, lifted the hood of the engine for a glance inside, then examined the lighting apparatus and gear shifts. When Rex looked up he was leaning against the wheel, idly tucking an unlighted cigar; and as the boy left the building, the man followed.

"Work here?" said the stranger.

"Yes, testing department. Dad's foreman there." Then Rex looked up he was leaning against the wheel, idly tucking an unlighted cigar; and as the boy left the building, the man followed.

"Sort of. I was wondering how many cars were going to this man Buck."

"Sixteen, Dad said."

They had come to a corner where a street led down town and the man turned abruptly.

"I get off here," he said. "So long."

"Some bump of curiosity, he has," thought Rex. "Probably somebody who's keen for automobiles—just as I am." And by the time he reached home and sat down to a belated supper he had forgotten all about the man.

The conversation at the table was on the subject of the two cars which Rex had just seen, and, had he been less interested in his supper, he might have noticed that his father and mother exchanged glances when he introduced the subject. As they rose from table Mr. Cary turned to Rex.

"By the way, Ely wants to see you in his office to-morrow."

"The traffic manager? What does he want of me?"

"He's probably going to resign and give you his job," volunteered Rex's younger brother Tom.

"Good guess! That's probably it. Strange how he'd know that I was the chap for the place! Still, since I have n't had official notice, I may as well have the usual bout with Friend Calculus."

As Rex settled himself with his books at the

desk in the corner, his mother stopped, in passing, and laid her hand upon the boy's shoulder.

"I'm sorry, Rex, you're not entering college this fall. If only we could have managed—"

"Now, Mother!" Rex turned so suddenly that the calculus slid to the floor with a bang. "We've talked that all over, and I want you to stop worrying about it. I'd look fine going to Boston Tech with all you folks skimping along here at home! It won't hurt me a bit to work in the shops for a year, or two years, even, and in the meantime I can keep from getting rusty on a few of the essentials by going to night-school. Don't you fret about me."

"You are my brave boy," said his mother, as she turned away.

At nine o'clock, the next morning Rex was in the office of Grant Ely, traffic manager of the Wolverine Automobile Co. Ely was a man of few words. The person whose business it is to determine the most satisfactory methods and routes for delivering yearly hundreds of automobiles not only to all sections of the United States, but to all parts of the world as well, has little time to waste. He turned from his desk and his blue eyes searched Rex's face keenly.

"Sit down, Cary. I had a talk with your father yesterday. I've known him for a long time, and when I get in a tight place sometimes I send for him. Generally I take his advice."

Ely paused and picked up a letter from his desk, while Rex wondered what it was all about.

"Buck, of Lincoln, was to send a man down here to take sixteen cars through. They were to start by the fifteenth. Yesterday morning came a night letter saying he would like the cars earlier if he could possibly get them and he *must* have the two specials. Some of his customers have suddenly decided to tour South, and it means a lot to him, as well as to us, to get them through. The specials, as you probably know, are all ready."

Rex nodded. "How about the rest?"

"I can send them by getting one or two of our regular dealers to hold off a bit. I've practically got that part settled. And now I'm coming to you. Buck's man can't come, owing to the change in date. Buck's fussy about his drivers, and can't find anybody to send. So he put it up to us. Wants us to furnish a leader. He will pay a bonus to the driver and to us if the cars get through on schedule. We've selected you to make the drive."

"Me?" It had come so suddenly that Rex was mentally howled over.

"You 'd like the chance?"

"I 'd like nothing better, if you think I—"

"Yes, I think so," said Ely, with a smile. "I know enough about you to realize that you 're a chip off the old block where automobiles are concerned, also that you 're dependable and have a pretty level head when it comes to making decisions. Professor Knapp, your instructor in night-school, is an old college friend of mine. I had you in mind before I saw your father. Know anything of the road to Lincoln?"

"I went through three years ago in one of Buck's cars with a driver from the shops. And it will be a lot easier to follow now, with signs directing you."

"That 's true. You start then on the morning of the tenth, driving it in three days. To-day is the eighth. Drop in to-morrow evening and you will be given specific directions about the route, the stops, and other necessary information. You will drive one of the special cars; Ricard, from the shops—another of your father's men—will drive the other."

Rex was at the shipping-room at six o'clock on the morning of October tenth. He found the other drivers to be a varied assortment, gathered in from the highways and byways of the city, but all possessing the one necessary qualification—a thorough knowledge of an automobile. Ely's man had seen to that.

As Rex spoke to the men, outlining the general plan of the drive, suddenly he saw a face that looked familiar. Where had he seen the man before? He was wearing a workman's suit of khaki, which was as clean and unrumpled as if worn for the first time. When Rex's eyes met those of the man, he imagined that a gleam of recognition passed across the other's face, followed quickly by an expression of apparent unconcern.

"He can't think where he 's seen me, either," thought Rex, as he began to assign the cars.

"I have number one, Ricard, number two, Flanagan, number three, Hendricks, number four—" he continued on down the list. "Each man will keep his own car and his assigned place in the line throughout the trip. All right then; we 're off."

Rex entered the foremost car, and with a wave of his hand to his father and Tom, who had arrived to see him off, and a blast of the siren that was echoed by the other fifteen, he led the procession through the city, out into the suburbs, and finally along the country ways. Past farm-houses they flew, where farmers paused in their morning chores to gaze at, and perhaps count, the cars. Through small towns they passed, occasionally slowing to note a sign-board or inquire a direction from an eager villager.

The first stop was made at South Bend, which was reached at twelve o'clock. The cars drew up before the hotel, and when the men had alighted, Rex announced that at one o'clock they would be on their way. As the drivers left their cars he observed that number three was driven by the florid man in khaki overalls whose face was vaguely familiar.

"Let 's see," he pondered; "number three was—Flanagan." He verified his guess by consulting his list. "Flanagan—that 's it; don't know anybody by that name."

After dinner the men attended to filling the radiators of the cars and making sure they were in good running order for the next lap of the trip. At one o'clock all the drivers but one were with their cars. The driver of number three, it developed, had left the hotel with Ricard, who had returned without him.

Ricard, the voluble little French Canadian, could not account for his absence.

"We go down in de town, and den dat Flanagan he say he look up one man he know, and go let 'down de street."

Rex felt anxious. It was now a quarter-past one—not a serious delay, he thought, but better avoid all delays.

"There he comes now," said one of the men.

Flanagan sauntered to his car with an insolent smile.

"We 've been waiting for you," said Rex, not unpleasantly.

Flanagan turned and his face flushed angrily. "I ain't used to takin' orders from kids."

"You 're taking orders from me on this trip, anyway. Get around on time after this. Understand?"

Rex climbed into his car and, scarcely conscious of what he was doing, led the way on through the city. For the thought of Flanagan's words and impudent manner possessed his mind. Then suddenly he remembered where he had seen the man before—Flanagan was the man whom he had seen in the shipping-room.

During the afternoon Rex gripped the wheel mechanically and pondered the situation. What did it mean? Did Flanagan intend mischief, or was he merely resentful of authority?

Rex finally quieted his anxiety by saying to himself: "Perhaps there 's no need of my getting excited until something really happens. The probability is that Flanagan did n't know how late it was, and did n't like to be called down by a kid like me."

He was further relieved concerning the matter by an incident which occurred that evening in the lobby of the hotel. Flanagan approached as Rex was talking with Ricard.

"Got over my grouch," he said, with an attempt at jocoseness. "From now on, I'm Johnny-on-the-spot."

"Glad to hear it. You see, these cars have got to keep to schedule," replied Rex, in a friendly manner.

"Sure. Where do we bunk to-morrow night?"

"Des Moines. Expect to make it in a day from there."

At about half-past five on the afternoon of the second day, the cars had reached a point six miles from Des Moines. Most of the course had led along the state road, and from Des Moines the run was to be entirely over the Lincoln Highway. They were reaching this city on schedule time; although often a stretch of poor road had caused a slight delay, invariably the lost moments were regained on the next smooth strip of highway.

Thus far, the weather had been all that could be desired, but during the afternoon, heavy black clouds had been gathering in the west. There were occasional grumbings of thunder and now and then a flash of lightning.

For the last ten miles Ricard's car had not been running well. He hoped to get it to Des Moines without stopping, but now he began looking for a good place to pull out. In order to get any power he had to give the car an astonishing amount of gas. He shifted gears; he changed speed; he tried all the devices known to the skilled driver; but the car sputtered and choked and stubbornly refused to return to the easy regular rhythm of the forenoon.

"I tink I pull out an' give heem de once-over. De spark-plug go bad, I guess maybe; or mos' like it is de short circuit."

At length he swerved the car to the right and stopped. As he stepped out, he saw Flanagan follow his example and, passing him, stop a few feet ahead. The man now joined Ricard as he lifted the hood of the engine.

"Thought you might need some help. There's a big storm coming, and the kid up ahead 'ud have a fit if you git stalled. I'm a regular guy when it comes to doctorin' a car."

Ricard was testing the spark-plugs. "Jus' what I say! De spark plug is go bad! An' not one, but two! Two of dose no-good spark plugs in de hin' car!"

"Got any extra ones?" said Flanagan.

"Sure! Free, an' I guess maybe four."

He reached confidently in one outside pocket and then in another. The puzzled look on his face changed to one of bewilderment as he frantically searched pocket after pocket. Flanagan was quite calm about it all. Probably it was because he had removed the spark-plugs from the other's pockets before he had damaged those in the car. He now very generously came to the rescue.

"Never mind. You probably laid 'em in the car somewhere. I gotta couple you can have. They're a new kind."

The spark-plugs were quickly put in and then Flanagan played his last card.

"S'pose I drive her in to Des Moines? I'd like to see how the new sparks work."

"But no! De boy Rex he say keep de own car!"

"Sure. But what 's the diff whether you or me takes this boat into Des Moines? It 'll only be a few minutes, anyway. Come on, be a sport!"

After a little further remonstrance, Ricard consented. Flanagan was already in the seat and, had Ricard but known it, he had no intention of leaving the wheel. In a moment Ricard had swung Flanagan's car out into the track, followed by the other.

Meanwhile the cars ahead had come to a halt in the outskirts of Des Moines. The twilight, hastened by the storm, was rent by frequent flashes of lightning, and a fine rain was beginning to fall. Rex was assigning the garages for the men when Ricard drew up. A flash of lightning showed him the long line of cars parked at the right of the boulevard, and he signaled for a stop to Flanagan, who, he supposed, was close behind. Rex hurried toward him.

"Hello, Jean. Fell by the wayside, did you? Anything serious?" Then he stopped and caught his breath sharply. For the last car in the line was driven by Ricard, and it was not a Wolverine Special.

"What does this mean? Where 's your car?"

"Dat Flanagan, he got heem. He have de spark-plugs to mak' heem all right."

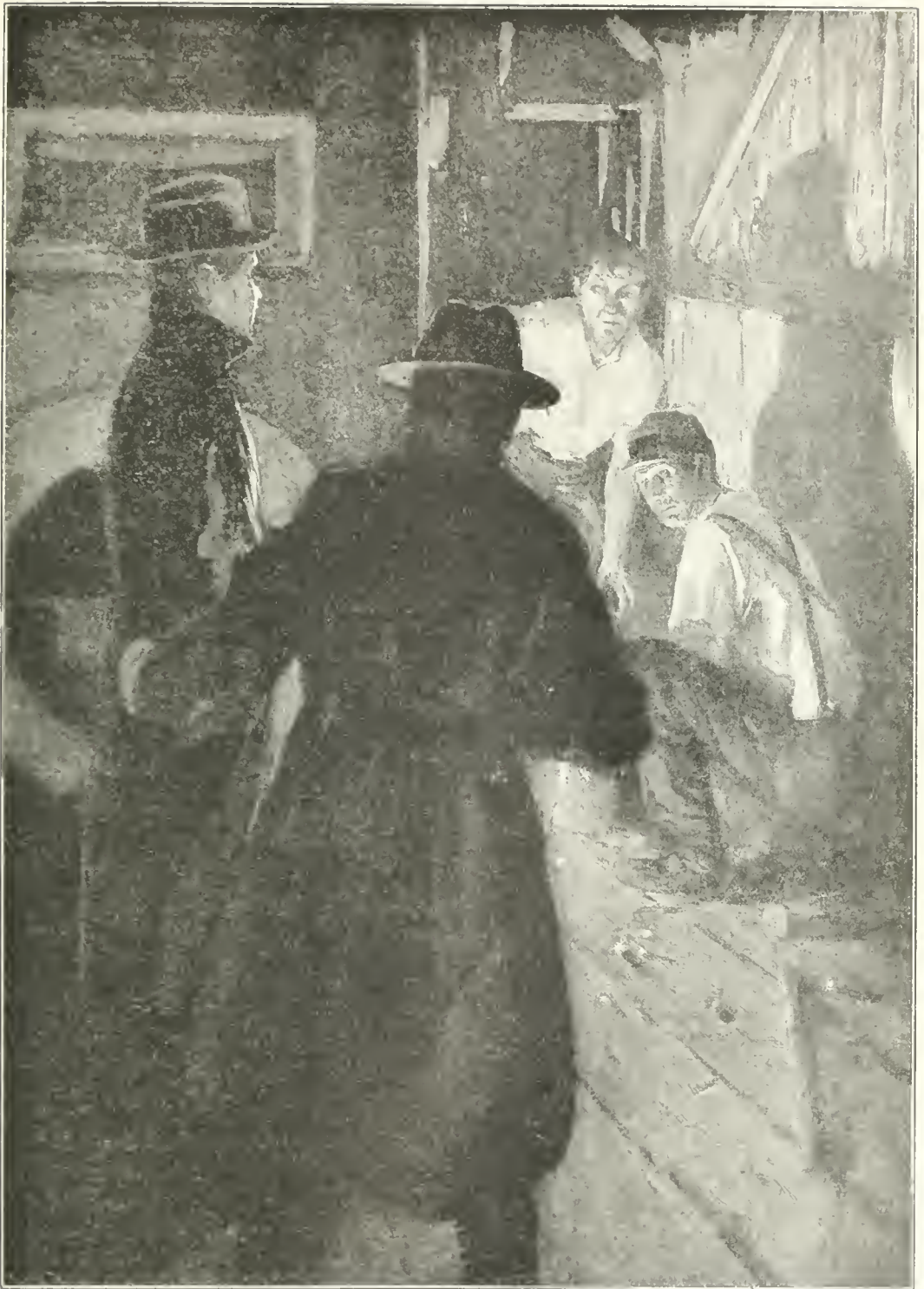
"You're crazy, Jean! Flanagan's not in sight!"

Ricard leaped from the car and peered into the mist, expecting to see the brilliant lights of his own car. Then he turned to Rex, and even in the gloom the boy could see the little man's face turn pale.

"Ah! I am what you call one easy mark! Dat crook Flanagan I have let steal de beautiful car. I am one beeg fool!"

For a moment Rex did not speak. He too stared into the gray mist beyond the cars, but without hope. He remembered that scene for months. The men talking together excitedly, the despair on the face of Jean, and each detail made more vivid by the titill gleam of the lightning. The mind is fleet at times like these, and during that brief instant he lived over again the preliminary steps of his assignment to the drive. He thought of the evening before in his home and of the conversation with Ely. His father was depending on him to get the cars through; back of his father was Fly; and back of Fly was the Wolverine Co., which had promised that the cars should be delivered by six o'clock the next night.





"THE TWO MEN WERE STARTLED BY A VOICE FROM THE DOORWAY" (SEE PAGE 17)

"Well, fellows," Rex managed to instil a cheerful note into his voice—"I'm responsible for getting these cars through, and I'm going back after that car. Perhaps I can't get it, but I'm going to make a big try. But for the love of Mike, the rest of you stand by me!" . . .

"We're for you, kid!" "Count on us!" "You bet we will!"

"That's fine!" said Rex, then, turning to Ricard, he said "You say you know the road to Lincoln?"

"I know heem ver' well!" replied the little man eagerly.

"Good. Then you will have charge of the cars until I join you—which perhaps means all the way to Lincoln. You fellows report to Ricard. And now stow your cars before it gets to raining any harder."

Ricard entered Rex's car and the two drove on into the city.

"You'll have to pick up a driver for Flanagan's car here, for of course you'll drive mine. But get somebody with a string of recommendations a mile long; we can't afford to lose any more cars."

"I am one beeg fool!" repeated the despondent Ricard.

"No, Jean, you are n't. I'm the easy mark. I should have had an eye on Flanagan."

The chief of police, to whom Rex introduced himself, was of the opinion that Flanagan was one of a group of automobile bandits that was working in Chicago.

"A number of cars have been stolen around here. There's a few on the job pretty near here, but so far we have n't spotted 'em."

"Flanagan then will probably get to Chicago as soon as he can," said Rex.

"Sure he will. We'll get in touch with the towns along the way."

As the news of the stolen car was flashed along the wires toward Chicago, there came to Rex's mind one of Poe's mystery stories in which a clever detective, by assuming himself to be the person sought, and thus evolving step by step the course which had been followed by the hunted man, had brought about the capture of a person whose actions had quite baffled the police. What would Flanagan be most likely to do?

"Do you know, Chief, I don't believe Flanagan would go straight to Chicago. Is there any place where he could detour?"

The chief thought a moment. "Yes, there is. About fifteen miles back there's a detour used a few weeks ago. Part of it used to be a swamp that's been filled in. He could n't make any kind of time with a big car, but he could dodge a few towns and would probably meet no other cars.

The chances are he beat it back to that place soon after he got the other man started."

"I want an officer and a car," said Rex. "I'm going back."

"All right. Briggs is the man you want."

"Who's he?"

"The deputy sheriff. You see, my men can't help you outside the city limits. I'll 'phone the sheriff and he'll send Briggs around in a runabout. He's a good scout—always keen for a little chase. I'm afraid, though, you're on a wild-goose chase. The rain knocks out all chances of tracks, even if you know where to go. You'd better wire the Wolverine people and let them do the hunting."

"Not I. I'll not send out the S. O. S. until I have to. Send this deputy chap around to the hotel, will you?"

"Sure. And good luck!"

Rex liked the appearance of Briggs. "Looks as if he meant business," he thought, as he noted his keen eyes and firm chin.

By the time the two were well out on the road the rain was falling in torrents. The little car bounded ahead through the darkness, eating up the ribbon of light at a furious rate. Rex turned his flash on the speedometer. The pointer just lacked the forty-five mile mark.

"How fast can she go?" he said.

"She has hit fifty, but I hate to risk it in this beastly blackness."

The car was approaching that speed however, when Briggs slowed down for the turn to the detour. Now they began jogging over hollows filled with muddy water, which splashed over the faces and clothes of the two, for Briggs never loitered by the way, be the roads good or bad.

"What's on either side of us?" asked Rex.

"Ditches," answered the deputy, shortly.

For about two miles this continued. Then came a stretch of fairly good road; then more ruts and mud. The rain was now coming in the teeth of a wind from the north, and Rex shivered inside the oilskin coat provided for him by Briggs.

Suddenly the car lurched, all but went over, and one wheel began to settle. The two leaped from the car, and, by dint of hard pulling and lifting, managed to stay the car in its gradual progress toward the ditch. But the rear left wheel was buried almost to the hub.

"Pretty narrow margin, I call it," said Rex, as he peered over the side of the road to the muddy depths below.

"'Narrow margin' is right. We're stalled for fair. I'll start the engine and you lift her up."

Several times this was done, but to no avail. The wheel stirred slightly, then settled back into the mud. Nor did jacking the axle succeed any better, for the soft soil gave no advantage.

"Wonder if there 's a telephone within a hundred miles of the place, or a team of horses," said Briggs.

Rex was peering into the darkness to the right.

"Say, look there! Do you see a light?"

"No—yes I do, too. No, it 's gone—there it is again. That 's odd. There 's no road in that

Suddenly Flanagan straightened, holding in his hand a can of paint.

A few minutes later the two men were startled by a voice from the doorway.

"Too bad you opened that can of paint," said Rex. "I 'm afraid you can't use it."

At sight of the boy, Flanagan reached for a



"AS REX MOUNTED THE CREST OF A HILL HE SAW A LONG LINE OF CARS (SEE NEXT PAGE)

direction; it 's a pasture lot. But let 's take a chance on that light."

Soon they came to a fairly hard road, along the right of which was a rail fence. After a careful search, an opening was found and they started across the field, still following the will-o'-the-wisp gleam. Once Rex stumbled, and he put his flash to the ground for the next few feet. Suddenly he stopped.

"Look! The track of a Wolverine tire!"

"And it 's fresh, or the rain would have spoiled it."

They went on more slowly, watching for the tracks, which led in the general direction of the light. At length a careful use of the flash revealed the outlines of a barn, with the light glimmering fitfully between the wide cracks in the boards. Silently the two crept up and peered in. A lantern, hung from a peg in a beam, revealed the lost car standing on the barn floor. Near by stood two men, one of them Flanagan. They were bending over something not discernible in the shadows

revolver, while the other man started for the haymow on the left. But the appearance of the deputy, who was also armed, put an end to both actions. The men submitted sullenly to the handcuffs, and then Rex examined the car.

"Looks all right," he said with satisfaction. "Can't tell for sure, though, till I run her out."

"Your old boat 's all right," growled Flanagan. "I ain't likely I 'd spoil a car I was goin' to sell."

"Why, in the name of common sense," said Briggs. "did you steal a car out of a certain number, where it 's sure to be missed? I could do a better job myself."

"That 's what I 'd like to know," burst out Flanagan's associate. "A baby 'ud know better. I 's'posed of course, if he was goin' to steal a car like that, he 'd do it some smart way."

"Another county heard from," said Rex. "What 's your connection with the affair?"

"He hung the lantern up for a searchlight that 's what! Did n't you?" jeered Flanagan

But the man refused to talk further, glaring at Flanagan, who glared back at him.

At about three o'clock the rain ceased; and, with the first gleam of dawn, Rex backed the car out into the pasture. Briggs and the two captives climbed into the back seat, and Rex turned to the main road. The Wolverine was fastened to the stranded runabout by means of the stout rope, which Briggs carried in the car, and with the aid of the two prisoners, whom Briggs pushed into service, the smaller car was soon back in the road.

At an early hour of the morning two cars drew up before the city jail in Des Moines. One was a Wolycome, driven by a young, mud-stained boy, with Flanagan beside him. The runabout contained the other prisoner, who, a few minutes later revealed, was the local representative of the automobile gang long sought by the police.

After the two had been turned over to the sheriff, Briggs turned to Rex.

"You'd better get to a hotel for some breakfast and a sleep."

"I'll snatch a bite while they're looking over the car at the garage. Then I'll be on my way. Richard was going to start out pretty early this morning on account of the rain, and I want to catch him."

"You won't have any trouble," said Briggs. "A single car always makes better time."

It was later than Rex had expected when he started for Lincoln, for the garage man had discovered a cut in a tire and had also undertaken to clear the black mud from the wheels; still, he was confident of overtaking the cars easily. But when eleven o'clock came and they were not in sight, he began to wonder.

"Jean's in a big hurry," he thought. "Why?"

Soon he came to a point where a five-mile detour was necessary. The road was poor and the recent heavy rains made rapid driving impossible. Then it was that Rex decided that Jean had learned of the detour before leaving Des Moines and had started even earlier than he had planned.

Rex did not stop for lunch, but bought a sandwich in a small town where he stopped to fill the radiator. Then he continued the chase. Toward the middle of the afternoon he began to feel drowsy. He was beginning to react from the excitement and attending strain of the previous evening and night. It seemed as if he had been sitting there gripping the wheel for days, or weeks. He could not remember a time when he had not been riding. But he vaguely remembered a haymow. What did the haymow have to do with it all?

Rex was nodding at the wheel when the sharp sound of a motor horn brought him to his senses.

He turned out and whirled by an angry driver, who, coming from the opposite direction, was almost upon him.

Rex looked at his watch. Four o'clock, and still no cars. He had been half asleep and had been allowing his engine to slow down. He shoved down the gas lever and took a firm grip on the wheel.

"Now, old girl, we'll try and not break the speed law, but let's see what you can do!"

The car leaped to meet the challenge, like the thoroughbred it was, and at half past five, as Rex mounted the crest of a hill, he saw far along the valley below a long line of cars.

"Well, come, all!" he shouted. "Ma be I'm not glad to see you."

He hit off the gas, and with bricking iron, coasted down the incline. Gradually the fourteen cars slowed, turned out, and stopped. Each answered the greeting while the driver, shouting welcome and approval as Rex passed and took his place at the head of the line.

At six o'clock that evening Martin Buck, on the look out for his car, was surprised to see a white-faced boy climb nimbly from the foremost car and clutch weakly at the mud guard. He was still more surprised when a wiry little French Canadian leaped from the second car and begged driver number one with que-tions.

"Did you get beem?" Where you put dat good-for-noth' feel? Did you keef beem?"

Then ensued a triangular conversation in which the dealer eventually learned the fact, and, although the wire which he sent to Ely that night contained only a terse statement of the safe arrival of the Wolverine on schedule time, the letter which followed was more than satisfactory.

A few days later Rex was back in the office telling his story. Now that the cars were successfully delivered, even at a decided inconvenience to himself, the boy was inclined to treat the matter lightly; and he gave a humorous account of the pursuit and capture of the troublesome Flanagan. "You see," he said at the last, "it sounds like the movies, but it really happened."

But Ely did not smile. His glance did not waver from the boy's face until the story was finished, and for a moment he did not speak. Then he said:

"Carv, that was good work. You filled a responsible position well, with a mighty serious handicap. It took pluck as well as brains to do what you did. The general manager thinks so too, and he has authorized me to tell you that next year you are going to the best technical school we can find. And if, when you have finished the course, you are still interested in automobiles—well, come in and we'll talk things over."

# SCHOOL LIFE IN SWITZERLAND

By PHYLLIS PULLIAM



"A SAIL-BOAT LEISURELY GLIDING BY

STANDING high on its terraced slope, eight hundred feet above the level of the beautiful Lake of Geneva, was the Château Mont Rose. It seemed stately and aloof, which was due to the fact that not many villas were very near it. The château was alone in its grandeur, with the most glorious array of scenery in the world for its surroundings.

Extending to the right of Mont Rose was the well-known city of Lausanne, also built on the same mountain, Mont Joret, while directly behind the château and to the left was a thickly wooded forest. From the porches of the castle itself one looked down upon the great lake, deepest blue in color, spreading its way in a grand crescent to east and west. There was a magnificent view, as well of the snow capped Alps which bordered and extended out beyond the lake, completely filling the horizon with their majestic and towering beauty.

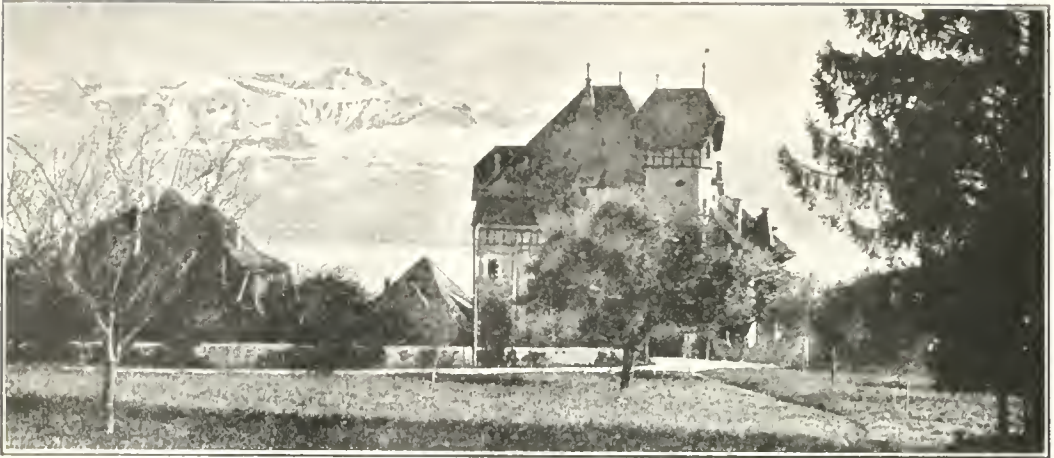
If any one begins to weave a romantic tale around this château, and imagine that it was once the scene of many adventures during mediæval times, having as its chatelaine a maiden with long golden tresses, perhaps, she will be disillusioned when she discovers the truth concerning it. For this dignified-looking structure, with

its turrets and pinnacles and its air of belonging to another age, is after all nothing more historical than a modern Swiss boarding-school in which I spent several years. With this in mind, it will not be difficult to follow through a year of the school's life.

Outside everything was quiet. The lake, serene in its tranquillity, gleamed in the sunshine, while the mountains, tinged with purple, were reflected on its surface. Here and there a few sail-boats were leisurely gliding by. The whole atmosphere was filled with warmth and joy, and in the grounds of Mont Rose the gardeners were busily pruning and arranging the rose vines which covered the trellis and arbors.

Within, we girls were studying in two large *salles d'étude*, whose French doors opened on a wide veranda. No one seemed to be very much engrossed in her books, and studying was more of a task than ever; we longed to be out of doors, for we could feel the call of spring in the air and smell the rich warm earth filled with budding flowers. We were eager, too, for the tea-gong to ring, as it is a well-known fact that school-girls' appetites never seem to diminish no matter how often they eat, and tea-time in this particular school meant rolls and butter with luscious thick milk. So there was a general rush for the dining-room when the gong signifying our release from studies sounded. The table was in the form of a horseshoe, large enough to seat fifty girls and ten teachers. In order that each of us should benefit by speaking French with a teacher occasionally, a general progression of one seat was made each week, the teachers, of course, not included. French was the language of the house every day excepting Mondays and Thursdays, when the German girls, and those who wished to learn English, sat at one side of the table with English teachers, the English-speaking girls sitting at the other, where German teachers directed their conversation. Many nationalities were represented in that group of laughing, chattering girls, and a close observer of human nature would have found interesting and unusual types among them. It was indeed a broadening experience for any girl to learn of the different characteristics of other countries through daily contact with schoolmates who portrayed the manners, customs, and peculiarities of various nations.

After tea we hurried to put on our wraps, and then went down to the "Boots," a small room where our walking-shoes were kept in individual



'STANDING HIGH ON ITS TERRACED SLOPE, EIGHT HUNDRED FEET ABOVE THE LEVEL OF THE BEAUTIFUL LAKE OF GENEVA, WAS THE CHATEAU MONT ROSE'

cubbyholes. Having changed, we literally flew out into the garden, where we formed into groups of twenty and, with a teacher, soon started off on our usual afternoon promenade.

In the evenings there was always something to occupy us. Twice a week we had gymnasium work. It seemed to grow more popular each time, and possibly this interest was due to the fact that the *professeur de gymnastique* never ceased to amuse and divert us by his antics. There was also a weekly lecture on science, besides embroidery and sewing lessons and the Saturday dancing-class, to pass away the time after dinner. At nine o'clock the gong rang for bed. One by one we would troop into the *grande salle d'étude*, and, as our names were called out, tell whether we had spoken our own language during the day. When the answer was yes, the guilty one would be fined five sous, to be paid from her allowance. In this way, French and German were quickly learned!

The study schedule was as serious as it was varied. Much stress was laid on history, literature, and languages during the morning, while in the afternoon special attention was paid to art and music, in fact, all the accomplishments, as lessons in painting, modeling, piano, violin, or singing were given. Each girl was required to take at least one of these subjects, the idea being to awaken any dormant artistic qualities.

There were two *directrices* at Mont Rose, one English, the other Swiss, both brilliant women of culture and refinement. The personal interest which they took in our duties as well as our pleasures was most helpful. The first principle of the school was that the students should live a wholesome, healthy life. In no place could this plan have been more successfully carried out than in

Switzerland, for the air was pure and invigorating, the food nourishing and well prepared.

During the spring months, tennis, basket ball, and hockey were the popular forms of exercise. Sports were always encouraged, and the English and American girls were the most ardent participants. There was really never a moment's idleness among us, for every hour was arranged so as to keep us busy and contented. The teachers insisted that our rooms and dress be immaculately neat, and the person showing negligence in this respect was fined the usual five sous. A great deal of time was spent in rehearsing for the frequent musicales, French plays, and other entertainments that were given, and as there was a good deal of excellent talent at Mont Rose, these were a great success. The chief source of recreation, however, were the many excursions which were made during the year.

In the spring, almost every Saturday was spent in touring the lake, which was clearer and bluer and more alluring than ever during that season. The trip to the Castle of Chillon was a delightfully interesting one, taking less than an hour's ride from Lausanne on one of the lake boats. Chillon, girdled by waves, was between the towns of Montreux and Villeneuve, and as the boat approached the castle we were much impressed by its unique picturesqueness. We felt the charm and romance of the historic place. Close to its gray, moss-covered walls the lake was eight hundred feet deep, and the encircling view, looking toward the Dent du Midi and the valley of the Rhone was one of great brilliance. The lake, sparkling with golden beams, lent an aspect of tranquillity and peculiar beauty to the exterior of the castle, in contrast to the gloomy interior, where many dungeons testified to the horrible

realities of long ago. The guide who conducted us over the château showed us its towers and cells, some of the latter being excavated below the lake level.

Forming little groups under the walnut- and chestnut-trees, we ate the luncheon we had brought with us, and every one thoroughly welcomed the warm sunlight after the damp, somber halls of Chillon. The trip was then continued on up to Les Avants, a high hill above Montreux reached by funicular. During April and May this hill was one huge field of narcissus in bloom, giving

Another excursion of interest was a visit to the largest milk-chocolate factory in Switzerland, which was reached after an hour's ride on the train. While watching the process of chocolate-making, from the grinding of the cocoa-bean to the wrapping of the finished cake, my appetite, for one, kept growing and growing, until at last each of us, before leaving, was rewarded with a package for herself. All these outings were most thoroughly enjoyed, for there was a feeling of camaraderie, a certain care-free animation about us girls which made us enter whole-heartedly into



GYMNASTIC EXERCISES IN THE GARDEN DURING THE SPRING MONTHS

the effect of white satin embroidered in gold and emerald. For several hours we were free to gather the flowers and enjoy their fragrance. There were some rustic little shops at the top of Les Avants, where carved-wood souvenirs, walking-sticks, and cartons for mailing the narcissus were sold, as during this season a large amount of flowers were sent away every day by tourists to all parts of Europe. The return trip on the lake was still more beautiful than it had been in the morning, for the sun was setting just as we neared Lausanne. Looking across at the mountains above, we watched them flame from rose into carmine, from amethyst into purple, until the whole finally darkened. One by one the first bright stars and the silver orb of the moon were reflected from the waters and Nature seemed silenced by her own loveliness.

whatever we did. Mont Rose was more of a home than a school to us; it seemed like one great family living together, having its arguments, quarrels, and discordant notes, as any family does, yet managing somehow to retain a harmonious spirit of friendship which came only through the understanding and acceptance of the school's standards and ideals. It was particularly gratifying for the teachers to notice this, for they had such a varied group to deal with, each student having characteristics so different from the rest. However, the fact that we were in a strange country and far from our own homes helped to strengthen the bond of sympathy and good will that existed between us. The school was non-sectarian, of course, but Sundays were strictly observed. Many groups of various denominations would be formed, each going to a separate

church in Lausanne, a fifteen-minute car-ride from Mont Rose.

Unlike most British and American schools, the Swiss had no vacation periods in which the girls were allowed to go home, as we lived too far away for this, some having parents in lands as distant as the Philippines, the West Indies, and South Africa, thus rendering it impossible for us to leave the school during the year. When we came to Mont Rose it was with the intention of staying a full year, many of us becoming so attached to its homelike atmosphere that we remained for five and even six years. The holidays were planned so as to keep us happy and cheerful during that time. June and July were passed in the mountains, the week preceding the departure being one of unusual excitement as it was spent in preparation for the journey. Instead of our having individual baggage, there were a large number of hampers, each meant to contain certain articles, all blouses going in one, all skirts in another, and so on, every piece plainly marked with the owner's name. The smaller personal belongings were placed in knapsacks, we girls carrying these on our backs and thereby reducing luggage to the minimum.

Zermatt, so famed as a summer resort on account of its magnificent scenery and climate, was our destination. The train journey, which was

Visp, which was augmented by several lovely waterfalls, the train traversed a narrow gorge and in due course came to Zermatt. It was situated in a deep and fertile valley, with pine-clad slopes bordering it on two sides. Directly ahead were gigantic mountains, one of which was the stupendous Matterhorn. It towered over the village, its sharp grim peak distinguishing it at a glance from any other mountain we had ever seen.

Our new domicile was a very quaint and attractive Swiss chalet of two stories and a half, the lower part being of plaster, the rest of shingles. The life in the mountains proved most beneficial to us, it made us so alive, so strong, so energetic. Each morning we would rise feeling fresh and vigorous, eager to begin a tramp toward the hills lying west of the village. We always sang Swiss mountain songs as we marched along, and when passing through the village, people would turn and gaze at us with the usual interest that a band of rosy-cheeked girls, obviously glowing with health and happiness, would arouse. For steep climbing, we wore short blue skirts and middie blouses, woolen stockings, the soles of which were soaped to prevent blistering, and heavy hob-nailed boots, and we carried alpen-stocks and knapsacks.

A favorite excursion was the one leading toward the base of Monte Rosa, on the Italian border, after which the school was named, using the



A HUGE FIELD OF NARCISSUS IN BLOOM AT LES AVANT

extremely interesting, took a full seven hours, counting chain, and with it at various small towns, among them the pretty little village of St. Nicolas, with its beautiful mountain of the same name visible beyond the dark and weather-stained chalet. After passing through much colorful landscape and crossing the swiftly flowing river

French form—Mont Rose. It was a superb, snow-covered mountain, majestic and calm in its dignity, a fitting model indeed for the ideal of the girls—ever inspiring us to lift ourselves up to the height and purity of our "patron saint," as it were. The vast Matterhorn, sometimes called the Lion of Zermatt, had more tribute paid



to it by tourists than did Monte Rosa, for it was of such an unusual shape, so sharp and precipitous that snow could never stay on its sides. It seemed stern and inaccessible to us, however,

We thought it fine sport to climb the surrounding mountains in order to glissade down the steep snow inclines. By merely sitting on the smooth surface and giving ourselves a quick push, we



"THE STUPENDOUS MATTERHORN TOWERED OVER THE VILLAGE OF ZERMATT

in contrast to the more rounded outlines and softer curves of the other.

In the evenings, when the full glory of the Alpine glow was upon the mountain, covering it in a soft rose-tinted light, we girls would sit on the balconies of our chalet and gaze at it with breathless admiration. That was the time of day we loved best, just after dinner, when the sun had disappeared, leaving in its stead the sweet tranquillity of the summer twilight, the musical tinkling of the cow-bells and the yodeling of the boys driving the cattle home from pasture being the only sounds to reach our ears.

There was an amazing abundance and variety of wild flowers in the Zermatt district, making the excursions all the more enjoyable for us. Growing around the glaciers were the Alpine asters, the tall blue monk's-hood, the little pink rhododendrons, called the Alpine rose, and the brilliant blue gentians, while high up on the rocks above, in a thin patch of soil, a cluster of the white-velvet edelweiss might perhaps be found.

would plunge forward at a remarkable speed, finally reaching the bottom in all sorts of absurd positions. This quick and thrilling method of descent pleased us immensely and we would repeat the performance again and again.

There were many modern hotels at Zermatt, which somewhat marred the quaint aspect of the village, but which provided attractive quarters for our relatives during the summer. Often we would go over to the hotels in the evenings—always heavily chaperoned!—to hear the splendid concerts given on the verandas. As we sat listening to the strains of the "Tales of Hoffmann" perhaps, a glorious silver moon would appear just behind the peak of the Matterhorn, enveloping the whole in a mystical white light and causing it to stand out against the dark skies. Sometimes amateur theatricals were given by the hotel guests, and we were allowed to attend these, as well as the exciting tennis tournaments.

When the two-months vacation had flown by, it was with a great deal of regret that we left our

beloved Mont Rosa and comfortable chalet behind. On the way back, a three days stop was made at Chamonix, France, in order to see the greatest and highest of the Alps—dazzling Mont Blanc, where a trip was taken to the Mer de Glace at its foot. Thick woolen socks were pulled over our boots to keep us from sliding when we crossed the slippery ice. The silent grottos through which we passed were of a beautiful bluish hue, while outside, the sun on the ice-fields made them so dazzling that they bewildered us with their intense whiteness. It was one of the most unusual experiences we had ever enjoyed; it filled us anew with a deep feeling of admiration for the mighty Alps.

Studies were immediately resumed on our return to the chateau, everybody entering into their work with a zest and vim not unnatural after the long rest from school books. The regular program for the day was varied at this time of year by having our studies and meals out of doors under a vine-covered arbor. The afternoon promenade was in the direction of the lake's shore, instead of the woods, for one of the chief pleasures during the warm months of August and September was bathing in the lake. The school had its own private bath-house, and how we girls did welcome and appreciate the swim in the cool lake after a day of hard study!

Toward the end of September the last big excursion of the year took place. It was the most interesting of them all, for it consisted of a visit to the famous hospice of the Great St. Bernard.



OUR SUMMER CHALET



RESTING DURING A MOUNTAIN CLIMB

We awoke very early in the morning and had breakfast at the unusual hour of three, leaving the house by four. We wore our regular tramping outfits, and enjoyed going down in the dark

to the little station of Pully where we took our train. After reaching Martigny, we changed and took the mountain train to Orsières, where we again changed, this time into wagons, riding in

these for about two hours until we arrived at Bourg St. Pierre. There we had soup and huge pieces of bread in a small café called "*Le Déjeuner de Napoléon*," at which Bonaparte had stopped on his march through Switzerland into Italy. When thoroughly rested, a climb of almost five hours was begun. Had it not been for the cheerful optimism of the two guides, we girls and the teachers would easily have lost some of our enthusiasm, for the path leading toward the hospice was an arduous

one, steep and rocky most of the way. We kept turning corner after corner of the defile, until at last we saw the hospice looming above us, its windows glittering in the sun. Thereupon

fatigue and weariness forsook us and we eagerly climbed the rest of the way. On our arrival we felt the change in temperature, for down in the valley, eight thousand feet below, it had been quite hot, while here it was a great deal colder, the ground being covered with snow. Standing at the entrance of the monastery was a large stuffed dog that in its lifetime had saved over fifty persons, and after admiring it we were shown to our neat, comfortable rooms.

Before supper we went outside to view the surroundings and were enchanted with the lovely mountains and the little near-by lake. We were

sight of all! The dogs, about fifteen in number, always had their gymnastic lessons at eight, and what fun it was to watch them go through the same setting-up exercises as real people do! They were splendid creatures, so clever and alert, so friendly and devoted to their kind masters! They good-naturedly allowed us girls to pet them and to take their pictures. Before leaving, the school sang some of their Alpine songs to the monks, who seemed to enjoy them greatly.

The best walkers went back by the way of Col de Fenêtre, a very difficult passage over boulders, rocky cliffs, and steep trails. Sometimes the accumulated snow in the ravines was from eight to ten feet in depth; this, of course, pleased us greatly, for we could try our favorite pastime of sliding down the mountain side. The younger and less vigorous girls returned by the same route as before. When they reached Bourg St. Pierre, they crowded into a hay-cart, thoroughly enjoying the novelty, and rode to Orsières, where they waited for the others to return. At about four o'clock the hearty, cheerful voices of their "mountaineer" sisters singing,

*"Quand je pense à mon village  
Là-bas au val d'Enivée,  
Je n'ai plus gout à l'ouvrage  
Et mon coeur se met à pleurer  
Là-haut, là-haut  
C'est mon hameau.  
Que le temps me dure parmi la verdure  
De mon hameau."*

reached their ears. Which means: "When I think of my village over there in the valley of Enivée, I cannot work any longer and my heart begins to weep. Up yonder, up yonder (yodel) is my hamlet. Oh, that I might linger amid the verdure of my hamlet!"

Presently we came into sight, swinging along in rhythm, seemingly unfatigued by our strenuous tramp. Before taking the train, we all eagerly consumed great quantities of milk, rolls, and jam, reaching home by ten that night, very much sunburned, but gayer than ever.

It took several days for everybody to become normally rested after that eventful trip, but we were soon again absorbed by our studies. During the winter season we were taken to concerts or French plays once, and sometimes twice, a week. Those like "Le Cid," "L'Avare," and "L'Aiglon" given by good companies never failed to please us, for we studied, and often acted, the same plays ourselves in the school theatricals. We liked especially to hear Paderewski play, for often on our walks we passed his country home, which was near Lausanne. There it was that he raised chickens and tended his grapes, enjoying the simple life away from cities.



ANOTHER VIEW OF CHÂTEAU MONT ROSE

all seated at one big table for supper, thoroughly enjoying the good Swiss meal, for it was satisfying and well prepared. The time before going to bed was spent in the reception-room, writing post-cards home and buying little souvenirs made by the monks. When we were sent off to our rooms we did n't go to sleep immediately, but explored our section of the building and visited one another's rooms, thinking it the jolliest sort of a lark to roam around the dimly lighted corridors.

Breakfast the next morning was at six o'clock, and consisted of coffee, rolls, and frozen honey, and then we made a visit to the quaint little chapel. After that came the most interesting



# The founding of Plymouth Plantation

1620-'21

By HARRY A. OGDEN

WEDNESDAY, on the sixth of December, 1620, ten leaders of the *Mayflower* Pilgrims, with eight sailors, started out in the fifteen-ton sail-boat, or shallop, as it was called, in a third attempt to find a place for their settlement, the weather was so bitterly cold that the spray incased them in ice, as if in armor nearly causing two of them to succumb. Sailing down the coast of Cape Cod Bay for some seven leagues, and espying a group of natives very busy over some dark object on the shore, a landing was made, the Indians running off into the woods on their approach. This dark object proved to be a grampus, one of the whale species, and had been cut into strips for food. So they gave the place the name of "Grampus Bay." After making a rough en-

for, having seen the smoke of Indian fires some miles away, they divided the company, leaving eight behind to guard the boat and coast along the shores, while the landing party followed the natives' tracks in the snow. Marching well into the woods, they came across a palisade of tall saplings enclosing Indian graves and several abandoned huts. Wary from their fruitless search for a proper site, they returned to the shore at sunset, hailing the shallop and directing it to come to a near-by creek. Making ready to spend another night on shore, another barricade was made of logs and thick pine boughs to shelter them from the wind and possible attacks. At midnight they sprang to arms upon hearing a hideous cry, which ceased, however, after a couple of shots were fired.

At dawn of their third day's journey, their belongings were carried to the boat, some of them leaving their armor and weapons behind, a hazardous thing to do, for it so happened that, before long, Indian yells were heard and hostile arrows flew thickly around them. Their sentinel now came running back, crying out, "Arm! Arm! Indians! Indians!" Whereupon those who had left their weapons ran back with all speed to recover them.

It was then that their valiant captain, Myles Standish, with four others who were still armed, made a stand, firing their cumbersome matchlocks at the advancing enemy and putting most of them to flight.

But there still remained one courageous Indian, however, whom they took to be a chief, who, taking his stand behind a tree, continued to shoot his arrows at the little band of four; but a well directed shot making the bark and plinters fly about his head, he, too, gave a quick and rejoined his companions.

Giving "thanks" to God for conquering their



THE BOAT OF ETHESCOLET

campsite and putting a sentinel they rested for the night.

All of the next day was spent in prospecting,

enemies and giving them deliverance," they gathered up a quantity of arrows to send back to England, and, naming the place The First Encounter, reembarked in the shallop to continue their cruise.

It was about mid-afternoon when a violent storm, with rain and sleet, was encountered; huge waves breaking their rudder, making it necessary for two of the sailors to steer with an oar. One of the party, Robert Coppin, master pilot of the *Mayflower*, having been in this locality before, was sure that he remembered a safe harbor near by; but while under full sail and trying to reach it, the mast split, nearly causing the loss of the sail overboard. To add to their peril, their frail craft was driven before the wind and they would have been cast ashore in the breakers had not one of the brave steersmen ordered those at the oars "if they were men, to put about if they wished to be saved." Cheered by his example, they pulled with a will, soon reaching the lee shore of a small island, where they remained in comparative safety the rest of the dark night.

Wet and hungry, and suffering from the bitter cold, the morning sunshine was gladly welcomed after their fearful experience. They found they had landed upon a small uninhabited island, which, as the master's mate Clark had been the

took soundings of the harbor, landing on the mainland, so that this is the actual date of the "first landing of the Pilgrims"—no women nor



THE VALIANT CAPTAIN MYLES STANDISH

children, just eighteen hardy pioneers and rough sailors.

In 1752, when the calendar was amended in England, December 11, 1620, became December 21, and this date is now observed as the anniversary of "The Landing" by the New England Societies, established all over our Union. As they marched inland, prospecting the surrounding country, they discovered cleared fields, where Indian corn had formerly been planted, running brooks and numerous springs, and so, this being the best place for a settlement that had been found, they now returned across the great bay to report the good news to those anxiously waiting on the ship, still at her first anchorage twenty-five miles away—a return that was a sad one for Bradford, whose wife had been drowned in his absence.

Now that their goal was reached, a safe harbor found, with favorable conditions on land, the anchor was hoisted and the *Mayflower*, with all of the company, sailed westward, coming to anchor the next day within a mile or so of the shore. Inclement weather prevented an immediate landing, and it was two days before they could get ashore, when, as Bradford says, they "took better view of the place and resolved where to pitch their dwelling," their final selection being where Plymouth now stands. The highland town which in clear weather Cape Cod could be seen, "a sweet brook running under the hillside, and many delicious springs," with a good harbor for shipping, seemed to meet all their requirements; and while it was in a bleak and dreary season, their chief consolation was that, having escaped from religious tyranny, an asylum could be



ARM! ARM! INDIANS! INDIANS!

first to step ashore, they called Clark's Island. Here they could repair their boat and dry their clothes and weapons. As was their invariable custom, whatever the extremity of their situation might be, they kept the next day, Sunday, rigorously, holding a service of thanksgiving for the mercies they had received.

Early Monday morning, December 11, they



THE FRAIL CRAFT DRIVEN BEFORE THE WIND

established here for civil and religious freedom for themselves and posterity. The bad weather still continuing, it was not until December 23 that as many as could went ashore to cut and

carry the logs for building. This party remained on land, and in the night heard a cry they took to be Indians. On the twenty-fifth, Christmas day, their chroniclers say that no man rested,



THE CREW OF THE SHALLOP DRYING THEIR CLOTHES AND WEAPONS



"ONCE AGAIN ON THE SOLID EARTH"

for the first time in earnest to erect a "common house," some twenty feet square, in which to store their goods and to serve as a meeting house and for shelter during their other building operations. Up on the high hill, overlooking the town site and bay, a fort, or platform upon which their six little cannon were mounted, was next erected.

It was not until the end of the month, when shelter had been provided, that a number of the women and children visited the shore. Tradition states that Mary Chilton was the first to step on the famous rock on the beach, a rock supposed to have been left by some convulsion of nature in prehistoric times, as it was the only one of any size in the vicinity. Young John Alden, doubt-

nearly four months confinement on the *Mayflower*, we may be sure

Dividing their company into nineteen families,



THE FIRST BOAT-LOAD LANDING ON PLYMOUTH ROCK



DISCOVERING A FAVORABLE SITE

less, gallantly helped her to land, although the detailed narratives of the Pilgrims we have followed make no mention of the incident. That the courageous women gave devout thanks to God when once again on the solid earth, after

that fewer houses might be required, the land was laid out in spacious lots, with room for houses and gardens. The hard winter was spent in building homes for these brave pioneers in a strange world, with their equally brave wives and children, for although over half of their number died by the spring of 1621, not one of the remainder went back on the *Mayflower* when she sailed back to England in April.

On the title page of the earliest printed book of the Pilgrimage is the sentence:

Their difficult passage, their safe arrival, their joyfu' building of, and comortable planting themselves in, the now well defended town of New Plimoth.\*

Which, from our relation of the hardships and trials they underwent, was surely a strange description of the adventures of New England's sturdy settlers.

\* Full title of Mourt's "Relation" London 1622. Relation or Journal of the beginning and proceedings of the English Plantation settled at Plimoth in New England, by certain English adventurers both Merchants, and other, with their difficult passage, their safe arrival, their joyfull building of, and comortable planting themselves, in the now well defended town of New Plimoth.



THE GOVERNOR'S HOUSE AT PLYMOUTH AND THE MAIN STREET



# THE DRAGON'S SECRET

By MARGUERITE HUEFF SEAMAN

Author of "The Sapphire Signet," "The Slipper Point Mystery," etc., etc.

## CHAPTER I

### THE NIGHT OF THE STORM

It had been a magnificent afternoon, so wonderful, that Leslie hated to break the spell. Reluctantly she unrolled herself from the Indian blanket, from which she emerged like a butterfly from a cocoon, draped it over her arm, picked up the book she had not once opened, and turned for a last, lingering look at the ocean. A lavender haze lay lightly along the horizon. Nearer inshore the blue of sea and sky was intense. A line of breakers raced shoreward, their white manes streaming back in the wind. Best of all, Leslie loved the flawless green of their curve at the instant before they crashed on the beach.

"Oh, but the ocean 's wonderful in October!" she murmured aloud. "I never had any idea how wonderful. I never saw it in this month before. Come, Rags!"

A black-and-white English sheep-dog, his name corresponding closely to his appearance, came racing up the beach at her call.

"Did you find it hard to tear yourself away from the hermit-crabs, Ragsie?" she laughed. "You must have gobbled down more than a hundred. It 's high time you left off!"

She started to race along the deserted beach, the dog leaping ahead of her and vapping ecstatically. Twice she stopped to pick up some drift wood.

"We 'll need it to get supper, Rags," she informed the dog. "Our stock is getting low."

He cocked one ear at her intelligently.

They came presently to a couple of summer bungalows set side by side about two hundred feet from the ocean edge. They were long and low, each with a wide veranda stretching across the front. There were no other houses near, the next bungalow beyond being about half a mile away.

With a sigh of relief, Leslie deposited the drift wood in one corner of the veranda of the nearest bungalow. Then she dropped into one of the willow rockers to rest, the dog panting at her feet. Presently the screen door opened and a lady stepped out.

"Oh! are you here, Leslie. I thought I heard a sound, and then it was so quiet that I came out to see what it meant. I very little noise seems to startle me this afternoon."

"I 'm so sorry, Aunt Marcia! I should have called to you," said Leslie, starting up contritely

to help her aunt to a seat. "I hope you had a good nap and feel rested, but sometimes I think it would do you more good if you 'd come out with me and sit by the ocean than try to lie down in your room. It was simply glorious to-day."

Miss Marcia Crane shook her head. "I know what is best for me, Leslie dear. You don't always understand. But I believe this place is doing me a great deal of good. I confess, I thought Dr. Crawford insane when he suggested it, and I came here with the greatest reluctance. For a nervous invalid like myself to go and hide away in such a forsaken spot as this is in October, just you and I, seemed to me the wildest piece of folly. But I must say it appears to be working out all right, and I am certainly feeling better already."

"But why *should n't* it have been all right?" argued Leslie. "I was always sure it would be. The doctor said this beach was noted for its wonderfully restful effect, especially after the summer crowds had left it, and that it was far better than a sanatorium. And as for your being alone with me—why, I 'm sixteen and a quite competent housekeeper, as Mother says. And you don't need a trained nurse, so I can do most everything for you."

"But your school—" objected Miss Crane. "It was lovely of your mother to allow you to come with me, for I don't know another person who would have been so congenial or helpful. But I worry constantly over the time you are losing from high school."

"Well, don't you worry another bit!" laughed Leslie. "I told you that my chum Elsie is sending me down all our notes, and I study an hour or two every morning, and I 'll probably go right on with my classes when I go back. Besides, it 's the greatest luck in the world for me to be here at the ocean at this unusual time of the year. I never in all my life had an experience like it."

"And then, I did n't think at first that it could possibly be *safe*," went her aunt. "We seem quite unprotected here—we 're three miles from a railroad station, and not an other inhabited house around. What would happen if—"

Again Leslie laughed. "We 've a telephone in the bungalow and can call up the village doctor or the constable, in case of need. The doctor said there were n't any tramps or unwelcome characters about, and I 've certainly never seen any in the two weeks we 've been here. And last but

not let it, there's always Rags!" You know how extremely unpleasant he'd make it for any one who tried to harm us. No, Aunt Marcia, you have n't a ghost of an excuse for not feeling perfectly safe. But now I'm going in to start supper. You stay here and enjoy the view."

But her aunt shivered and rose when Leslie did. "No, I prefer to sit by the open fire. I started it a while ago."

As they went in together, the girl glanced up at the faded and weather-beaten sign over the door. "Is n't it the most appropriate name for this place!—'Rest Haven.' It is surely a haven of rest to us. But I think I like the name of that closed cottage next door even better."

"What is it?" asked her aunt, idly. "I've never even had the curiosity to look."

"Then you must come and see for yourself!" laughed Leslie, turning her aunt about and gently forcing her across the veranda. They ploughed their way across a twenty-foot stretch of sand and stepped on the veranda of the cottage next door. It was a bungalow somewhat similar to their own, but plainly closed up for the winter. The windows had their board shutters adjusted, the door was padlocked, and a small heap of sand had drifted in on the veranda.

Leslie pointed to the sign-board over the door. "There it is,—'Curlew's Nest.' There's something about the name that fascinates me. Don't you feel so too, Aunt Marcia? I can imagine all sorts of curious and wonderful things about a closed up house called 'Curlew's Nest'! It just fairly bristles with possibilities!"

"What a romantic child you are, Leslie!" smiled her aunt. "When you are as old as I am, you'll find you won't be thinking of interesting possibilities in a perfectly ordinary shut-up summer bungalow. It's a pretty enough name, of course, but I must confess it does n't suggest a single thing to me except that I'm cold and want to get back to the fire. Come along, dearie!"

Leslie sighed and turned back, without another word, to lead her aunt to their own abode. One phase of their stay she had been very, very careful to conceal from Miss Marcia. She loved this aunt devotedly, all the more perhaps because she was ill and weak and nervous and very dependent on her niece's care; but down in the depths of her soul, Leslie had to confess to herself that she was lonely, horribly lonely for the companionship of her parents and sisters and school chums. The loneliness did not always bother her, but it came over her at times like an overwhelming wave, usually when Miss Marcia failed to respond to some whim or project or bubbling enthusiasm. Between them gaped the abyss of forty years' difference in age, and more than a score of times

Leslie had yearned for some one of her own years to share the joy she felt in her unusual surroundings.

As they stepped on their own veranda, Leslie glanced out to sea with a start of surprise. "Why, look how it's clouding up!" she exclaimed. "It was as clear as a bell a few minutes ago, and now the blue sky is disappearing rapidly."

"I knew to-day was a weather-breeder," averred Miss Marcia. "I felt in my bones that a storm was coming. We'll probably get it to-night. I do hope the roof won't leak. We have n't had a real bad storm since we came, and I dread the experience."

At eight o'clock that evening it became apparent that they were in for a wild night. The wind had whipped around to the northeast and was blowing a gale. There was a persistent crash of breakers on the beach. To open a door or window was to admit a small cyclone of wind and sand and rain. Miss Marcia sat for a while over the open fire, bemoaning the fact that the roof *did* leak in spots, though fortunately not over the beds. She was depressed and nervous, and finally declared she would go to bed and try to sleep and forget it all. Which she presently did.

But Leslie, far from being nervous, was wildly excited and exhilarated by the conflict of the elements. When her aunt had finally retired, she hurried on a big mackinaw and cap and slipped out to the veranda to enjoy it better. Rags, whimpering, followed her. There was not much to see, for the night was pitch black, but she enjoyed the feel of the wind and rain in her face and the little occasional dashes of sand. Wet through at last, but happy, she crept noiselessly indoors and went to her own room on the opposite side of the big living-room from her aunt's.

"I'm glad Aunt Marcia is on the other side," she thought. "It's quieter there on the south and west. I get the full force of things here. It would only worry her, but I like it. How long—some Curlew's Nest seems on a wild night like this!" She switched off her electric light, raised her shade, and looked over at the empty bungalow. Rags, who always slept in her room, jumped up on the window-seat beside her. The mingled sand and rain on the window prevented her from seeing anything clearly, so she slipped the sash quietly open, and, heedless for a moment of the drenching inrush, stood gazing out.

Only the wall of the house twenty feet away was visible, with two or three windows, all tightly shuttered—a deserted and lonely sight. She was just about to close her window when a curious thing happened. The dog beside her uttered a rumbling, half-suppressed growl and moved restlessly.

"What is it, Rags?" she whispered. "Do you see or hear anything? I'm sure there 's no one around." The dog grumbled again, half audibly, and the hair along his spine lifted a little.

"Hush, Rags! For gracious sake don't let Aunt Marcia hear you, whatever happens! It would upset her terribly," breathed Leslie, distractedly. The dog obediently lay quiet, but he continued to tremble with some obscure excitement, and Leslie remained stock still, gazing at the empty house.

At length, neither seeing nor hearing anything unusual, she was about to close the window and turn away, when something caused her to lean out, regardless of the rain, and stare fixedly at a window in the opposite wall. Was she mistaken? Did her eyes deceive her? Was it possibly some freak of the darkness or the storm? It had been only for an instant, and it did not happen again. But in that instant she was almost certain that she had seen a faint streak of light from a crack at the side of one of the heavily shuttered windows!

## CHAPTER II

### FOUND ON THE BEACH

THE next morning dawned windy and wet. A heavy northeast gale had whipped the sea into gray, mountainous waves. A fine drizzle beat in one's face through the slightest opening of door or window. Leslie loved the soft, salt tang of the air, and in spite of her aunt's rather horrified protests, prepared for a long excursion out of doors.

"Don't worry about me, Auntie dear!" she laughed gaily. "One can't possibly catch cold in this mild, beautiful air; and if I get wet, I can always get dry again before any damage is done. Besides, we need some more wood for the fires very, very badly and they say you can simply find heaps of it on the beach after a storm like this. I want some nice fat logs for our open fire, and I see at least half a dozen right down in front of this house. And last, but not least, Rags needs some exercise!"

She found a wealth of driftwood at the water's edge that surpassed her wildest dreams. Again and again she filled her basket and hauled it up to the bungalow, and three times she carried up a large, water-soaked log balanced on her shoulder. But when the supply at last appeared ample, she returned to the beach on another quest. Rather to her surprise, she found that the stormy ocean had cast up many things besides driftwood—articles that in size and variety suggested that there must have been a wreck in the night.

Yet she knew that there had been no wreck, else the coast-guard station, less than a mile

away, would have been very busy, and she herself must surely have heard some of the disturbance. No, there had been no wreck, yet all about her lay the wave-sodden flotsam and jetsam of many past disasters. A broken mast stump was imbedded upright in the sand at one spot. In another, a ladder-like pair of stairs, suggesting a ship's companionway, lay half out of the water.



"SHE WAS ALMOST CERTAIN THAT SHE HAD SEEN A  
FAINT STREAK OF LIGHT"

Sundry casks and barrels dotted the beach, some empty, some still untouched. Rusty tins of canned goods, oil, and paint, often intact, intermingled with the debris. Bottles, either empty or full of every conceivable liquid, added to the list; and sprinkled through and around all the rest were broken dishes, shoe-brushes, combs, and other household and personal articles in surprising quantities.

Leslie roamed about among this varied collection, the salt spray in her face, the surging breakers sometimes unexpectedly curling around her

rubber boots. There was a new and wonderful fascination to her in examining this ancient wreckage, speculating on the contents of unopened tins, and searching ever farther and farther along the shore for possible treasure-trove of even greater interest or value.

"Why *should* n't I find a chest of jewels or a barrel full of golden coins or a pocket-book crammed with bills, Rags?" she demanded whimsically of the jubilant dog. "I'm sure something of that kind must go down with every ship, as well as all the rest of this stuff, and why should n't we be lucky enough to find it?"

But Rags was busy investigating the contents of some doubtful-looking tin, and had neither time nor inclination to respond, his own particular quests being quite in another line and far more interesting to him!

So Leslie continued on her own way, absorbed in her own investigations and thoughts. The affair of the previous night was still occupying a large place in her mind. Nothing further had occurred, though she had watched at her window for nearly an hour. Even Rags at length ceased to exhibit signs of uneasiness, and she had gone to bed at last, feeling that she must have been mistaken in imagining anything unusual.

The first thing she had done this morning after leaving the house was to walk around Curlew's Nest, examining it carefully for any sign of occupation. It was closed and shuttered, as tight as a drum, and she could discern no slightest sign of a human being having been near it for days. But still she could not rid her mind of the impression that there had been *something* last night out of the ordinary, or Rags would not have behaved as he did. He was not the kind of dog that unnecessarily excited himself about nothing. It was a little bit strange.

"Oh, dear! I beg your pardon! I'm awfully sorry!" exclaimed Leslie, reeling backward from the shock of collision with some one she had unseeingly bumped into as she plowed her way along, her head bent to the wind, her eyes only on the beach at her feet. The person with whom she had collided also recovered a lost balance and turned to look at her.

Leslie beheld a figure slightly taller than herself, clothed in yellow "slickers" and long rubber boots, a "sou'wester" pulled closely over plump, rosy cheeks and big, inquiring blue eyes. For a moment she could not for the life of her tell whether the figure was man or woman, boy or girl. Then a sudden gust of wind tore the sou'wester aside and a long brown curl escaped and whipped into the blue eyes. It was a girl—very little older than Leslie herself.

"Don't mention it!" laughed the girl. "I did

n't know there was another soul on the beach besides Father and Ted and myself."

And then, for the first time, Leslie noticed two other figures standing just beyond, each clad similarly to the girl, and each with fishing-rod in hand and a long line running out into the boiling surf. The girl too held a rod in her hand.

"You just spoiled the loveliest bite I've had this morning," the girl laughed again; "but I'll forgive you if you'll tell me who you are and how you come to be out here in this bad weather. It's quite unusual to see any one on the beach at this season."

"I'm Leslie Crane, and I'm staying at Rest Haven with my aunt, Miss Crane, who is not well and is trying to recuperate here, according to the doctor's orders," responded Leslie, feeling somewhat like an information bureau as she said it.

"Oh, so you're staying here, are you? How jolly! I've never met any one staying here at this season before. I'm Phyllis Kelvin and this is my father and my brother Ted. Father—Miss Leslie Crane! Ted—"

She made the introductions at the top of her voice, as the wind and roar of the ocean almost drowned it, and each of the two figures responded politely, keeping one eye all the while on his line.

"We always come down here for three weeks in October, Father and Ted and I, for the fishing," Phyllis went on to explain. "Father adores fishing and always takes his vacation late down here, so that he can have the fishing in peace and at its best. And Ted and I come to keep him company and keep house for him, incidentally. That's our bungalow right back there—Fisherman's Luck."

"Oh, I'm so glad you're going to be here!" sighed Leslie, happily. "I've been horribly lonesome! Aunt Marcia does not go out very often and sleeps a great deal, and I absolutely *long* to talk to some one at times. I don't know anything much about fishing, but I hope you'll let me be with you some, if I promise not to talk too much and spoil things!"

"You're not a bit happier to find some one than I am!" echoed Phyllis. "I love fishing, too, but I'm not so crazy about it as they are, and I've often longed for some girl chum down here. We're going to be the best of friends, I know, and I'll call on you and your aunt this very afternoon, if you'll come up to our bungalow now with me and help carry this basket of driftwood. Daddy and Ted won't move from the beach for the rest of the morning, but I'd like to stop and talk with you, I get tired sooner than they do."

Leslie agreed joyfully, and together they tugged a heavy basket of wood up to the one of the bungalow on the beach besides the one Leslie and her

aunt were stopping at—and Curlew's Nest. She found Fisherman's Luck a delightful abode, full of the pleasant, intimate touches that could only be imparted by owners who inhabited it themselves most of the time. A roaring fire blazed invitingly in the big open fireplace in the living-room.

"Come, take off your things and stay awhile!" urged Phyllis, and Leslie removed her mackinaw and cap. The two girls sank down in big easy chairs before the fire and, laughingly agreeing to drop formality, proceeded, as "Phyllis" and "Leslie," to exchange confidences in true girl fashion.

"I must n't stay long," remarked Leslie. "Aunt Marcia will be missing me and I must go back to see about lunch. But what a delightful bungalow you have! Are you here much of the time?"

"We're here a good deal in the off seasons,—April to June, and September through November,—Father, Ted, and I, but we don't care for it so much in the summer season when the beach is more crowded with vacation folks and that big hotel farther up the beach is full. We have some cousins who usually take the bungalow for July and August."

"I never was at the ocean in October before," sighed Leslie, comfortably, "and it's perfectly heavenly! We have that dear little bungalow, Rest Haven, but the one right next to it is not occupied."

"No," said Phyllis, "and it's queer, too. I never knew either of them to be occupied at this season before. They are both owned by the Danforths, and they usually shut them both up on September 30 and refuse to open them till the beginning of the next season. How did you come to get one of them, may I ask?"

"Oh, I think Aunt Marcia's doctor managed it. He happened to know the Danforths personally, and got them to break their rule, as a great favor to him. We appreciate it very much. But do you know," and here Leslie unconsciously sank her voice, "I saw such a queer thing about that other bungalow late yesterday evening!" And she recounted to her new friend a history of the previous night's experience.

"Oh, how perfectly gorgeous!" sighed Phyllis, thrilled beyond description by the narrative. "Do you suppose it's *haunted*? I've heard of haunted houses, but never of a haunted *bungalow*! Now don't laugh at me; that's what Ted and Father do when I speak of such things." For Leslie could not repress a giggle at this suggestion.

"Phyllis, you *know* there are no such things as haunted houses—really!" she remonstrated.

"Well, I'm not so sure of it, and anyway, I've always *longed* to come across one! And what

other explanation can there be for this thing, anyway? But do me one favor, won't you, Leslie? Let's keep this thing to ourselves and do a little investigating on our own account. If I tell Father and Ted and let them know what I think, they'll simply hoot at me and go and spoil it all by breaking the place open and tramping around it themselves and scaring away any possible ghost there might be. Let's just see if we can make anything out of it ourselves, will you?"

"Why of course I will," agreed Leslie, heartily. "I would n't dare to let Aunt Marcia know there was anything queer about the place. She'd be scared to death and it would upset all the doctor's plans for her. I don't believe in the ghost theory, but I *do* think there may have been something mysterious about it, and it will be no end of a lark to track it down if we can. But I must be going now."

"I'm coming with you!" announced the impetuous Phyllis. "I want to go up there right away and do a little looking about myself. I simply can't wait."

So they set off together, trudging through the sand at the edge of the ocean, where the walking was easiest. All the way, Leslie was wondering what had become of Rags. It was not often that he deserted her even for five minutes, but she had not seen him since her encounter with Phyllis. It was not till their arrival at Curlew's Nest that she discovered his whereabouts.

Directly in front of this bungalow's veranda, and about fifty feet away from it, lay the remains of a huge old tree-trunk, half buried in the sand. Almost under this trunk, only his rear quarters visible, was the form of Rags, digging frantically at a great hole in the wet sand. So deep now was the hole that the dog was more than half buried.

"There's Rags! He's after another hermit-crab!" cried Leslie. "I was wondering where he could be." They both raced up to him and reached him just as he had apparently attained the end of his quest and backed out of the hole.

"Why, what has he got?" exclaimed Phyllis. "That's no hermit-crab!"

And in truth it was not. For out of the hole the dog was dragging a small burlap sack which plainly contained some heavy article in its folds!

## CHAPTER III

### THE MYSTERIOUS CASKET

BOTH girls dashed forward to snatch the dog's treasure-trove from him. But Rags had apparently made up his mind that, after his arduous labors, he was going to have the privilege of examining his find himself. At any rate, he would not be easily robbed. Seizing the burlap bag in his

mouth, he raced to the water's edge and stood there, guarding his treasure with mock fierceness. Phyllis, being a stranger, he would not even allow to approach him, but growled ominously if she came within ten feet of his vicinity. And when

Leslie herself was no less anxious to filch his treasure, but Rags had by now acquired a decidedly frolicsome spirit, and the chase he led them was long and weary. Three times he dropped the bag directly in the path of a breaker; and once it was actually washed out and the girls groaned in chorus as they saw it flung into the boiling surf. But another wave washed it ashore, only to land it again in the custody of Rags before Leslie could seize it.



"WHY, WHAT HAS HE GOT?" EXCLAIMED PHYLLIS"

Rags growled, it behooved the stranger to have a care! Leslie he pretended to welcome, but no sooner had she approached near enough to lay her hand on the bag than he seized it triumphantly and raced up the beach.

"Oh, do grab him, somehow!" cried Phyllis, in despair. "He'll drop the thing in the water and the next breaker will wash it away, and we'll never know what it was!"

Finally, however, he wearied of the sport, and sensing the sad fact that his prize was in no wise edible, he dropped it suddenly to pursue an unsuspecting hermit-crab. The girls fell joyfully upon the long-sought treasure and bore it to the veranda of Curlew's Nest for further examination.

"What under the sun can it be?" marveled the curious Phyllis. "Something heavy, and all sewed up in a coarse bag like that! It's as good as a ghost story. Let's get at it right away."

They sat down on the wet steps while Leslie unrolled the bag,—not much larger than a big salt-bag,—and tried to tear an opening at the top. But her slender fingers were not equal to the task, so Phyllis undertook it.

"Let me try!" she urged. "I play the piano a great deal and my fingers are very strong."

And sure enough, it did not take her more than a moment to make an opening and thrust her hand into it. What she found there she drew out and laid in Leslie's lap, while the two girls gasped at the singular object they had discovered.

To begin with, it was encrusted with sand and corroded by the contact of salt air and sea-water. But when they had brushed off the sand and polished it as well as they could with the burlap

bag, it stood forth in something of its original appearance—a small box or casket of some heavy metal, either bronze or copper, completely covered with elaborate carving. It was about six inches long, three wide, and two in height. It stood on four legs, and, upon examination, the carving proved to be the body of a winged serpent of some kind, completely encircling the box, the head projecting over the front edge, where the lock or fastening of the cover would be. The legs of the receptacle were the creature's claws. The carving was remarkably fine and delicate in workmanship.

"My gracious!" breathed Phyllis. "Did you ever see anything so strange! What can it be?"

"And is n't it beautiful!" added Leslie. "What can that queer creature be that 's carved on it? Looks to me like the pictures of dragons that we used to have in fairy-story books."

"That 's just what it is! You 've hit it! I could n't think what it was at first—it 's so wound around the box!" cried Phyllis. "But this thing is certainly a box of some kind, and there must be some opening to it and probably something in it. Let 's try now to get it open."

But that was easier said than done. Try as they would, they could find no way of opening the casket. The dragon's head came down over the lock or clasp, and there was no vestige of keyhole or catch or spring. And so intricate was the carving, that there was not even any crack or crevice where the lid fitted down over the body of the box into which they could insert Phyllis's penknife blade to pry it open by force. The casket and its contents was a baffling mystery, and the wicked-looking little dragon seemed to guard the secret with positive glee, so malicious was its expression!

Phyllis at last threw down her knife in disgust and rattled the box impatiently. "Something bumps around in there!" she declared. "I can hear it distinctly, but I don't believe we 'll ever be able to get at it. I never saw such a queer affair! Let 's try to break it with an ax. Have you one?"

"Oh, don't do *that*!" cried Leslie, horrified. "It would surely spoil this beautiful box and might even injure what 's in it. There must be *some* other way of getting it open if only we take our time and go at it carefully."

They both sat for several moments regarding their find with resentful curiosity. Suddenly Leslie's thoughts took a new tack. "How in the world did it ever come there—buried in the sand like that?"

"Thrown up on the beach by the waves, of course," declared Phyllis, positively: "no doubt from some wreck, and buried in the sand after a while, just naturally, as lots of things are."

The explanation was a very probable one. "But it 's rather far from the water's edge," objected Leslie.

"Oh, no, indeed! Why in winter the surf often comes up right under the bungalows!" remarked Phyllis, in a quite offhand way.

"Mercy! Don't ever tell Aunt Marcia that, or she 'd go straight home!" exclaimed Leslie. "But is n't it queer that it just happened to be right in front of Curlew's Nest! Everything queer seems to happen right around that place."

"That 's so! I 'd almost forgotten the other thing. But what I can't understand is how your dog happened to dig the thing up."

"Oh, that 's simple! He 's always chasing hermit-crabs—it 's a great sport of his. And I suppose it just happened that one dug itself down in the sand right here, and he dug after it and then came across this."

Phyllis had a sudden brilliant idea. "Let 's go and examine the hole! Perhaps there 's something else in it."

They both raced over to the stump and Leslie thrust her hand into the hole. "There 's nothing else in there," she averred, "but perhaps it might be worth while to dig around here and see if there might be some other article buried near it. I 'll get a shovel."

She disappeared behind her own bungalow for a moment and returned with a shovel. They dug furiously for ten minutes and turned up the sand all about the original hole. Nothing of the slightest interest came to light, however, and they presently abandoned the attempt and filled in the hole again.

"This is all there was—that 's plain," declared Phyllis; "and all we can think is that it was cast up from some wreck and got buried here."

But Leslie had been thinking. "Has it occurred to you, Phyllis, that it *might* have something to do with Curlew's Nest and the queer thing that happened here? I wonder how long it has been lying in that hole?"

They examined the find again. "I can tell you one thing," said Phyllis; "if it had been in that sand a *long* time, I think it would look rather different. To begin with, the burlap bag is in very good condition, whole and strong. It would n't take *very* long in there for it to become ragged and go to pieces. And, besides that, the box would look different. You know that metal like this gets badly tarnished and corroded in a very little while when it's exposed even to this salt air, not to speak of the water too. I know, because we have some copper trays at the bungalow and they 're always a *sight*! I have to keep polishing and polishing them to make them look nice. Now we can see this box is very little corroded

since we rubbed it up. It makes me sure it has n't been buried long."

"Well, has there been a wreck, then, very lately?" demanded Leslie.

"Not since last July—and that was only a fishing schooner. No chance in the world that such a thing as *this* would be aboard of her!"

"Then, as far as I can see, this box must have been buried here—deliberately—and very recently, too!" declared Leslie, solemnly. "Can you think of any other explanation?"

"Leslie, could it have been done last night?" demanded Phyllis, in an awed whisper.

"Oh!—I never thought of that. Perhaps it was. Perhaps that was the meaning of the light and all. There 's some queer mystery here! I wonder if we ought to tell folks about it?"

"Oh, *don't!*" implored Phyllis. "Not for a while, at least. It would be so wonderful to have this as a secret of our own and see what we can

make of it. Just suppose we could work it out for ourselves!"

"Well—it *would* be a lark, and I only hope it 's all right. But I 'm going to ask you one favor, Phyllis. Please take the little box and keep it at your house; for I don't want Aunt Marcia to be worried about the matter, and she might come across it if I kept it here. And I must be going in now, or she 'll be anxious." And she thrust the box into Phyllis's hand.

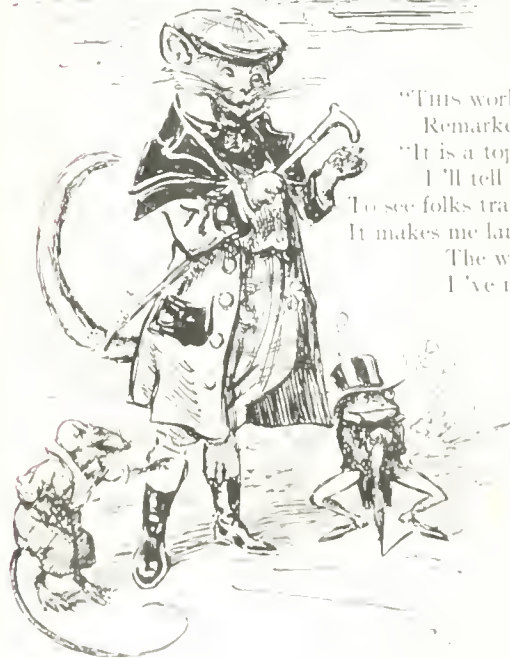
"Indeed, I 'll keep it gladly and hide it safely, too. This is one secret I won't have Ted meddling in!" declared Phyllis. "Let 's call the box 'The Dragon's Secret.' He seems to be guarding it very successfully! I 'll come back this afternoon and call, and we can talk this over some more. Good-by!"

And she turned away toward the direction of her own bungalow, with "The Dragon's Secret" carefully concealed beneath her rainproof coat.

(To be continued)

# The Point of View

by  
Edna A.  
Collamore



"This world is in a sorry case,"

Remarked the bat;

"It is a topsyturvy place,

I 'll tell you that.

To see folks travel upside down,

It makes me laugh, it makes me frown.

The world is silly, Mr. Cat,

I 've noticed that."

"The world is great and wise, my dear,"

Remarked the cat;

"But you yourself are slightly queer,

I 'll tell you that;

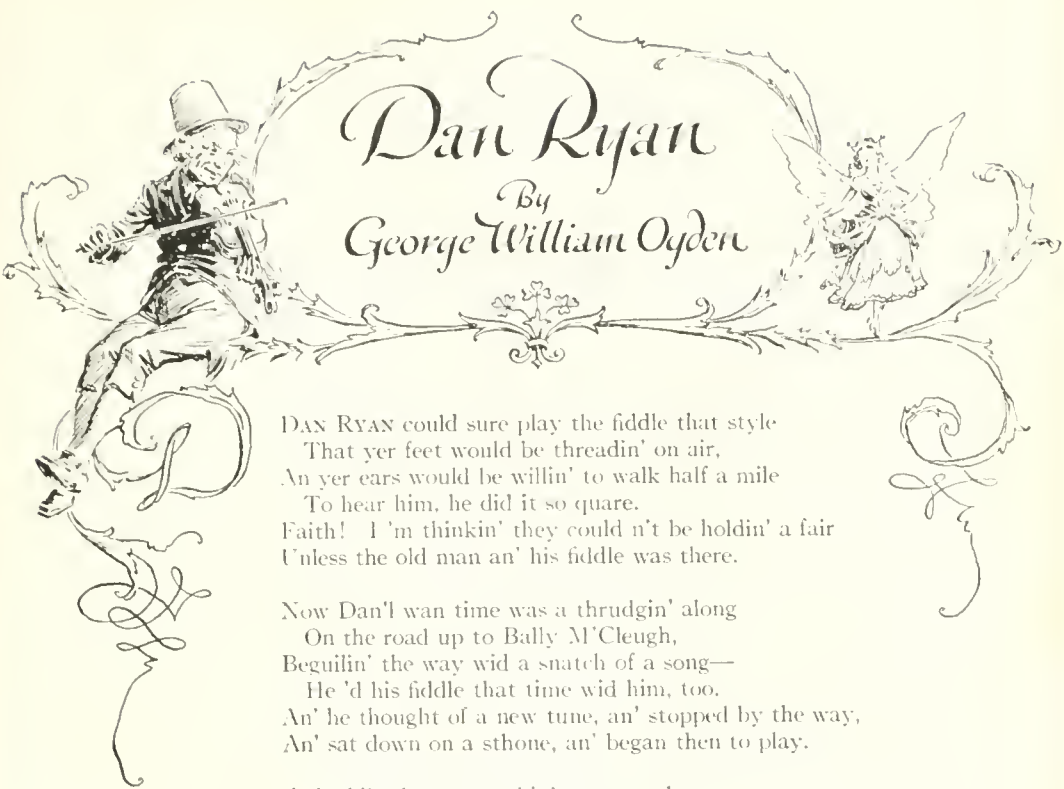
For, hanging by your heels all day,

You see things in a curious way.

Your point of view depends on you,

I 've noticed that."





# Dan Ryan

By  
George William Ogden

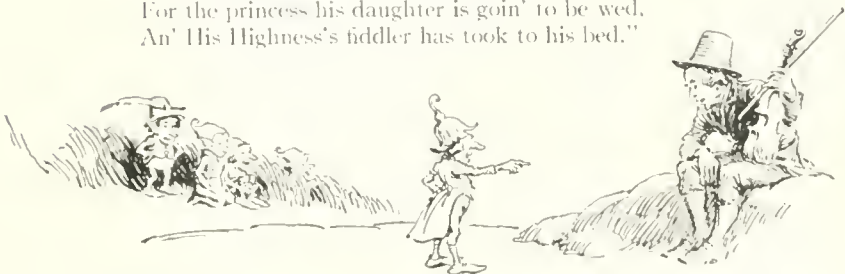
DAN RYAN could sure play the fiddle that style  
That yer feet would be threadin' on air,  
An yer ears would be willin' to walk half a mile  
To hear him, he did it so quare.  
Faith! I 'm thinkin' they could n't be holdin' a fair  
Unless the old man an' his fiddle was there.

Now Dan'l wan time was a thrudgin' along  
On the road up to Bally M'Cleugh,  
Beguilin' the way wid a snatch of a song—  
He 'd his fiddle that time wid him, too.  
An' he thought of a new tune, an' stopped by the way,  
An' sat down on a sthone, an' began then to play.

An' whiles he was workin' away at the tune  
To get the same fixed in his mind,  
There came from the bushes a little gossoon,  
An' another wan followed behind,  
An' then more kept comin' until there were plenty—  
It may be in all there were fifteen or twenty.

They did n't seem fearful, but squatted themselves  
On the ground, on their little lean hams,  
An' Dan had to smile at the comical clyes,  
A-settin' there quiet as clams.  
But he kept on a-fiddlin' away wid his bow,  
As if he saw nothin' at all, don't ye know?

Then the lad that come foremost, he made a low bow,  
An' he said: "By the r'yal command  
Of me master, I 'm comin' to summon ye now  
To His Highness's court—understand?  
For the princess his daughter is goin' to be wed,  
An' His Highness's fiddler has took to his bed."





Now Dan did n't tarry to think of the harm  
 That might possibly come to himself,  
 But, tuckin' the fiddle right under his arm,  
 He followed along wid the elf  
 Down a pathway he never had noticed before  
 That led them at length to the king's palace door.

The ould king was up on an ilegant throne,  
 Wid the quane settin' there by his side,  
 The bridegroom was off in wan corner alone,  
 Makin' eyes at the beautiful bride,  
 An' the guests an' the family were sthandin' around  
 A-waitin' to dance when a fiddler was found.

The king gave him greetin': "Why, Dan'l," says he,  
 "Ye're as welcome as flowers in May,  
 Ye've heard how we're needin' a fiddler, maybe,  
 An' if ye are willin' to play,  
 So the girls an' the byes can be havin' their sport,  
 I'll app'nt ye high fiddler," says he, "to me court."

So Dan'l sat down on the ilegant throne  
 An' he tuned up the fiddle to G,  
 "Choose yer partners," he says, in his most polite tone,  
 An' he crossed his leg over his knee,  
 An', tappin' the time of the tune wid his heel,  
 He opened the ball wid an ould Irish reel.



They offered him cake an' they offered him drink,  
 But Dan knew enough to decline,  
 For ye 're changed to a fairy as quick as a wink,  
 If ye taste of their food or their wine;  
 But the bridesmaids all called him a "wonderful dear,"  
 An' he blushed as they whispered swate things in his ear.

He played all the dance tunes that ever he knew,  
 That time, for the Folk in the glen;  
 But they did n't grow tired, so when he got through  
 He played them all over again;  
 An' still they kept skippin' an' shakin' their heels  
 To the tune of his clogs an' his jigs an' his reels.

How long he was playin' he never could tell,  
 But a cock crew, 'way off on a farm;  
 An' the Little Folk vanished away in the dell,  
 An' he slept wid his head on his arm,  
 That weary wid playin' he would n't have known  
 If his bed was goose feathers or only a stone.

The sun was high up when the ould fellow woke,  
 But he knew that it was n't a dream,  
 For there lay a guinea beneath the ould oak,  
 Where the bridge crosses over the stream;  
 An' he saw that the Fairies, to show their regard  
 For his playin', had left him the gold as reward.

He never would part wid it,—not he indeed!  
 But he carried it always for luck;  
 An' he never would spend it, though great was his need,  
 For clothes or tobacee or thruck,  
 An' if any wan doubted the tale that he told,  
 He would fish in his pocket an' show him the gold.





AT THE HIGHEST POINT ON THE MILNER PASS TRAIL. ELEVATION 11,792 FEET

## MOUNTAINEERING ON WHEELS

By TED STAUFFER

Now, fellows, if you 're looking for the kind of story where the hero rescues six people from a burning building, or does that old stunt about a little girl and a runaway horse, you won't want to read this. I'm going to tell you about things that really happened, and I'm not going to invent anything just to make it exciting.

You see, they still call our gang the Junior Scouts. Every one of us is fourteen or fifteen years old now, but we've stuck together so well ever since we were Junior Scouts that almost everybody still calls us that. Mr. Robertson is our leader, and he certainly knows how to handle boys. He believes in us, and he has taken us on so many trips that the softies have been weeded out and the rest of us are n't tenderfeet any longer.

This time he planned a trip that was a humdinger—a regular mountaineering adventure on wheels. We were supposed to ride more than two hundred miles on our wheels in three and a half days, carrying all our own grub and sleeping outfits right on our bikes. And more than a hundred and fifty of those miles were mountainous—up canons and over divides, curving along by mountain rivers, or plugging up switchbacks. But he let all, to take that trip we had to cross the

Continental Divide twice between the altitudes of eleven and twelve thousand feet, and we had to pack our wheels over six miles of trail above timber-line, high up above all the roads, and right in the land of bighorn and ptarmigan. No wheels had ever made the trip before, and Mr. Robertson did n't even know whether we could. I was trying to persuade my mother to let me go, telling her we were going to Estes Park and then across the Continental Divide at Milner Pass in the Rocky Mountain National Park, down to Grand Lake, and home by Berthoud Pass. My brother Don—he's seventeen years old—had been up in the National Park before, and he sure was scornful!

"Why," he said, "that country is n't like a peaceful valley road. Take a little ride on the plains if you want, but don't get your gang up among those peaks with *wheels*. That Milner Pass trip is a mighty hard trip for grown men on horseback, and the trail climbs up twelve thousand feet high. A mile over rocks and land-slides on a faint trail above timber-line is harder than ten miles on a road. Do you realize that there is n't a single bicycle shop in the whole two hundred mile circle? The only way to cross Milner Pass is on foot or on horseback."

Of course, I got mad and told him that I guessed Mr. Robertson knew what he was doing, and that our bunch of fellows had always done what we planned. I said the trail looked easy on the map; but he just snorted.

"Anything looks easy on a map," he said. "You never would know there were any mountains there, according to the map. I 'll bet you a coaster-brake to a hub-nut that you 'll never make the trip, and I 'll bet you again that you can't make it in three and a half days."

Well, as things turned out, he did win the second bet, but you bet your life he lost the first one.

Our mother stepped in then and acted as the dove of peace by suggesting that Don go along. I thought he would be stubborn,—most all of us think our big brothers are stubborn, don't we?—but he went right down to see Mr. Robertson. Of course, our leader was n't any too anxious to break up the gang by taking in older fellows; but Don knew quite a bit about the country we were going through, so finally it was arranged all right.

Besides Mr. Robertson and Don, there were six of us Junior Scouts. We bunked by twos, and cooked our meals by twos. That certainly saves time when you have a big day's ride ahead of you, and then you can cook the things you like to eat without interfering with the others. Bernard Robertson—he 's Mr. Robertson's son, and we all call him Bonny—had Ted Maedel for his pal. Ted was tall and dark and a sergeant in our high-school cadets. Kies Koenig was short and wore glasses, but he certainly could ride his wheel for a long time without tiring. His mate was Edwin Bush, our champion fisherman. At that, Edwin only caught one fish on the whole trip; we never had time for fishing. Oliver Price comes next. He was always calm and smiling, and it took a whole lot to make him excited. Last of all comes me—Ted Stauffer—and I guess all you have to know about me is that I 've got red hair and am built long and lanky. According to the books, all gangs like ours are supposed to have a fat boy in them, but every one of us was thin. There would n't be anything left of a fat boy if he took the trip we did.

It seemed as if we never would start, so when we finally checked our wheels and climbed aboard a dusty little train bound for Lyons, we felt too good to sit still. Our train jerked into Lyons at five in the afternoon, and we caught the eight wheels that a hurried expressman threw out of the baggage-car. We certainly had a time of it, tying all our baggage on our poor bikes. We had to carry enough blankets to keep us comfortable at timber-line, and usually enough grub for two days. Then there were sweaters, coats, ponchos, maps, cameras, and cook kits. Before

we finished the trip, we had invented a regular "bicycle hitch" that would hold our packs on the mud-guard right back of the saddle in spite of bumps and jolts and spills and scrapings.

When we were all ready, with our packs roped on trim and shipshape, Mr. Robertson told Don to start the procession. Just a block out of Lyons, we came upon a washed-out bridge over the St. Vrain River. The foreman of the repairing gang



DESCENDING THROUGH THE FORESTS ABOVE MILNER PASS

told us that a cloud-burst had swept down the cañon and had washed away all the road between Lyons and Estes Park. He said it would be absolutely impossible to get through to the park. But that just got our dander up, and Mr. Robertson said we would *make* a road, if we had to. We had to make a detour of more than a mile just to cross the stream. To add to our troubles, Ted Maedel broke his chain—it was one of those patent imported ones—and had to go back to Lyons in the hope that some one might be able to fix it. As he headed back down the cañon, most of us thought it was a case of "Good-by, Ted," for the

break in the chain was pretty bad. Then it began to grow so dark that we could n't even guess where the road ought to be. Finally, we made camp at an old deserted fishing-cabin just a pitiful five miles out of Lyons. At that rate, we figured it would take us about four days to reach the Park! As we were lying around a big fire at about ten o'clock that evening, a faint "Yoo-hoo" floated up out of the blackness down the cañon. Five minutes later, Ted Maedel pushed his wheel into the circle of firelight. He had not been able

Cañon to the beaver flats of Horseshoe Park. This park was gouged out by a big glacier that swept down the Fall River Gorge, and the glacier very obligingly heaped up a big hill where it melted—a terminal moraine, I think they call it. We had a nice coast from the top of this moraine down through the aspen into the open valley of Horseshoe Park. We passed right by a little pond called Sheep Lake because the bighorn come down from the heights to the salt-licks near the lake. The Mummy Range is on one side of the

park, with Tombstone Ridge on the other, a ridge that the Ute Indians used to follow to get from Estes to Middle Park. By this time, the eight of us were pretty well strung out and feeling rather pepped, and as the sun was sinking, we camped in a little parklike glade among the spruce just a mile above Chasm Falls.

That was one of the best camp-sites of the whole trip, and it certainly made my heart warm to see three little cook fires spring up out of the dusk and to smell the boiled wienies, fried



IN THE HEAVY TIMBER OF FALL RIVER GORGE.

to get his chain fixed until eight that evening. Then he had set out through that pitch-black darkness and over that washed-out road to catch up with us—and he had succeeded. Mr. Robertson said he was a stoic, and I guess that is some kind of a compliment.

First thing next morning, we came across a big rock-slide that had wiped out the last trace of a road. From there on, we had to do some real path-finding to know which of the cañons to choose. That cloud-burst had done its work thoroughly. The river was muddy, and when we wanted a drink, we stretched clean handkerchiefs over our cups and drank through the handkerchiefs. After about five miles, the road climbed out of the cañon, and, from there on, it was easy to follow, as it kept climbing higher and higher toward Estes Park. Along about one o'clock, we coasted down a fine long hill into the village, hungry as bears. There was a short-order bakery in town, and we swamped it with orders for about an hour. Then we bought provisions and packed them on the wheels—enough for our first great crossing of the Continental Divide.

Our route now lay seven miles up Fall River

ham, baked beans, and cocoa. We had home-made bread and cookies from the bakery at Estes, so altogether we feasted like kings. But if we had known how hungry we were going to be the next two days, I don't believe we would have eaten so much. After supper we bathed our tired feet in the icy waters of the creek and then toasted them before a camp-fire. We sang so many songs that we did n't get to bed until after ten. The stars were twinkling mighty close above us; from an almost clear sky, raindrops thudded upon our ponchos and hissed into the glowing redness of the fire; the dull rush of distant waterfalls and the soft murmur of the spruce were almost swallowed up in the bigger silence of the peaks.

Mr. Robertson's whistle at six o'clock the next morning had a hard time drawing us out of our snug blankets, but the knowledge that the best scenery of the trip lay before us that day made our start enthusiastic when we did roll out. It seemed as if the road climbed into the sky that morning—switchbacks, long upward slants, and short, steep hills. Most of the time, thick forests of Engleman spruce shut us in, but once in a while little meadows of Indian paint-brush and

columbine, between quaking aspens, gave us glimpses of the steeples and spires of Mt. Chapin. Some tourists passed us in an auto, saying something silly and patronizing about, "Hard work, is n't it, my little men?" But we got even with them when they had to stop at the end of the road, while we went right on past them over a stretch of inviting trail. We had n't gone far along this trail before Oliver, always hungry, suggested it was dinner-time. When we had eaten, our precious stock of provisions was almost gone!

About one o'clock we broke through the last of the struggling, wind-beaten trees at timber-line. Our hearts sank as we saw that narrow trail, a yellow thread, zigzag up and up and over the bleak rim of the world, far ahead and far above us. This was the test; this was the trail that had looked so simple on paper. For the next two hours we slipped, slid, staggered, stumbled, crawled, tugged, and panted up that endless slope. In places the trail was a good fifty per cent.—just a steep dirt-slide between scrub willow and arctic grasses.

Looking back from my place near the head of the procession 'way down to the dwarf wheels and pigmy boys, everything seemed to be frozen right in the middle of quick action. How we got to the top, I don't know, for we always seemed to be resting, with little desperate, energetic dashes at long intervals.

But get there we did, and lay down pulling and panting among the white star-flowers at an altitude of 11,792 feet. The clear, sweet, thin air of the heights soon gave us back our energy, and we ran down a little way to a bank of perpetual snow, sheltered in the cirque that the glacier used to occupy. August snowballs are something of a novelty.

Mr. Robertson's whistle called us back from a snowball battle to a long ride above timber-line over a thin strip of trail. Half a mile below us, at the foot of a long, grassy slope, flowed the Cache-la-Poudre—Mr. Robertson says that is French for "Hide-the-Powder," and thinks it has something to do with the early French trappers. On the left-hand side, after leaving the Fall River cirque, we passed in succession Tombstone Ridge,

Forest Cañon, and the main peaks of the Continental Divide. How those bleak summits must have been shocked by the clatter of mud-guards and the shouts of, "Put on your brakes, fellows! There 's an awful bump ahead."

We rode on past a little pond that balanced itself above Forest Cañon, and down the steep trail, swaying from side to side in order to keep our pedals from catching on the banks and hedges of scrub willow that pressed close to the trail. Almost before we knew it, we had dropped into



THE CONTINENTAL DIVIDE AT MILNER PASS

heavy, luxurious, almost black, forests, and found ourselves dropping swiftly down toward the Poudre. The trail was far too steep to ride, but running beside our wheels, with long, flying leaps, took us quickly to the Poudre Lakes on the valley floor. A low hummock on the other side of these lakes is the Continental Divide. It seemed a little queer to descend a couple of thousand feet to get to the pass, but that was what we did. The first high ridge we crossed separated the Poudre from Fall River, both Atlantic streams; this little hill divided the waters of the Poudre from those of the Grand, and so was entitled to the name of Milner Pass.

A little farther on, we struck the road they were building up from the Grand River valley, and the glorious trail part of our trip was over. For three splendid miles we coasted like lightning down the switchbacks above Beaver Creek, and we were going fast enough to break our necks if we spilled. Down below us we could see the glinting of the sun on Kawanechee Creek, which is Ute Indian for Coyote Creek. Across the valley rose the peaks of the Never-No-Summer

Range. The Indians did n't know much about grammar, but they certainly had the right idea when they called those snowy mountains Never-No-Summer.

At the foot of the Milner Pass road, a sign pointing up the valley read "Camp de Hardscrabble. One Half Mile." The gang held a council of war and decided to go up to the camp to see if we could buy some grub. Camp de Hardscrabble, or Squeaky Bob's Place, as some folks call it, was only a log-cabin surrounded by a



POSING IN "ADMIRAL DEWEY'S" BOAT, GRAND LAKE

few tents. We asked one of the help how much Squeaky Bob charged for some of that hardscrabble.

"Supper 's a dollar fifty," he said; "breakfast a dollar and a quarter, and lunch seventy-five cents."

Maybe that did n't sound discouraging. Why, the gang was hungry enough to eat rocks if we could find any soft enough; but at the same time, a dollar and a half is a lot of money for just one meal. Saving money by cutting lawns and delivering papers is n't the easiest thing in the world. Ted Maedel swore that he would starve before he paid that much for a meal, and all of us seconded the motion. Kies suggested that we all chip in and buy one lunch between us, but we were n't sure that Squeaky Bob would sell lunches in the afternoon. Finally, Don went in to see if he could get something. In about five minutes he came out grinning, with a big bag. He said he had to make big medicine to get Mrs. Squeaky Bob to give him any bread. Finally he persuaded her, but she had to cut the bread for the hotel table in two, cornerwise, to make it go further. Don got six biscuits and some sugar, too.

That night we camped thirteen miles from Grand Lake on Timber Creek. We had a fine camp-ground among young lodgepole pines and quaking aspen, and we soon had our cook fires going. But the hard part of it was that we had

nothing much to cook. Bonny Robertson and Ted Maedel were the luckiest, with a whole can of corn-beef hash. The rest of us had only a can of soup and another of pineapple between us. Mrs. Squeaky Bob's half a loaf of bread was cut into eight thin slices. The sugar divided up two heaping teaspoonfuls and one level one apiece—for cocoa. I told you there were only six biscuits, so maybe you can guess how excited we were when we flipped a coin to see who went without biscuit. Kies and Oliver were the unlucky ones that had to sit and watch us enjoy our prizes.

Next morning we pulled our belts a notch tighter and got an early start for Grand Lake. The night had been chilly,—for late August is the beginning of autumn at this altitude,—so there was a snap and a tingle in the clear air, with heavy frost in the grassy meadows near Kawanechee Creek. The road grade was slightly downhill, just enough to make us want to race all the way into Grand Lake. I'll tell you, we were mighty glad to see a grocery store again when we did get to the village!

We watched a yacht scudding across the lake in a race with a motor-boat. Down at the edge of the pier, there was a motor-boat tied up. So all of us piled in, while Don jumped up on the bow to take our picture. Before we got settled, somebody that looked like Admiral Dewey came running out of the boat-house shouting, "Git out of that boat! Git out! Git out!" But we held still while Don was focusing the camera, with the fat old commodore running toward us all the while. Don snapped the picture just as Admiral Dewey started out on the pier, and we sure jumped out of the boat in a hurry. Of course, Mr. Robertson explained to the captain or bos'n or whatever he was, that all we wanted was a picture, so Dewey said it was all right.

That afternoon we rode seventeen miles to Granby, and seventeen more to Fraser, finally camping on Vasquez Creek. The next morning we had a lot of pancakes and stewed peaches and bacon, because we could n't ride the seventy mountain miles to Denver on an empty stomach. It was twelve long, uphill miles to the top of Berthoud Pass, so steep that it took us all morning to make it. But the thick forests and the grand old peaks of the Divide made the road seem short. We picked a lot of huckleberries and a few raspberries right by the side of the road. From the top of the pass, 11,306 feet high, we had an afternoon's ride of sixty miles to get home, but it was no different from a lot of trips we had made before, so we got in early in the evening.

After it was all over, I think we were just a little bit proud of what we had done. It's something of an achievement to take a trip of two hun-



dred miles through the mountains and above timber-line, particularly if you have to pedal or walk all the way and tote all your grub and blankets with you. Then, too, we rode the first wheeled vehicles that ever crossed Milner Pass, so I guess

you might call us bicycle pioneers. Anyhow, we had a good time for five whole days, and we're going to take some more trips that will be just as great as the one when we rode the first bicycles over Milner Pass.



ON BERTHOUD PASS, 11,306 FEET ABOVE SEA-LEVEL

## THE HAUNTED HOUSE

By MABEL HUBBARD

We walked across the fields at dusk;  
From out the rosy skies  
Like silver streaks the killdeers flew,  
And croaked their mournful cries.

Past whispering corn and shocks of wheat,  
Past silent woods we ran,  
Our bare feet pattering in the dust  
That rose in clouds of tan.

At length, from under cedar brows,  
The haunted house peered out;  
We huddled close together then,  
With neither laugh nor shout.

No sound came from its yawning mouth;  
Its eyes were lidded red;  
And all the trees that touched its sides  
Were withered, black, and dead.

From out the tumbling porch, a bat  
Came darting swiftly by;

And timidly the pale young moon,  
Crept up into the sky.

Then Dick, the bold, on tiptoe stole  
Inside the house so dark,  
And far, oh very far away,  
We heard the watch-dog's bark.

And all at once within the house  
Arose a fearful noise,  
That made the little girls all run  
And even scared the boys.

And suddenly, with flying hair,  
Out tumbled merry Dick,  
He'd made the racket there inside  
With tin cans and a stick!

Back, back we scampered to the door  
Where shone the evening light,  
And silently the haunted house  
Stole back to meet the night,

# THE LUCK OF DENEWOOD

By EMIL H. BENSON KNIFE and ALDEN ARTHUR KNIFE

Volume I. The Lucky Sixpence. Beatrice of Denewood. 1911.

## CHAPTER I

### PEGGY TRAVERS

MARGARET TRAVERS slammed shut the covers of the book she had been reading.

"If there's one thing I hate, it's the Denewood stories!" she burst out. Her cousin Betty Powell raised her eyebrows a trifle superciliously, but refrained from speaking.

"I hate them! I hate them! I hate them!" Peg insisted explosively. "I hate Beatrice! I hate Peg! I hate John Travers! I hate your celebrated great-grandmother Polly Travers."

"Great-great-great-grandmother," Betty murmured reprovingly.

"I hate her all the same, no matter how many 'greats' she is," Peg continued. "I hate Mrs. Mummer! I hate Jackie—"

"You'll be saying you hate Denewood next," Betty remarked calmly, the poise on which she secretly prided herself not in the least disturbed by her cousin's violence.

Peg turned her head and looked out of the rain-spattered window of the lodge. A steady down-pour blurred her vision, but she could see dimly the imposing outlines of the Denewood manor-house, and her face grew wistful. She loved every stick and stone of the old place, set high upon a rise of ground and surrounded by ancient trees. For her, every nook and corner had its history; every piece of furniture its particular tale to tell; every ornament its special association. She knew which rooms had been occupied by General Washington on each of his visits; in which chair Benjamin Franklin had sat to give wise counsel ere he set sail for France; what bit of costly china or piece of shining silver commemorated the visit of a famous visitor who had enjoyed the open-handed hospitality of Denewood in those stirring Revolutionary days. She remembered with a pang of regret the stately portrait of the first Beatrice Travers, her great-great-great-grandmother, hanging in the wide hall and seeming to smile a welcome to all who crossed the threshold.

But now the radiant lady in the famous portrait smiled on strangers. During the long years since it had been painted, the fortunes of the Travers family had declined, till all that remained of the great estate was the house itself and the grounds in its immediate vicinity. The town had encroached upon the broad acres, and streets

divided the vast possessions that had once stretched unbroken for miles. From year to year the land had been sold, farm by farm at first, and, later, lot by lot, as the city swallowed up the village of Germantown.

Denewood had become the joint inheritance of Peg Travers and her brother Jack, the direct descendants of John Travers and Beatrice his wife, through Allan their second son. True, the remaining property was so valuable that, had the heirs been willing to sell, they might have realized a very comfortable fortune; but against this Jack Travers steeled his heart.

"I was born a Travers of Denewood and a Travers of Denewood I mean to die," he had said more than once, and his little sister echoed this sentiment with enthusiasm. She, too, was a Travers of Denewood, ready to make any sacrifices or endure any hardships to retain possession of this last link that held her to the unforgettable days of a renowned and honorable past.

But there was no income to maintain the place, and Jack had been forced to rent Denewood. It was now a fashionable school for girls, while its owners lived in the lodge. Peg tried to reconcile herself to the necessity, counting on the future to see them all back again in the dear old mansion; but at times it seemed that she could not endure it and must give rein to her pent-up feelings.

To other girls, the Denewood stories were but tales to speed idle hours. To Peg, born in the ancient house, they were histories of her ancestors; narratives made alive by her surroundings and filled with the deeds of those who by a blood tie claimed her loyalty and love. Of course, she did not hate them; but the years had brought so many changes that now, when she read the Denewood books, a flood of regret overwhelmed her. She railed at the misfortunes that forced her to live in the lodge and flew into a rage at anything that reminded her of all that she had lost. Otherwise, she could not have kept back her tears; and Peg scorned a cry baby.

Her cousin Betty's voice broke the current of her thoughts, and she turned away from the window with a defiant toss of her head.

"It really is too bad," Betty remarked. She was standing before the gilt-framed mirror patting her ash-blonde hair with a practised hand.

"It's beastly!" Peg exploded. "When I think of those silly girls running all over Denewood, I just can't stand it!"

"Yes, it's a shame," Betty agreed calmly. "It does n't seem right for you to have to live here; but you can't help it if you have n't money enough to keep up the old place."

"I hate money!" Peg, jumping to her feet, flung herself on the sofa, with her back to the window.

"Stop being temperamental, child!" Betty admonished. She was a year or so older than

"My dear," she said condescendingly. "remember that we live in Philadelphia, where money is n't everything."

"We live in Germantown, where everybody knows everything about everybody else since the days of Columbus! Gossipy old hole!" Peg fairly sputtered.

"All the same, family counts," Betty insisted.

"Oh splash!" Peg exclaimed inelegantly.



"FLYING IN A RAGE WON'T DO ANY GOOD," SAID BETTY

Peg and occasionally assumed an ancient air. "Flying in a rage won't do any good. It only makes you impossible to get along with—and why so savage about the Denewood books? I think it is rather distinguished to have people reminded that our family was important in Revolutionary days."

"Oh, you do?" cried Peg, irritably. "Well, I don't! I'd rather people never heard of us than to have them sorry we've come down in the world. Oh, I've seen them whispering and nudging. I've heard them say it was too bad the Travers could n't keep up Denewood any longer. You may think that's 'distinguished,' but I don't! It makes me boil!"

Betty Powell shrugged her slender shoulders, still regarding herself in the glass and rehearsing coquettish glances as she talked.

"Nothing counts but doing things. Beatrice Travers did n't sit down and talk about her family, even if her brother Horrie did have a title."

"She had the lucky sixpence," Betty replied. "And beside," she went on in her most grown-up manner, "this is 1920. We don't have romantic adventures these days."

"No, we don't!" growled Peg. "We only have votes for women and ouija-boards and the movies. I wish I'd been born a hundred years ago. There was something going on in the world then."

"We've had the most awful war that ever happened," Betty broke in solemnly.

"Yes, and a fine, noble record we made in it, you and I!" snapped Peg.

"We did all we could!" Betty's protest was vigorous. "We were too young for the ambu-

lance corps, but I'm sure we worked for the Red Cross."

"Yes, after school-hours! We rolled a few bandages and made dressings and knitted. But my great-great-great-grandmother was n't too young to keep Denewood from being burned down. She was n't too young to escape from the British, or save Jack Travers from being captured or—or—oh, heaps of things! If she 'd been here in our day, I know she would have been helping Pershing, and maybe Joffre and Foch—and we were knitting!" Peg shook her black head like a restive horse.

"There 's no use arguing with you," Betty avowed; "but girls of our age don't do things like that nowadays. What in the world could we have done?"

"We might have been spies," Peg declared with emphasis.

"Nonsense!" Betty protested with a laugh. "Who ever heard—"

"You did n't, evidently," Peg burst out. "But let me tell you that the chief spy, *la grande espionne* of Belgium, who helped Edith Cavelle, was a little girl of eleven. She walked about in Brussels carrying a doll and leading the French and English fugitives to safety right under the eyes of the Germans. She was just like our Beatrice of Denewood, and I could have done it, too. With my hair down I look just like an infant—"

"And you talk like one all the time," Betty cut in, at which Peg uttered an unspellable grunt of petulance.

"Don't be silly," Betty went on. "How on earth could you expect to go over there when Aunt Polly won't even let you go to town without a chaperon?"

"It was n't Aunt Polly who kept me back," Peg muttered, half to herself; "it was Jack."

Betty nodded understandingly. "Of course he would n't let you go," she said.

"No, he would n't," Peg murmured, her voice softening as she thought of her brother, still with the American Army in France. "And I don't blame him, either, for of course he 'd have been worrying about me all the time. But I tell you, Betty, it has been hard to have him away and—and—"

Perhaps tears were near, for Peg rose hurriedly and went to the window again. Then she gave an exclamation of delight and started for the door.

"Here 's the postman, Betty. Maybe there 's a letter from Jack," she called over her shoulder as she disappeared into the hall.

Peg always hoped for a letter from Jack whenever the old postman appeared. She had lived

for two years waiting for the precious scrawls her brother sent over from time to time. It had been no small sacrifice for her to let him go to fight the Germans; and now that the necessity for sacrifice had ended, she longed to have him with her again; but still he did not come. Betty's brothers, Hal and Bart, had returned long ago and were back in college; but Jack had been detailed on special duty, of which he wrote rather vaguely. Peg's only comfort was in the fact that the fighting was over and that he stood in no great danger of his life.

But she wanted him, and in each letter she hoped for a definite word of his return. Always expecting such news, she had great difficulty in restraining her impatience, and found it impossible to sit listening to Selma, the Swedish maid, shuffle slowly to the front door in answer to the bell, and then to wait in suspense through seemingly endless gossip with the friendly postman; so, when she was in the house, Peg went to the door herself.

The postman, who had known her all her life, came up the walk with his umbrella dripping a stream from each pendent point.

"It 's a grand rain we 're havin', Miss Peg," he said, as he came under the portico. "Not that the country 's needin' it. Indeed, no! The roads are no less than bogs already."

With care he adjusted his spectacles, then, thinking better of it, took them off to wipe the lenses free of raindrops.

"Are n't you wet, Mr. Lynch?" Peg asked in some concern. They were excellent friends, and to the girl he seemed a link between her and the brother she adored. She would n't like him to fall sick.

"I 'm a bit damp, and that 's the truth," he admitted; "but I 've been wetter before and took no hurt. It 's what you 're used to that counts."

He drew out a large bundle of letters held together by a twist of red string, and, without untying it, turned up the ends, trying to see the half-hidden addresses.

"If you 'd put that sash on one end of the bundle instead of around its waist, you 'd see the names better," Peg suggested.

"And very little help that would be in this case," Mr. Lynch replied crushingly, "seeing that this is the wrong lot altogether."

Peg, put properly in her place, kept silent, while he fumbled in his leather pouch and brought out another package, distinguished by a broad rubber band about its middle. This he held in his hands temptingly and continued his conversation.

"It ain't so much the rain I mind, a day here and a day there; but we 've been havin' it steady

now for a week, and the roads is the worst that I 've seen these thirty years."

"Yes, it has been wet," agreed the impatient Peg, glancing eagerly at the bundle of letters. "I 'm sure that 's one for me," she added, pointing at a promising looking envelop.

"The wetness," continued Mr. Lynch, inexorably, "is less remarkabler than the mud. You may be jubious about that; but, if you 'd like to see it for yourself, you can be findin' a autymobile up to its hubs in mud on the side road to Denewood. Stuck it is, fast! With a slip of a girl inside who—"

"She 's for the school, of course," Peg broke in, hoping to end the talk.

"Maybe yes and maybe no," Mr. Lynch commented judicially: "but whatever else she is, she 's foreign, though she pretended to be Irish. Tryin' to fool me, mind you! 'Musha,' she says, 'where izzy Denewood?' 'Musha' says I, 't 's here it is'; and with that I walks away. A queer slip of a lass, and none so heavy by the look of her as to weight the car down like that; but she was n't Irish, for all her 'mushas.'"

He thumbed through the second package of letters, shook his head, and returned it to his pouch.

"And do you mean to say there is nothing for us after all?" wailed Peg.

"Who says there 's nothing for you?" demanded Mr. Lynch. "Do you think I come up the walk for a joke? There 's letters for you a-plenty, though most of 'em are advertisements; barrin' birthday-cards for Selma."

"Oh, dear!" sighed Peg, "then there 's no word from Jack, and it 's been an age since I heard from him."

"If you 'd but let me finish," Mr. Lynch insisted "I said 'barrin' birthday-cards for Selma—"

He paused and began a further search in his satchel, finally bringing forth another parcel, bound this time with red-white-and-blue yarn.

"There 's your letter from Master Jack!" he cried triumphantly. "I always does up the packs havin' letters from soldiers in red-white-and-blue, so as not to keep their women folks waitin' a minute."

He handed Peg the bundle and turned away, ready to resume his plodding through the rain.

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Lynch!" cried Peg, gratefully, her eyes shining as she clutched the precious package. "Don't you think you can spare the time to take Selma's cards round to her and have a cup of tea?"

"I moight," the old postman said cautiously.

"Then do," Peg insisted. "Tell her I suggested it." And with a happy smile, she handed him the cards and turned into the house.

## CHAPTER II

BEATRICE OF FRANCE

PEG danced into the living-room, all her troubles forgotten in joyous anticipation of the treat.

"I 've a letter from Jack!" she shouted, "and it 's addressed to me, so we sha'n't have to wait for Aunt Polly. Perhaps he 'll say he 's coming home. You 'll excuse me, won't you? I 'll tell you all about it in a minute."

She had torn open the envelop, and, flopping down on the sofa, began reading eagerly.

Betty, opposite, regarded her cousin critically, watching the changes on Peg's mobile face with an appraising eye. She noted the mass of waving black hair, the clear gray eyes, the firm mouth beneath a straight Travers nose, and was just a trifle envious of a dimple that appeared unexpectedly when the girl before her smiled.

"Good looking, but lacks repose," was Betty's silent comment. But the smiling dimple lasted only for a minute. As she read, the expression of Peg's face grew puzzled. She turned over a page of the letter, and a moment later looked up to find Betty's eyes fixed on her.

"This is the queerest thing I ever heard," she announced. "I don't know what to make of it."

"Read it aloud," Betty remarked, with an air suggestive of perfect confidence in her ability to solve any of Peg's childish difficulties.

"But it 's so queer!" Peg repeated, perplexed, and thoughtful. "and it 's going to make a lot of trouble."

"Oh, do read it!" Betty exclaimed impatiently, and her cousin began at once.

"Dear old Peg: Just to make sure, I 'm sending you this by a gob who is going to London and will post it from there. You 'll have all the details in my previous letter, but, if anything should have delayed it, this will set you right. You remember Peg o' the Ring—Betty Powell's great-great-great-aunt who married a Frenchman? Well, a kid, one of her descendants, has turned up, and I 'm sending her to you. I wrote you all about it in the other letter. Her brother told her to look me up if she got into any trouble—and we can't do less than take charge of the child. I know there will be expenses, but we just can't help that. She has Travers blood, and that 's a claim. She 's a fine kid, and I think you 'll love her. I 'm sending her in charge of one of the Y girls who is sailing for America soon. She should arrive shortly after this reaches you. This is only a beastly scrawl, I know, but the gob who 's taking it has to go in a minute and it just occurred to me to send this. By the way, her name is Béatrice de Soulange, and she calls herself Bé, quite like our great little old grandmother Bee, what? She knows all about Denewood and talks pretty good English. Love to Aunt Polly and yourself. In a hurry,

"JACK."

"Peg!" exclaimed Betty, with shining eyes, "she 's a countess or something! Don't you

remember that Peg o' the Ring married the Vicomte de Soulange?"

"Of course I remember!" Peg retorted. "She and two of her children were here during the French Revolution. It's all down in the Denewood records."

"Yes, and the vicomte came and took them back," Betty went on rather excitedly. "But think of entertaining a real countess, Peg! And a cousin, too. Isn't it romantic? You can't say now that nothing happens these days. This is just as exciting as anything in 'The Lucky Sixpence.'"

"That may be the way you look at it," said Peg, lugubriously, "but I can't see it. Here we have a child dumped down on us that we don't know and don't want, who's probably used to a lot of servants and other luxuries, and we'll have to dress her and educate her. There's nothing romantic about that."

"If that is n't just like you!" Betty burst out. "Thinking of sordid things when you—"

"I have to think about them," Peg interrupted practically. "I wish to goodness we had millions, then I would n't care how many babies Jack sent over from France; but every cent we spend on this child will be just so much out of the money Aunt Polly and I are trying to save so that we can go back to Denewood."

"But think of the honor of entertaining a countess!" Betty insisted. Like one of her ancestors, she attached great importance to a title.

"But she's just a child," Peg argued; "and anyway, I don't believe she's a countess."

"Her brother must be a count," Betty maintained stontly; "and some day he'll come over to get his sister, and then—"

"Whether the brother has a title or not," Peg cut in, "the girl will have two feet to buy shoes for, and she'll need food and clothes and hats and, oh, quantities of things! And think of poor Aunt Polly with a child running about the house. She'll get awfully jumpy, or I'm much mistaken. But there's no use crying over spilled milk. We're obliged to have her."

"Of course," Betty suggested, after a moment's hesitation, "we could take her in. One more in the nursery would n't make a scrap of difference."

"That's out of the question," Peg declared, shutting her lips firmly.

Betty had the good taste not to press this point. As the Traverses had grown less prosperous, the Powells, generation after generation, had accumulated money, until now their huge modern house in Chestnut Hill was the show place of that part of the country and Betty's father was many times a millionaire. Indeed, the Powells had

risen mightily since Revolutionary days, when Mark Powell, the founder of the house, was a runaway bond-servant who was befriended by Peg's great great-grandfather, John Travers. Betty realized, as did the elders of her family, that the Traverses pride was still so strong that it was no easy matter to help Peg and Jack, much as it would have pleased them to straighten out all their financial difficulties.

"I do wish Jack's other letter had come," Peg murmured. "There are hundreds of things I'd like to know about this French child."

"It'll come before she does," Betty said confidently.

"I hope so. I wonder if he told her we were n't living in Denewood." And Peg shook her head doubtfully.

"I don't believe he'd ever think of it," Betty replied.

"It would save a lot of explaining if he has," Peg began.

But Betty interrupted. "She's probably not old enough to understand. I should n't let that worry me."

"That's so," Peg agreed. "I should n't have thought of it, only Jack wrote that she knew all about Denewood."

"He means the books," Betty suggested.

"Maybe, but I don't believe she's old enough to read," Peg insisted, pessimistically. "I am convinced that Jack has sent me a baby to take care of. I'll have to wash its face and curl its hair and—oh, what will Selma say if we have to have a nurse messing up the kitchen with infant's food and things?"

Betty laughed gaily. "It can't be as bad as that, Peg. She's probably five or six at the worst, and terribly cunning. You can send her to kindergarten with our kiddies and be rid of her half the day at least."

"But she'll be dogging my footsteps the minute school's over," mourned Peg. "And I have n't the slightest idea how to bring up a child."

"Please, miss," came the voice of Selma, from the doorway. "Here is somebody to see you."

Peg and Betty had been sitting with their backs to the door and at Selma's words they glanced over their shoulders. Then they jumped to their feet simultaneously, for the Swedish maid was not alone. Beside her was a slim girl, taller than either of them, who returned their gaze with eager interest.

At first glance she seemed very young. Her thick chestnut hair had been bobbed off and waved over her head in a mass of soft curls. She wore a well-cut red cloth dress, which she had somewhat outgrown, and, standing in her stocking-feet, she appeared pathetically bedraggled.

But in her face there was no trace of distress or anxiety, and she stepped into the room with sparkling eyes and a radiant smile.

"I 'ave 'eard what you have said," she began, in a rather plaintive voice, choosing her words slowly, as if she were translating all she said, and when she aspirated her H's, doing it with evident effort. "I 'ave 'eard, and I guess it is of me you speak. It is nize that you do not wish to bring me up. I 'ave been bringed up, oh, such a great plenty all my life."

The girl's smile brightened invitingly, but neither Peg nor Betty had recovered from their surprise at being overheard.

"You will excuse that I enter by the kitchen," the stranger rattled on, after an instant's pause. "A little fat man, with a bag upon his shoulder, fin' me when I leave the taxi-carriage and sen' me here. But I am oh, so mudded, as if I 'ave come from the trenches. Your *bonne* she 'ave been very, very kin'," she gave Selma a bright smile as she spoke; "she 'ave take' off my boots to scrape, so you will excuse," she paused again, looking down with a chuckle at her shoeless feet.

For a moment there was silence as the newcomer gazed searchingly at the two standing mute before her; then, with outstretched hand, she went straight to Peg.

"I could not doubt it, from what Monsieur Cousin Jack 'ave tol' me. You are Paig." She was so frank, so joyous, so sweet and winning, that Peg felt a warm glow in her heart as she grasped the hand held out to her.

"Yes, I am Peg," she murmured hesitatingly, "and you are—are—"

"I am your so-far-away *cousine*, Béatrice de Soulange, of course." Only for an instant did

Peg waver; then, yielding to her impulse, she threw her arms about the French girl and kissed her warmly. Her hug was returned ecstatically.

"Your brother Jack he 'ave tol' me I shall fin' a welcome!" Béatrice exclaimed.

"And he wrote me that I 'd love you, and I do already!" cried Peg.



"I GUESS IT IS OF ME YOU SPEAK"

"Oh, it is too much 'appiness," the other said, her face suddenly growing grave. "For so long, always since this dreadful war, I 'ave been alone except for Jeanne-Marie and the other servants. But now," her face lit up again, "I 'ave found more than a *cousine*—I 'ave foun' a frien'."

"You 've found two friends," said Betty, prettily, coming forward; "you 're my cousin, too."

"I am overwhelm!" cried Béatrice, kissing her. "Tell me how I am all these relations?"

"Before we tell anything we must make you comfortable," Peg protested. "You don't seem very wet, though, after all."

"All the rain, it come on the outside coat, which dries by the fire," Béatrice explained.

"And your feet," Peg began; but at that moment Selma came in with a pair of Peg's slippers in her hand, which she forthwith placed on the French girl's feet.

"You catch cold," she grunted, "I bring you a cup of tea."

"Bring each of us a cup, Selma, please," Peg suggested pleadingly, "and we'll have a little party. Just us three."

"That will be nize, just us three!" Béatrice exclaimed, like a child.

They sat on the sofa, the new-comer between Peg and Betty, and she looked from one to the other with shining eyes.

"Oh, it is so warm for the 'eart that I have fin' you," she half whispered; "and you will both call me Bé, eh?"

"Of course!" said Peg. "You 're one of the family."

Selma brought the tea, and the three, munching cookies, chattered like magpies. They slipped from subject to subject, asking innumerable questions, that were only half answered, and laughing aloud in the sheer joy of being together.

"How did you get here in this awful storm?" Peg demanded. "I did n't hear you drive up."

"*Non, non*, because that I 'ave walk!" declared Mademoiselle de Soulange, proudly. "I take a taxi-carriage, but it—how you say?—it stay in the muds. But I—I am used to muds. It seem as if the whole of my poor France is muds; so I go out of that taxi-carriage."

"The postman told me there was an auto stuck in the mud," Peg said, "but I'd no idea it was you."

"But it was," laughed Bé. "The chauffeur, he go for help of horses, and I tire of waiting. Yet I fin' not the right place at first; but soon I fin' it and enter at the kitchen. There I leave my wets and —*me voici!*"

"Where are your trunks?" asked Betty.

"Oh, la, la!" the French girl laughed gaily. "I 'ave no trunk! Only two small hand luggages, which I leave in the taxi in-the-muds."

"You 'll never see them again!" cried Peg, jumping to her feet.

"It matters nothing," Bé returned composedly; "yet do I think I shall see them. Otherwise the chauffeur will get no pay. To me it is equal."

Peg sat down again, laughing.

"Perhaps they 'll turn up after all!" she said.

"There is nothing in them that I care for," Bé

answered, a sudden shadow coming over her sensitive face; and then she turned to Betty, as if wishing to change the subject. "And still you 'ave not tol' me how we two are cousin!"

"She 's Betty Powell," Peg explained. "Her great-great-great-grandmother was Polly Travers, who married Mark Powell."

"He was an officer in the Revolutionary War," Betty added, with pardonable pride.

"And that Polly Travers was relation to my, oh, so great ancestress," Bé cried, nodding understandingly.

"And really, you know," Betty went on, "I 'm more your cousin than Peg is. Her great-great-great-grandmother was only a cousin to your ancestress—"

"Ah, now it is plain to me," Bé declared, shaking her head so quickly up and down that her short curls danced in unison. "Your great-ancestress and my great-ancestress were sisters!"

"Exactly," Peg put in; "but I 'm named after little stuttering Peg, who found the Soulangering."

"And I," said the French girl, lifting her head, "'ave take my name after your so great-grandmother, Béatrice of Denewood. To me it is of much pride. She was a so lovely lady and so brave. In France, sometimes, when the Boches have made the earth to tremble with their big guns, I 'ave think of her, and my heart it 'ave stop going so queek. You know," she added, laughing a little, "when I was small, my *maman*, she 'ave teach me the English so that I might read all the stories of our 'ouse. Soulange is a great name in France,—to be proud of, yes,—but it is the men who count much there. So we women, we 'ave think much of that Beatrice Travers and her lucky sixpence. Soon I mus' see that sixpence."

"But you can't," said Peg. "Did n't Jack tell you?"

"He tell me nothing of that," Bé replied.

"It has been lost for a hundred years or more," Betty remarked indifferently.

"Los!" echoed Bé, her eyes growing wide with astonishment. "Los? I cannot believe it!"

"It 's true, all the same," Peg affirmed.

"But that is calamity!" Bé exclaimed, her concern growing as she realized the situation. For a moment she looked from one girl to the other, amazed that they seemed to take the matter so lightly. "Do you not understand what you 'ave los'?" she demanded.

"Oh, nothing much," Betty returned smilingly, amused at the French girl's seriousness.

"Nothing moch! Nothing moch!" Béatrice cried. "I tell you that when that sixpence go away, there was los' the luck of Denewood!"



# A NEW-WORLD POET OF SOUND

By MARY R. PARKMAN

Author of "Heroes of To-day," "Heroines of Service," etc.

*"And I know not if, save in this, such gift be allowed to man,  
That, out of three sounds, he frame not a fourth sound, but a star."*

BROWNING.

EDWARD MACDOWELL was a very little boy when he discovered the magic of sound. Sitting one afternoon at the piano, he attacked his exercises with dutiful energy, but his thoughts were far away. All at once his fingers began to stray over the keys in a way of their own, softly, questioningly; and they happened upon something quite different from anything that his pages of notes had ever given him. It was like a bit of a dream—something strange and haunting, something at once far away and very near. He had loved music before, now he knew that it was the most wonderful thing in the world.

"What is that you are playing?" demanded his teacher, sternly. The boy had been so absorbed in his dream that he had not heard any one come into the room. Now he started guiltily.

"I have been practising my lesson, truly," he apologized; "but just now I was playing something that I made up. It's great fun to make up things," he added eagerly, as he caught a kindly gleam in the look his music-master bent upon him. "I just kept running over the keys, so—and all at once there was music, music of my own; and then it seemed almost as if I was out in the woods, really! There were so many trees it was nearly dark, but a long streak of sunshine got through and lighted up one big oak-tree, and—"

"What's this?" interrupted his teacher, with a laugh; "I thought we were talking of music, and now you're lost in the woods!"

"I mean—I mean," the boy stammered, "I mean that the music made me think of the place where we were last summer; I felt the way I used to sit out under the trees. Don't you see?—does n't music ever make you feel things?"

"Of course I understand," said the musician, kindly, putting his hand on the boy's shoulder; "that's why I am giving you these lessons. I had seen your eyes as you watched me play; I knew you had the music in you. But the getting it out—ah, that's the trouble! Scales, scales, my boy; that is the only way. You cannot fly to success, you will have to scale the heights." And rubbing his hands together in silent enjoyment of his little joke, the good man forgot to scold.

Edward was often sorely tempted to steal time from his scales for the snatches of dream melody that sang in his brain. It seemed that there were

so many things within him longing for expression that none of them could really find a voice. Sometimes even the powers of music were dumb; his keys gave back only a sounding nothingness. In these moods he often seized a pencil and tried with a few eager strokes to picture his thought on the margins of his music pages, and his nimble fancy



MACDOWELL'S LOG-CABIN STUDIO (SEE PAGE 60)

seemed able to give an odd sort of life to the fugitive sketches. There were times when he was sure that he wanted to be a painter.

"Stick to your music, son," reproved his father. "A jack of all trades is master of none. When I was your age I hoped to do something besides learning how to make money; but my good Quaker parents thought the way of business the only proper life for a man. Well, I have made enough to give you a chance after some of the things that I have missed."

"We are living for you now, Edward," said his mother, earnestly. "We are hoping to find our dreams come true in your success."

His mother begged her friend, Madame Teresa

Carreno, the gifted Venezuelan pianist, to give the boy an occasional lesson, in the hope of kindling within him a new zeal for work. After she had spent an hour with the young dreamer, Madame Carreno's interest needed no urging.

"The boy is not a *wunderkind*, my friend," she said, "but he has the gift. Do not worry about his fancies—his love for stories and pictures. He will put them all into music."

Instead of insisting on exercises, she began by playing Chopin and Schumann for the delighted boy, and it seemed to him that his "long, long thoughts" had found a language at last. He felt that he would never tire of working to win such power.

"The gift is yours to use or to lose, Edward," she would say, with her fascinating accent, fixing her intense, brilliant gaze on his. "Remember, the gods take away their favor from those who do not know how to appreciate."

When he was fifteen, Edward went with his mother to Paris, where he studied under Marmontel and Savard at the conservatory. Claude Debussy, the most original of our modern tone-poets, was an interesting and stimulating fellow-pupil.

Edward soon had occasion to regret his lameness in French. It was almost impossible to keep up with his lectures, and some special lessons in the language became necessary. Even with the incentive of his immediate need, however, he found it hard to give his undivided attention to the eccentricities of irregular verbs and irresponsible idioms. The exaggerated nose of his instructor was far more interesting; it suggested the possibility of a most entertaining portrait. But just as he was putting the finishing touches on the sketch which he had been making under cover of his grammar, the victim pounced upon the cause of his pupil's inattention. The boy waited with bent head for the storm to pass, but all was still. Looking up furtively, he saw that his model was gazing at his pictured self more in wonder than in anger. When he spoke, his French was too voluble and idiomatic to be readily understood by the astonished pupil; but it seemed that he wished to know where Edward had learned to draw, and that he could not be persuaded to part with the sketch.

A greater surprise was in store when, a few days later, the teacher called upon his mother, not to complain of the boy's trilling, but to declare that he had at once discovered in the impudent sketch an evidence of extraordinary talent. He had, therefore, it seemed, taken it to a great artist—one of the instructors in the *École des Beaux Arts*—who had in turn been so impressed that he asked that the boy come to him as a pupil, offering not

only free instruction, but also undertaking to provide for his support during the time of his three-year course.

Mrs. MacDowell was greatly perplexed. Could it be that in her ambition for her son she had been blindly working against his true destiny? She remembered that his father had in his youth shown decided gifts as a draughtsman. Was this inherited ability indeed stronger in the boy than his musical talent? In her distress she consulted Marmontel, who became greatly excited over the prospect of losing his interesting pupil. The boy had remarkable gift—it might be genius—he declared. She would be doing a great wrong if she interfered with his career.

At length the mother decided to leave the choice with her son. "You have come to the cross-roads, Edward," she said solemnly; "I cannot choose for you. You must make up your mind for yourself where your true path lies."

The boy looked at his mother's earnest face and his heart was stirred by the sense of a great crisis. The man's soul, with its fixed purpose and capacity for untiring effort, was born in that hour. "I am going on with my music, Mother," he said quietly, "and I'm really going to work now. You won't have to trouble about me any more."

It has been said that what we call genius is just "an infinite capacity for taking pains," meaning that the devotion to a particular ideal is so great that the struggle to attain it is unending. Edward MacDowell now gave signs of this will "to labor and to wait." He was profoundly stirred at this time by hearing Nicholas Rubinstein, the great Russian pianist, give a powerful rendering of Tchaikovsky's music. He felt, as he listened, as if he were standing on the vast, solitary steppes, in the midst of a mighty rushing wind that sang and wailed and chanted. All the throbbing hopes and fears of which the human heart is capable were speaking in those strange, moving harmonies.

The young musician felt the lure of new worlds. What fresh inspiration might be waiting for him across the Rhine in Wagner's country, where Rubinstein had studied and come to the fullness of his powers. After much consideration he decided to go with his mother to Stuttgart.

A few weeks of that conservative German city, however, convinced them that the choice was not a happy one.

"I believe they would make Rubinstein himself begin all over again and play scales after their own particular fashion," said Edward. "But at least I have gained this by coming: I have learned that Frankfort is the place for me. There I can study under Heymann, who plays the classics as if they were written by men with blood in their veins."

To Frankfort, therefore, they went. Here,

after his mother's return to America, Edward MacDowell, now a youth of eighteen, settled down to steady work. For two years he studied piano under Heymann and composition under Raff. "Heymann let me do what I wanted," he said; "but in hearing him practise and play, I learned more in a week than I ever had before."

The hours in theory and composition with

"Do you mean to say that you have not realized—that your teachers have not realized for you—that composition is your future? You will be a good performer, *ja wohl*, but you will be a great composer."

"You don't think that these things I amuse myself with are *worth* anything, really?" demanded the young man, with dilating eyes.

"My boy," said the master, solemnly, "your music will be played when mine, and that of many others whom we applaud to-day, is forgotten."

A new world opened before Edward MacDowell's wondering eyes. It was good to be alive; each day would be "a bringer of new things." He could indeed find his life in his work. There was, however, so much that he longed to do all at once that it seemed he could find no place to begin. He remembered the words of his first master: "You have the music in you, but the getting it out—that 's the trouble!" There indeed was the rub! It seemed that because there was so much that he longed to do, there was grave danger he might end by doing nothing.

He was sitting helplessly before his piano one day, when there came a knock at his door, followed—wonder of wonders!—by the unheralded appearance of the great Raff himself. The embarrassed pupil looked uncomfortably from his visitor to the disorderly room, strewn with scattered papers and sheets of music.

"What are you doing?" asked the master abruptly.

Scarcely knowing what he was saying, the young man stammered that he was at work on a concerto.

"Bring it to me next Sunday," commanded the master.

Now indeed it was do or die! The promising bits of inspiration from which he had hoped some day to evolve a concerto were desperately assembled and feverishly developed. He worked as he had never worked before. When Sunday came, there was the first movement complete—but only the first. A note with the best excuse that he could muster postponed his meeting with Raff



EDWARD MACDOWELL

Raff, however, gave him an even keener joy. Here was a master indeed, one who was at once a quickening mentor and an understanding friend. When he played for Raff, he opened his heart and let his eager fancies have their way.

"Your compositions are interesting—yes," said Raff. "How long have you been working at these?"

"Oh, I have stolen bits of time for it off and on ever since I was a little chap," said MacDowell. "Of course, I knew there was nothing in it, but the lure was too strong for me; I've always been a bit of a dreamer."

until the following week. "Something happened then—my lucky stars fought for me, no doubt," said MacDowell, "and Raff himself put me off two days more; by that time the concerto was ready."

"You must play it for Liszt," said Raff, when he had heard the new work to the end. "I will make an appointment for you."

So, in fear and trembling of the ordeal, MacDowell journeyed to Weimar with his precious manuscript under his arm. The great man received him graciously, and praised his composition for its originality. He asked him, moreover, to play his first piano suite at the annual convention of the General Society of German Musicians, which was to be held that summer in Zurich.

When the great day came, the young American was not so overcome by the honor that he failed to do himself justice. He was recalled again and again, with cheers and enthusiastic bravos. At last he realized that the music born of his happy dream hours was speaking to the hearts of those who listened. People would find his fancies worthy of study and remembrance.

"I would not have changed a note in one of my pieces for untold gold," he said, "for each seemed eternally to belong, and *inside* I had the greatest love for them; but the idea that any one else might take them seriously had never occurred to me."

The next two years were largely devoted to composition. Some of the pieces which he gave to the world at this time were: "The Calm of the Forest," "The Witches' Dance," "Play of the Nymphs," "Wood Idylls," and "The Dance of the Dryads." The boy who could wander at will in the Forest of Dreams, where fairies danced in their magic rings and the pipes of Pan called nymphs and fauns from their tree hidings, found it easy to sing with his hands the thoughts that had been set to music in his happy fancy.

His days were not, however, all spent in study and in living aloud the music that sang in his brain. He had to face the problem of adding to his income; and so he added to his other work the task of teaching. He taught at the conservatory in a neighboring town; and also journeyed to a feudal castle, with moat and drawbridge which spoke of the days of the robber barons, to give instruction to some particularly fat and stupid little children of the nobility. He was a popular and inspiring teacher, this "handsome American," as he was called because of his alert blue eyes, fair skin, and jet-black hair. The shy youth of nineteen could make people feel the inner harmony that sang through all things and found an echo in their hearts.

One of his pupils was a gifted young American girl, whom Raff had put under his instruction be-

cause of her small knowledge of German. The lesson hours with Miss Marian Nevins turned the drudgery of his teaching days to music. Here he found complete understanding of the ideals that stirred him. On his return to America, in 1884, his pupil agreed to become his life comrade.

Soon after the wedding, they sailed for Europe, stopping for a time in London. Here MacDowell became absorbingly interested in the Egyptian collections in the British Museum; the romance and mystery of the past haunted him like a bit of half-forgotten melody. He also reveled in the Shakespearian plays given by Henry Irving and Ellen Terry, and longed to put something of their color and charm into his music. After seeing "Much Ado About Nothing," he set to work on a symphonic poem which he planned to call "Beatrice and Benedick." This piece was finally used as the scherzo of his second piano concerto, which he completed some months later.

The term scherzo, which is the Italian word for "joke," is given to the light movement of big compositions such as symphonies and concertos. This mood in MacDowell's works is always delightful. How he loved fun and laughter! Many of his light, playful moments live in his tripping, lilted scherzos to quicken others to gladness.

Though he had been warmly recommended for leading positions in conservatories of music, his glowing youth proved a serious drawback. The directors of these dignified institutions did not think that he looked the part of a *Herr Professor*. "It is a fault that I would so surely overcome—in time!" said MacDowell, with whimsical regret.

Instead of allowing his disappointment to turn into discontent, however, he lived simply within his narrow means, giving over his days to composition and his evenings to the enjoyment of poetry and romance. Often, as he read aloud from Shakespeare, Keats, and Tennyson, his face would glow and his voice thrill with delight, which frequently found expression later in music, as his symphonic poems, "Hamlet and Ophelia" and "Lancelot and Elaine" can testify.

Do you remember Hans Andersen's "Picture Book Without Pictures," in which he gives little glimpses of life in many places which the moon saw in its passing? MacDowell has translated into music some of these lovely "Moon Pictures," such as "The Stork's Story," "The Hindoo Maiden," "The Swan," and "The Visit of the Bear."

MacDowell found delight and inspiration in nature as well as in books. His long tramps in the woods found expression not only in the works composed at this time, but also years later in "From a German Forest." One day, while out

walking near Wiesbaden, he found, near the edge of a deep woods, a dilapidated cottage that had been built as a summer retreat for some titled nature lover.

"I can buy this, and the view of river and hills, for a song!" cried MacDowell, exultingly, "which is about all that I have to pay; and it will be worth many songs to me."

Here he loved to scratch about in the old gar-

Fame, if not wealth, found MacDowell in his Wiesbaden retreat. Madame Carreño's playing had made concert-goers of many lands acquainted with his compositions; and to hear the "Idyls" and "little pieces" was to love them. MacDowell was urged to return to America and devote his gifts to the development of music and musical appreciation in his native land.

After deciding on Boston as a home city, Mac-



THE HOME OF EDWARD MACDOWELL AT PETERBORO, NEW HAMPSHIRE

den, or lose himself in the cool woods which stretched invitingly near. The place was indeed worth many songs to him. He wrote here the charming group of songs, "From an Old Garden," in which he seems to give us not only the beauty and fragrance of the flowers, but also their spirit and kinship to human souls. Nothing could be more delightful or poetic than "The Yellow Daisy," "The Clover," and "Mignonette." His "Idyls" and "Poems" for piano, after Goethe and Heine; his "Lamia," suggested by the poem of Keats; the two movements for orchestra, episodes from the "Song of Roland"; and the unique "Little Poems"—"The Eagle," "The Brook," "Moonshine," and "Winter"—belong to this period.

We see how the stories and poems that MacDowell loved soon found their way into music. His love of fun was second only to his love of the beautiful. *Bre'r Rabbit* has a place in his "Fire-side Tales," and I think that the humor of Mark Twain, which he so greatly enjoyed, gleams in more than one merry scherzo.

Dowell divided his time between concert work and teaching. As composer-pianist, he won instant success, for his power of interpretation was in perfect accord with his creative gift. His rare, poetic nature was felt in all his music. In speaking of his playing, people often quoted the lines of Sidney Lanier:

"His song was only living aloud.  
His work a-singing with his hand."

As a teacher in Boston, and afterward as professor at Columbia University, he was an inspiring master, never imposing his own interpretations on others, but stimulating the individual power of each student. "Don't try to echo my playing of this," he would say; "you may find a better way than mine."

When his pupils speak of his work and influence, they always dwell on his nobleness and simplicity. "He went right to the heart of things," said one. "He was great enough to be entirely simple."

"Yes," added another ardent disciple, "and how he could, with a suggestive word or two,

make you see and feel the music! 'Let those opening chords just drift from far away, or nowhere, to the world of sound,' he would say; or, 'Let it be like the shadow of a butterfly.' Sometimes, when a pupil was too strenuous with a delicate passage, he would say, with his jolly twinkle, 'You don't want to give your fairy a pug nose, do you?' or, 'Spring is not tripping over the meadows now, she is coming in on crutches!'"

Like all great, simple souls, MacDowell shrank from praise. He had the "artist's sorrow" — the realization, while the crowd applauds, of how far one's best achievement falls below the unattainable ideal. When, after a concert, he would find himself surrounded by groups of ecstatic admirers, he would wear an almost hunted expression. "Do you know the way to the back door?" he whispered to a friend on one such occasion.

There was little time in the crowded days for rest. "MacDowell is temperate in all things except work," said a friend. Besides his lectures and classes at Columbia, and his concerts, there were many private pupils. On Sundays, his advanced pupils frequently came to his home for special help and inspiration; and one day a week was always devoted to those who could not pay.

"Music is too often starved out," he once said to an earnest pupil who hesitated over accepting his generosity. "Artists have a hard time in our practical Yankee-land; one must help where he can. You can repay me by helping some other poor chap who needs a bit of a boost."

During these years of unceasing work for and with others, the only time for composition came in the summers, when, in the freedom of the mountains, his spirit had chance to relax and breathe.

"The city is only a place in which to make money enough to get out into the country," he said.

The country of his heart's desire in America, like the Wiesbaden retreat, was discovered by chance — a deserted farm in the Monadnock foothills near Peterboro, New Hampshire. Fifteen acres of farmland and fifty acres of forest, where pines, larches, firs, and every variety of ferns grew among great, gray, lichen-covered boulders, were bought for the price of many songs. He gave the old farm-house a new future as a soul-satisfying home, and built a little cabin in the woods where he could work undisturbed. In this log-cabin virtually all of his later works were written, among them the "Woodland Sketches" that we love so well: "To a Wild Rose," "Will-o'-the-Wisp," "From an Indian Lodge," and "Fold at Sunset."

Sometimes the poet, unable to translate all of

his feeling into melody, wrote little verses to accompany his tone-poems. These lines were written on the manuscript of "From a Wandering Iceberg," one of his exquisite "Sea Pieces":

An errant princess of the North,  
A virgin, snowy white,  
Sails adown the summer seas  
To realms of burning light.

Hill Crest, as the Peterboro home was called, with its old garden, whose sun-dial measured only happy hours, was an ideal place for rest and recreation. As the music-maker returned one evening, after a day of happy work in his log-cabin studio, the thought came to him that his pine woods might shelter many such "studios," screened by trees, each a perfect retreat where an artist could find quiet and the calm of spirit necessary for creative work.

"That is just the thing!" he declared enthusiastically to Mt. Monadnock. "A colony of rustic hermitages for errant authors, painters, and musicians, far from the madding crowd," with a chance for home comforts and pleasant interchange with fellow-workers at the end of the day."

That evening he told his wife of his dream, and together they planned for a summer colony of artists in their New England Arcadia. The plan grew into a fixed purpose, and it seemed as if the dream might indeed come true, when the shadow of death fell upon the music-maker, "and the rest was silence."

But ere long it became clear that his spirit was speaking through the wills of others. Many lovers of his music, longing to honor in some fitting way our New-World poet of sound, decided to raise a fund to realize his dream. Each summer, now, many workers find a resting-place for body and spirit in the MacDowell colony at Peterboro.

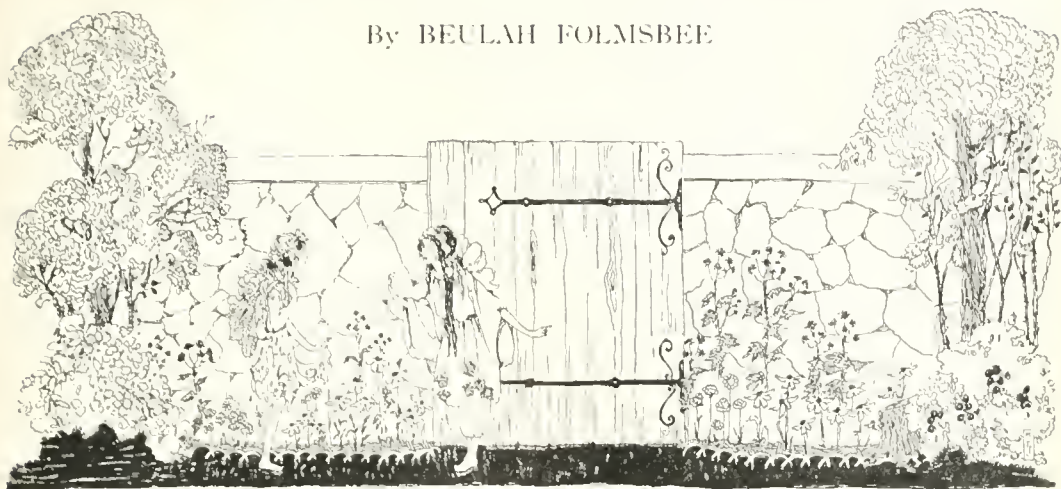
We do not need, however, to make a pilgrimage to New Hampshire to feel the inspiration of the woods that he longed to share with others. Play the "New England Idyls," "In Deep Woods" and "From a Log Cabin," the last of his compositions. It seems that "night has fallen on a day of deeds," and we are alone among the hills in the evening glow. We fear the dark may find us far from shelter, when all at once we come upon a little log-cabin with a thatch of pine-needles —

A house of dreams untold,  
It looks out over the whispering tree-tops  
And faces the setting sun.

We think that these words, which he wrote for that last idyl, speak not only for the music, but also for the spirit of Edward MacDowell.

# THE PRINCESS AND THE CRYSTAL PIPE

By BEULAH FOLMSBEE



## CHARACTERS

(in the order of their appearance)

Tree Nymph	Tina, Her Maid
Water Sprite	Four Royal Guards
Firefly	Zami, a Gipsy Boy
The Princess	The Fairy Godmother

TIME: Long, long ago.

(As the curtain rises, one sees an old-fashioned garden, masked in on both sides by trees, and all across the back by a garden wall with solid gate in center. It is nearly sunset time of an early autumn day, and the garden is flooded with the red gold glow of the sun. Enter the Tree Nymph from r. 1. She is dressed in a clinging robe of dark green; her long, straight brown hair is crowned with a wreath of autumn leaves. She steals cautiously into the garden; then, when satisfied that she is quite alone, runs lightly across the entrance at l. 1.)

TREE NYMPH. *It's-st!* Water Sprite! Water Sprite! Come quickly! It is nearly sunset time and the Princess will soon be here. Water Sprite, are you coming?

(A low ripple of laughter is heard, and Water Sprite appears at l. 1. She seems to have just arisen from the depths of some dark, shadowy pool, her pale green dress covered with clinging reeds and grasses, her golden hair twined with water-lilies.)

WATER SPRITE. Oh, I ran so fast I'm all out of breath! Am I very late? I've been playing hide-and-seek with the little silver fish in my pool. I was hiding in the long grasses when you called, and they wound themselves about me until I could scarcely break away. The little silver fish can never find me now—but—but—I've never been so far away from my pool before—I'm afraid here—

TREE NYMPH. No, no. You must not be afraid—but don't speak too loudly or we may be discovered, and fairies, you know, must not be seen until the sun goes down.

WATER SPRITE (softly). Then I shall speak very, very softly. But please, pretty Tree Nymph, why is the Princess carried into this garden every evening at sunset time, and why is she always so sad?

TREE NYMPH. Because of a wicked spell.

WATER SPRITE. A wicked spell! Oh, who could have been so cruel!

TREE NYMPH. Come, sit down by me, and I will tell you all about it. (They sit r. of center.) When the Princess was six months old, her royal parents gave a great birthday feast, and invited all the good people of their kingdom, rich and poor alike, to attend. Now a wicked old witch, who was jealous of the Queen, dressed herself in fine clothes and came to the party. When no one was looking she leaned over the cradle and mumbled

"Hocus-Pocus, day and night,  
What is wrong can ne'er be right.  
She shall live and learn to talk  
But she shall never, never walk."

And from that day to this, the little Princess has never taken a step by herself.

WATER SPRITE. Oh! Oh! Oh! How terrible! Will she never, never, never walk?

TREE NYMPH. Not until the spell is broken, and no one in the whole world knows how to break it.

WATER SPRITE. Oh, Tree Nymph! I am so sad. I shall go weep until my pool is filled with tears.

TREE NYMPH. No, no, little Water Sprite. You must not do that. We must try to make the Princess happy.

(Lights begin to grow dim.)

WATER SPRITE. Oh, could we? Could we? Could we make her happy?

TREE NYMPH. Perhaps. At least we can try. Every night, just after the sun goes down, I set all my little leaves to dancing and whispering little secrets to the Princess. To-night, when the Princess passes, you and your water fairies must sparkle and glisten in the moonlight, and the little silver fish must leap higher than ever.

WATER SPRITE. Yes, yes, we shall sparkle like costly jewels in the moonlight.

TREE NYMPH. We must all do our very best, and perhaps, who knows—perhaps to-night the spell may be broken.

(As she speaks the last words, the Firefly hops up on the wall at left of center. He is a queer little fat fellow, in a brown suit, with close-fitting brown cap and gauzy brown-and-yellow wings. In one hand is fastened a "bug" light. He hops down into the garden, and, flashing his light, speaks in a jerky manner, hopping nearer to the fairies with each word.)

FIREFLY. Very—like—it—may!  
 WATER SPRITE AND TREE NYMPH. Oh—Oh— Oh!  
 (Water Sprite starts to run home, but stays when Tree Nymph speaks.)

TREE NYMPH. Oh! So it 's only you. I thought -I don't know what I thought. Water Sprite, this is Firefly.

WATER SPRITE (timidly). Oh, sir, you frightened me! I'm—I'm very glad to meet you. "Very like it may"—what?

FIREFLY (disdainfully). Humph! If that is n't just like a silly fairy! (Mimicking her) "Very—like



"COME, COME, FIREFLY. TELL US WHAT YOU MEAN!"

—it—may!—what?" Very—like—it—may! That 's what I said and I say it again. Very—like—it—may!

TREE NYMPH. Come, come, Firefly. Your light is worse than your bite. Tell us what you mean.

FIREFLY (astonished). Tell you what I mean, indeed! I mean what I say. Very—like—

WATER SPRITE. Yes, sir, we believe you, sir, but what did you mean to say?

FIREFLY. That 's what I'm trying to tell you, if you 'll ever stop talking long enough. You said that perhaps the spell might be broken to-night, and I said, and I meant to say, and I do say, Very—like—it—may!

WATER SPRITE AND TREE NYMPH. Oh, Firefly, tell us! Have you heard something?

FIREFLY (groaning). Now there you go again. Will you ever get any sense in your heads? If I had n't heard something, how would I know that very—like—

TREE NYMPH. Stop blinking your light and tell us what, what, what you have heard.

FIREFLY (very superciliously). I have heard that you were a very saucy fairy, and now I know it. Besides, why should n't I blink my light? That 's what it 's for. Now, if you 'll listen a moment—

(Trumpet sounds in distance.)

TREE NYMPH. There! Now you've used up all the time with your senseless chatter, and the Princess is coming. Quick, Water Sprite, to your pool, and do not forget to be happy and bright. (Exit Water Sprite.) Firefly, if the spell should be broken to-night—

FIREFLY. Very—like—it—may! (Exit Firefly at upper r.)

TREE NYMPH. Oh, how I wish it might! (Exit lower r.)

(Enter at upper l. the Princess, carried on a litter by four royal guards and accompanied by Tima, her maid.)

TIMA. We are late to-night, Princess. The sun is almost set behind the hills.

PRINCESS (wearily). Oh, Tima, I care not if it be late or early. Place me there (points down r. so that when the moon comes up it will shine on my face. (They place her, and Tima arranges cushions about her. Guardsmen stand at attention.) That is all now. You may go, and do not come for me until I send word to you.

(Escort guardsmen upper l.)

TIMA. My Princess, will you not smile just once? All the kingdom is filled with sorrow because you are ever sad.

PRINCESS. How can I smile when my heart is ever sad? If only I could walk, Tima, I should care for nothing else in all the world. I would rather be a poor little beggar maid who could walk, than a Princess who must always be carried about like a baby.

TIMA. Is there nothing else in all the world that could make you happy?

PRINCESS. There is nothing else in all the world, Tima.

TIMA. Oh, Princess, think you the spell will ever be broken?

PRINCESS (breaking into tears). I cannot tell—oh, if only I knew how to break the wicked spell!

TIMA. Please, oh please, my lady, do not weep! I would rather die than see Your Highness weep.

(Moonlight floods the garden.)

PRINCESS. Dear Tima! I will weep no more. See, the moonlight streams into the garden. Go, Tima, bring me my crystal pipe, and we will blow bubbles up to the moon.

TIMA. Shall you not be afraid to stay alone in the garden?

PRINCESS. No, no, the good fairies will keep watch over me. I shall not be afraid.

TIMA. Then I will run every step of the way and bring you the crystal pipe. (Exit upper l.)

PRINCESS. Dear kind Tima! what should I do without her? But I cannot smile, for my heart is filled with tears. How happy all the others are. I can hear the little leaves laughing and whispering to each other—and to-night, when we passed by the pool, it shimmered and sparkled like diamonds. I alone am sad—and I can keep the tears back no longer. (She throws her head in her arms and weeps.)

(The soft twanging of a guitar is heard, and a voice sings on the other side of the wall.)

Lady Moon, Lady Moon,

Will thou be my bride?

I'll buy thee a cup and a silver spoon,

With sweet cakes and honey beside.

(Princess starts up and listens.)

Lady Moon, Lady Moon,

Will thou be my bride?

I'll buy thee a gown and silver shoon,

And a little white cottage beside.

PRINCESS. What a beautiful song! How I wish he would sing again! Oh, whoever you are, sing, sing again! (Listens.) Mas! He cannot hear me, and I cannot walk to the wall. If only—ah! I know! (She tears a rose from her gown and throws it over the wall, then waits eagerly. Enter, on top of the



wall, Zami, a gipsy boy. He is dressed in soft shirt, thrown open at neck, black knickers, and lam-o'-shanter. About his waist is a bright sash; on a cord slung over his shoulder he carries a guitar. He sits on the wall in the moonlight, and, with the rose in one outstretched hand, speaks in a low, gipsy drawl.)

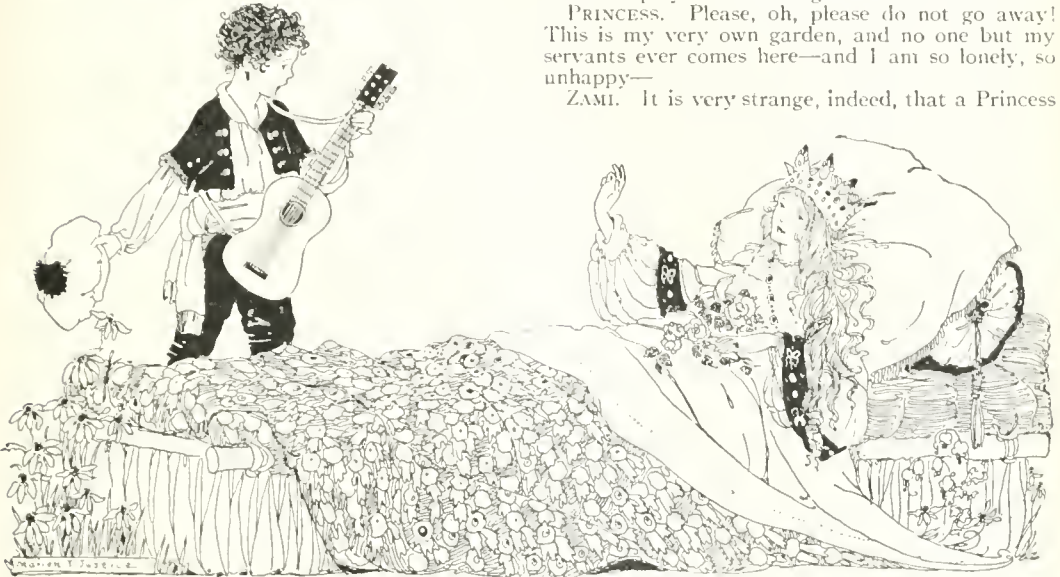
ZAMI. Lady, the rose!

PRINCESS (startled). Oh, why—why—I did n't mean that you were to come in.

ZAMI. But the rose—he fall on my face, he kiss my lips. He say, "Zami, come to the most beautiful lady."

PRINCESS (confused). Well, you see, I heard you singing, and then you stopped. I wanted you to sing again so—so I threw the rose. But you really must not come in here.

ZAMI (coaxing). Oh, Lady, let me come in? I



"PLEASE, OH, PLEASE DO NOT GO AWAY!"

was singing, yes, to my sweetheart—she is the moon! But she is not so beautiful as you. Let me come in, Lady?

PRINCESS (hesitating). Why—I—I—Oh, yes. Come in and sing your sweetest songs to me. (Zami jumps down into the garden, kisses the rose, and gives it to her.)

ZAMI. Ah—now I give the rose to the most beautiful lady. (Sings.)

Lady Fair, Lady Fair,  
Wilt thou be my love?

I'll give thee a rose for thy golden hair,  
And I'll bring thee a snow-white dove.

PRINCESS. How beautifully you sing! Come sit by me, and tell me who you are, and how you came to my garden.

ZAMI (kneeling before her). Lady, there is not much to tell. I am Zami—a poor gipsy boy. I wander all over the world, singing my songs, playing my guitar. The people, they give me money—not much, but enough—

PRINCESS. Ah! Were there many people outside the wall listening to you?

ZAMI. No—ah, no! In the daytime I play for the people—but at night, when the Lady Moon is

shining in the sky, then I sing to her. But I have never before sung to any one so beautiful as you, Lady.

PRINCESS. And I have never seen any one like you. When you play and sing, I forget all my sorrows.

ZAMI. If I make you happy, Lady, that is better than all the money in the world. But tell me, have you never before seen a gipsy boy?

PRINCESS. Alas! I have never even been outside the castle wall.

ZAMI (starting up). The castle wall! Is—is this a royal garden? Are you—a—Princess?

PRINCESS (sighing). Yes, I am a Princess, and this is the royal garden. (Zami starts toward wall.) Zami—gipsy boy—do not go away!

ZAMI. A Princess! A royal garden! Poor Zami, he would play no more songs if he were found here!

PRINCESS. Please, oh, please do not go away! This is my very own garden, and no one but my servants ever comes here—and I am so lonely, so unhappy—

ZAMI. It is very strange, indeed, that a Princess

should beg a favor of a gipsy boy. Command, Your Highness, and Zami stays.

PRINCESS. Then I do command. Stay here with me always and you shall have everything you wish—money, jewels, beautiful robes. Will you stay always, Zami?

ZAMI (gently). Your Highness, no. I cannot. I am a gipsy boy—I must be free like the little wild creatures in the wood. All day long I must wander wherever I choose, and at night lie down to sleep under the open sky.

PRINCESS. Ah, but could nothing else make you happy, Zami?

ZAMI. Only one thing could make me more happy, and that you cannot give, for you are a Princess.

PRINCESS. But I could give you anything in the world. Tell me what it is.

ZAMI. If you were not a Princess—if you were only a little beggar maid, I would tell you that I love you. I would take your hand in mine, and we should wander the whole world over, singing and dancing for the people—

PRINCESS. But when the moon was shining in the sky, then you would sing to me—Oh, Zami, take me with you—take me with you!

ZAMI (sighs). Lady! You would come with me? With Zami, the poor gipsy boy?

PRINCESS. For ever and ever!

ZAMI (kneeling and kissing her hand). Then I do say it! I love you—most beautiful lady! I love you! Come, take my hand, and we will go over the wall and far, far away. (Springing to his feet and holding out hand for her as he turns to look up at the moon.) Ah, Lady Moon, you are my sweetheart no longer!

PRINCESS (tries to rise and then falls back, weeping and moaning). Oh—I forgot—I forgot—I cannot come. I forgot the wicked spell!

ZAMI. Lady, dear Lady, what is it? Why do you weep?

PRINCESS. I cannot go with you, because I cannot walk. (Weeps.)

ZAMI. You—cannot—walk?

PRINCESS. Because of a wicked spell, put upon me when I was a baby, I have never taken a single step by myself. When you came, I was so happy that for the first time in my life I forgot my sorrow—now it all comes back again!

ZAMI. Lady—Lady—it breaks my heart!



THE TRANSFORMATION OF THE PRINCESS INTO THE LITTLE BEGGAR GIRL.

PRINCESS (pleading). Zami, stay here with me?

ZAMI (sadly). I cannot, Lady. I am like the little wild bird—if you put me in a cage, I die. No, I must go far, far away. All day I shall dance and sing, but my heart will be ever sad because you are not with me. Lady—good-by—good-by! (Exit very sadly. Song is heard.)

Lady Moon, Lady Moon,  
Wilt thou be my bride?  
For I must sing a merry tune,  
My aching heart to hide.

PRINCESS (stretching out arms after him). Zami—oh!— (Throws herself down and weeps.)

(Enter Tima upper l. with crystal pipe.)

TIMA (out of breath). Your Highness, forgive me, but the crystal pipe had been mislaid and we had to search the whole castle. But here it is at last.

PRINCESS. Crystal pipe? What crystal pipe? I sent you for no pipe.

TIMA (astounded). Why, Your Highness, it is the crystal pipe given to you by the Fairy Godmother at your birthday feast. You sent me to the castle for it not half an hour ago.

PRINCESS (fiercely). Give it to me! What do I care for a crystal pipe? Why did not my Fairy Godmother break the wicked spell! (Throws pipe against the wall.) There! Break in a thousand pieces!

(As the pipe breaks, a noise like thunder is heard, and the great gate swings open. Enter the Fairy Godmother. She carries a white wand.)

FAIRY GODMOTHER. What is your wish, Your Highness?

PRINCESS (frightened). Oh—who are you?

FAIRY GODMOTHER. I am your Fairy Godmother, who gave you the crystal pipe. I have been waiting

all these years for the pipe to be broken, for it had been decreed that, when the crystal pipe was broken, the wicked spell that has been over you all these years should be taken away.

PRINCESS. Godmother! You mean, I can walk?

GODMOTHER. As soon as I touch you with this wand you will be able to walk and run like other little girls.

PRINCESS. Oh, then—touch me quickly!

GODMOTHER. But first you must make a choice. The little fairies of the air that hear everything mortals say, have told me that you would rather be a beggar maid who could walk, than a Princess who had to be carried like a baby. If I touch you with my wand, you must become a beggar maid, and Tima shall become Princess in your stead. Think well, and choose.

PRINCESS. Nay, I need not think longer. Let me walk, dear Godmother.

TIMA. Oh, Your Highness!

(Godmother touches Princess with wand. As she rises to her feet, her beautiful robe slips off, showing an old gray dress, and the Godmother removes her crown.)

PRINCESS. Why—why—I can stand! I can walk—and run—and dance—Oh Tima! (She takes both of Tima's hands and they whirl round and round. The Godmother picks up robe and crown, and as they stop, places them over Tima's arm.)

TIMA. Your Highness—Godmother—I know not what to do or say.

PRINCESS. Go quickly to the castle and put on beautiful robes—but first, kiss me for the last time.

GODMOTHER. Yes, Tima, I mean (love her) Your Highness, go. (Exit Tima, upper l. with her robe and crown.) And now, Your Highness, I mean, little beggar girl, what will you do?

PRINCESS. First of all, thank you, dear Godmother for your kind help—and then I will run as fast as I

can to find my true love. Zami, Zami, I am coming!  
(*She runs out center. As she goes, the Water Sprite and Tree Nymph steal in, calling.*)

TREE NYMPH AND WATER SPRITE. Fairy Queen, Fairy Queen!

GODMOTHER. Come in, my children.

TREE NYMPH. Oh, lovely Queen, we have heard such strange things!

WATER SPRITE. Oh, very strange!

TREE NYMPH. But my little leaves shook so with excitement they could not tell me what was happening.

WATER SPRITE. Dear Fairy Queen, tell us, has the spell been broken?

GODMOTHER. I will tell you all—but hush!—some one is coming. Take me to some fairy hollow, and there you shall hear the wondrous story of the Princess and her crystal pipe.

TREE NYMPH. This way, dear Queen.

(*Exeunt all three lower r. Enter Zami through gate.*)

ZAMI. Lady—my Lady! Gone! And the great gate open! (*Trumpet is heard.*) Ah, now she comes. (*He runs to corner of garden and waits.*)

(*Enter Tima in Princess's attire and accompanied by the guardsmen. She is very haughty and the entrance is made in comic solemnity.*)

ZAMI (*rushing out*). Lady! I am come back to you! But you walk! What has happened?

TIMA. Well, sir, who are you? I never saw you before. Servants, I wish to be carried on the litter.

(*They march in comic dignity to the litter, and Tima sits on it. They lift her, and Zami rushes to the front and kneels.*)

ZAMI. Ah, if you be not my lady—I must have been dreaming—but no, your eyes, your hair, your very face is different. Tell me, oh where shall I find my lady?—the Princess who could not walk?

TIMA (*kindly*). That I do not know, for she has gone out into the great world to seek her true love. The spell has been broken, and she has been turned into a little beggar girl, and I am the Princess in her stead. Servants! To the castle!

(*Exeunt new Princess and guardsmen very proudly.*)

ZAMI. Gone to seek her true love! Why—I am her true love—I, Zami, the gipsy boy. I will find her if I must seek the whole world over. Lady—my Lady—I am coming!

(*As he starts to run out, the little beggar girl enters.*)

PRINCESS. Zami—oh, Zami! I have found you at last.

ZAMI. Dear Lady—oh, I am so happy I cannot speak!

PRINCESS. When the spell was broken, I ran after you, but I could find you nowhere, and my heart was more sorrowful than ever before.

ZAMI. But now we have found each other, and we shall never part again. Dear Lady, come! (*With their arms about each other's waist they wander out of the garden, and Zami is heard singing.*)

Lady Moon, Lady Moon,

Thou wilt never be my bride,

But I'll sing thee a song with a merry tune

As we roam o'er the country-side.

(*Enter the Firefly—he is shaking with uncontrollable laughter.*)

FIREFLY. Ha, Ha, Ho, Ho, Ho! Oh dearie me! If those silly fairies knew what I know!

(*Enter the Tree Nymph and Water Sprite.*)



TIMA IN THE PRINCESS'S ATTIRE

TREE NYMPH AND WATER SPRITE. Well, what do you know?

FIREFLY (*triumphantly*). All about the Princess and the crystal pipe!

TREE NYMPH. So do we, slow poke! The Queen of Fairies told us all about it.

WATER SPRITE. But Firefly—would you, could you, tell us now just what you meant by "Very like—it—may"?

FIREFLY (*very wisely*). Well, if you really want to know—come close, both of you. (*All three stand in center stage close to footlights.*) No matter whether you are children, or grown-ups, or princesses; if you want something to happen very, very much, if you wish long enough and hard enough and often enough, why, remember what all Fireflies say (*blinking his light*): Very—like—it—may!



## BOYS, PARENTS, AND FOOTBALL

By SOL METZGER



ALTHOUGH he was a wise philosopher who remarked that life was just one hard knock after another, it seems that parents too often fail to recognize this fact in dealing with football. Here, without doubt, is the best sport of all, in so far as athletics are concerned, in fitting a boy for the game of life, for football is nothing if not just one hard knock after another. But the parental rub comes not so much from the hard knocks as from the more serious injuries, occasionally fatal, that have resulted from football. Fortunately, football is rapidly freeing itself from criticism on these points. It is now remarkably free from these two casualties; and it has been proved and is being proved that teams and players can go through a season without injury. For one thing, coaches and trainers have been compelled by public condemnation to rid the sport of such objectionable features; and for another, they have found it a costly handicap, when striving for victory, to have players out of the game. Thus, for twenty years, virtually all changes in the game have been made for the sole purpose of preventing injury, while, at the same time, retaining its rigorous qualities.

Surely, boys are interested in avoiding football injuries. It gives them a better chance to make the team, it makes the game more enjoyable, and it must mean that parents will no longer prevent them from taking part in the sport. The latter point is a big factor in the game, for the ideal type for it who may not play because of his orders from home is to be found at every school and college. Now no prohibition is quite so hard for a boy to bear. Football best fulfils his every requirement of sport. Denial may be a calamity, for boys, so denied, are too often misunderstood by their fellows, and their failure to try for the team is sometimes set down as due to being "yellow." So I am going to put down all that has been done to rid the game of injury, compare the old with the modern method of play, state why most participants have been hurt, why some fatalities occur, and also give the reasons why the game may be and is played without risk, except from accidental injury, in order that any boy who wishes to play football may have a clear case of facts to present to his

parents, proving that he is taking no unnecessary chances in trying for his school or college eleven.

At the same time, it is well that parents should know that nearly all bad football hurts are unnecessary and that a little judicious inquiry on their part at various schools and colleges is about all that is needed to prevent most of the harm that still remains in the game to-day. Football has been reduced to such a science that we may now with some definiteness locate the reason for any injury. Lest I be misunderstood, I want to set down right here that this annual autumn pastime will never be entirely free from the chance of injury to its followers. Again, as in life everywhere, accidents are bound to happen. But, we can wipe out the worst of them and reduce to a minimum the least of them if we follow an already established policy of "Safety First" in handling this splendid sport. And this without robbing it in any degree of all the fighting spirit so dear to all who have played the game.

Rule makers have been pioneers in the matter of lessening injuries to players. When backed by competent officials, they have eliminated all unnecessary roughness, formerly the cause of so many hurts. Tripping, striking, kneeling, piling upon a thrown runner, tackling out of bounds, and knocking over a player who has knocked or passed the ball have all been abolished. Mass play has likewise been banned. And with all this has gone unsportsmanlike conduct in either act or word. Colleges and schools have watched this point most carefully. I knew a boy at school who played wonderful football, but in the excitement of the game he lost his sense of fair play. Entering Yale, he tried for and made the 'varsity.' But it was not long before the coaches refused permission to him to play. Clean sport was at a higher premium than victory.

A second forward step toward eliminating injury was the building of better fields. About twenty years ago, the erection, first, of Franklin Field, at the University of Pennsylvania, and, second, of the Stadium, at Harvard, with surfaces of smooth, soft loam, heavily matted with grass, were examples so quickly followed that to-day educational institutions not boasting modern athletic fields are back numbers.

Not only have these new playing grounds prevented unnecessary hurts by reason of their soft and even surfaces, when compared with the wrenches and bruises that formerly fell to the lot of those who scrimmaged on abandoned fields or a brick-like campus, but they have been so planned that the risk of collision with near-by fences and stands has been entirely removed. Playing at the Polo Grounds in New York in 1903, the writer ran amuck of a sturdy board-fence. The honors were all with the latter. To-day such accidents do not occur.

Two contributing factors to football injuries may be laid to tradition: in the old days, a spirit grew up which all but eliminated pads, and a scheme of training was adopted far too strenuous for the purpose, but from which we have been slow to draw away. Each cost football many a friend, as we see matters more clearly to-day. In so far as the first is concerned, the old-time coaches, in many instances, frowned upon pads. "Only mollicoddles wear them," was their way of putting it. In lieu of the modern head-protector, our earlier gridiron heroes affected a head of hair which would have done credit to an Australian bushman. These chrysanthemum locks were so generally worn that they became the insignia of the player when cartooned. As a result, contusions, bad cuts, and "cauliflower ears" were certain rewards for representing the college on the gridiron. To-day these hurts have been nearly eliminated.

The same disregard for injury caused the former star to enter the game with little or no padding on such vulnerable points as the shoulders, elbows, hips, thighs, and knees. Occasionally, thin wads of cotton, held in place by canvas coverings, were sewed over these joints or lined in the trousers. "Charley horses," the most painful of all thigh bruises, dislocated collar-bones, and the almost gone and forgotten hip contusion,—which forbade one to indulge in laughter or coughing, so acute were the resulting pains,—water on the knee, and a whole full kit of like bumps, all the result of the gospel of making the players hard and tough, were common. They have since become rarities, due to modern methods of protection.

The present plan of padding the player is indeed a science. Take the shoulder, for instance, always a point of violent contact. In place of a tuft or two of cotton, it is now protected with stiff leather, reinforced with felt and so formed as to make it almost impossible for the contestant to receive a direct blow. The better shoulder-pads accent the slope of the shoulders, thus causing a blow to slide off. And it is the same all over the body of the modern gridiron knight.

The former theory of not protecting the player was a wrong one. It grew from an attempt to create "nerve," while toughening the subject. It was as foolhardy as would have been the sending of an army into the trenches, during the World War, without gas-masks, or steel helmets. Fortunately, football coaches have learned a most impressive lesson. Nerve in a player depends chiefly upon his ability to escape injury. Boys love to play football as long as they can do that. The bumps don't count. Few ever enjoyed a match or showed to advantage when each move was painful. Pad your player well, let him be confident in the efficiency of his protection, and you may rest assured his nerve will never fail. True, many a hero has finished the game with a broken rib or so, but it is to be remembered this was in the excitement of a big match. You never read about such a boy scrimmaging the following Monday—it can't be done.

As to our second unfortunate heritage from earlier days, physical training, we have surely made advances. We have learned that the condition of the football star is the indicator of the soundness of the training. An extreme illustration will make this clear. A healthy boy can run a race at top speed and feel better for the exercise. A sickly boy cannot do this without grave risk. So it is with football. Here the contestant must not only be healthy, but he must have ample endurance and toughened muscles before he can stand the gaff. In former days, football players were trained with a rush. The principle of the survival of the fittest was the test. Now, while this did bring a team to top form early in the season, the weeding-out process cost many a candidate unnecessary injury, due to its rigor, while the ultimate effect was to lessen the players' desire for matches before the schedule was completed. Stale teams, therefore, entered the big games. The match was a task rather than a sport. That policy, which caused so many casualties, had to be abandoned because it lost so many games. It was not until a saner plan of conditioning replaced it that we learned, almost by accident, that the tired contestant, the stale player, the overtrained individual, was most easily hurt. The reason is obvious, yet it is one all boys should note, for if any one is likely to overdo his sport, it is the youth.

When one is weary he cannot protect himself as well as when feeling fit. Nature has endowed us with certain protective instincts. We do not have to think of raising our arms to ward off a blow. Instinctively, automatically, nature causes them to do this for us. In football, a game of give and take, these instinctive move-

ments continually save us from hurt. But when we are worn and weary, tired and spent, our instincts feel just the same way. They refuse to help us. Consequently, the tired, or over-trained, football player lacks the best safeguard he possesses. These are the fellows who run the casualty list so high. As proof, you will find that most football injuries come either early in the season, when players are sometimes rushed too hard in their training, or at the end of the schedule, when a team may be overtrained; or they most often happen to those boys who have had no training at all and who suddenly decide to have a game. Fatal injuries are more common among this latter class, though a proportion fall to the lot of those who are continued in games after being hurt or worn out. Nature simply is n't on the job at such times.

Here is where we need the doctor. He should be present at every scrimmage and game. Trainers may be excellent judges of a player's condition; but when the health or condition of a boy is concerned, the trainer or coach who undertakes to judge it for himself takes a responsibility that the best men in these positions will not assume. From an experience of twenty years' playing and coaching, the writer is of the firm belief that the coach or trainer who decides, without proper advice, whether a player shall continue in the game after an injury and the school or college which permits this are both guilty of something bordering on criminal negligence when bad accidents occur as a result. Football is a fine game when properly supervised, and is then free from fatalities or permanent injuries. But when the doctor is not present, football should not be played. Parents should insist upon his presence.

An example of the former scheme of football training which the writer was fortunate enough to survive will convince any reader of how extreme and strenuous was the work. That we went through with it was due to our love of glory and of college. The experience now related occurred in 1903. In those days, football squads assembled late in August for the preliminary work-outs. College opened a month later. Two practice sessions were held daily. The first two weeks consisted of a hardening process, void of scrimmages, and intended to fit us for such rough play. This part of the preparation was mainly drilling in fundamentals. But in those days, charging-machines and tackling-dummies were not yet an established thing. We learned these lessons against other contestants, and we were pounded very hard as a result.

Here is a sample, not unusual, of a day's work the middle of the fourth week, a particularly hot September day. On the field by ten in the morn-

ing, we went through our hardening exercises. Then the first and second elevens scrimmaged for an hour under a noonday sun. By three in the afternoon we were in togs once more, trotting across country to a near-by college, where our varsity played a practice game with this team, following which, the second team was sent against us. For two long hours these scrimmages lasted. Then we ran back to our quarters. Here a newspaper photographer took our picture—a picture in which we certainly resemble more closely a group of starving Belgians than the star football eleven of a great university. Some of us lost fifteen pounds that day. The writer dropped seven and one half, and the weight did not return that season.

What was the result?

We were so far ahead of our first opponents in the matter of condition that we started off piling up amazing scores. But by the time of our big games, we were sick and tired of football. Players who in later years made the all-American team were complete failures. Many of us were maimed and injured, yet we were forced to continue the grind. Ours was the life of a Spartan. Evidently we lacked his endurance.

The modern method of gradually conditioning players, of going easy at the start, is far better. And this present scheme of training, of not attempting to do in one month what takes two, is the reason why big elevens rarely run up the tremendous scores they formerly totaled in their early games. It is realized rather generally now that gradually to bring the team to top form for its big games, to have it keen for those contests and fit to play them, is far the better plan. Fewer injuries are the result, all because the grid-iron star of to-day has more resistance at his command.

Yet we continue to have football injuries even when players are well trained and scientifically padded, and though games are played in a sportsmanlike manner on modern fields. Why is this? As we have said, there always will be accidents in football. But the fatal ones and the permanent injuries will eventually be avoided. The cure has already been stated. Bad hurts have no place in the game when it is properly supervised, and the great bulk of our minor hurts, sprains and bruises, twists and wrenches of both joints and tendons and muscles, can be reduced to a satisfactory minimum by proper play.

How may this be done? Most injuries in football can be traced to improper execution of the fundamentals, such as tackling, charging, interference, falling on the ball, and so on. There are not only right and wrong ways to do these things, but this difference marks the line between not

being hurt and being hurt. Tackling knocks out players now and then, when such should not be the case. The human body is well equipped to meet such shocks when they are taken in the proper way. Good tackles are not made with the head, for that would in time tend to hurt the necks of the players, nor are they made directly with the shoulder, as is popularly supposed. The shock of meeting an oncoming runner directly on the shoulder is apparently sufficient to break or bend it; something would just have to give way. But the blow received is absorbed when the tackler lets the runner slide forward on his breast, where pads of muscle and that great strong arch of the chest take it without injury. Were the tackle made with the shoulder, we should see odd sights on football fields—runners thrown flat to the ground would be held there by tacklers who stood on their heads, and many times fatal injuries would most certainly result.

It is not my purpose here to teach boys how to play each of the fundamentals of football; that is the work of the coach on the field of play. Indeed, such lessons are impossible to convey by written word. But I want to emphasize the point that the proper way of executing the fundamentals prevents injury. No player should be permitted to scrimmage until he has had these rudiments ground into him. And we have the charging-machine, the tackling-dummy, and pits filled with sawdust, wherein they may be taught without injury. The longer I coach football teams, the more I become impressed with the fact that a proper schooling in funda-

mentals is the great eradicator of injury. Time after time enough stress has not been laid on this point, and the individual and team have suffered. So often is this the case, that I am satisfied in my own mind that if I train my teams properly, if I pad them thoroughly and teach them to play their fundamentals correctly, I can carry them through a season without the loss of an individual. Many coaches accomplish that; it is nothing to brag of; rather it is a solemn duty. And such teams have won enviable positions in the season's ranking. They played hard, fast, and winning football.

Parents want boys to be fitted for the game of life. And parents will find that nothing quite takes the place of football in making you young fellows smile through hard knocks and misfortune, or better trains you to keep on fighting through it all. Rather than refuse to allow their sons to play the game, fathers and mothers should carefully investigate it. No boy should be permitted to take part in pick-up games, neither should he play at school or college unless the field is of the right kind, the training properly conducted, and a doctor on hand to say whether the boy is to stay in the game or to leave the fray, once he is spent or hurt. So conducted, football develops those splendid qualities of perseverance, unselfishness, and team play, while being virtually free from injury. Fathers and mothers run far more risk when they go for a spin in the family car. I can vouch for this as I have tried each for an equal number of years. Therefore, I speak from experience.



ACROSS THE GOAL-LINE IN THE STADIUM



# SIR WHOOP-DE-DOO'S TOUCHDOWN

*A Ballad of Football*

By  
CHARLES F. LESTER



SIR WHOOP-DE-DOO rushed down the path and leaped the garden gate:  
"Odds life!" he cried, "I fear if I'm not early, I'll be late!  
I *must* get to that game, whatever comes, and so, here goes!"  
And then he made a landing on the sidewalk and his nose.



Sir Whoop-de-doo's rash rush (yes, that *is* rather hard to say)  
Was occasioned by the fact that on this memorable day  
(October thirty-second, to be exact) there came  
The season's greatest sport event—The Royal Football Game!

Sir Whoop-de-doo, I'd have you know, was sixteenth substitute  
For first assistant tackle on the team of Count Pierroote,  
Whose treatise on the Zoofuss had won him world-wide fame  
(And he'd brought two little Zoofusses, as mascots, to the game).



Count Pierroote



Sir Euripides

The other team was led by Sir Euripides de Bayes.  
The famous dramatist (whose works, of course, were mostly plays).  
He wore his new pneumatic suit, the chronicle recounts,  
And whenever he was tackled—My! you should have seen him bounce!







The king and queen and all the court were sitting in the stand.  
 (Now that sounds queer!) Their son, Prince Zam, was leader of the band;  
 'T was all composed of dukes and earls and marquises, 't is said.  
 (I've no time to describe them, so I've sketched a few, instead.)



Sir Beppo could not come because his auto would not go;  
 But Lord de Luxe had brought his daughter, Kate, to see the show.  
 And jolly old Sir Boz arrived quite early in the day,  
 And brought his new harmonica to while the time away.



A number took their lunch; Sir Wooffe had lemonade and cheese;  
 Sir Fidget, fudge—it *looked* quite good; Count Bambo, who kept bees,  
 Had brought a lot of honey (he did not enjoy it, though,  
 Because he found he'd also brought two dozen bees or so).

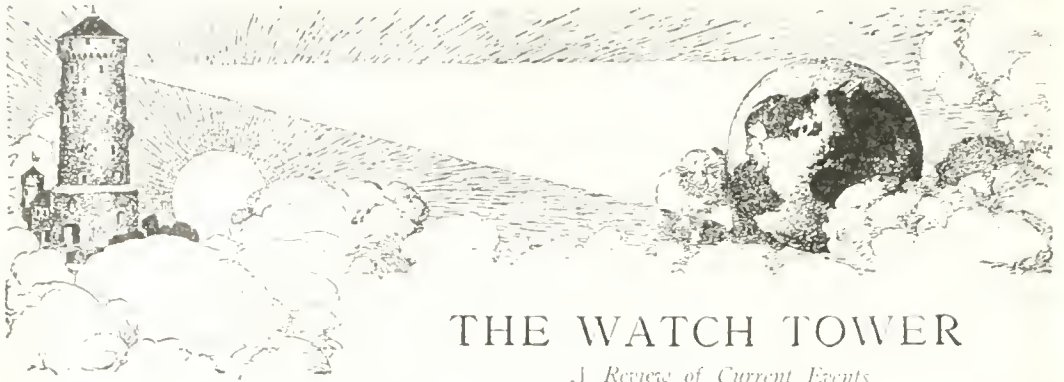


To see the Duke de Whing-whang lead the cheering was a treat!  
 He looked as if he had four arms and six or seven feet.  
 The king watched him so closely that he'd sometimes miss a play,  
 So he'd make them do it over (which was trying, in a way!).



Now I suppose you're wondering about Sir Whoop-de-doo,  
 And how he made that touchdown. Well, it's rather sad, but true,  
 That, being sixteenth substitute (as I took pains to say),  
 He did n't make one, for he did n't—get a chance to play!





## THE WATCH TOWER

*A Review of Current Events*

By EDWARD N. TEALL

### THE ENEMY AT HOME

ON Thursday, September 17, at noon, there was an explosion in Wall Street, New York, that did a million dollars' worth of damage to property and caused the loss of thirty-seven lives, with serious injury to scores of persons. The first theory, that the explosion might have been due to criminal carelessness, quickly gave way to conviction that it was deliberately planned as an act of terrorism.

On Friday, September 18, at noon, Wall Street was packed with persons assembled in honor of Constitution Day. On the very spot where the monstrous outrage against society had been committed, thousands of good citizens gathered to express their faith in America's democratic institutions.

Our democratic institutions will protect us only so long as we protect them.

We read of terrorism in Russia. We are sorry for the people whose life is spoiled by the violence that grows out of ignorance. We tell ourselves that "America is different," and go on about our business comfortably—happy and secure in the consciousness that this is "the good old U. S. A." And perhaps we turn a corner and come suddenly upon a scene like that tragic one in Wall Street in September!

Such a disaster, wrought by men of poisoned minds—men who have no regard for the rights of others and mean to take by force what they are too lazy or ignorant to earn by the labor of hands and brain—and who would destroy the world rather than submit to the laws of nature and of man—such a disaster is a rallying cry to all the forces of law and order in our land, an alarm to wake us out of our dangerous indifference, a call to battle.

Every single one of us, man or woman, boy or girl, must do his or her part. Don't be discor-

mented. Don't criticize things that you don't know about. Don't let people talk to you about things being "all wrong."

That's the passive program. The active one is this: Think. Study public affairs. Talk about the certainty of everything coming out right, if we all do our duty with sense and courage. Play hard—and play fair. Work hard, on your job if you have one; in school, if that's where your work is.

In the midst of the confusion in Wall Street on that terrible day, one American boy kept his head. He commandeered an auto, standing in the street, and carried thirty injured persons to the hospital. Where the statue of Washington stands, commemorating the Spirit of 'Seventy-six, this young American gave a glowing example of the true Spirit of Nineteen Twenty. It's the spirit of the Boy Scouts and the Girl Scouts. It's the spirit of the Yanks who fell in France. It's the spirit, let us hope, of Young America to-day.

### SWEDEN, FINLAND, AND THE LEAGUE

THREE commissioners were appointed by the League of Nations to investigate the claim to the Mand Islands, referred to it by Sweden and Finland. Sweden was so confident of the justice of its claim that it wanted a vote of the island people taken. Finland was equally confident that the inhabitants would prefer Finnish rule.

Mr. Branting, the Swedish premier, said: "I will not use the word 'war,' but the situation was tense. The Council of the League, through its cautious but prompt action, has dissipated the feeling, and Sweden believes the Council will settle the matter to the satisfaction of both parties. Sweden has complete confidence in the League as a means of preventing future wars, and proof of this lies in the fact that we unhesi-

tatingly placed our case in its hands. I believe that the action of the League furnishes proof that the League, even in its present state, is an efficient world-court for hearing international difficulties and forestalling conflicts between nations."

Mr. Branting said that all the League needed to make it a most effective and certain instrument for "reducing" future wars was to have the United States come in. (Are n't we still at war with Germany?)

These are interesting remarks. So is the one, also credited to Mr. Branting, that Sweden "will never give up the islands." As a Finnish official declared quite positively that Finland felt pretty much the same way about it, perhaps the question had better be considered as not yet quite closed.

### THE SUBMARINE S-5

EARLY in September the submarine S-5 dove in 150 feet of water, and failed to come up. For thirty-seven hours her crew was imprisoned.

The "sub" was in an almost vertical position, with her nose on the bottom and a small patch of her surface, aft, sticking up out of the water. The salt water getting into the batteries, fumes of chlorine gas were generated. The commander ordered an attempt to cut through the stern plates. After working with cold-chisels and hack-saws without much result, an electric drill was brought into use. The men's clothing was soaked and the power circuits that were not clean out of commission were badly grounded, so that:

"When the current was turned on the drill, a large part of the power passed through the body of the man operating it, knotting his muscles, and subjecting him to agony. The men did not falter, one after another taking up the slow work, being held in place by companions."

While the commander was working at the hole,—a triangular aperture about six by five inches,—he saw a ship go by. He did not tell the men; but later, when they were so nearly exhausted that they could work in only one- or two-minute shifts, they saw two more vessels pass.

Finally, a ship came up, and her crew sent drinking-water down to the imprisoned men, and forced fresh air into the submerged hull, through a hose. Then the Pan-American liner *General Goethals* came up, and the engineers of the two ships worked at the hole in the stern of the sub, till at last, after thirty-seven hours of confinement, her crew could be taken out. The plucky fellows have asked to be assigned to service again aboard the unlucky sub if she can be raised and made fit for use.

The flooding of the hull was, supposedly

caused by failure of mechanism in the ventilating system to work. An intake valve did not close, and water poured into the forward compartments



International.

THE S-5 SINKING OFF THE DELAWARE CAPES AFTER BREAKING AWAY FROM THE BATTLESHIP "OHIO," WHICH WAS TOWING IT TO PORT

We of THE WATCH TOWER are not naval experts, but we wish those who are might make it possible for our submarine crews to get along with a little less heroism in peace times!

### "THE FLYING POET OF FIUME"

PRESIDENT WILSON tried to solve the problem of Fiume by having Italy and Jugoslavia settle it between them. England and France desired that Fiume should either become a free city, subject to control by the League, or be assigned to Jugoslavia. But—

Along came Mr. d'Annunzio, "the flying poet of Fiume," and then nobody's ideas counted but his. He made himself dictator, and now he has created by super-imperial decree the Free State of Quernaro, including the city and port of Fiume.

They say he himself wrote a constitution for Quernaro; and it would certainly be a document worth studying, for the author is a poet and dips his pen in flame. And when in an emergency the constitution shall be set aside, Mr. d'Annunzio is ready to serve as dictator on a moment's notice.

So far "the flying poet of Fiume" has contributed to the gaiety of nations, without doing any particular harm, but his temperamental genius, working in practical affairs, may easily cause a good deal of trouble before he is through.

### GOOD OLD FIRE-HORSES!

Ask your fathers and mothers, uncles and aunts what they think of the picture of New York's last team of fire-horses, and perhaps they'll tell you a worth-while story or two of the days when automobile fire-engines were undreamed of. In those days the city was very proud of the splendid animals that pulled the engines out to fires.

The horses, carefully selected and thoroughly trained, seemed to catch the spirit of the fire-fighters with whom they lived and worked, and any one who saw them in action would have found it hard to say that animals don't think. Careful training and long drill taught them the routine of their duties—to spring into place under the hanging harness, to stand while a couple of

and blood, and his departure from the service will make the old-timers mourn.

### OUR NEXT PRESIDENT

THIS month—election! A few days after St. NICHOLAS reaches you, there will be a holiday from school, the Battle of the Polls will be fought, and, the next morning, the newspapers will tell you who is to be Our Next President.

Still, there is just a chance that the newspapers may be wrong on that Wednesday morning in November. In 1916, they were all sure that Mr. Hughes had been elected—and then the final counting showed that Mr. Wilson had won. That was decidedly exceptional, however.

Up to the first of October, when this was writ-



International

THE LAST OF THE HORSES TO BE USED BY THE NEW YORK FIRE DEPARTMENT

buckles and snaps were fastened, and then to spring forward at full speed. But talk with firemen who served in those days, and they will tell you stories of things done by the horses that certainly seem to prove their possession of the power to reason.

Probably there will be plenty of romantic adventures in the automobile fire-service, and probably the men will have a certain affection for their machines and pride in their performances. But a horse is a living, breathing thing of flesh

and ten, the campaign had been rather uneventful. The old days of red fire and torchlight parades are gone, it seems, forever. After the Glorious Fourth was made "safe and sane," it could hardly have been expected that election celebrations could retain their once-upon-a-time exuberance. America is getting quite grown up and almost too civilized!

The country is still—don't you think?—pretty sound; and good common sense is the rule. Americans know how to govern themselves. U

really quite a fine thing when a great nation like this can take a day off from business and attend to the matter of electing a new head of the National Government; when a nation of 110,000,000 people can go to the ballot-box and vote, with certainty that the disappointed minority will accept the choice of the majority and be ruled thereby.

I, for one, don't doubt that either Mr. Cox or Mr. Harding would make a good Chief Executive. I don't think either of them is weak-minded, or wicked. Probably each of them is right in some of his beliefs and wrong in others. Probably each of them is about as nearly perfect as most of the gentlemen who have run for the high office both Mr. Harding and Mr. Cox hope to hold. They seem to me a pretty good pair of candidates.

But the special point to consider is this: that, whichever of the two candidates is successful, he will still be subject to the will of the people. The President does not make our laws. Another President will perhaps not feel quite so free as President Wilson did to determine, and try to execute, our foreign policies; but there is, fortunately, not much likelihood that the next President will have such an invitation, or temptation, to take upon himself extraordinary responsibilities.

The next President will have plenty to do. He will need the loyal support of the whole people. We can promise him one thing—can't we, though!—and that is, loyal support from THE WATCH TOWER. Whether it's to be President Cox or President Harding after March 4, 1921, THE WATCH TOWER certainly wishes him a successful administration—one that may be long remembered as the beginning of a new period of peace and prosperity.

## GIRL DIVERS IN THE OLYMPIC GAMES

WHEN you speak of the American athletes at the Olympic Games, you think of lithe young men who run and jump, or big burly fellows who hurl heavy weights great distances. But America was represented in the international contests at Antwerp not only by men, but by women and girls!

The women's swimming-team shared in the triumph of our athletes, and the Yankee girl re-



Wide World Photo  
KING ALBERT OF BELGIUM PRESENTING A FIRST PRIZE TO AN AMERICAN GIRL.

ceiving a prize from Albert, King of the Belgians, makes a mighty pretty picture.

Diving is no sport for the timid. There is hardly any form of athletic exercise that calls for a finer combination of graceful self-control and steady nerve. We may be sure that our American girls, in winning honor for the U. S. A., performed in most distinguished fashion.

### THROUGH THE WATCH TOWER'S TELESCOPE

THE workmen in many Italian factories and industrial fields have taken matters into their own hands, formed soviets, and declared that they would run the business for their own benefit. The red flag flies over many plants. Thank heaven, the white and the blue can never be taken from Old Glory!

WHEN Mr. Wilson was appointing men to high positions in our war service at home, he was charged by his Republican opponents with partisan bias. He stood up so straight that he leaned backward, and in giving posts of honor and responsibility to the men best fitted for them, he selected so many Republicans that the Democrats objected. In a September campaign speech, former Supreme Court Justice Hughes claimed credit for our part in the winning of the war for the Republican party. Now, these are the sort of things THE WATCH TOWER has in mind when it urges you to be careful in making up your mind about campaign arguments.

A NEWSPAPER that is so eager for Republican victory that it turns its news reports of campaign events into editorials for Harding and against Cox commented, in September, on the fact that prices are beginning to come down. And next spring, if we have a Republican Administration, that same newspaper will almost surely give to it all the credit for having lowered the Cost of Liv-

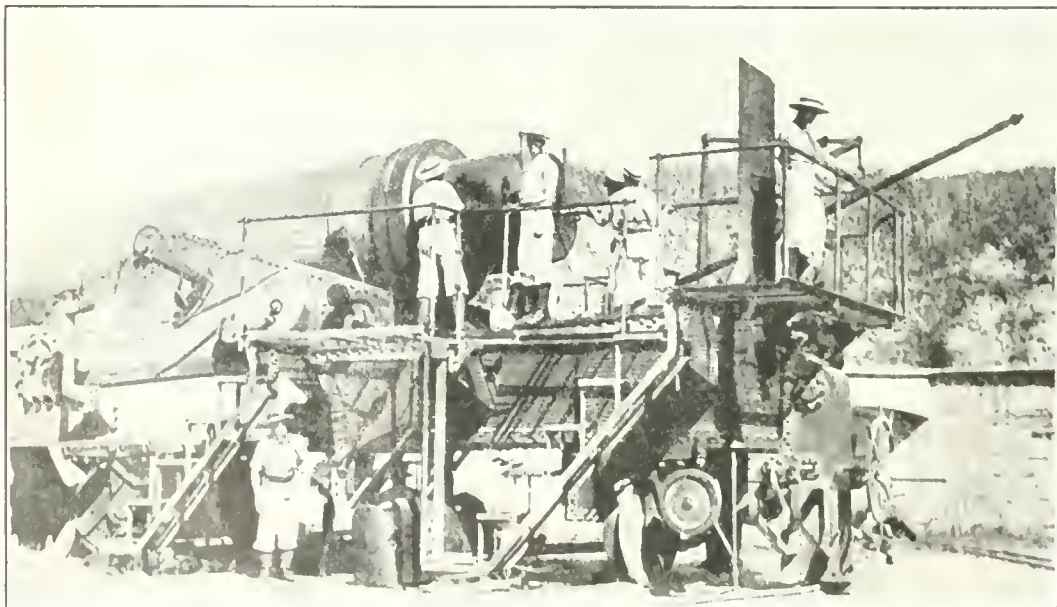
ing. Of course, there are other factors in the price of things than the acts of Government. Here, again, is an object lesson in how to read the news and the editorial articles.

GAMBETTA (please look him up) put a whole bookful of political philosophy into a single sentence when he said that political parties were built on ideas and principles, while parliamentary groups grow out of small special interests.

ONE of our illustrations this month shows one of the giant disappearing guns of the Dardanelles armament being dismantled. It was reported, in September, that Premier Venizelos had demanded that the Greek army be permitted to occupy Constantinople.

LATE in September the heads of the Russian and Polish delegations to a new peace conference met in Riga. It was reported that the Russian came to the meeting in a fine auto which used to belong to the Czar, while the Pole drove up in an old one-horse carriage. Please finish this paragraph for yourself.

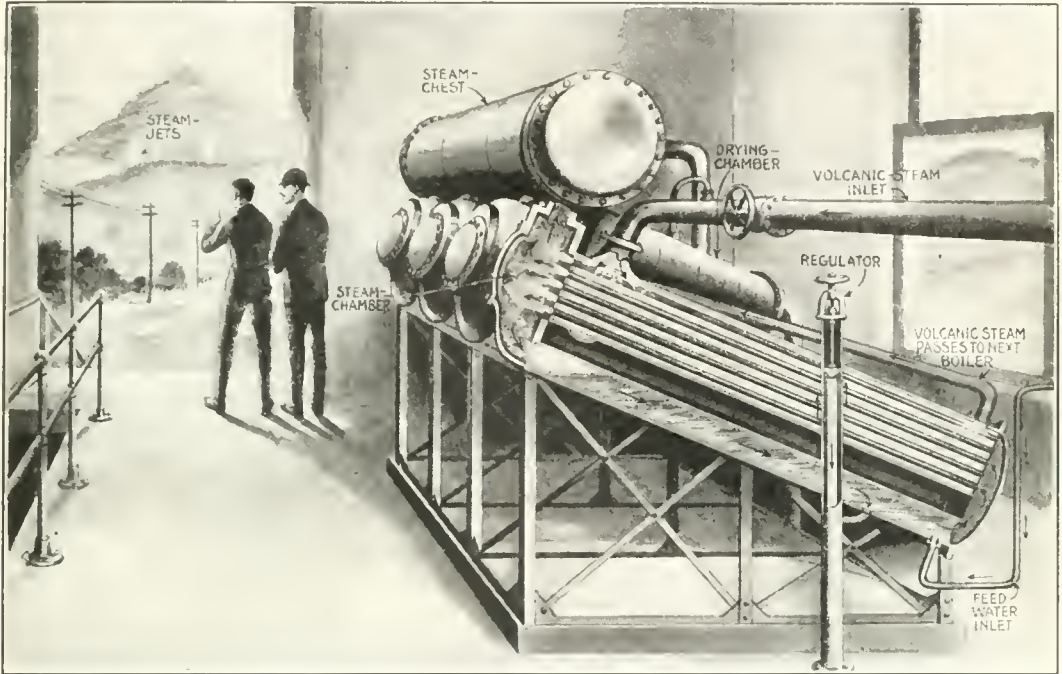
Now, with the baseball season and the election campaign over, we can give proper attention to the football heroes of Princeton, Yale, and Harvard and a few thousand other colleges and schools; and when the football season ends, we can take up in earnest the great annual problem of Turkey. We believe THE WATCH TOWER boys and girls can solve it!



W. V. Photo

TURKISH GUNS AT THE DARDANELLES BEING DESTROYED

# NATURE AND SCIENCE FOR YOUNG FOLK



A BOILER-ROOM IN WHICH VOLCANIC STEAM IS UTILIZED

## SETTING VOLCANOES TO WORK

WHAT are we going to do when all the coal in the earth is burned up? There is not an unlimited supply of it, and, according to some estimates, it will be virtually gone within a thousand years. Water-power can't begin to supply all the power that we now get from coal.

People are beginning to hunt for new sources of energy in the winds, in the tides and ocean waves, and in sunlight. They have even cast envious eyes at the volcanoes, which spout forth enormous quantities of heat. The thought of harnessing a volcano is a rather daring one, and yet there is a spot in Italy where volcanic heat is actually used to drive an electric power-plant which supplies the neighboring country with power and light. To be sure, it is not a full-grown active volcano that is harnessed, but a volcanic region, where boiling-hot water spurts out of the ground and jets of sulphurous steam pour out of cracks in the earth. The temperature of these steam-jets is about 750 degrees Fahrenheit. The region is in the northern part of Tuscany, and supports a village called Lardarello, where boric acid is abstracted from the "soffioni,"

as the steam-jets are called. Steam can be had anywhere in that region. The natives say, "When we need steam, we thrust a cane in the ground."

For some time this steam has been used in crude, low-powered engines around the boric-acid works. But when the war raised the price of coal to forty and fifty dollars per ton, efforts were made to tap this natural steam-boiler and produce electric power which could be distributed throughout neighboring cities. The steam could not be used efficiently directly in the engines, because the minerals it contained would clog up the valves and wear out the cylinders, so instead, the volcanic steam was used as fuel to heat clear water in a boiler.

Our drawing shows how this was done. There is a battery of boilers set on a slant. The fresh water is contained in the boiler-tubes, and the volcanic steam flows in at the upper end around the tubes, out at the lower end, and then across to the upper end of the next boiler. The water in the tubes is converted into steam and is hurled violently into the steam-chamber. Here the steam rises into the steam-chest, while the water

drops back, as indicated by the arrows, and makes its way into the lower end of the boiler-tubes. From the steam-chest the steam, still full of moisture, is passed through a drying-chamber, where it is raised to a higher temperature by more volcanic steam, and from there it passes out to a low pressure steam turbine. The vertical pipe in the foreground is an automatic regulator, through which the water is kept at a constant level in the boiler-tubes.

The supply of steam seems unlimited, but of course is not. There is no supply of energy on earth that will last forever, and some day it will give out, though it may outlast our stores of coal.

Tuscany is not the only place where steam can be had for the asking. There are many other spots where the ground grows very hot if we dig down a little way into the earth. We believe that this globe is an extremely hot mass covered over with a cool crust. The volcanoes appear to be vents for the internal heat of the earth. If we dig deep enough, we can get down to regions that are hot enough to produce steam. It is estimated that at a depth of thirty miles the earth is hot enough to melt granite. If the shafts we bore do not produce steam, it is a simple matter to pour water down to the heated region and let it come up in the form of steam. Of course we are not going to bore enormously deep shafts for power purposes just yet, but there is no reason why we should n't now get power from shallow bores near volcanoes; and later, when the demand for heat grows more pressing and we have better methods of boring, we may be compelled to penetrate far into the crust of the earth and make use of the heat that is imprisoned within this planet.

A. RUSSELL BOND.

## SEEING BY EAR

### AN APPARATUS WITH WHICH THE BLIND CAN READ ANY BOOK

THERE is a chemical element called selenium, which is very peculiarly affected by light. When shaded from the light, it offers considerable resistance to the flow of electricity; but the instant a ray of light strikes it, this resistance is lowered and the current passes freely through it. This gives us a means of converting light into sound; for if a gap in a telephone-circuit be closed by a bridge of selenium, then the telephone-receiver will click every time a ray of light strikes the selenium bridge. If the light is turned on and off very rapidly, it will make the diaphragm of the receiver vibrate and produce a musical note.

A few years ago it occurred to Dr. F. F. Four-

tier d'Albe, a professor at Birmingham University, that if light could be converted into sound, it might be possible for the blind to see by ear. So he rigged up an apparatus, with a very sensitive selenium cell, by which a blind person would hear dark objects or bright objects, and outline their form with the electric eye. Then it occurred to him that he might make an instrument sensitive enough to outline ordinary printed type, and in that way enable the blind to read any book or newspaper.

Of course, the blind have their own books with raised characters, or combinations of raised points, to represent the letters of the alphabet. But such books are very bulky and expensive, and there are not many books to be had except in large libraries. If Dr. d'Albe could actually make an instrument that would convert the light reflected from a book into sounds that the blind could understand, he would be conferring a wonderful boon upon the thousands of sightless men, women, and children in the world. It was a most ambitious undertaking; but with the aid of some clever instrument-makers in Glasgow, he has succeeded in turning out one of the most wonderful machines of the age. It is known as the "type-reading optophone." With this marvelous machine, the blind can read any ordinary print after learning the language that the instrument speaks. One blind girl reads at the rate of twenty-five words a minute. In other words, it would take her about forty minutes to read a solid type page of St. Nicholas. That seems slow to us, but it is not slow for a blind person.

This is how the optophone works:

A vertical row of five brilliant dots of light are cast upon the paper, and reflected from it to the selenium bridge in a telephone-circuit. The dots of light are pulsating, and produce musical notes. The lowest dot of light makes 384 pulsations per second; the next, 512 pulsations, the third, 576 pulsations; the fourth, 640; and the fifth, 768; so that altogether they make a chord, or "scala," as it is called, corresponding to the notes G, C', D', E' and G' of the piano, as shown in Fig. 1.



FIG. 1. THE SCALA

As the line of dots is swept over the printed page, only the white paper reflects the dots of light, while the black letters extinguish the dots. A blind person hearing the scala can recognize each letter traversed by noting the notes that are extinguished. The high note G' falls on the upper part of capitals and the top of high letters, such as *b*, *h*, *l*, etc., and the low note G falls on the tails of such letters as *g*, *p*, *y*, etc. Of course, means are provided for crowding the dots to-



gether, or spreading them apart, so as to adjust them for any size of type. Fig. 2 shows a blind man reading a book with an optophone, and Fig. 3 shows the optophone with the book and

upon the printed surface. This cell is a small porcelain tablet, with the selenium bridge upon the upper face of it. The book rests upon a curved glass plate, and the tracer swings automatically across the page at a speed that the operator can adjust according to his ability to read. It may be set to read a line in five seconds or five minutes; at the end of the line, it returns and moves down to the next line. At any time the reader can stop and go over a letter or word he failed to catch.

The telephone connections are not shown in the diagram, but it will be understood from what was stated above that the selenium bridges a gap in the circuit of a telephone-receiver.

The instrument so far described is known as a "white-sounding" optophone. In other words, the notes are sounded when reflected from white paper and are extinguished by the black type. In the latest type, a second selenium cell has



FIG. 2. READING A BOOK WITH THE OPTOPHONE

book-stand removed. The selenium bridge is placed at S at the top of the tracer, T. Near the base of the tracer, there is a lamp which casts its light up through a perforated disk, W. This disk is revolved by a small electric motor, and has five rows of perforations of different size. The light shining through the perforations is broken up into the pulsations which produce the musical notes referred to above.

Fig. 4, which is a diagram of the instrument,

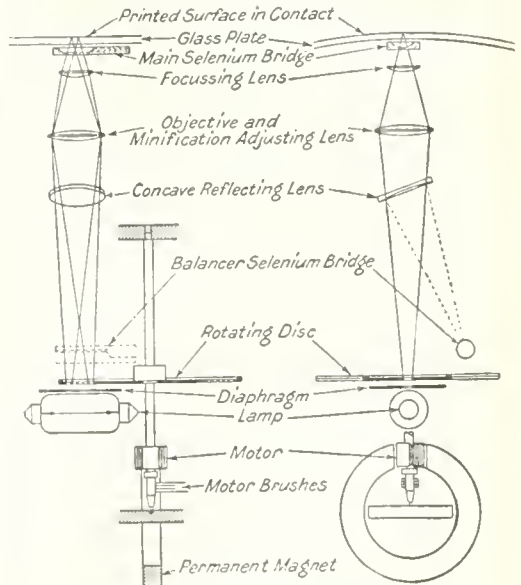


FIG. 1. DIAGRAM OF THE OPTOPHONE

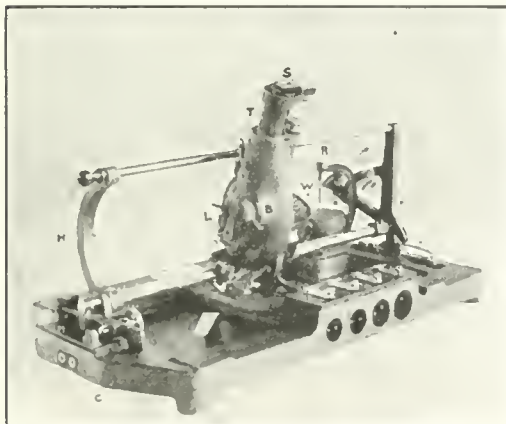


FIG. 3. THE OPTOPHONE

B, BALANCER, C, BAR FOR BRINGING NEXT LINE INTO FOCUS; H, READING HANDLE; L, REAR OF LAMP; R, SPEED-REGULATING NUT; S, SELENIUM BRIDGE; T, TRACER; W, PERFORATED DISK.

makes the arrangement clear. The pulsating dots of light are adjusted by an objective lens for different sizes of type, and then focussed by another lens through a hole in the selenium cell

been added to make the optophone "black-sounding"; i. e., the notes are silent when reflected from the white paper, and sound only when the type is encountered. There are two electric circuits leading through the telephone-receiver, with the current in one opposing that in the other, so that normally they kill each other off and there is no sound in the receiver. There is a selenium cell in the second circuit. A concave lens reflects part of the pulsating light upon this cell, as shown best in the end section of Fig. 4. As long as the light on the main selenium bridge is the same as that on the balancer selenium bridge, there is silence in the receiver; but when

any light pulsations are extinguished at the main bridge, they produce sound in the receiver through the balancing bridge. With the "blackounding" optophone, the letters V and y, for example, would produce a run of notes, such as indicated in Fig. 5.

Other letters are more or less complicated, but,



FIG. 5. THE NOTES PRODUCED BY "V" AND "y"

with practice, they can each be recognized. In fact, after a time the operator learns the sound of whole words rather than separate letters, just as we do when reading with our eyes.

### A BUTTERFLY MYSTERY

A WEIGHTY remark that is often used in an off-hand way is the phrase, Wonders will never cease. Nothing can be truer with regard to natural history, indeed, *unnatural* history might be a better term for some of the marvels going on around us, such as one that I chanced on a year or so ago, and which, incidentally, gave me one of the prettiest sights I ever saw.

About the central part of the coast of California is the Monterey peninsula, so named from the interesting old town of Monterey, the capital of the country in Spanish and Mexican times. The peninsula is almost covered with a forest of what is known as the Monterey pine (*Pinus adianta*). One cool spring morning, following my directions, I walked two hundred yards or so along a road that leads inland from the Point Pinos lighthouse, then turned a few steps aside among the pines. Gazing up amid the branches, I noticed what looked like a number of large clusters of dull-brown, dead leaves, which apparently had lodged by chance here and there among the twigs. I was saying to myself that surely what I saw was nothing but dead leaves when, as the clouds parted and the warm sunlight struck the tree I was gazing at, two or three leaves detached themselves from a cluster and turned into large red butterflies. Faster and faster the cluster dissolved, until in ten seconds there were, perhaps, two or three hundred butterflies flitting about. By that time another cluster had begun to break, then another, and another, cluster after cluster bursting like some lovely kind of bomb, and tree after tree adding its quota, dissolving into a red cloud of butterflies, so that in a minute or two I was standing bewildered in a veritable

"snow-storm" of the charming creatures. How many there may have been in view at one time I am afraid to guess—certainly ten thousand, possibly several times as many; so many, anyway, that a distinct murmur of sound came from the softly flickering wings. Gradually, many of them dispersed through the neighboring forest, but all day the grove is like a fairy convocation, with hundreds or thousands going to and fro or loitering about the flowering shrubs and herbage, while the sunlit sides of the pine trunks and branches are often so reddened with basking butterflies that at a little distance the trees look as if they had been painted.

Now for the explanation of this beautiful phenomenon, which occurs also at one locality on the Atlantic coast, in Florida. The insect that



MONARCH BUTTERFLY

behaves in this unique fashion is the Monarch butterfly, *Anosia plexippus* (one of what are called the milkweed butterflies, from the fact of their breeding on the milkweed). It is found all over the United States and, in summer, far up into Canada, and has long puzzled men of science by the mystery of its migrations. It is believed

that somewhere in the interior, many hundreds of miles from the coast, there is a region where the milkweed is plentiful. There the cycle of egg, grub, chrysalis, butterfly is wrought out, and there on the milkweeds are laid the millions of eggs that must furnish the next generation. Each year, as autumn comes on, some "inward urge" becomes felt, calling them southward and westward to where a milder winter will prolong their lives. They gather by myriads, and the amazing pilgrimage begins. Over the great plains they make their way unerringly toward some high mountain pass, through which they stream, and then turn down the long westward slope.

Through the vast forest silences and over the sunny California valleys they pass in seemingly endless columns, flying as certainly as if they were directed by compass—or, let us say, led by an angel, for surely it must be some spiritual intelligence that guides them. It is not only to the same locality to which their parents came the previous year that they find their way, but to the same identical trees. How and why the strange habit was formed, and for how many years it has been in operation, there is no means of knowing. All that is certain is that each autumn a new generation of *Drosia* makes the same far journey, comes to the same grove, and clusters on the same trees. Here they remain through the winter, and in the spring begin to disperse. By April they have vanished, and summer brings the end of their brief lives; but October will surely see their children arriving in their turn.

It is only one of the many yearly miracles, but it seems, in a way, specially marvelous when one



MONARCH BUTTERFLIES AT REST ON A PINE

thinks of the weakness of the tiny travelers. Wonderful as is the migrating instinct of birds and beasts, is it not yet more astonishing to find this little fluttering insect, the very symbol of frailty, displaying the same mysterious faculty, one of the most admirable known to man?

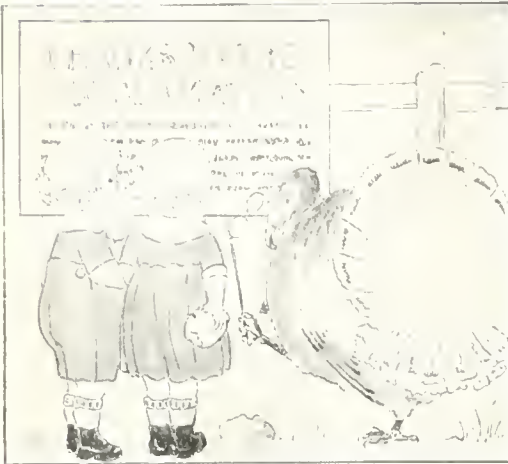
J. SMEATON CHASE.

#### A CORRECTION

By an unaccountable oversight, the author of the article "Catching Bullets with the Movie Camera" in the October ST. NICHOLAS, made the mistake of substituting "minute" for "second" in the sentence: "The camera that takes pictures usually runs at 10 to 12 exposures per minute, but the pictures are thrown on the screen at the rate of about 16 per minute." Of course the statement should have read "second" instead of "minute" in both cases. Though the error is so obvious as almost to correct itself,—since the rate of 10 per minute would mean almost four seconds for each exposure, a manifest absurdity,—yet, for the sake of accuracy, we hasten to call attention to the matter and rectify the oversight, in order that no young reader may gain so wrong an impression as that moving pictures are usually taken or run off at such a rate as from 10 to 10

per minute! The minute crawls at an altogether too tortoise-like a pace for the "movies," which at 16 per second reel off almost a thousand exposures within the space of sixty seconds. And in a sentence closely following the one containing the mistake, the author of the article tells of filming a rifle-bullet on its way—for which it is necessary that pictures should be taken "at the rate of 15,000 to 20,000 exposures per second!" Remember, then: The moving-picture camera usually runs at 10 or 12 exposures per second, and the pictures are thrown on the screen at the rate of about 16 per second (not per "minute," as stated in the article last month). And this increase of six or four per second between the speed at which the pictures are taken and the speed at which they appear on the screen "explains why people seem to be so lively and walk so briskly in motion pictures."

# THE TIPTOE TWINS' THANKSGIVING



1. SAID TURKEY, "WHAT A STATE OF THINGS!"



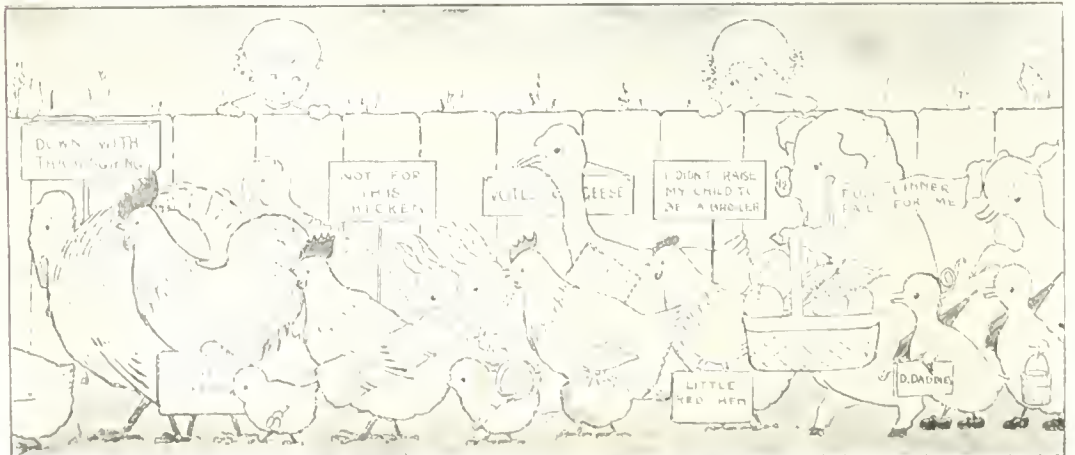
2. "HORRORS!" THE DUCKS HELD UP THEIR WINGS



3. THE TWINS THOUGHT BEST TO BE RETREATING



4. DURING THE INDIGNATION MEETING



THE BARNYARD LOWLY TO-SAYERS SPOTS ADORNED

# FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK



6. THE TWINS DECIDE TO GIVE A FEAST



7. SUITED TO EITHER MAN OR BEAST



8. A PURELY VEGETABLE DIET



9. THEY BAKE, OR BOIL, OR QUICKLY FRY IT



10. SO, THIS THANKSGIVING, ARE THE TABLES TURNED



A HEADING FOR NOVEMBER BY FRANCIS MARTIN, AGE 15. SILVER BADGE

If you are a lover of the woods,—and who is not?—you will find in most of the prose contributions this month the real tang of the forest; and it, as quaint old Chaucer declared centuries ago, "fields have eies and woods have eares," then surely there would have been a special "pleasure in the pathless woods" themselves, could they have overheard all that our young devotees of the outdoor life had to say in hundreds of earnest little stories and essays about

"the power, the beauty and the majesty  
That have their haunts in vale or piny mountain,  
*Or forest by slow stream.*"

Our young photographers, too, recalled summer days

and scenes in the majority of the prints received, but lest we should be tempted to linger rather too fondly over such memories, the youthful poets of the LEAGUE bid us back to timely thoughts by reminding us that brown November, "when the frost is on the pumpkin, and the toddler 's in the shock," and even white old winter itself has charms of its own, many of which are vividly pictured for us in the month's excellent tributes to "The Magic of the Frost." So, since the Bible declares, "to everything there is a season,"—and, apparently, a sentiment (or quotation?) to fit it,—let us complete the Scriptural verse "and a time to every purpose under the heaven," and assure our young Leaguers that they did well, indeed, in finding "time" in mid-summer for "the purpose" of providing such a feast for late autumn!

#### PRIZE COMPETITION No. 240

(In making awards contributors' ages are considered.)

- PROSE.** Gold Badges, **Margaret Mackprang** (age 12), Nebraska; **Marion Cleveland** (age 17), New York; Silver Badges, **J. Horace Faull, Jr.** (age 15), Canada; **John L. Anderson** (age 15), Georgia; **Marion Grant** (age 13), Wyoming; **Julia F. Norwood** (age 13), Tenn.; **Genevieve Fenwick** (age 13), Calif.
- VERSE.** Gold Badges, **Birkbeck Wilson** (age 16), Maine; **Charlotte Reynolds** (age 13), Montana; **Dorothy M. Gervan** (age 14), New York; Silver Badges, **Ruth Pierce Fuller** (age 12), Arizona.
- DRAWINGS.** Silver Badges, **Miriam Serber** (age 14), Indiana; **Francis Martin** (age 15), Nebraska; **Robert H. Colvin** (age 16), South Dakota; **Inez Miller** (age 16), Pennsylvania; **Francis H. Szecskay** (age 12), Pennsylvania; **Hazel E. Bates** (age 15), Massachusetts; **Marian Frankenfield** (age 16), Pennsylvania.
- PHOTOGRAPHS.** Gold Badges, **Ladner V. Ross** (age 17), Oregon; **Mary Reeve** (age 13), Wisconsin; **Alexander Gmelin** (age 13), New Jersey; Silver Badges, **Josephine J. Lewis** (age 12), Pennsylvania; **Doris E. Rigby** (age 16), Pennsylvania; **Caroline Cook** (age 15), Alabama; **Margaret Colwell** (age 13), Michigan; **Ruth McPeake** (age 14), Ohio.
- PUZZLE-MAKING.** Silver Badges, **W. Hawthorne Carr** (age 15), N. Y.; **Dorothea Maier** (age 14), N. Y.
- PUZZLE ANSWERS.** Gold Badges, **Orrin Judd** (age 13), N. Y.; **Frances Hankinson** (age 14), N. Y.; Silver Badges, **Mary A. Delaney** (age 10), Texas; **Ruth M. Hillis** (age 12), Ill.; **Olga Joffe** (age 11), N. Y.



BY JOSEPHINE J. LEWIS, AGE 12  
(GOLD BADGE)



BY LADNER V. ROSS, AGE 17  
(GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON OCTOBER, 1910)

"TAKEN IN VACATION"

## A STORY OF THE WOODS

BY J. HORACE FAULL, JR. (AGE 15)

*(Silver Badge)*

ALTHOUGH I have had many delightful trips in the woods, the one which stands out above all the others is when I ascended a ridge of the Alleghany Mountains in a dinky-engine.

It was a hot, sultry day in July. What a relief to leave the stifling atmosphere of the town and travel along the attractive green aisles of the forest with the cool zephyrs of the woody shades, fanning one's cheeks! Noisily the little engine puffed on, disturbing the solitude of some leafy retreat or moss-covered ravine, yet always climbing higher.

At the end of an hour or so we stopped at a crystal-clear spring, whose waters issued from the hillside. After refreshing ourselves, we continued up the steep grade for the best part of another hour. Then the woods became thinner. Now and then I caught a glimpse of the valley; the trees vanished, and there before me lay the broad valley. The train of cars came to a stop, leaving me to gaze on that wonderful sight.

I looked to the right; the scene stretched to the horizon, terminated there by a series of ridges dimly outlined against the blue sky. I looked to the left; the river far below separated us from the ridge that completed the chain of mountains encircling the valley, which was itself a gigantic garden—a patchwork of yellow fields and green meadows, intersected and separated by silver-tinted streams and dazzling roadways. Slowly we moved on and left the scene resting in peace.

I had marveled at the stories of other countries, but never before had I realized the magnificence of the woods and mountains of our own country. That is why that trip stands alone.

## THE MAGIC OF THE FROST

BY VIRGINIA E. FOLLIN (AGE 15)

*(Honor Member)*

WHEN the tired world lies dreaming,  
And the eye is hushed and still,  
And the moonlight coldly streaming  
O'er each harvest-field and hill,  
Then there comes the silvery patter  
Of a million tiny teet,  
As the elfin painters scatter  
Down each countryside and street.

All the trees and moss they sprinkle  
O'er with lacy vines of white,  
Till they twinkle, twinkle, twinkle,  
Like a sky of stars at night,

Iridescent mists that shimmer  
Stretched from vale to vale, it seems,  
Till they glow and glint and glimmer  
Like a cobweb packed with dreams.

To each window-pane they scurry  
And their fairy brushes ply,  
Mixing frost-paint in a hurry,  
Sketching pines and mountains high.  
Then, just as the morn is breaking,  
Fast they fly before the dawn;  
But, while mortal folk are waking,  
Still their magic liveth on.

## A STORY OF THE WOODS

*(A True Story)*

BY MARION CLEVELAND (AGE 17)

*(Gold Badge, Silver Badge won November, 1915)*

"Far up in the Adirondack Mountains," began our chief story-teller at the camp-fire, "there is a wild little lake



TAKEN IN VACATION. BY DORIS L. RIGBY, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE)

on the shores of which Mr. and Mrs. F—— built their summer camp. One evening they went out fishing and on their way home, as they paddled slowly around a bend, where they were about to land, a dark form loomed up before them. What could it be? Cautiously they paddled forward, and soon the shape resolved itself into the form of a huge moose, standing motionless on the bank of the creek. The astonished couple paddled forward, and still the big animal did not move.

"Can it be that the wind is blowing the scent in the wrong direction?" whispered Mrs. F——.

"No," her husband answered, "the wind is blowing towards the animal; surely he must get our scent."

"Still more silently they approached until finally the canoe was very near the moose, and Mrs. F—— actually reached out her hand and touched the animal's nose. Moose are very ferocious creatures and are usually more dangerous than a mad bull; but this one merely snorted and lumbered back into the woods.

"The next day the mystery was solved; the animal, with several others, had been released from a zoo for the purpose of restocking that part of the country with moose. Doubtless this noble fellow was so used to being stared at by people that it made little difference whether he was behind iron bars or out in the wilderness. Had the moose been truly wild and dangerous, my two friends might never have lived to tell the tale. As it was, they had an experience of which few people can boast."

## THE MAGIC OF THE FROST

BY CHARLOTTE REYNOLDS (AGE 13)

*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won November, 1918**"Pink pink-a—pink-a—pink,—"*

'T is the fairy band I see;

Little fairy folk are coming

With their dainty steps so wee.

Next the scamp'ring brownies come  
 And elves with pointed caps and shoes;  
 Then all the little forest sprites  
 Dressed in frocks of sparkling hues.

Dancing round the fairy ring  
 To tunes the fairy minstrels sing;  
 A gayer scene could hardly be  
 Than on the frosted pane I see.

Then as the fire gets dim and low  
 The frost scenes ever brighter grow;  
 And when again the flames leap high  
 The fairy pictures fade and die.



A GOOD FRIEND. BY MIRIAM SERFER, AGE 14  
 (SILVER BADGE)

## WHAT 'S THAT?

*(A Story of the Southern Woods)*

BY JOHN L. ANDERSON (AGE 15)

*Silver Badge*

'What 's that?'

The question, although not really spoken, is clearly evident in the alert and motionless figures of the small wood-folk. The stillness is broken by a tiny and mournful "Meow," as an equally tiny and mournful kitten emerges, scratched and frightened, from a thick briar patch. Could it speak, it would tell a casual questioner of having been brought by a boy into these far woods and pitched into that awful briar-patch. (This is a cruelly simple means of "losing" an undesirable kitten.)

When the suspicious noise has been identified by all, the animal folk continue their happy business of turning work into play. The kitten passes on, noticing here two baby "coons" quarreling uproariously over an unfortunate crawfish, caught in a sand stream, and there a group of mischievous squirrels chattering about a new and puzzling nut.

Presently a frightened squall, followed by a crash is heard. Every animal promptly "freezes." It is soon discovered that it was only a baby opossum, who, in trying to imitate his mother, has lost his equilibrium and tumbled into a thick bush. The little wood-dwellers cautiously "melt," and soon the "play-work" is going full force.

Thus it goes, day by day. These little God-made and God-loved creatures, ever cautious and alert, "freezing" instantly at the slightest suspicious sound, "melting" at the "no danger" signal, live their happy lives.

Some ever dying, or being killed by the cruel world, their places are filled by other happy beings, their little hearts overflowing with joy and freedom. Good nature and a fine sense of humor ever fill their days, which pass quickly in this glorious pursuit of life.

And yet people kill them! If only they could know what I know, how much more careful they would be!

## THE MAGIC OF THE FROST

BY BIRKBECK WILSON (AGE 16)

*(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won October, 1920)*

IN the winter-time, the snow-time,  
 From the countries to the northward,  
 From the land of great auroras,  
 Mystic, wonderful auroras,  
 Comes the frost king through the darkness.

With the shining stars above him,  
 And the silent night around him,  
 Leaving countries, hushed and silent,  
 Desolate and white and silent,  
 Void of life and void of motion.

Yet a beauty in their strangeness,  
 In their wild, unconquered grandeur  
 Holds the soul in peace forever,  
 Until Death, the Silent, beckons  
 From the sweet abode of spirits,  
 From the realms of the departed.

Southward still the frost king hurries,  
 Southward to our dusty cities,  
 Where he lingers through the winter,  
 But he soon returns to northland,  
 To his home among the ice-floes,  
 Where his pictures last forever,  
 Where his magic is eternal.

## A STORY OF THE WOODS

BY HELEN ORCHARD (AGE 13)

MANY years ago, before Columbus made his dangerous voyage in search of new lands, the mountains and valleys of America were covered with countless forests.

Then the white man came. He cut down these beautiful woods to make room for farms and villages; he built houses and fences out of them.

But that was not all. As the country grew up, huge sawmills were erected, factories were built, and companies were formed to aid in the destruction of the beautiful timber.

Through the carelessness of campers and tourists, large forest fires were started, which destroyed many acres of growing trees.

But now many people are awakening to the fact that if something is not done, we shall soon be without large forests.

Large tracts of timbered lands have been reserved for national forests, and guards, known as forest rangers, are employed by the United States Government to see





BY ALICE W. SOMMERS, AGE 13



BY MARJORIE HANSEN, AGE 12



BY MARY REEVE, AGE 13. (GOLD BADGE, SILVER BADGE WON JULY, 1920)

"TAKEN IN VACATION"

that no harm is done to the trees by campers. Also many acres of land that have been overrun by forest fires are being replanted with young trees, and it is the duty of every American to help preserve our forests.

THE MAGIC OF THE FROST

BY CAROLINE RANKIN (AGE 14)

(Honor Member)

Is Jack Frost a little outlaw  
Of the fairy and the gnome?  
Doomed to paint his airy pictures  
Far away—far from his home?

Are those light fantastic tracings  
On the window, just beyond,  
Thoughts of elfland, well remembered,  
Pictured by his magic wand?

Thoughts of dainty fairy maidens,  
Of sweet-scented flowers rare,  
Of the fairy ring at twilight  
As his comrades gather there?

Thoughts so sweet, so light, so daring,  
He's a bold young lad, for sure,  
Yet he draws with mystic softness  
All the lovely woodland's lure

Can it be? Or is it fancy?  
Do I see a castle tall  
All alive with fairy people?  
Is there nothing there at all?

See, the sun smiles on the window  
And Jack's magic work is vain!  
See, instead of frosty tracings  
There is nought but drops of rain!

A STORY OF THE WOODS

BY EDITH H. TARBELL (AGE 16)

(Honor Member)

This story does not tell of giant pines, cool mountain springs, and furry folk. Instead, its theme is taken from the branch of a family tree—a tree which consisted mainly of Woods; or, to be exact, mainly of Uncle Ben Wood. For was not he, while he lived, the moving spirit of the family? And who else, to be sure, could boast of such success in money-making?

Thus, when John Wood wedded "that Carson girl," the daughter of Uncle Ben's bitterest enemy, Uncle Ben had flatly refused them a cent of his fortune. And Uncle Ben kept his promise; in his will he generously bequeathed to John and his wife "my plaster of Paris bust." That was all.

John was poor, very poor; but he had a lovely wife and three happy children. Sallie had wanted to throw the



BY MARGARET WISSI, AGE 12



BY CLARISSA C. JACOBUS, AGE 16

"TAKEN IN VACATION"



"TAKE A VACATION," BY ALEXANDER GILLES, AGE 11  
(GOLD BADGE, SILVER BADGE WON MAY, 1919)

rust into the ash-barrel immediately, but John had said, "Better keep it awhile." Thus the bust ornamented the kitchen shelf for years. It seemed unfortunately immune from accidental smashings; but at last, one day, a crash resounded through the house—followed by a joyous yelp from Fed, the oldest boy.

"Gosh! I've done it, Mother!—and it was truly 'accidental' too! Let's give him a fine old burial in the back yard. 'Here lies'—"

Fed was interrupted in the middle of his epitaph by an exclamation from his mother, who had just begun to tear up the "remains."

"Fed, Fed! Where did all this money come from? Could it —? Why, here's some writing!"

With trembling fingers she untold the slip of paper. This is what it said:

I forgive you. I always hated this bust. I had the money sealed up in here, and whoever has spunk enough to break this statue, to him this money belongs.

"UNCLE BEN"

### A STORY OF THE WOODS (A True Story)

BY MARION GRANT (AGE 13)  
(Silver Badge)

"MAMMA, I called, 'I'm going up Horse Canyon.'  
"All right," was the reply, "only get home before dark."

With that I was off, having already saddled my mare, Ladybird. Soon I had reached the top of the divide which separates Boxelder Park from Deer Creek Park. I turned into the new snow trail which led through deep



"THE WOODS," BY MARION GRANT, AGE 13

woods, I suddenly came to a clearing in which there was an old log-cabin.

I rode up to the door, Ladybird approaching with ears pricked forward. With her head in the door, she gave a snort and, springing, nearly threw me. I got off, quieted her down, and then went up to the cabin. In it were two rooms. In the back room piled in a heap, were fifteen dead cattle. I read what had happened in a moment.

In April we had the most severe storm in the history of Wyoming, which lasted three or four days. With the wind blowing so strong and cold from the north that it nearly took anyone off his feet, and with the snow five feet on a level, to say nothing of the drifts, this little bunch of cattle, drifting along, came to the cabin and, going in at the open door, had retreated into the back room for shelter. Trying to get out, they had found the snow drifted over the door, forming a barrier impossible to get over or through. In this situation they had starved, some with tiny calves by their sides.

It was a tragedy of the forest.

Riding away from the sad scene, I came back to the divide, where one can see the country for miles around. Looking at the wooded mountains and valleys, I thought, "Old trees, I wonder how many more such scenes you have witnessed!"



"A GOOD FRIEND," BY ROBERT H. COLVIN, AGE 10  
(SILVER BADGE)

### THE MAGIC OF THE FROST

BY DOROTHY M. GERVAIS (AGE 14)  
(Gold Badge, Silver Badge won June, 1920)

I AWAKENED one fall morning when the air was crisp and chill.

And the autumn breeze was singing with a cheery, ripply trill;

The world outside my window was in fairy whiteness lost,

And I found, on looking closely, it was not jewels, but the frost.

Just the quiet, stirring magic of the frost!

In the florid, ripened cornfields where the pumpkins once were gold

Where the goblet-of had nodded and its harvest story told

Now was only sparkling whiteness, by the elfin artists wrought,

And a thousand flashing diamonds the sunbeam's glints had caught.

But 't was nothing but the magic of the frost!

In the deep autumnal twilight when the tasks at home were o'er,

As the open children's eyes scanned the kitchen door

What made their cheeks so rosy, and their hearts so full  
 of glee,  
 And what made childish voices ring out exultingly?  
 Oh, I'm sure 't was but the magic of the frost!

What makes the children anxious when they come in  
 from the cold  
 To gather round the fireside and have weird witch-tales  
 told,  
 While they're munching nuts and apples, and the  
 pop-corn crackles free,  
 And the cider-jug is passing from hand to hand in glee?  
 'T is nothing but the magic of the frost!

A STORY OF THE WOODS

BY MARGARET MACKPRANG (AGE 12)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won June, 1920)

The sun sank behind the trees; a star appeared faintly  
 overhead, and a soft evening breeze ruffled the fur of a  
 powerfully built young buck, who was trotting through  
 the forest.

As Crescent Scar crossed a clearing, he paused, and,  
 raising his graceful head, sniffed the air attentively, his  
 sensitive nostrils quivering.

Suddenly, a long-drawn note sounded upon the still  
 air. It was a buck's challenge to battle. Immediately,  
 Crescent Scar heralded his acceptance of the invitation  
 by a similar note, and advanced to meet his antagonist.

As the latter charged upon him, Crescent Scar realized  
 his imminent peril with quickening pulses, for he observed  
 that this was the stag that had overcome all of the  
 bucks with whom he had hitherto engaged in combat.

They dashed at each other from time to time. Both  
 were liberally decorated with slight wounds, from which  
 the blood flowed freely. These were ineffectual, save  
 that their smarting angered the contestants to still  
 more fierce attacks. At last, however, Crescent Scar  
 felt his strength waning. With a great effort, he rushed  
 at his assailant's head, met it, and—their antlers were  
 locked!

Exerting all his strength, Crescent Scar shook his  
 head violently, straining backward constantly. A  
 final pull—and his opponent fell never to rise again—his  
 neck broken!

Crescent Scar jumped back warily, but, observing  
 that his late enemy was actually dead, he sank down on  
 the fragrant pine-needles, exhausted.

A few hours later, Crescent Scar arose and walked off  
 haughtily through the forest to rejoin his herd, feeling a  
 sense of proud exhilaration at having vanquished such a  
 formidable antagonist.



"A GOOD FRIEND." BY IRENE MILLER, AGE 10 (SILVER BADGE)

THE MAGIC OF THE FROST

BY RUTH PEIRCE FULLER (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

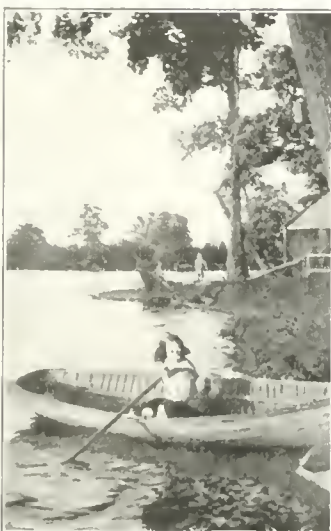
JACK FROST, with finger-tips of white,  
 Comes dancing o'er the plains,  
 He visits us each wint'ry night,  
 And paints our window-panes

He comes up to our windows  
 And sketches silently,  
 And when we wake up in the morn,  
 His handiwork we see

He draws our castles in the air,  
 And shows us fairies hiding there,  
 But when we touch it—it's nowhere!  
 Now where can Jack Frost be?



BY IANE GIGUETTE, AGE 13



BY RUTH McFARL, AGE 11 (SILVER BADGE)



BY MARGARET COLWELL, AGE 14 (SILVER BADGE)

"TAKEN IN VACATION"



"TAKEN IN VACATION." BY HILARY B. K. WILLIAMS, AGE 15

A STORY OF THE WOODS

BY JULIA FAY NORWOOD

(Silver Badge)

The old pine-trees of the forest were happy, yes, very happy. One could tell this by the way they were whispering and murmuring as the evening breeze swept by them.

The birds and squirrels were happy, too, and they sang and chirped continuously. There was a reason for all this gaiety, and this was it:

Early on this crisp November day Betty and Bobby Doll, the village twins, had come into the cool woods, laden with two small, but very full, baskets.

After a great deal of important whispering, they had finally settled under a very large pine-tree and opened their baskets. Faking out long strings of fluffy pop-corn and bright red berries, they draped the tree they had chosen with them, piling cracked nuts about the base of it, and scattering bread-crumbs around it.

"Now," cried Betty, clapping her tiny hands, "it's all fixed! Birds and squirrels," she added, turning around, "this is your Thanksgiving dinner, and you must eat every speck of it; for if you do, Bobby and I will come every year and fix it for you."

"We have picked out the pine-trees for this year's favorite tree," added Bobby; and then the children with empty baskets ran home to their Thanksgiving dinner.

How the small inhabitants of the forest enjoyed the feast! But the stately old pine-trees enjoyed it most of all, because they knew that they were the chosen trees of the festival!

How the small inhabitants of the forest enjoyed the feast! But the stately old pine-trees enjoyed it most of all, because they knew that they were the chosen trees of the festival!

How the small inhabitants of the forest enjoyed the feast! But the stately old pine-trees enjoyed it most of all, because they knew that they were the chosen trees of the festival!



"TAKEN IN VACATION." BY CAEOLINE COOK, AGE 11 (SILVER BADGE)

A STORY OF THE WOODS

BY GENEVIEVE FENWICK (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

ONE cold winter evening, during the time of Washington's hardships and trials at Valley Forge, an old Quaker, upon returning home from a trip to the woods, said to his wife, "Mary, I verily believe George Washington will win the war."

"What makes thee think so?" inquired his wife.

"Dost thou remember the old oak stump down by the river where little Ben Harris was lost? Well, as I was passing near there to-night I heard the voice of a man apparently in trouble. Thinking some one might need my help, I stepped forward and parted the bushes—and Mary, what dost thou think I saw? There in the snow knelt a man wearing the Colonial uniform. With his face uplitted to Heaven, he was praying very earnestly. It was the most heartfelt prayer I have ever heard. As he rose, there was a look of calm assurance and peace upon his face. Then I recognized him. He was none other than our American general."

There, in the solitude of the woods, this great man took his trials to the Father, sure of untailing sympathy and help. It was there he found new hope, new strength, and a renewal of courage.

THE woods! where poets and artists find their inspiration; where all the voices of Nature blend in harmony; where the trees whisper of strength, the birds of happiness, and the flowers of beauty and love. What better retreat from the world and its cares could be found?



"A GOOD FRIEND." BY FRANCIS H. SZECASKY, AGE 12 (SILVER BADGE)

SPECIAL MENTION

A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted:

- |                             |                             |                           |
|-----------------------------|-----------------------------|---------------------------|
| <b>PROSE</b>                | <i>Natolie C. Hall</i>      | <b>PHOTOGRAPHS</b>        |
| <i>Mary Hoyt Stoddard</i>   | <i>Margaret Humphrey</i>    | <i>Frances Adkins</i>     |
| <i>Elizabeth F. Parker</i>  | <i>Olyre C. McKay</i>       | <i>Lucile E. Powers</i>   |
| <i>Elizabeth Patterson</i>  | <i>Mabel Walters</i>        | <i>Julie S. Russell</i>   |
| <i>Catherine E. Gnaney</i>  | <i>Roberta J. Donner</i>    | <i>Martha C. Dukes</i>    |
| <i>Dorothy Good</i>         | <i>Helen Newell</i>         | <i>Willie Feakins</i>     |
| <i>Lois Bolles</i>          | <i>Helen E. North</i>       | <i>Marjorie Feakins</i>   |
| <i>Silvia Wunderlich</i>    | <i>Mary A. Parke</i>        | <i>Helen Grace Davis</i>  |
| <i>Eleanor C. Slater</i>    | <i>Mary Abby Hurd</i>       | <i>Joan Buchanan</i>      |
| <i>Jessie Louise</i>        | <i>Leonora J. Hanna</i>     | <i>Charlotte White</i>    |
| <i>Megan</i>                | <i>Margaret F. Clifford</i> | <i>Mama Page</i>          |
| <i>Catherine I. Bullard</i> | <i>Beatrice Sellers</i>     | <i>Margaret B. Gibson</i> |
| <i>Ruth Angell</i>          | <i>Forestine Dunaway</i>    | <i>Helen Van Alstyne</i>  |
| <i>Minnie Pfeleberg</i>     | <i>Rhoda Hellman</i>        | <i>Betty Hall</i>         |
| <i>Virginia</i>             |                             | <i>Mary K. Haseltin</i>   |
| <i>Weyshaeuser</i>          | <b>DRAWINGS</b>             | <i>Sarah Jameson</i>      |
|                             | <i>Allison Flynn</i>        | <i>Betty Fowler</i>       |
| <b>VERSE</b>                | <i>Virginia Devey</i>       | <i>Louise Hannah</i>      |
| <i>Betty May</i>            | <i>Dorothy Green</i>        | <i>Gloria Hellar</i>      |
| <i>Louise Holt Baker</i>    | <i>Leite Powell</i>         | <i>Margaret J. Harper</i> |
| <i>Kate Verrill</i>         | <i>Frances Gysman</i>       | <i>Helen F. Corbin</i>    |
| <i>Willie Fay Lynn</i>      | <i>Mary Street</i>          | <i>Albert Ann Fowler</i>  |
| <i>Rose J. Kushlow</i>      | <i>Lindsay Dougherty</i>    | <i>Ruth Eisenmayer</i>    |
| <i>Fania C.</i>             | <i>Janet M. Demost</i>      | <i>Julia E. Sheedy</i>    |
| <i>Klemmeyer</i>            | <i>Frances Zama</i>         | <i>Florence Cain</i>      |
| <i>Marian Eaton</i>         | <i>Marguerite C.</i>        | <i>Florence Adams</i>     |
| <i>Helen Elmira Waite</i>   | <i>DeFalco</i>              | <i>Thomas Worth</i>       |

## ROLL OF HONOR

A list of those whose contributions were deserving of high praise:



THANKSGIVING

"A HEADING FOR NOVEMBER," BY ISABELLE HASKELL, AGE 13

## PROSE

Snah Gasser  
Benjamin Krantzor  
Elizabeth N.  
Hasslach  
Mary Bishop  
Dorothy J. Miller  
Alice H. Frank  
Ruth Tarrant  
Margaret Durick  
Horace Mann  
Snyder, Jr.  
Dorothy King  
Elizabeth Gilbert  
Katherine Swift  
Isabel Knapp  
Leonore Looser  
Robert Hicks  
Doris Kent  
Margaret Garrison  
Rebecca D. Nourse  
Helen S. Brown  
Mary Sterrett  
Noel Halsey  
Florence E.  
Beaujean  
Clara Szebelyci  
Mary F. Scott  
Ruth Griegs  
Elizabeth Namack  
Sophia H. Walker  
Caroline Humeston  
Elvira de la Vega

## VERSE

Mark Anthony  
Ise Margaret Smith  
Margaret C. Taylor  
Alice Roberts  
Cecil Cassels  
Marcia M. Perry  
Edith Hargrave  
Josephine Rankin  
Elizabeth  
Cleaveland  
Sibyl E. Briggs



"A GOOD FRIEND," BY EMELYN WYSE, AGE 14

Zoe Jungernich  
Susanna Kessler  
Margaret Dill  
Gwendolyn  
Cheesman  
Elizabeth Boulton  
Katharine McAfie  
C. W. Wickersham, Jr.  
Laurel Decker  
Sylvia Santoni  
Caroline Thompson

Matha D. Mars  
Katherine Carran  
Vaughn Davis  
Mary V. Fulton  
Isabel A. Lockwood  
Elizabeth Beck

## DRAWINGS

Ethel B. Stengle  
Anna M. Klaunder  
Hilda F. Wanker  
Hope Crouch  
Gladys Buteux  
Keith S. Williams  
Katherine Balch  
Karla Jeurich  
Frances S. Badger  
Louise Schultz  
Robert Diller  
Eleanore Marie Chamberlain  
Rowland Eudora A. Welty  
Robert Morse  
Neil Shawhan  
Roy N. Miner, Jr.  
Boyd D. Lewis  
Eleanor D-land  
Marjorie Miller  
Lois North  
Julius Miller  
Martha W. Beglow  
Constance J. Frederick  
Nadine Newbill  
Helen Montgomery  
Elizabeth M. Stewart  
Mary H. Risk  
Harry Charvin  
Norma Willis  
Gertrude Marshall  
Kate Denison  
Marian C. Roberts  
Marjorie P. Hill  
Irma Voetsch  
Lalia Smison  
Marcelyn Lichty  
Mary R. Billings  
Helen G. Pentz  
Wanda James  
Eleanor P. Vail  
Robert Balch  
Emma von Glahn  
Dorothy Elhasson  
Mary W. Bennett  
Lauri M. Halsey  
Elizabeth G. Marshall  
Grace H. Glover

## PHOTOGRAPHS

Elizabeth Broomie  
David Poor  
Katharine R. Asher

Betsy Rosenheim  
Dorothy McMichael  
Cary Lee Weston  
Jean Atkinson  
Jane Buel Bradley  
Caryl C. Torrence  
Helen M. Friar  
Elizabeth D. Stinson  
Winifred Hale  
Helen C. Furer  
Vigania L. Gill  
Hortense A. R. Doyle  
Barbara Trauth  
Sarah S. Bissell  
Rafael A. Povere  
Maryann P. Ludy  
Betty Eddy  
Miriam Levi  
Eleanor Fisher  
Ruth Buffington  
Helen C. Mitchell  
Victoria Sturge



NOVEMBER  
"A HEADING FOR NOVEMBER"  
BY HAZEL E. BATES, AGE  
15. (SILVER BADGE)

Avalon C. Courtney  
Eleanor F. Stone  
Evelyn Carson  
James C. Perkins, Jr.  
Caroline Arrington  
Dorothy M. Punderson  
Beryl Mylles  
Elizabeth Hall  
Laura M. Smith  
Joseph N. Ullman, Jr.

## PUZZLES

Mary E. Record  
Helen L. Duncin  
Gertrude Green  
Norma Stiner  
Gwenfreid E. Allen  
Kingsley Kahler  
Martha Judson  
Mary B. Black  
Anne W. Ames  
Ruth MacLeod  
Myron Roamy  
Jane L. Nicholas  
Kenneth F. Hogan  
Ruth A. Dimick  
Marion L. Stowell  
Barbara Wendell  
Betty Meads  
Eleanor Hanna  
Elizabeth Yungstrom

## WHAT THE LEAGUE IS

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE is an organization of the readers of the ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE.

THE LEAGUE motto is "Live to learn and learn to live."

THE LEAGUE emblem is the "Stars and Stripes."

THE LEAGUE membership button bears the LEAGUE name and emblem.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE, organized in November, 1899, became immediately popular with earnest and enlightened young folks, and is now widely recognized as one of the great artistic educational factors in the life of American boys and girls.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE awards gold and silver badges each month for the best original poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers.

## PRIZE COMPETITION No. 252

Competition No. 252 will close November 30. All contributions intended for it must be mailed on or before that date. Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for March. Badges sent one month later.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "The Morning Star."

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "A Strange Mistake."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Young photographers need not print and develop their pictures themselves. Subject, "Along the Way."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "Hospitality," or "A Heading for March."

Puzzle. Must be accompanied by answer in full. Puzzle Answers. Best and neatest complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be addressed to THE RIDDLE-BOX.

No unused contribution can be returned unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of proper size to hold the manuscript or picture.

## RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and upon application a League badge and leaflet will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, must bear the name, age, and address of the sender and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt—and must state in writing—that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender.

If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write in ink on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include "competitions" in the advertising pages or "Answers to Puzzles."

Address: The St. Nicholas League,  
The Century Co.,  
353 Fourth Avenue, New York

## CHILDREN'S BOOK WEEK

JUST a year ago, *St. NICHOLAS* secured for its November issue an admirable special article by Annie Carroll Moore, Supervisor of work with children in the New York Public Library, entitled "Making Your Own Library." This contribution, prefaced by an Editorial note, was to form an introductory good word for the Children's Book Week, inaugurated by the National Association of Booksellers. And, as our readers will remember, our good intentions in this case were foiled by the great printers' strike of the late autumn, which delayed the appearance of *St. NICHOLAS* for November, 1910—as well as many other periodicals for that month—far beyond their usual dates of issue. When the Book Week article reached the *St. NICHOLAS* boys and girls, therefore, the Book Week itself had come and gone. We are glad to announce, however, that, encouraged by the success of the movement, the Booksellers' Association has again set apart a week in November—from the 15th to the 20th inclusive—as Children's Book Week of this year; and so we gladly renew our effort to further this worthy project in behalf of good reading

for boys and girls. The book-stores of the country will be given over during the week to exhibitions of children's books. The campaign has been so thoroughly planned and organized that earnest workers for "more books in the home" may expect to receive during these six days the utmost assistance and cooperation from their local newspapers, libraries, schools, women's clubs, booksellers, clergymen, and Boy Scout leaders. Last year the details were wholly carried out by voluntary assistance; but this year Miss Marion Humble will serve as Executive Secretary, at the headquarters of the National Publishers' Association, 334 Fifth Avenue, New York, where letters of inquiry or suggestion may be addressed to her.

It seems likely, and we ardently hope, that Children's Book Week will become as established a feature of each recurring November as Thanksgiving Day itself. And by way of supplementing the foregoing appeal, we are glad to be able to print here a delightful indorsement of the Book Week by Ralph Henry Barbour, one of the most popular of *St. NICHOLAS* authors:

### EX LIBRIS, JIMMY

As a youngster I was an omnivorous reader, and I did n't care how I got books—short of stealing them. The nearest I came to stealing was borrowing without leave. As I invariably returned what I borrowed, my conscience never troubled me. And of course I made free with my friends' books and was a pest to librarians. But my friends, boys or girls of my own age, seldom possessed the sort of books I wanted, and the librarians, possessing them, frowningly refused them. Even in those days, librarians had begun to develop the censorious quality that to-day, and to my mind, is the least admirable of their many admirable traits. It was n't that my taste demanded harmful books; only that the librarians held to the tenet that unless a book had been actually written for children it should n't be allowed in a child's hands. They would have substituted W. H. G. Kingston for William Black, and I had exhausted Kingston long since. The result of this was that occasionally I bought a book. Sometimes it was a new book, but more often it was second hand. In either case, however, it was my own, and it had twice, nay, many times the value of those borrowed volumes. From nine years on, I accumulated a library. It was a slow work, but steady. At Christmas the library

jumped forward two or sometimes three books at a time. Usually these additions, presents from well-meaning friends or relatives, were held in secret contempt, belonging as they did to the censored class of literature, but sometimes Christmas brought me a real prize; and, anyway, a book was a book, and possession had taught me a new respect for it. My name was written large on the fly-leaf and, in the pride of ownership, I was not above writing it at intervals throughout the volume. Somehow, reading a book that belonged to me gave much more pleasure than reading the same book borrowed from friend or library. Moreover, since I had only to reach to my two-foot shelf for it, many a book was given a second or third or even fourth reading; and a book that gives one real pleasure at the first perusal will always stand a subsequent reading. I would n't dare say how many times I read "The Three Musketeers." After a second reading a book takes on the qualities of an old friend, and even a two-foot book-shelf is beyond the reach of many children, but every boy or girl can at least own a few volumes. And owning them, he or she will find the same pleasure of possession that I felt.

*Ralph Henry Barbour.*

# THE LETTER-BOX

BRUNSWICK, ME.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS—The town in which I live is the seat of Bowdoin College. The poet Longfellow was graduated from this college, and under the window of the room which he occupied in the dormitory is a tablet marked with his name. Was it not odd that Nathaniel Hawthorne was a member of the same class as Henry W. Longfellow?

Every day on my way to school I go by the house in which "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was written.

I like Mrs. Seaman's stories best, and enjoy reading the LEAGUE contributions very much.

I enjoy THE LETTER-BOX ever so much, though this is the first time I have ever written you. I think there is no other magazine in the world that is half so nice as you!

Your admiring reader,

KATHARINE M. LEWIS.

EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS—I think you are a simply lovely magazine. I have taken you for nearly four years, and Mother took you when she was a little girl, too. I used to live in South China, just outside the city of Chang Chiu. One day when I was looking out of my window, I saw a procession of farmers carrying sharpened bamboo sticks and a few guns. As it was about the time of the dragon festivals, I did not think much about it. This was in the morning. Later we heard shots from the city and learned that some bandits and farmers wanted to capture the city, though I do not know why. Their leader had told them that if he swung a censer with burning incense in front of them, they would have victory. This was very absurd because, as we were then in the Civil War, there were troops in the city. They were routed, of course, and fled, but they were all captured, I think.

Your loving reader,

ALICE FAIMY (AGE 12).

WADLEY, ALA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS—You don't know how I look forward to your coming each month and how I have enjoyed "The Mystery of The Sea-Lark" and "Boy Scouts in the North," especially the latter.

I live on the Tallapoosa River just twelve miles from Horseshoe Bend, where Andrew Jackson defeated the Creek Indians. A monument marks the spot where he stood.

A few miles from the bend is a large oak, under which the Indians surrendered. It is called the Peace Oak.

Overlooking the business part of Wadley is a large mound of earth which is said to have been built by the Indians. It is very old, as it is covered with large trees.

I have a nice collection of arrowheads, most of which I found in an old field near my home.

Your devoted reader,

FRANK SCHUESSLER, JR. (AGE 13).

DAISEN-MURA, JAPAN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS—We really live in Hankow, China, and are just staying here for the summer. The village of Daisen, where we are, is about half-way up Mt. Daisen, on the northwestern coast of Japan. It is quite small and there is only one foreign family living here besides ourselves. There are several Japanese temples around here, which are a little different from the ones I have seen in China. The walks and scenery here are lovely.

Maybe you would like to know what we are living in. The house—or rather, bungalow—is really a Japanese temple, although the only place that looks like it is a room that we don't use, which contains some idols and scrolls. The floors are matted, just like all Japanese houses, so we have to take off our shoes before coming in. There are no real walls between the rooms, though they have sliding doors, made of paper. It is like camping out!

We did n't know a word of Japanese before we came here, and as we can all of us speak Chinese, we are always getting the two languages mixed up!

Although I have not taken your magazine very long, you are not entirely new to me, as my brother took you several years ago, and the copies were bound. I have read nearly everything in the old volumes and enjoyed them very much. "The Lucky Sixpence" and "The Lady of the Lane," were my favorites, though all the stories were good. The present copies also contain most interesting stories.

Wishing you the best of success in the years to come, I remain,

Your loving reader,

CHARLOTTE LITTELL (AGE 12).

MAGNOLIA, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for four years, and I don't know what I'd do without you. I have four sisters, and as soon as you come we all start working on the puzzles. Even Mother and Father join in and we have a great time.

Everybody in our family likes sight-seeing. Last summer we saw the old witch-house, and the "House of the Seven Gables" in Salem, the Whipple House, in Ipswich, and a good deal of Gloucester and Boston.

We have driven up the coast as far as Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and as far down as Boston.

About a mile from our house is a rock named Norman's Woe. It was given that name, because it was there that Longfellow got his inspiration to write his poem, "The Wreck of the Hesperus."

I love all the stories in you, but I liked "The Crimson Patch" best.

Thanking you for many happy hours, I remain,

Your devoted reader,

JANET WISE (AGE 12).

FALMAGE, CALIF.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like you ever so much. I have taken you for two years, and I hope to take you many more.

I am writing you about a trip we had which I think is the best time I ever had. I call it a day's outing in northern California.

One hot summer morning we decided we would take a trip, and see if we could find any place to swim.

We live in Mendocino County, about one hundred miles north of San Francisco, where some days the temperature is as high as one hundred and nineteen degrees above zero. While this is very nice to ripen the pears, prunes, apples, hops, grapes, and many other things that grow in this county, it naturally dries up the streams, so there is n't much swimming here.

We had heard there was very good swimming in the Blue Lakes in Lake County, just east of us. So we invited some friends and set out.

Lake County is sometimes called the Switzerland of America. There are lovely lakes in it, surrounded by mountains. Clear Lake is the largest of these lakes, being twenty-seven miles long, the Blue Lakes are not

so large, but are very beautiful because of their deep blue color, from which they are named. They are located right in the middle of the mountains.

It was a very hot journey over there, but what was at the end was worth it. Oh! it was glorious! We had the dandiest time!

Your loving reader,

JOHN ROWE.

ZANESVILLE, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You are the sweetest, most wonderful magazine I ever took or ever expect to take. My mother gave you to me for a birthday present, and then my grandmother gave you to me for Christmas. I often think what I should have missed if they had not given me this wonderful present.

I live in a town of about 30,000 people. It is in the Muskingum Valley. The Licking and Muskingum rivers run through this valley and join in our town. The only "Y" bridge in the world crosses at the junction of these two rivers. The Muskingum River is called "the second Hudson," it is so very beautiful.

Zanesville is noted for its clay. It has the largest tile factory in the world.

The stories I have enjoyed most in your magazine are "The Slipper Point Mystery," and "The Crimson Patch"; and I am now very much interested in "The Happy Venture." But best of all I like THE LETTER-BOX.

I intend to take you as long as I live, even if I live to be a hundred.

Your devoted reader,

JULIA HANDSHY (AGE 14).

MILTON, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you since last Christmas. I enjoy reading you very much. I live at the seashore in summer. I go in swimming almost every day. I play golf quite often. I like "The Mystery of the Sea-Lark" and "The Happy Venture."

Once when I was visiting a friend her father asked us if we wanted to have a guessing contest. We said, "Yes." The subject was, what would be the mystery in "The Mystery of the Sea-Lark" in the concluding issue. The one who gets the nearest to it gets a box of candy.

I have a bicycle and a croquet set, and I beat my mother and aunt yesterday at croquet.

Your loving reader,

MARY HESLEY (AGE 9).

CAMDEN, ME.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You are the best magazine I have ever read. I have taken you for four years. I love "The Crimson Patch" and "Blue Magic." I think that "The Mystery of the Sea-Lark" is exciting.

We have a pair of humming birds around our house in the larkspur and climbing roses. One morning, when it was very damp and cold, I went out on the back porch where the honeysuckle is and happened to look at it, and there on a spray was a mother humming-bird. I could tell this, for a father humming-bird has a ruby throat. Her wings were not moving, and she was all in a heap. I tried to take her off, only she clung so tightly that I had to cut the spray too. Then I brought her into the house where I put her in a box with cotton. At first I thought she might have been injured in protecting her nest, as they have awful temper, and are great fighters, and sometimes kill other birds. I fed her some sugar and water, dropping it into her blue bill. I found out afterward that she was just

cold and hungry. When I was watching her carefully, she opened one eye, then the other, and suddenly flew up to the ceiling. I had a hard time catching her, for I was afraid of breaking her wings, but I finally did. I let her fly out the window, and have n't seen her since.

Your loving reader,

CAROL DUDLEY (AGE 12).

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for only two months, but already I have fallen in love with you. I wanted to subscribe to a magazine, and, after looking over many others, I selected you, as the best, most interesting, and instructive one of them all!

I like "Baldy's Wound Stripe" best of the short stories, and "The Happy Venture" best of the serials.

Every summer we go up to the Thousand Islands, on the St. Lawrence River. There are many interesting spots around there, and one of them is a huge rock in the shape of an oven. It is called the "Devil's Oven." A criminal once hid in the very heart of it. He was hiding from officers who were searching the river for him. His daughter used to row her boat into the opening of the Oven every day, and bring him food. He was captured, in the end, and sent to prison.

I have no brothers or sisters, and, as we live in an apartment, I can have no pets, save a little canary, who is a pretty darling, and the "baby" of the family.

My mother and father have been in Europe since July. They are coming back in October, and I expect they will have a great many interesting things to show and tell me.

I am twelve years old. I shall be in High School this fall. Most of my classmates take ST. NICHOLAS, and we all watch eagerly each month for our copies. We often have "ST. NICHOLAS parties," where we unite in reading the stories, writing for books and articles advertised, and competing for the LEAGUE.

Hoping that I shall take you for many years to come, I remain,

HELEN STROUGH BROWN.

OSAWA, IA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As yet I have read only five numbers, but already I look forward with eagerness to the next one.

Alberta Fish may think Colorado the best State in the Union, but I stick to the Hawkeye State. However, that is natural.

Our acres and acres of green corn-stalks are not surpassed while our fields of waving grain are surpassed only by a few.

I have traveled to the Pacific, and in truth, the West produces wonderful sights. Colorado is a fine State, and holds wonderful scenery within her boundaries.

Our sunsets are beautiful. Sometimes the western horizon is aflame; at other times there is a silver lining through a dark cloud shading; and at still other times fleecy clouds straying here and there are tinted a soft rose, while far to the north and far to the south, the line of the western horizon is rose colored, with tints of other rainbow colors here and there.

There is something in every State which we all love, our own in particular, and before we leave this world I hope one and all of us may have the privilege of traveling from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the palm-tree to the pine, so we may realize what wonderful States all of the forty-eight of our Union are.

A devoted reader,

KATHRYN REEVES (AGE 12).





### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER

**A PRESIDENTIAL ACROSTIC.** Inbitids, Rutherford B. Hayes; third row, George Washington. From 1 to 7, Lincoln 8 to 19, Roosevelt; 17 to 22, Pierce; 23 to 30, McKinley. **Cross-words:** 1. Rigor. 2. Users. 3. Troop. 4. Hurls. 5. Elgun. 6. Reels. 7. Fewer. 8. Ovate. 9. Roses. 10. Dahme. 11. Birk. 12. Hence. 13. Angel. 14. Yates. 15. Ebony. 16. Since.

**DOUBLE DIAGONAL.** From left to right, Lincoln, from right to left, Lincoln. **Cross-words:** 1. Lateral. 2. Biscuit. 3. Tenants. 4. Elector. 5. Economy. 6. Globule. 7. Non-agon. **DIAMONDS CONNECTED BY A SQUARE.** 1. B. 2. Mox. 3. Bough. 4. Ago. 5. H. II. 1. H. 2. Too. 3. Horde. 4. Ode. 5. E. III. 1. Haste. 2. Aspen. 3. Sport. 4. Terse. 5. Enter. IV. 1. E. 2. Ell. 3. Elder. 4. Led. 5. R. V. 1. R. 2. Boa 3. Rough. 4. Ago. 5. H.

**A MISSING SYLLABLE.** Pin-money, pinwheel, pin-cushion, pin-leather. **ZIGZAG.** Roosevelt. **Cross-words:** 1. Reign. 2. Cover. 3. Loose. 4. Abuse. 5. Score. 6. Sieve. 7. Event. 8. Class. 9. Twain.

**CENTRAL ACROSTIC.** Roosevelt. **Cross-words:** 1. Caret. 2. Cloak. 3. Broad. 4. Mason. 5. Bleak. 6. Cover. 7. Cheat. 8. Gelid. 9. Motor.

**ENDLESS CHAIN.** 1. Serve. 2. Vexed. 3. Fdged. 4. Educé. 5. Cello. 6. Lodge. 7. Gelid. 8. Idiot. 9. Other. 10. Erase. 11. Sever. 12. Erose. 13. Serve.

**CHARADE.** U-ten-sill; utensil.

**DIAMOND.** 1. I. 2. Ate. 3. Italy. 4. Elk. 5. Y.

**NUMERICAL ENIGMA.** "None fell with more glory, though many fell and there was much glory."

**KING'S MOVE PUZZLE.** Begin at 27. Hippopotamus, 27 30 47 50 57 67 78 80 98 100 100. Rhinoceros, 80-70 69-70 60 59-68 58-48-40. Elephant, 50 40 20 18 7 16-17-8. Leopard, 9-10-20 10-30-30-38. Camel, 28-37-26 25-15. Lion, 6 5 14-4. Grizzly bear, 13-3-12-2-1 11-22-31-21-32-33. Kangaroo, 24-23-34-35-45-40-55 44. Whale, 54, 43, 52-53-42. Lynx, 41-51-62-61. Tiger, 71 72-81-91-92. Elk, 93-94-84. Bison, 83-82-73-63-64. Walrus, 74-75-65-76-66-77. Giraffe, 88-97-96-87-80-85-95.

**TO OUR PUZZLERS:** Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine must be mailed not later than the 24th of each month, and should be addressed to St. Nicholas Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY Co., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

SOLVERS wishing to compete for prizes must give answers in full, following the plan of those printed above.

**ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER** were duly received from Frances Hankinson—Orrin Judd—Ruth M. Hillis—Mary A. Delaney—Olga Joffe—Miriam J. Stewart—John F. Davis—"Allil and Adil"—Peggy and Mary—Quentin S. Dickins—Margaret Day—Millie and Bennie—Bernard Le Frois—Gwenfredd E. Allen—John S. Littell—Charlotte R. Cabell—"St. Anna's Girls"—No name, Eric.

**ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER** were received from Elizabeth Paisley, 0—Katherine McSwigan, 0—Elinor E. De Voe, 0—Dorothy Pennock, 0—Helen H. Melver, 0—Helen Blackwood, 0—Alyse V. Evans, 0—Doris Howe, 0—Ruth M. Collins, 0—Glady Skaege, 0—Violet Daniel, 0—Mary I. Fry, 8—Margaret H. Monroe, 8—Blanche L. Cunningham, 8—Mildred Black, 8—Betty Muir, 7—Deborah P. Ware 7—Dorothy A. Gilmour, 7—Peggy Howe, 7—Eleanor Taft, 6—Dorothea Maier, 6—Donald H. Wing, 6—Hortense A. R. Doyle, 6—Victoria Sturge, 6—Alice Sherburne, 6—Ruth E. Fiscus, 6—Louise St. Jacques, 5—Fidch Carter, 5—Evelyn Richards, 5—Alice M. Fairfax, 5—J. Hawkins, 4—1. Crawford, 4—E. W. Johnston, 4—E. McLaren, 4—Randolph Braxton, 4—D. N. Teulon, 3—M. Williams, 3—B. Parker, 3—J. C. Potter, 3—J. Paton, 3—L. Sampson—W. R. Kappes, 3—S. Woehler, 3—M. G. Woods, 3—E. Gray, 3—G. E. Whitten, 3—E. F. Mantor, 3—E. A., and M., 3—M. Parker, 3—M. E. Dickson, 3—M. Nelson, 3. Two answers, I. E., N. C., L. E. D., A. T. F., M. L. S., D. D., R. B., M. E. R., C. H., A. H. B., K. K., G. H. L., D. E. H., E. and C., M. W., R. B. One answer, M. B.—A. V.—C. T.—M. S., E. N.—L. R.—H. B.—J. A.—J. L.—M. E.—I. F.—A. W.—C. M. P.—D. E. V.—W. I.—P. R.—V. P.—M. K. O.—M. L.—E. T.—M. A. S.—W. R. G.—L. S.—H. B.—R. R.—11—G. W.—M. V.—M. G.—L. T.—E. D.—N. D.—1. T.—F. P.

### WORD-SQUARES

I. 1. A tree. 2. Once more. 3. To portray. 4. One of a regular line of packet vessels. 5. A vestibule.  
II. 1. To cook in a close oven. 2. To proffer. 3. Burning. 4. To wait upon. 5. Found in every forest.  
III. 1. To dilute. 2. Sensitive. 3. A famous London newspaper. 4. Occurrence. 5. Reposes.

IV. 1. To braid. 2. Riches. 3. A theatrical performer. 4. Fetters. 5. Concise.

R. W. A.

### CROSS-WORD ENIGMA

My first is in cow, but not in horse;  
My second, in horse, but not in squirrel;  
My third is in squirrel, but not in camel;  
My fourth is in camel, but not in rat;  
My fifth is in rat, but not in dog;  
My sixth is in dog, but not in fox;  
My seventh is in fox, but not in bear.  
My whole is a city in the United States.

MARTHA JUDSON (age 11), League Member.

### NOVEL ACROSTIC

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)  
ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initial letters, reading downward, will spell

the name of a famous general who perished in the Great War. Another row of letters, reading upward, will spell the same honored name.

**CROSS-WORDS:** 1. Pertaining to tears. 2. One who objects. 3. A descent of rain. 4. Cheated. 5. Curvature of the spine. 6. Idle. 7. Dainty and suitable. 8. Compasses for measuring the diameter of objects. 9. A peddler. 10. Spreading widely among a community. 11. An element that makes up much of our atmosphere. 12. Accompanied. 13. Banter.

W. HAWTHORNE CARR (age 15).

### ZIGZAG

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)  
ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the zigzag, beginning at the upper, left hand letter, will spell the name of a popular author.

**CROSS-WORDS:** 1. An agreeable combination of sounds. 2. A false tale, maliciously uttered. 3. To mention distinctly. 4. An accumulation of earth and stones left by a glacier. 5. To furnish with money. 6. A king's substitute. 7. One who libels. 8. A writing acknowledging the receiving of anything. 9. Odious. 10. A small hound. 11. Eightfold. 12. Without blemish. 13. Pertaining to the root.

DOROTHEA MAIER (age 14).

# PREFIX PUZZLE



Twelve objects are shown and numbered in the above picture. The same syllable may be prefixed to each object. What is the prefix?

### ENDLESS CHAIN

To solve this puzzle, take the last two letters of the first word described to make the first two letters of the second word, and so on. The last two letters of the fifteenth word will make the first two letters of the first word. The words are all of the same length.

1. Margins. 2. A county in eastern England. 3. To live. 4. To guide in a certain direction. 5. To eat into. 6. An evil spirit. 7. A common vegetable. 8. An assault. 9. A study. 10. To postpone. 11. Blunder. 12. A musical instrument. 13. To join, as a smaller thing to a greater. 14. To have lice. 15. A spirited horse. 16. Margins.

EMELINE HODGINS (age 13), *League Member*.

### METAMORPHOSES

The problem is to change one given word to another by altering one letter at a time, each alteration making a new word, the number of letters being always the same and the letters always in the same order. EXAMPLE: Change *wood* to *coal* in three moves. ANSWER: wood, wool, cool, coal.

1. Change *rake* to *dirt* in four moves.
2. Change *dirt* to *cart* in two moves.
3. Change *cart* to *dump* in four moves.

HARWOOD S. FEEDING (age 10), *League Member*.

### CHANGED HEADS

I am a certain fruit. Change my head and I become dislike; again, and I become an associate; again, and I become the head; again, and I am tardy; again, and I am a portal; again, and I am to appease; again, and I am destiny; again, and I am a Christian name.

DOROTHY McDOT GALE (age 14), *League Member*.

### ADDITIONS

EXAMPLE: Add a letter to *wash* and make a verb. ANSWER: *swash*.

1. Add a letter to *perc* and make a noun, or the mountain.

2. Add a letter to *station*, and make a very eccentric person.
3. Add a letter to *county*, and make a South African antelope.
4. Add a letter to a *story*, and make on high.
5. Add a letter to *always*, and make at no time.
6. Add a letter to a *wise man* and make custom.
7. Add a letter to a *gang*, and make a mechanical power.
8. Add a letter to *above*, and make to hang about.
9. Add a letter to *useful little instruments*, and make discloses.
10. Add a letter to a *useful gram*, and make value.
11. Add a letter to *annoy*, and make churches.
12. Add a letter to *distribute*, and make a model of excellence.
13. Add a letter to a *surface measurement*, and make mother-of-pearl.
14. Add a letter to a *small animal*, and leave a just portion.

The fourteen added letters, in the order they stand, will spell the name of a baby born on the *Mayday*, or

### CONNECTED DIAMONDS

I. UPPER, LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In Latin. 2. To annoy. 3. A simpleton. 4. A tiny mark. 5. In Latin.

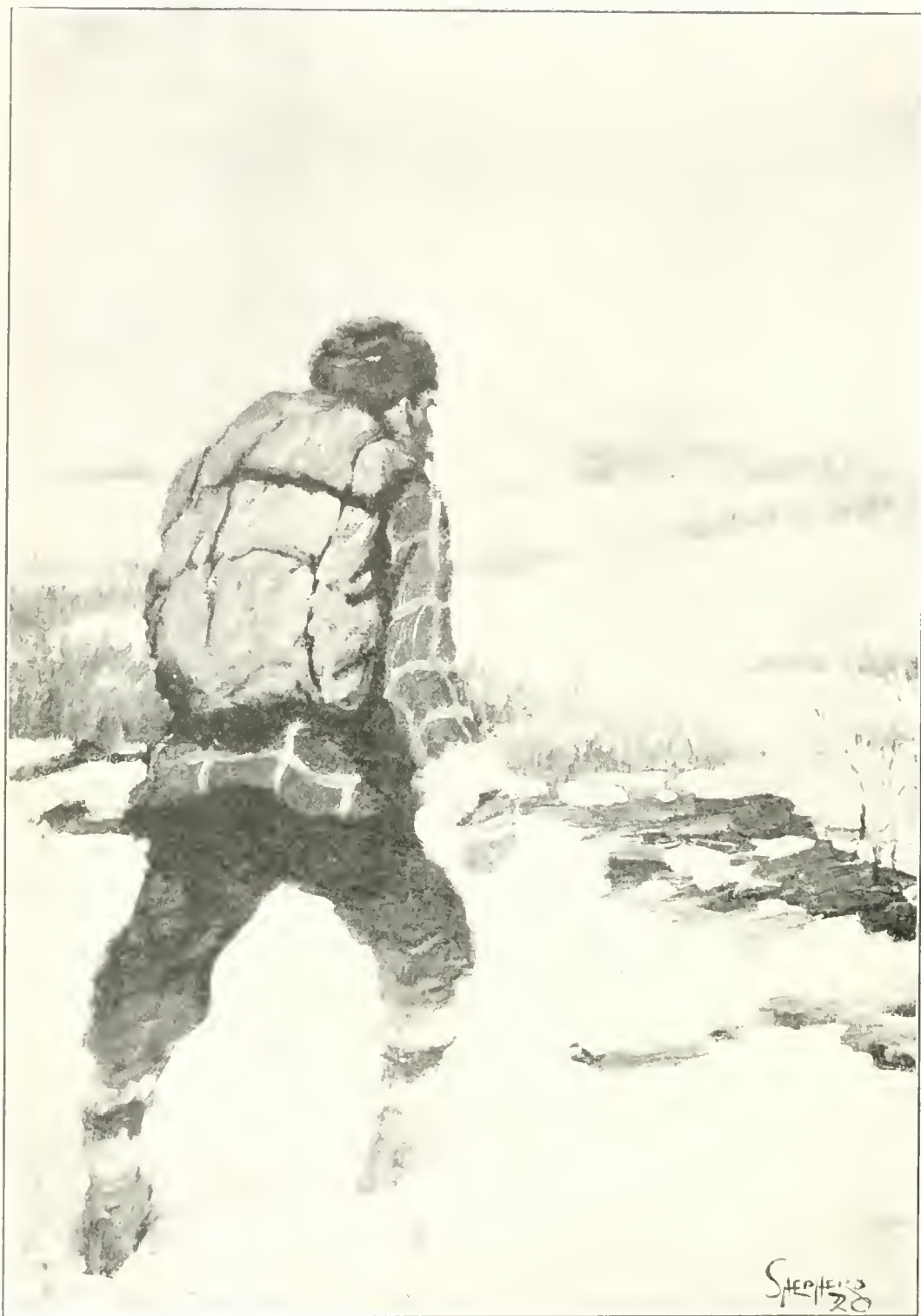
II. UPPER, RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In Latin. 2. An animal. 3. Seized. 4. A number. 5. In Latin.

III. LOWER, LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In Latin. 2. Skill. 3. To discipline. 4. A metal. 5. In Latin.

IV. LOWER, RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In Latin. 2. Dejected. 3. Nautical. 4. A specified period. 5. In Latin.

DOROTHY WELLS (age 10), *League Member*.





STEPHEN  
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"STRAIGHT WHERE THE PILLAR LED ME, ON AND ON I STUMBLER" (SEE PAGE 104)

# ST. NICHOLAS

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## PRUNIER TELLS A STORY

By T. MORRIS LONGSTRETH

Author of "Mac of Placid," "The Catskills," "The Adirondacks," etc.

### PART I

#### THE PILLAR OF CLOUD BY DAY

It was after supper one November evening at Wilderness House, with the sleet dancing on the eaves and the great forest of Wildyrie closing us about with its dark presence, when Essex Lad and I stumbled by chance on the fact that we did n't have to read books for adventure, but merely touch Prunier in some story-telling place, and then—listen.

Prunier, you remember, is the blue-shirted, black-hatted French Canadian who lives with us and thinks he works. He is a broad-shouldered, husky, simple-faced man of forty, who never opens his mouth unless it be to point out a partridge we are overlooking or to put in his black pipe. He spent his youth in the great Northland, where adventures are as common as black flies in a swamp, and yet he had never even explained the scar across his cheek, or the white patch on his scalp where some other excitement had been registered, until that evening when I had closed the Bible.

"Tink dat true?" he had suddenly asked.

I had been reading them how the Lord God had led Moses and the children of Israel across that other wilderness by a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night. It had roused him strangely.

"I know it true," he said, "for *le bon Dieu* show

me way by pillars of cloud and fire *aussi*. If you want story, I tole you dat wan, *moi-même*."

It was our turn to be excited. Here was luck—a vacant evening, a hearth fire, and Prunier promising *une longue histoire*, as he called it. We formed a semi-circle before the blazing birch, and, with the dull beat of the sleet above us for accompaniment, listened for the first word that would launch the black-eyed man upon his tale. It was long coming. He relit the pipe, recrossed his legs, muttered once "Pore ole Pierre," and stopped. We ceased to breathe; for though I could command him to cut wood and wash dishes, I could not force from him a syllable about "Pore ole Pierre" until he was good and ready.

"Monsieur Moses *et moi*, we have purty hard time in wilderness widout doze pillars," he said.

The Lad and I gave a nervous laugh. I could not fancy myself personally conducting forty thousand Hebrews, even through Wildyrie, without much assistance.

"Yaas," he said, "purty hard. I now begin."

And begin he did, slowly and with his quaint talk seasoned with his habitant French, which I'll have to omit in my retelling.

"It was a night just like this, in my little cabin on Wolf River. It had rained and then frozen, and the dark closed in with sleet. A very good night to be indoors, thought ole Pierre and I. Ole Pierre was my best friend, an old husky, who had been trapping with me four-five years. He

knew all that men know, I think, as well as all that dogs understand, and he could smell a werewolf in the twilight."

"A werewolf, what 's that?" was on the very opening of the Lad's lips, but he held back the question.

"A werewolf, you know," went on Prunier, "is worse than real wolf, for it is in the air—a ghost-wolf. That is why ole Pierre sometimes howled in his sleep and kept her from visiting us. That is why I put a candle in the window every dusk-time. As you shall see, it was lucky habit.

"*Eh bien*, that night I was sorting over my traps, for I thought it would turn cold after the storm. Then I would cross Breknek Place and begin the winter's trapping.

"Breknek Place is its name, because the sides of Wolf River come very close together, almost so near a man can jump. Indeed its name is really because a trapper like me was surprised by the wolves and ran for it. But he was too scared, and missed. They never got his body, the wolves, because the river runs so fast down to the Smoky Pool. Smoky Pool is a warm cove in the St. Lawrence that freezes last, and from which clouds of vapor rise on still days into the colder air.

"I never intended to be washed down that way, and in the summer I felled a tree from bank to bank, a broad hemlock, big enough to run a sledge over, almost; and that saved many miles walking up river to Portage du Loup. I never intended, either, to be run by the wolves, you bet! And ole Pierre and I were pretty-very careful to be inside at the candle-lighting time.

"That night our cabin was very quiet, like this, for the sleet was a little pleasant sound, and ole Pierre was dreaming of old hunts, and I was on the floor with the traps, when both the dog and I were brought out of our thoughts by a wild cry, very faint and far away, but as sharp and sudden as a cut of lightning on a summer night.

"The hair on the back of my neck rises just like ole Pierre's, for I know it is the werewolf. And he looks at me and whines, for he knows it, too. I rush and light a second candle, though I have not too many, and look out the pane. But of course, there is nothing to be seen, nothing to be heard, except the moaning of wind in the dark. Yet later I hear a noise, very weak, very unsteady, as if a person was approaching.

"Ole Pierre howls low in his throat and scratches on the door. I reprove him: 'Are you possessed, ole Pierre? There is no soul within sixty—seventy miles. And you and I have done nothing that should let the werewolf in.'

"But it was fearful hearing that stealthy approach, stopping long, then many steps, and a

groan. I get out the Bible and read fast. But there comes a *tap-tap* at the door, and I tremble so the book almost falls from my hand, and ole Pierre, he calls to his saints, too.

"What is the use of looking out, for who can see a werewolf?"

"Presently there is no noise. The *tap-tap* stops; and except for a noise as of a bundle of something dropping against the door, there is nothing to hear except the dull sleet on the eaves, ole Pierre crying in his throat, and the *trip-trip* of my heart that goes like a werewolf pounding on my ribs. A voice inside me says open the door. But another voice says that is a werewolf trick and you will be carried away, Prunier. Twenty times my hand is on the bolt.

"At last I can stand it no longer,—that voice inside saying to me to open,—and I rush to it and throw it open before I have time to think, and a body falls in, against my legs. A long, thin body it is, and I hesitate to touch it, for a werewolf can take any form. But a groan comes from it, and I have not the heart to push it out into the dark. I prop it by the fire and its eyes droop open. 'Food—tie up food.' That is the first word it says.

"I push some medicine for weakness into his mouth, and his life comes back little by little. 'You must take food to her,' he says; and soon again, 'The ship by Smoky Pool—she starves in it—my sister.'

Indeed, I soon saw that he was faint from long travel and no feeding, and perhaps a sickness past thrown in, for he faints much between parts of his account. But I gather the news that he had come very far from some deserted ship in which a sister was starving to death; and alone, since his three partners had cleared out. He begged of me to leave him and take food for her. He cried out that he was dying, and I had to believe him; for death's shadows sat at the entrance to his eyes. I made him glad by placing bread beside him, and by putting on my Mackinaw and the pack after it, in which I had put food.

"A fever of uneasiness stirred him between faints until I had lit a lantern and called to ole Pierre to follow. Then joy shone in his worn eyes, and a blessing on us both followed us out into the icy night.

"With a last look through the window at the stranger, who had now, as I thought, closed his eyes in surrender to the end, ole Pierre and I turned into the endless forest on our long trail to the Smoky Pool. The sleet was freezing as it fell, and the rays of my lantern lit the woods, which seemed made of marble, the dark trunks glistening, the laden boughs hanging down like

chandeliers in a cathedral, and the shrubs glittering like ten million candles as we passed. In such a place, I thought, no werewolf dare attack us.

"Instead, I thought of the trail ahead, the long miles till we came to Breknek Place, the long miles after to the ice-locked arm of the St. Lawrence near by the Smoky Pool. On such an errand we had nothing to fear, though outside

far away, but chasing *me. us*. For ole Pierre knows it, too, and crouches whining at my feet. Ole Pierre knows there is no escape, like me.

"Have you ever seen a wolf-pack run down a deer by turns, leap at its throat, and pull it down? I have once, near *Trois Rivières*, from a safe place on a mountain. And it was bad enough to be in the safe place, only watching. But that night how much worse! I pat ole Pierre on the head



"BOTH THE DOG AND I WERE BROUGHT OUT OF OUR THOUGHTS BY A WILD CRY"

the lantern-shine it was as dark as that one of Monsieur Moses's bad plagues you have read to the Lad so lately.

"We had got within three—four miles of Wolf River, ole Pierre slip-slipping on the ice in front of me, the lantern swinging, my pack beginning to feel like a rest, when for the second time that night a cry shivers across the distance, an awful sound for a lonely man to hear in the night forest.

"It is a long howl, fierce and almost gladsome, like when the evil one is clutching a new victim. And it is answered from the other side of the night by another howl, and then a chorus from both sides at once. And then the trail turns, and I know the pack of them is not chasing deer

and tell him to cheer up, there is no use dying three—four times ahead of time. And as I say that, I think of that other man chased by wolves who had tried to leap at Breknek Place.

"*Tiens!* ole Pierre,' I cry, 'let us do better!' And off I start at a dead run, feet slipping sideways, lantern swinging, pack rising, falling, like a rabbit's hind leg, with ole Pierre chasing after. It is less than a mile to the narrow gorge. Could we make that, perhaps I could throw the big hemlock in and stop them from crossing after us. A revolver is no good against a pack, and going up a tree is only putting off till to-morrow their big feast on habitant.

"The quick motion of our running put courage

in our blood, and after a little while even ole Pierre's brush waves higher in the air, as if he had remembered some fight of old, and we gallop. We gallop, but the wolves they gallop too. First on one side far off, then on the other nearer, and ever as the trail winds in a new direction they sound like pack on pack of them, although there might have been less than ten. It is only late in the winter with us, when the snow is deep, that they gather into big packs to pull down the moose.

"At length, breathless, very tired, but still ahead of them, ole Pierre and I come out into the clear space just before the river. It was very slippery with frozen sleet, and I fall once—twice; and ole Pierre slide here—there, like a kitten on new ice. Ahead of us roars the river through the deep gorge. Behind on two sides the howling comes from the forest, and once, when I look back, I see them. But that can't be, for it is so dark. Yet I imagine I see them—black, racing forms, tongues out, muzzles sharp and red, and a green-yellow fire from the eyes.

"And it was so. For before we reach the fallen hemlock, our bridge to safety, two come between us and the river. With a yell, I fire straight where they were, but it is too dark, too slippery to hit, and they only circle back to wait till their partners come up. I fling myself down breathless, weak, for just two seconds' wind.

"Cross, ole Pierre, cross over, *mon enfant!*" And he trotted to the long log, but crawled back with his tail dragging, and whined about me. Black shadows, five, ten, twelve maybe, circled outside the ring of my lantern-light, and the green-yellow eyes were no imagination now. But they were quiet, intent on closing in. With the lantern, which was our only salvation from their fangs, in one hand and my revolver in the other, I backed to the hemlock, calling to ole Pierre to follow. He is trembling, and I soon know why; for when I put my foot on our bridge to safety, it cannot stay, and I nearly plunge headlong into the rocky stream thirty feet below. The log was slippery with frozen mist. We were trapped. At our backs, a river not to be crossed; about us, a crew of wolves getting bolder every minute.

"Courage, ole Pierre!" I cried; and I fired once into them. There was a shrill howl and cry, and several made a rush toward us, instead of away. I drop the lantern to load my revolver. Ole Pierre brushes against it, and in a second it starts to glide down the slope on the sleet-ice. It goes faster, I gaping after it, slips with a flicker over the edge, and we hear it crash and tinkle on the rocks down there!

"*Quel horreur!*" It was savage. The kerosene flares up, and for once I see the whole scene plainly; the gorge, a great leap wide at its narrowest, spouting light; the ice-silvered hemlock-bridge leading to safety, but uncrossable except for a circus-dancer; a fringe of bushes, with the sudden-illuminated forms of strong-shouldered wolves cowering in their surprise at the light.

"Ole Pierre and I had three minutes,—I thought the kerosene would last that long,—then darkness, a rush from the dark, hot fangs feeling for the throat, and there would be no ole Pierre, no Prunier to rescue the girl in the ship from starvation.

"And at the thought of her came the picture of my little cabin, the fire we had left, the coziness of it. It made me mad—to die!

"Quick, ole Pierre," I say. "*Allons!*" We will crawl over the bridge," and I kneel on it. But my knees slip. I sit on it and push myself along, until I can see the wrecked lantern, going slowly out. I call to ole Pierre, and he comes out two—three paces, whines, cries, lies down and trembles. The light is fading and when it goes it is our end. But I cannot leave ole Pierre.

"I crawl back and take him in my arms, a very big arm-load. The light is fading. I cannot see the bushes. And the eyes of the indistinct brutes again begin to gleam. They approach the end of the tree. Ole Pierre is too big to carry, and I set him down to fix my cartridges so that I can get them easily. It is not so long to dawn. If we can hold them at the end of the bridge till dawn, we might live.

"Suddenly a fearful thing happens: the kerosene flares up in a dying leap, then the dark rushes at us, and, with a concert of snarls, the pack comes with it. Ole Pierre is brave, but, as they reach us, the rush of them cannot stop on the ice, and I feel the hair of one, I hear his jaws. I know that they are pushing toward the edge, and in the dark I have to feel for ole Pierre.

"There is an awful *melée*, and I fire. By the flash I see ole Pierre by the brink, with two big wolves upon him. I drop my revolver to clutch at him. A dark form leaps at me. I have my knife in my teeth. I drive it hard and often, sometimes growling like a wolf myself, sometimes calling to ole Pierre.

"Once more the lantern flares enough to show the blood on my knife, the heap of struggling forms flung on my dog, and as it dies for the last time I fancy them sliding—sliding. I rush to save him, but must beat back a great hot-breathed creature whose jaws just scrape my scalp. We are all sliding together now, faster, faster, toward the edge of the gorge. A dripping muzzle tears my cheek,—it is this scar you see,—but with both



hands I throttle it; and clutching with a sort of madness, I hold as we go over the edge—down, all together down—Pore ole Pierre!"

Prunier stopped. For an hour Essex Lad and I had listened, more and more intently, until now, when the subdued sound of his slow-speaking ceased, we were both gripping the edge of our chairs, falling over the edge of that gorge with him, sympathetically. I could have imagined the least noise into the click of jaws.

But there was no noise, the Lad sitting perfectly rigid, speechless, staring at the man. Presently he put out a hand, slowly, and touched the guide as if to make sure that the fall had not been fatal. And still neither of us spoke. Prunier was going to recommence. He opened his mouth, but it was only to yawn.

"*Mon Dieu*," he said, "but I sleep! It ees very late." And the man actually rose.

"But '*mon Dieu*,'" I said, "you can't leave us falling over a precipice! What happened? Tell us at least what happened. And you have n't even mentioned the pillar of fire or of smoke."

"*C'est une très longue histoire*." ["It is a very long story."]

"Poor ole Pierre!" said the Lad, as if coming out of a dream; "did it kill him?"

Prunier shook his head, no. "It kill only the wolves we landed on—*geplump!* We had stopped on a gravel ledge, with the cold breath of the river rushing by a foot away. I never lose sense. I begin chuck wolves into the river. Three—four—five, in they go, my back bending, my back straightening, and *gesplash!* another howl down-stream! I think I never lose sense. But I did." He stopped again, and rubbed a slow hand across his summer-tanned

brow. "I must have losed sense. In the morning there are *no* animals on the ledge."

"You mean—" began the Lad, and did not finish.

Prunier nodded.

"But he would not have lived anyway," I said,



"I MUST BEAT BACK A GREAT HOT-BREATHED CREATURE"

to ease the pain in his memory. "Ole Pierre could not have lived with all the wolf-bites he must have had."

"I hope he know I was not in my sense," said Prunier. "*Alors*, dawn came soon, and I cross the stream on big rocks and climb up birch sapling to the opposite bank. I look back. No sign of wolves. I look forward, no sign of life

to the north pole, no forest even, just endless plain to the frozen river endless far away.

"I give a big groan, for there is no strength in my legs, no courage in my heart, and I feel like falling on my knees and asking *le bon Dieu* to show me the way. And it was as if He had heard, for suddenly my eye is caught by a thin pillar of white ascending into the gray sky.

"'Courage,' I said, 'it is His sign.' I fixed my torn pack, bound up my cheek and scalp, and made over the glassy surface of the plain straight where the pillar led me. On and on I stumbled. I would never have reached my errand's end but for that pillar of smoke. And if I had not reached it—" Again there was a pause. Then, "I will tell some other time," he said, "*c'est une longue histoire.*"

Not another word could we get from him, and we soon turned in. The last thing I remember was the Lad's voice coming to me from his bed, "Don't forget, Lucky, we'll get his pillar of fire out of him, too."

## PART II

### THE PILLAR OF FIRE BY NIGHT

By next morning our storm of sleet had turned into a half-blizzard of snow and we put another great birch log on the fire, got out a new can of Prunier's favorite pipe tobacco, and generally made ready to extract the rest of his story from him when he had finished straightening up the kitchen.

"Yaas," he said, "the next day to the day I was telling you about was just such another as this. All that morning I walked toward *le bon Dieu's* pillar of smoke, and in the afternoon I reached it, rising from the great whirling pool of steaming water into the gray sky that was thickening for a great snow—the real beginning of winter.

"Not far from the Smoky Pool, just as the dead man had said it would be, rode the schooner in the ice-locked cove where she had been wrecked. All was as still as a scared mouse. Behind me rose that white wavering pillar; and in front the vessel leaned a little, as if to subside into a wave-trough that would never receive her. But silence covered all, and I dreaded to enter that ship for fear of what I should see.

"But the dead man had been a better brother than he had been a ship-pilot, for he had left his sister most of the food; and when my footfalls sounded uncannily loud upon the deck, she came running out of the cabin, a thin-checked, pale, -lim woman. How she smiled! How the smile died from her face when she saw it was not her brother, but a stranger, torn, bloody-banded, ready to drop for fatigue!

"'Tell me, tell me quickly, what has happened. Who are you?' She steadied herself against the cabin doorway. 'Is my brother—not living?'

"I had not the heart or the words to tell her at that moment that I had left her brother closing his eyes in death in my little cabin so far away. I think I asked *le bon Dieu* to put words in my mouth that would not cause her to faint. Anyway, the words came from me: 'Your brother sent me. I left him—happy.'

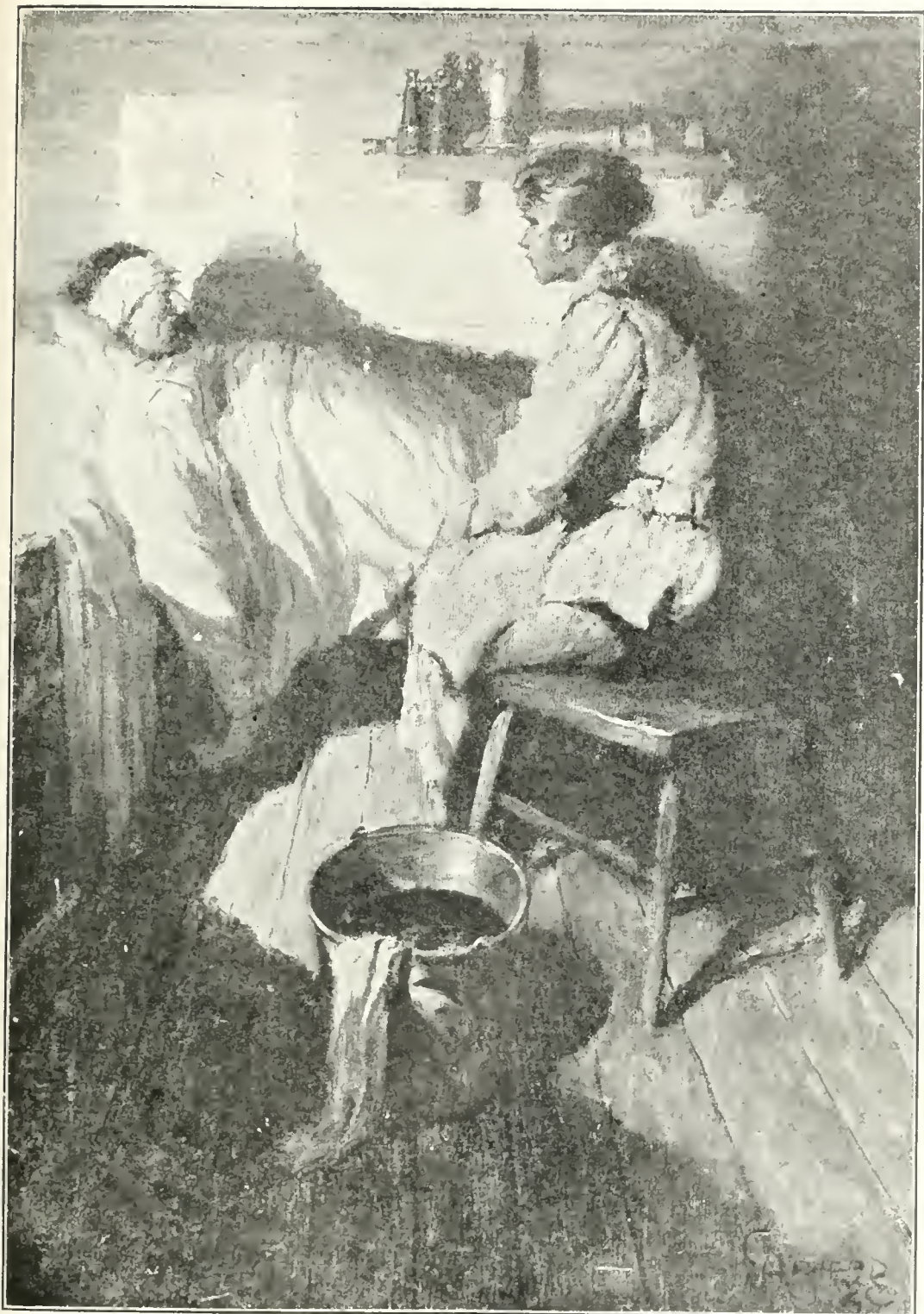
"'I knew God would not desert me entirely,' she said. 'When will he return?'

"'When *le bon Dieu* leads the way,' I said, and I told her about the pillar of cloud which had guided me to her.

"She pointed aloft, and I saw a lantern tied to the masthead. 'I have put it there to light every night until he returns,' she said. 'It will be lit many a night,' said I to myself; and I must have sighed aloud, for she looked curiously at me. 'I am cruel!' she exclaimed; 'I must show you your room.' She said it with almost a laugh, for it was a funny little bunk she led me to. Into it I crawled, and off to sleep I went, scarcely conscious that she washed the blood from my face and ministered to my other wounds. When I woke, it was the next day.

"And such a day as it was! one thick smother of snow coming up the great valley of the St. Lawrence on a bitter wind. And bitter cold it was, too, in the little cabin of our schooner, though the fire in the stove did its best. I was too sick, though, to know much what was going on. Several times I heard the chopping of a hatchet. Several times she came to me with hot food. And as the day passed, strength came back to my blood and I got up. I surprised her lighting the lantern and taking it out into the wild evening. I tried to stop that, fearing some accident to her in the roar and rush of the storm, but she said her brother must be lighted back, and so in the end it was I who had to haul the swaying lantern to the masthead.

"For three days the snow flew by and heaped an ever-increasing drift across the deck, around the cabin door. On the fourth day we looked out on a scene of desolation. The sun shone dimly in skies of pinching cold. There was no pillar of smoke, the pool having at last been frozen over. There was a wide river of ice, piled in fantastic floes, a wider plain, spotted here and there with thickets. And far off ran the dark line of forest, inhabited by wolves which would speedily become fiercer. In the forest far away stood my little cabin with its dead man keeping guard. It would be long before I should see it, if I ever did. Without snowshoes, it would be impossible to cross the forest now; without food, we could live only a short time longer on the ship. And then I made the discov-



"OFF TO SLEEP I WENT, SCARCELY CONSCIOUS THAT SHE MINISTERED TO MY WOUNDS"

cry that our stove fire was being maintained by schooner wood. That had accounted for her chopping and for her grave face as she carried in the wood. She had been breaking up a part of the ship each day to keep the fire going!

"The responsibilities upon me made me forget my sorrows, the death of ole Pierre, the lost time for trapping, the pinch of hunger. I made a makeshift pair of skees from two plankings of the schooner, and journeyed daily to some thicket by the shore wherein I had set my snares, and we lived on rabbit stew. With much labor I cut a hole in the ice, through which, with much patience, she fished. But days went by when it was too stormy either to hunt or to fish, and we sat huddled about the stove in which we burned as little wood as we could to keep from freezing.

"During such times we talked, but not of the future, only of the past. She told me how they, she and her brother, had set out on a rumor of gold in the Laurentians; how the crew had deserted in a body with most of the stores; how she and her brother had been unable to man the ship sufficiently to keep it from this disaster. A dozen times she described the scene where he had said farewell to her on the morning of the day he had found me. A hundred times she asked me to tell her of our meeting; and a thousand, I may well say, she wondered how soon he would return.

"Every evening she had me hang the lantern to the mast to guide him back. I could not prevent it, except by telling of his death, and that I could not do. I feared that the news, coupled with our desperate situation, would end her life. As it was, she was far too weak to travel now, even if I had had the snow-shoes for her.

"Thus passed the first days. Then I saw that something must be done or else we should soon have burned up the house that sheltered us, deck, mast, and hull, before Christmas. Even then we were beginning on the walls of the schooner, since she would not let me chop down the mast.

"There will be no place to hang the lantern if you destroy that!" she cried, when she had rushed out on deck one morning, to find me half-way through the strong oak.

"Your brother will not travel by night," I said.

"How do you know?" she asked, a new harshness in her tired voice; "you, who will tell me so little about my brother!"

"This was an unkind reproach, for I had indeed stretched the facts too much already in order to comfort her.

"We cannot freeze," I replied. "You would not want him to arrive and find us dead. I have measured out the fuel and know it is unwise not to begin on these unnecessary parts of the ship first."

"Do not call my signal-mast unnecessary!"

she called, her two thin hands beating upon the wood. "You are cruel. You would keep my brother from me."

"From that morning there began a sullenness between us, which was nourished by too little food, and by being shut up in that bit of a schooner cabin too long together. For relief's sake, when I was not off snaring rabbits or looking for some stray up-river seal with my revolver in my hand, I began building an igloo, a hut of snow you know, not far from the ship. I thought that the time must be prepared for when we should have chopped up our shelter, and have pushed our home piecemeal into that devouring stove.

"She made no comment on my preparations. In fact, we did not talk now, except to say the most necessary things. I was not sorry, for it relieved me from telling over and over that impossible story of her brother's return. I was convinced now that he had died, and my heart grieved for her final discovery of the news. But the saddest thing was to see the hunger for him grow daily stronger on her face. And it was pitiful, too, to watch her light the lantern with hands weak enough to tremble, to attach it to the signal-rope, and pull it to the masthead. She would never let me assist her in this act.

"To-morrow we must move," I said one night. "I have completed the igloo. It will economize our fuel."

"She nodded, weakly, as if she cared little what happened on the morrow.

"And unless we catch a seal, we must save oil," I added. The waste of burning a lantern to attract a dead man's notice had got upon my nerves. "Please do not light it to-night, else we will go into the new year dark."

"I shall not give up my brother!" she cried, with all her strength, "for he will not give up me. But why does he not come? Why does he not come?"

"It was heart-wringing to see her—to know what was in store. But it would have been less kind of me to let this deception go on.

"He will never come," I said, as softly as I could; "there is no use in the light. Let us save oil."

"Her weary, searching eyes questioned my face for the first time in days, and then she struck a match and applied it to the wick.

"He will come," she said calmly, "for God will guide him, and I am helping God." She went out into the dusk, and I heard the futile lantern being pulled up to the masthead. I could not bear to interfere.

"So, since save fuel we must, I began practising deceit by stealing out the lantern evening, lowering the signal and extinguishing it, then hoisting the black lantern into place. But she guessed; and on

the second night, as I had my hand upon the rope to lower it, she grasped my arm, her eyes flashing, her weak voice vibrant like the storm-wind.

"'Do you dare?' she said; 'do you dare betray me? You do not *want* my brother.' And with fury she grasped the rope and jerked it from my hand. A sudden anger filled me.

"'Unreasonable woman,' I cried, 'we must have

about the ship. With a wild shriek, the woman began to carry snow from a drift on the prow and sprinkle it on the spreading conflagration. She might as well have tried to extinguish it with her tears. In two minutes, yellow tongues were running up the mast—that mast I had hoped would warm our igloo for a fortnight. In three, there was no hope of a splinter of the cold-dried boat re-



THE WOMAN AND I WERE BEATEN BACK BY THE HEAT."

the mast for firewood; we must have the oil for light in the igloo! Let me alone!

"'Let *me* alone!' she screamed, struggling for the rope.

"It must have been insecurely fastened. At any rate, we had not been contending many seconds in the darkness for the control of the light above our heads when we heard a rattle and saw it coming down upon us. I pushed her away just in time. The lantern struck some metal, burst, and the spattering oil caught fire in the swiftness of a thought.

"For the first moment we were dumb; in the second, horror-struck. As a serpent darts its tongue, rills of oil spread down the plank-seams of the deck; and from each rill, flame leaped and ran

maining. I made one plunge into the cabin and grabbed an arm-load of clothes and food, and ran with them to the igloo. But when I had returned, there was no chance for a second try. The cabin was a furnace of eager flame.

"The woman, the weeping cause of this, and I were beaten back by the heat, and at the opening of our only refuge now, the hut of snow, we stood and watched the swift destruction of the schooner's hulk. About us, the night's darkness was driven to its dusky horizons. Overhead, the zenith was lit by the up-roaring pillar of fire which had so lately been a mast, a deck, a ship. We looked in silence, while the tower of flame rushed into the sky, like a signal to the wilderness. But a signal of what? Two houseless individuals,

robbed of their store of food, with no means of moving, and nowhere to move."

Prunier paused, and Essex Lad drew a long breath. It was his first for minutes.

"So that was your pillar of fire?" I said, "It seems to me more like one of Satan's than the Lord's."

Prunier made an expressive gesture with his pipe. "*Le bon Dieu* does all things for the best," he said reverently. "*Alors*. We stood there watching, the heat reaching us, and even eating maliciously into the white walls of our last hiding-place. But that did not go on long, for the ship was pouring its soul too lavishly into that hot pyre to last.

"'Quick,' I said to my fellow-outcast, 'drink in all the heat you can, for this is the end.'

"'And it is my fault!' she said; 'can you forgive me?'

"'Can you?' I asked. 'We must be brave now. Let us warm ourselves while there are coals to warm us. Let us warm our wits and think, for before day dawns we must have a plan.'

"'It is too hard,' she said hopelessly.

"'Trust God for one night more. Perhaps I can make a sledge and pull you to my cabin. There is food there.'

"'You are too weak,' she said. And I knew that she was right.

"As the pillar of fire died down until it was a mere bright spiral of gilded smoke, and after the sides of the schooner had burned to the water-line, leaving great benches of blackened ice about, we drew nearer and nearer to the lessening warmth. Darkness and cold and the northern silence shut us in.

"We spoke in whispers, but hope died in me with the fading fire. What chance for escape was there with a half-starved woman across a great snow-plain; and then through forests deep with the first snows and roamed by wolves, whose savageries I had tasted?

"Luckily there was no wind. Smaller and smaller was the circle of light, weaker and weaker the heat. And freder and more tired grew our heads that could see no light of safety ahead.

"I think, sitting close together there, we dozed. Certainly not for long, however, because the pillar of fire, though now a mere thread, was still pointing a finger into *le bon Dieu's* heaven, when I heard a *crunch, crunch!*

"'Wolves!' I said to myself, coming to my senses with a jerk. I felt for a revolver, but the only one had been left in the cabin.

"'Dear Lord,' I prayed, 'spare us this.'

"But the crunch came nearer, nearer, like the soft footfalls of many beasts, yet not quite like

them either. I grasped a black-charred spar; ran it into a heap of red ashes to make it as deadly a weapon as possible. A little flame sprang from the pile, and in its light I went to grapple with this new danger.

"The woman had heard, and, with a little scream, sprang to her feet and quickly came up behind me, put her hand upon me, and cried: 'He has come! It is my brother who has come!'

"And, as in the Bible, where Monsieur Moses spoke to the rock and the water gushed from it, so the woman cried into the dark and an answering voice sprang from it—a voice as from the dead.

"I stood trembling, too weak to move.

"'You made a fine signal,' the voice said. 'Thank God for it!'

"'Yes, thank *le bon Dieu*, for it was His pillar of fire,' I said. 'Who are you?'

"'The rescued come to rescue' he replied; 'her brother.'

"His sister had sunk upon the snow. As he bent to pick her up, I saw the extra pairs of snowshoes on his back, I noticed my toboggan that he was pulling, and the stores of food upon it.

"'You are strong again,' I said, wishing to pinch him to see whether he was he, or a trick of some werewolf who was deceiving me.

"'Thanks to your food,' he said.

"'But you have been long coming, brother,' said she, weakly. 'Why so long?'

"'All the bays are much alike,' he explained; 'and when the Smoky Pool was frozen, I lost my only clue. I was getting always farther away on my hunt, when the Lord turned and led me here by His pillar of fire.'

"And the three of us, standing there in the dark of earliest dawn beneath the Great Bear, we keep still and say three—four prayers from ourselves to that same Jehovah who had guided Monsieur Moses, for the making of us safe."

PRUNIER ceased abruptly and knocked out his pipe upon the hearth-side, then gazed reminisciently out into the falling snow.

I was busy with the picture in my brain of that blackened hulk, the frail woman and her almost helpless companion standing there in the midst of that gray waste of coming dawn. But the Lad's mind had already gone scouting on before.

"And were you made safe, Prunier?" he asked.

"Oh, *certainement!*" said the guide, almost drolly. "I'oyez, I am here."

"Then tell us—" commanded the insatiable youth.

"*Mais, cette une longue histoire,*" was all we heard.



A PORTRAIT. PAINTED BY LYDIA FIELD EMMET



CARRIE

MAGGIE

NELLIE

EMMA

HELEN

THE YOUNG EDITORS OF "LITTLE THINGS"

## "LITTLE THINGS"

*A Paper Edited and Printed by Five Young Sisters*

By BELLE MOSES

About fifty years ago, in a quiet spot among the Pennsylvania hills, the little town of Brinton, here lived five ambitious young sisters.

In those days, education, outside of the most elementary studies, was such an expensive luxury that many active and eager minds starved for lack of food; and in the case of the Lukens household, these five girls were sorely beset by the need of it.

They ranged in age from seventeen years down and they lived with their father, their mother having died when the eldest sister was eight years old. Mr. Lukens, a very serious and sorrowful man, must have found the bringing up of five lively little girls somewhat of a puzzle.

Naturally, upon the oldest girl fell some of the duties of her dead mother, and as the youngest was little more than a baby at that time, we can imagine what a big amount of "mothering" this big sister was obliged to do.

They were very poor, but Mr. Lukens, being a man of intelligence, was eager to give his children something in the way of an education. The two older girls attended the "academy" in a near-by town, but there came a time—one very hard year—when the family exchequer could not cover all the family expenses *and school* besides; so the five little sisters were forced to stay at home and study as best they could.

About this time a great light shone in the literary sky and chased the shadows from many humdrum lives. From a little country town almost as obscure as their own, a very modest young author sent forth a very modest volume which she called "Little Women." Louisa M. Alcott was the name of this author who told to

millions of eager young girls the true and simple story of herself and her sisters. The first volume had already found its way to the Lukens girls, who read it over and over; and, naturally, it created a peculiar bond of sympathy between these five little girls and those four little girls in the story, who, like them, had to work and struggle in order to make ends meet. The second volume had recently been given to the eldest sister as a birthday gift while visiting her aunt in Philadelphia. She was allowed to choose between a garnet pin and a book. When the book proved to be the second part of "Little Women" her delight knew no bounds; she read it all the way from the book-shop to her aunt's door.

When she went home to Brinton the book was seized upon by the other girls, who immediately placed Miss Alcott on a pedestal and worshiped at her shrine.

Now that they had a long and dreary winter to face with neither school, nor schoolmates, nor school parties, they cast about in their active minds for some pastime to take the place of all those delights, and they suddenly decided to follow the example of the *March* girls and have a family paper of their own, fashioned upon the lines of the famous "Pickwick Portfolio."

The oldest sister, Carrie, was to write "thrilling serials and love-stories"; the second sister, Maggie, was to be the editor; the third sister, Nellie, would occupy the "Poet's Corner," and the two little girls, Emma and Helen, were to appear on the puzzle page.

They kept their little venture a secret, but they went to work in earnest, until the first number of



"Little Things" saw the light, surprising various relatives and friends. It was in manuscript form, written on eight double-column pages of foolscap paper, and the enterprising young publishers made several copies for distribution.

When their father heard of the scheme, he saw the great educational value of what his girls were doing, "and from that day," writes one of the editorial staff, "'Little Things' became a bigger thing than any of us had dreamed of, or wholly desired."

The first two numbers were hand written. Think of the infinite pains and patience brought to such a task! But a printer friend came to their rescue, lent them a press, and initiated them into the mysteries of the craft. Their sitting-room was converted into a printing-office, with its press, cases of type, and all the other paraphernalia. Printing was a much more cumbersome affair in those days than it is now, with all the modern devices for saving time and labor. The girls had to hire a man to pull the lever of the press, while they nearly broke their backs bending over to set type in the old-fashioned way.

In May, 1871, the first printed number of "Little Things" appeared, and the subscription price of twenty-five cents was gladly paid by curious friends and relatives. Afterward, when the paper had a wider circulation, they increased the subscription to seventy-five cents.

The following poem, taken from one of the numbers, shows what this little sheet was supposed to stand for, and one can see through every line and every column how earnestly these five

little women endeavored to live up to their principles.

LITTLE THINGS

A spider is a little thing,  
 But once a spider saved a king;  
 The little bees are wiser far  
 Than buffaloes or lions are;  
 Little men may do much harm;  
 Little girls may learn to charm;  
 Little boys may shame their sires,  
 And little sparks become great fires;  
 A little pen may write a word  
 By which a nation shall be stirred,  
 A little money, wisely spent,  
 A world of sorrow may prevent;  
 A little counsel, tightly given,  
 May lift a sinful soul to Heaven,  
 Little losses, day by day,  
 Would waste old Rothchild's wealth away;  
 A little needle in the eye  
 Would cause an elephant to die,  
 A little fault, if left to grow,  
 An emperor may overthrow;  
 A little word but spoke in jest,  
 May rob your neighbor of his rest;  
 A little selfishness and pride  
 The kindest household may divide,  
 Little vices many times  
 Out-Herod felonies and crimes;  
 And little virtues in the sum  
 Great excellences do become.

This poem was carefully written on the first page of the second number of their paper; it was taken from a collection of verses called "Melodies for Children," and was probably selected, among other reasons, because of its title.

Early in its history, the paper was sent to Miss Alcott, who had furnished the inspiration, and gradually a sincere friendship sprang up between

I like to help women help them-  
 selves, or that is, in my opinion,  
 the best way to settle the woman  
 question. Whatever we can do I do  
 well we have a right to, & I don't  
 think any one will deny us.  
 So best wishes for the success of  
 Little Things & its brave young  
 proprietors.  
 Yours truly L. M. Alcott.

Louisa May and her five admirers. Many letters were exchanged, and by request they received a photograph of the author, who was much amused at their very open disappointment that she was not the young girl that their fancy had painted.

"I send you the last photograph I have," she wrote in a postscript to one of her letters, "not very good, but you can't make a Venus out of a tired old lady."

In return, the girls sent their pictures and received a most enthusiastic letter of thanks; and though it was never their good fortune to meet, these five girls dearly prized the helpful association.

The little leaflet grew and grew. In August, 1873, its name was changed to "Young Folks' Journal" and the sheet was enlarged. Copies were sent to various well-known people besides Miss Alcott, who had become a regular subscriber; among these we find the names of Julia Ward Howe, Charles Sumner, Wendell Phillips, Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, and John G. Whittier.

The young editors of the paper even commenced to purchase outside material; but Miss Alcott

wrote for them "for love—not for money," as she told them, a three-part story called "Patty's Place," which has never been published elsewhere and will therefore be of peculiar interest to many readers of *ST. NICHOLAS*.

The little venture died in the heyday of its glory. It had reached a subscription list of a thousand and was still growing, but the girls' strength was not equal to the labor, which increased with every issue. After all, they were only girls, full of life and fun, and the confining work cut them off from all relaxation and amusement. They had proved themselves equal to the emergency and so, with flying colors, they made their final number and handed over their subscription list to the publishers of another periodical.

But "Little Things" had done its work; and these five young sisters were all the better and the wiser for this experience which fired their ambition and stimulated their energies. And girls of to-day, who have many more opportunities for making life worth while, might find some inspiration in this simple chronicle.

*And here is the story that Miss Alcott wrote for "Little Things"*

## PATTY'S PLACE

By LOUISA M. ALCOTT

### PART I

#### HOW SHE FOUND IT

PATTY stood at one of the windows of the Asylum looking thoughtfully down into the yard where twenty girls were playing.

All had cropped heads, all wore brown gowns and blue aprons, and all were orphans like herself. Some were pretty and some plain, some rosy and gay, some pale and feeble, but all seemed happy and having a good time in spite of many drawbacks.

More than once one of them nodded and beckoned to Patty, but she shook her head and away and still stood listlessly watching them and thinking to herself, with a child's impatient spirit:

"Oh, if some one would only come and take me away! I'm so tired of living here I don't think I can bear it much longer."

Poor Patty might well wish for a change, for she had been in the Asylum ever since she could remember; but though every one was very kind to her, she was heartily tired of the place and longed to find a home as many of the girls did.

The children were nursed and taught till old enough to help themselves, then were adopted by

people or went out to service. Now and then some forlorn child was claimed by relatives who had discovered it, and once the relatives of a little girl proved to be rich and generous people who came for Katy in a fine carriage, treated all the other girls in honor of the happy day, and from time to time let Katy visit them with hands full of gifts for her former playmates and friends.

This event had made a great stir in the Asylum, and the children were never tired of talking it over and telling it to new-comers as a modern sort of fairy-tale. For a time each hoped to be claimed in the same way, and stories of what they would do when their turn came was one of the favorite amusements of the house.

By and by Katy ceased to come, and gradually new girls took the places of those that left, and her good fortune was forgotten by all but Patty. To her it always remained a splendid possibility, and she comforted her loneliness by visions of the day when her "folks" would come for her and bear her away to a future of luxury and pleasure, rest and love.

But no one came, and year after year Patty worked and waited, saw others chosen and herself left to the many duties and few pleasures of her

dull life. The reason why she was not taken was because of her pale face, her short figure with one shoulder higher than the other, and her shy ways. She was not ill now, but looked so, and was a sober, quiet little woman at thirteen.

People who came for pets chose the pretty little ones; and those who wanted servants took the tall, strong, merry-faced girls, who spoke up brightly and promised to learn and do any thing required of them.

The good matron often recommended Patty as a neat, capable, gentle little person, but no one seemed to want her, and after every failure her heart grew heavier and her face sadder, for the thought of spending her life there was unbearable.

Nobody guessed what a world of hopes and thoughts and feelings was hidden under that blue pinafore, what dreams the solitary child enjoyed, or what a hungry, aspiring young soul lived in that crooked little body.

But God knew, and when the time came He remembered Patty and sent her the help best fitted for her needs. Sometimes when we least expect it a small cross proves a lovely crown, a seemingly unimportant event becomes a life-long experience, or a stranger changes into a friend.

It happened so now, for as Patty said aloud with a great sigh, "I don't think I can bear it any longer!" a hand touched her shoulder and a voice said gently:

"Bear what, my child?"

The touch was so light and the voice so kind that Patty answered before she had time to feel shy.

"Living here, ma'am, and never being chosen out as the other girls are."

"Tell me all about it, dear. I'm waiting for a

friend, and I'd like to hear your troubles," sitting down in the window-seat and drawing Patty beside her.

She was not young, nor pretty, nor finely

*Little Things*  
Those who acknowledge their ignorance learn fastest  
Boston, Pa. April 15, 1891

*Little Things*  
A spider is a little thing,  
But once a spider saved a king,  
His little legs are wise for  
Climb, puff-blow and avoid us,  
Little men may do much harm,  
Little girls may cause to shame,  
Little boys may shame their sires,  
And little sparks become great fires,  
A little pen may write a word  
By which a nation shall be stirred  
A little word may give great pain,  
A word of sorrow may prevent,  
A little church might give,  
A little word might save a heaven,  
Little losses, day by day,  
Went to waste all thoughtless ways,  
A little needle in the eye  
May cause much sleepless nights,  
A little fault left to grow,  
An error may grow to a row,  
A little word that spoke in jest  
May rob your neighbor of his rest,  
A little selfishness and pride  
The kindest household may divide,  
Little in all many things  
Cut kind feelings and crimes,  
And little values in the same  
Great excellences do show.

To please ourselves in private as we  
think to do is not sufficient, for forward  
what we possess is not to be  
"but we appear"

*The Whelp of Stour*  
It is very pleasing to know that  
in the present day, the surgeon is just  
passing on to good, good good, man  
regards his wife, there is hardly the  
remembrance of the living being in young  
men such as noble, such a noble  
and with that such a loving and a  
as the horse, to his help, and seems  
of pleasure and food, of food and of  
peace, it is indeed a pleasure. The most  
sympathetic, where such a good and  
patient creature receives the treatment  
it has so long received in England.  
It is now we are glad to say,  
becoming the rule to see what kind of  
can do with horses instead of cruelty,  
Of this a very good illustration recently  
came under my notice.

One day last summer, a driver  
belonging to the Great North Eastern  
Ryals Station, had occasion to pass  
through the Sandhant Road, Highbury  
near St. Paul, to deliver a parcel. Upon  
nearing one of the houses, he was seen by  
a lady in the window who immediately  
saw to some friends standing with  
her. She must be a driver, to come and  
see what power she has over his horses the  
lady, according to some of the windows;  
when Kingman had seen the time in ques-  
tion, was asked by the lady, "Are the  
horses well, his horses?" With great  
pleasure he said, "Yes, very well."  
Standing in front of the door of the  
house, he said, "I shall be glad to  
visit you, and to see your horses."  
In reply, the lady said, "I'd up his  
right foot, and of the good shake  
the driver said, "Yes, my dear"

THE OPENING PAGE OF THE SECOND NUMBER OF "LITTLE THINGS"

dressed, only a gray-haired woman in plain black, but her face was so motherly, her eyes so cheerful, and her voice so soothing that Patty felt at ease in a minute and nestled up to her as she told her little woes in a few simple words.

"You don't know anything about your parents?" asked the lady.

"No, ma'am, I was left here a baby without even

a name pinned to me, and no one has come to find me. But I should n't wonder if they did yet, so I keep ready all the time and learn as hard as I can so they won't be ashamed of me, for I guess my folks is respectable," and Patty lifted her head with an air of pride that made the lady ask with a smile:

"What makes you think so?"

"Well, I heard the matron tell a lady who chose Nelly Brian, that she always thought *I* came of high folks because I was so different from the others, and my ways was nice, and my feet so small—see if they ain't"—and slipping them out of the rough shoes she wore, Patty held up two slender, little feet with the arched insteps that tell of good birth.

Miss Murray laughed right out at the innocent vanity of the poor child, and said heartily, "They *are* small, and so are your hands in spite of work, and your hair is fine, and your eyes are soft and clear, and you are a good child I'm sure, which is best of all."

Pleased and touched by the praise that is so pleasant to us all, yet half ashamed of herself, Patty blushed and smiled, put on her shoes, and said with unusual animation:

"I'm pretty good, I believe, and I know I'd be much better if I only could get out. I do so long to see trees and grass, and sit in the sun and hear birds. I'd work real hard and be happy if I could live in the country."

"What can you do?" asked Miss Murray, stroking the smooth head and looking down into the wistful eyes fixed upon her.

Modestly, but with a flutter of hope at her heart, Patty told over her domestic accomplishments, a good list for a thirteen-year-old, but Patty had been drilling so long she was unusually clever at all sorts of housework as well as needlework.

As she ended, she asked timidly, "Did you come for a girl, ma'am?"

"My sister did, but she has found one she likes, and is going to take her on trial," was the answer that made the light fade out of Patty's eyes and the hope die in her heart.

"Who is it, please?"

"Lizzie Brown, a tall, nice-looking girl of fourteen."

"You won't like her, I know, for Lizzie is a real—" there Patty stopped short, turned red, and looked down as if ashamed to meet the keen, kind eyes fixed on her.

"A real what?"

"Please, ma'am, don't ask; it was mean of me to say that and I must n't go on. Lizzie can't help being good with you, and I am glad she's got a chance to go away."

Miss Murray asked no more questions, but she liked the little glimpse of character, and tried to brighten Patty's face again by talking of something in which she was interested.

"Suppose your 'folks,' as you say, never come for you and you never find your fortune as some girls do, can't you make friends and fortune for yourself?"

"How can I," questioned Patty, wonderingly.

"By taking cheerfully whatever comes, by being helpful and affectionate to all, and wasting no time in dreaming about what may happen, but bravely making each day a comfort and a pleasure to yourself and others. Can you do that?"

"I can try, ma'am," answered Patty, meekly.

"I wish you would, and when I come again you can tell me how you get on. I think you will succeed, and when you do, you will have found a fine fortune and be sure of friends. Now I must go; cheer up, deary, your turn must come some day."

With a kiss that won Patty's heart Miss Murray went away, casting more than one look of pity at the little figure sobbing in the window-seat, with a blue pinafore over its face.

This disappointment was doubly hard to Patty, because Lizzie was not a good girl and deserved nothing, and Patty had taken a great fancy to the lady who spoke so kindly to her.

For a week after this she went about her work with a sad face, and all her day-dreams were of living with Miss Murray in the country.

Monday afternoon, as she stood sprinkling clothes, one of the girls burst in, saying all in a breath:

"Somebody's come for you, and you are to go right up to the parlor. It's Mrs. Murray, and she's brought Liz back 'cause she told fibs and was lazy, and Liz is as mad as hops, for it is a real nice place with cows and pigs and chickens and children, and the work ain't hard and she wanted to stay. Do hurry, and don't stand staring at me that way."

"It can't be me—no one ever wants me—it's some mistake—" stammered Patty, so startled and excited she did not know what to say or do.

"No, it is n't. Mrs. Murray won't have any one but *you*, and the matron says you are to come right up. Go along—I'll finish here. I'm so glad you have got a chance at last!" and with a good-natured bang, the girl pushed Patty out of the kitchen.

In a few minutes Patty came flying back, all in a twitter of delight, to report that she was going at once and must say good-by all round. Every one was pleased, and when the flurry was over, the carriage drove away with the happiest little girl ever seen inside, for at last some one *did* want her and Patty *had* found a place.

## PART II

## HOW SHE FILLED IT

FOR a year Patty lived with the Murrays, industrious, docile, and faithful, but yet not happy, because she had not found all she expected. They were kind to her as far as plenty of food and not too much work went. They clothed her comfortably, let her go to church, and did not scold her very often. But no one showed that they loved her, no one praised her efforts, no one seemed to think that she had any hope or wish beyond her daily work, and no one saw in the shy, quiet little maid-servant a lonely, tender-hearted girl longing for a crumb of the love so freely given to the children of the house.

The Murrays were busy people; the farm was large and the master and his oldest son were hard at it all summer. Mrs. Murray was a brisk, smart housewife who "flew round" herself and expected others to do likewise. Pretty Ella, the daughter, was about Patty's age and busy with her school, her little pleasures, and all the bright plans young girls love and live in. Two or three small lads rioted about the house making much work and doing very little.

One of these boys was lame, and this fact seemed to establish a sort of friendly understanding between him and Patty, for he was the only one who ever expressed any regard for her. She was very good to him, always ready to help him, and always patient with his fretfulness, and always quick to understand his sensitive nature.

"She's only a servant, a charity girl who works for her board and wears my old duds. She's good enough in her place, but of course she can't expect to be like one of us," Ella once said to a young friend—and Patty heard her.

"Only a servant," that was the hard part, and it never occurred to any one to make it softer; so Patty plodded on, still hoping and dreaming about friends and fortune.

If it had not been for Miss Murray I fear the child would not have got on at all. But Aunt Jane never forgot her, though she lived twenty miles away and seldom came to the farm. She wrote once a month and never failed to put in a little note to Patty which she expected to have answered.

So Patty wrote a neat reply, very stiff and short

at first, but after a time she quite poured out her heart to this one friend who sent her encouraging words, cheered her with praise now and then, and made her anxious to be all Miss Jane seemed to expect. No one took much notice of this correspondence, for Aunt Jane was odd and Patty used to post her replies herself, being kindly provided with stamps by her friend.

This was Patty's anchor in her little sea of troubles and she clung to it, hoping that some



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NO. 1.

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time, when she had earned such a beautiful reward, she would go and live with Miss Murray.

Christmas was coming and great fun was expected, for the family were to pass the day before at Aunt Jane's, and bring her home for the dinner and dance next day. For a week beforehand Mrs. Murray flew round with more than her accustomed speed, and Patty trotted from morning till night, lending a hand at all the least agreeable jobs. Ella did the light, pretty work, and spent much time over her new dress and the gifts she was making for the boys.

Everything was done at last, and Mrs. Murray declared that she should drop if she had another thing to do but go to Jane's and rest.

Patty had lived on the hope of going with them, but nothing was said about it and they all trooped gaily away to the station, leaving her to take care of the house and see that the cat did not touch one of the dozen pies stored away in the pantry.

Patty kept up bravely till they were gone, then she sat down like *Cinderella*, and cried and cried until she could n't cry any more, for it did seem as if she never was to have any fun and no fairy godmother came to help her. The shower did her good and she went about her work with a meek, patient face that would have turned a heart of stone.

All the morning she finished up the odd jobs left her to do, and in the afternoon, as the only approach to a holiday she dared venture, she sat

at the parlor window and watched other people go to and fro, intent on merry-makings in which she had no part.

One pleasant little task she had, and that was arranging gifts for the small boys. Miss Jane had given her a bit of money now and then, and out of her meager store the affectionate child had made presents for the lads; poor ones, but full of good will and the desire to win some in return.

The evening was very long, for the family did not return as early as they expected to do, so Patty got out her treasure-box and, sitting on the warm kitchen hearth, tried to amuse herself while the wind howled outside and snow fell fast.

There we must leave her for a little while, quite unconscious of the happy surprise that was being prepared for her.

When Aunt Jane welcomed the family, her first word as she emerged from a chaos of small boys' arms and legs, was, "Why, where is Patty?"

"At home, of course; where should she be?" answered Mrs. Murray.

"Here with you. I said '*all come*' in my letter; did n't you understand it?"

"Goodness, Jane, you did n't mean to bring her too, I hope."

"Yes, I did, and I'm so disappointed I'd go and get her if I had time."

Miss Jane knit her brows and looked vexed as Ella laughed at the idea of a servant's going pleasuring with the family.

"It can't be helped now, so we'll say no more and make it up to Patty to-morrow, if we can." And Aunt Jane smiled her own pleasant smile and kissed the little lads all round as if to sweeten her temper as soon as possible.

They had a capital time and no one observed that Auntie now and then led the talk to Patty, asked a question about her, caught up every little hint dropped by the boys concerning her patience and kindness, and when Mrs. Murray said, as she sat resting, with a cushion at her back, a stool at her feet, and a cup of tea steaming deliciously under her nose:

"Afraid to leave her there in charge? Oh, dear no. I've entire confidence in her, and she is equal to taking care of the house for a week if need be. On the whole, Jane, I consider her a pretty promising girl. She is n't very quick, but she is faithful, steady, and honest as daylight."

"High praise from you, Maria; I hope she knows your good opinion of her."

"No indeed! It does n't do to pamper up a girl's pride by praising her. I say, 'Very well, Patty,' when I'm satisfied and that 's enough."

"Ah, but *you* would n't be satisfied if George only said, 'Very well, Maria,' when you had done your very best to please him in some way."

"That 's a different thing," began Mrs. Murray, but Miss Jane shook her head and Ella said, laughing:

"It 's no use to try and convince Auntie on that point; she has taken a fancy to Pat and won't see any fault in her. She 's a good child enough, but I can't get anything out of her, she is so odd and shy."

"I can! she 's first rate, and takes care of me better than any one else," said Harry, the lame boy, with sudden warmth, for Patty had quite won his selfish little heart by many services.

"She 'll make Mother a nice helper as she grows up, and I consider it a good speculation. In four years she 'll be eighteen, and if she goes on doing so well, I sha'n't begrudge her wages," added Mr. Murray, who sat near by with a small son on each knee.

"She 'd be quite pretty if she was straight and plump and jolly. But she is as sober as a deacon, and, when her work is done, sits in a corner watching us with her big eyes as shy and mute as a mouse," said Ned, the big brother, lounging on the sofa.

"A dull, steady-going girl, just fitted for a servant and no more," concluded Mrs. Murray, setting down her cup as if the subject was ended.

"You are quite mistaken and I 'll prove it!" and up jumped Aunt Jane so energetically that the boys laughed and the elders looked annoyed. Pulling out a portfolio, Aunt Jane untied a little bundle of letters, saying impressively:

"Now listen, all of you, and see what has been going on under Patty's blue pinafore this year."

Then Miss Jane read the little letters one by one, and it was curious to see how the faces of the listeners woke up, grew attentive first, then touched, then self-reproachful, and finally how full of interest and respect and something very like affection for little Patty.

These letters were pathetic, read as Auntie read them to listeners who could supply much that the writer generously left unsaid, and the involuntary comments of the hearers proved the truth of Patty's words.

"*Does* she envy me because I'm 'pretty and gay and have a good time?' I never thought how hard it must be for her to see me have all the fun and she all the work. She 's a girl like me, though she does grub, and I might have done more for her than give her my old clothes and let her help dress me when I go to a party," said Ella, hastily, as Aunt Jane laid down one letter in which poor Patty told of many "good times and she not in 'em."

"Sakes alive! if I'd known the child wanted me to kiss her now and then as I do the rest, I'd have done it in a minute!" said Mrs. Murray,

with sudden softness in her sharp eyes as Aunt Jane read this little bit:

"I am grateful, but, oh! I'm so lonely, and it 's so hard not to have any mother like the children. If Mrs. Murray would only kiss me good-night sometimes, it would do me more good than pretty clothes or nice food."

"I've been thinking I'd let her go to school a spell ever since I heard her showing Bob how to do his lessons. But Mother did n't think she could spare her," broke in Mr. Murray, apologetically.

"If Ella would help a little, I guess I could. Anyway, we might try a while, since she is so eager to learn," added his wife, anxious not to seem unjust in the eyes of sister Jane.

"Well, Joe laughed at her as well as me when the boys hunched up their shoulders the way she does," cried conscious-stricken Bob, as he heard a sad little paragraph about her crooked figure, and learned that it came from lugging heavy babies at the asylum.

"I cuffed 'em both for it, and I have always liked Patty," said Harry, in a moral tone, which moved Ned to say:

"You'd be a selfish little rascal if you did n't, when she slaves so for you and gets no thanks for it. Now that I know how it tires her poor little back to carry wood and water, I shall do it, of course. If she'd only told me, I'd have done it all the time."

And so it went till the letters were done and they knew Patty as she was, and each felt sorry that he or she had not found her out before. Aunt Jane freed her mind upon the subject, and they talked it over till quite an enthusiastic state of feeling set in and Patty was in danger of being killed with kindness.

It is astonishing how generous and clever people are when once waked up to a duty, a charity, or a wrong. Now every one was eager to repair past neglect, and if Aunt Jane had not wisely restrained them, the young folks would have done something absurd.

They laid many nice little plans to surprise Patty, and each privately resolved not only to give her a Christmas gift, but, what was better, to turn over a new leaf for the new year.

All the way home they talked over their various projects, and the boys kept bouncing into the seat with Aunt Jane to ask advice about their funny ideas.

"It must have been rather lonesome for the poor little soul all day. I declare, I wish we'd taken her along!" said Mrs. Murray, as they approached the house through the softly falling snow.

"She's got a jolly good fire all ready for us, and

that 's a mercy, for I'm half frozen," said Harry, hopping up the step.

"Don't you think, if I touch up my blue merino, it would fit Patty and make a nice dress for tomorrow, with one of my white aprons?" whispered Ella, as she helped Aunt Jane out of the sleigh.

"Hope the child is n't sick or scared; it 's two hours later than I expected to be at home," added Mr. Murray, stepping up to peep in at the kitchen window, for no one came to open the door, and no light but the blaze of the fire shone out.

"Come softly and look in; it 's a pretty little sight if it is in a kitchen," he whispered, beckoning to the rest.

Quietly creeping to the two low windows, they all looked in, and no one said a word, for the lonely little figure was both pretty and pathetic when they remembered the letters lately read. Flat on the old rug lay Patty, fast asleep; one arm pillowed her head, and in the other lay Puss in a cozy bunch, as if she had crept there to be sociable, since there was no one else to share Patty's long vigil. A row of slippers large and small stood warming on the hearth; two little nightgowns hung over a chair, the tea-pot stood in a warm nook, and through the open door they could see the lamp burning brightly in the sitting-room, the table ready, and all things in order.

"Faithful little creature! She 's thought of every blessed thing, and I'll go right in and wake her up with a good kiss!" cried Mrs. Murray, making a dart at the door.

But Aunt Jane drew her back, begging her not to frighten the child by any sudden demonstrations. So they all went softly in, so softly that tired Patty did not wake, even though Puss pricked up her ears and opened her moony eyes with a lazy purr.

"Look here!" whispered Bob, pointing to the poor little gifts half tumbling out of Patty's apron. She had been pinning names on them when she fell asleep, and so her secret was known too soon.

No one laughed at the presents, and Ella covered them up with a look of tender pity at the few humble treasures in Patty's box, remembering, as she laid back what she had once called "rubbish," how full her own boxes were of the pretty things girls love and how easy it would have been to add to Patty's store.

No one exactly knew how to wake up the sleeper, for she was something more than a servant in their eyes now. Aunt Jane settled the matter by stooping down and taking Patty in her arms. The big eyes opened at once and stared up at the face above them for a moment, then a smile so bright, so glad, shone all over the child's face that

it was transfigured as Patty clung to Aunt Jane, crying joyously:

"Is it really you? I was so afraid you would n't come that I cried myself to sleep about it."

Never before had any of them seen such love and happiness in Patty's face, heard such a glad, tender sound in her voice, or guessed what an ardent soul dwelt in her quiet body.

She was herself again in a minute, and, jumping up, slipped away to see that every thing was ready, should any one want supper after the cold drive.

They all went to bed so soon that there was no time to let out the secret, and though Patty was surprised at the kind good-nights all said to her, she thought it was because Miss Jane brought a warmer atmosphere with her.

Patty's surprises began early next day, for the first thing she saw on opening her eyes was a pair of new stockings hanging at the foot of her bed, crammed full of gifts, and several parcels lying on the table.

Did n't she have a good time opening the delightful bundles? Did n't she laugh and cry at the droll things the boys gave, the comfortable and pretty things the elders sent? And was n't she a happy child when she tried to say her prayers and could n't find words beautiful enough to express her gratitude for so much kindness?

A new Patty went downstairs that morning—a bright-faced girl with smiles on the mouth that used to be so sad and silent, confidence in the timid eyes, and the magic of the heartiest good will to make her step light, her hand skilful, her labor a joy, and service no burden.

"They do care for me, after all, and I never will complain again," she thought, with a glad flutter at her heart and sudden color in her cheeks as every one welcomed her with a friendly, "Merry Christmas, Patty!"

It was a merry Christmas, and when the bountiful dinner was spread and Patty stood ready to wait, you can imagine her feelings as Mr. Murray pointed to a seat near Miss Jane and said in a fatherly tone that made his bluff voice sweet:

"Sit down and enjoy it with us, my girl; nobody has more right to it, and we are all one family to-day."

Patty could not eat much, her heart was so full, but it was a splendid feast to her, and when healths were drunk she was overwhelmed by the honor Harry did her, for he bounced up and exclaimed: "Now we must drink 'Our Patty, long life and good luck to her!'"

That really was too much, and she fairly ran away to hide her blushes in the kitchen roller and work off her excitement washing dishes.

More surprises came that evening. When she went to put on her clean calico she found the

pretty blue dress and white apron laid ready on her bed, "With Ella's love."

"It 's like a fairy story, and keeps getting nicer and nicer since the godmother came," whispered Patty, as she shyly looked up at Aunt Jane when passing ice-cream at the party several hours later.

"Christmas is the time for all sorts of pleasant miracles, for the good fairies fly about just then and give good-luck pennies to the faithful workers who have earned them," answered Miss Jane, smiling back at her little handmaid, who looked so neat and blithe with her new suit and happy face.

Patty thought nothing farther in the way of bliss *could* happen to her that night, but it did when Ned, anxious to atone for his past neglect, pranced up to her as a final contradance was forming and said heartily:

"Come, Patty, every one is to dance this, even Harry and the cat!" And before she could collect her wits enough to say "No," she was leading off and flying down the middle with the young master, in great style.

That was the crowning honor, for she was a girl with all a girl's innocent hopes, fears, desires, and delights, and it *had* been rather hard to stand by while all the young neighbors were frolicking together.

When every one was gone, the tired children asleep, and the elders on their way up to bed, Mrs. Murray suddenly remembered she had not covered the kitchen fire. Aunt Jane said she would do it, and went down so softly that she did not disturb faithful Patty, who had gone to see that all was safe.

Aunt Jane stopped to watch the little figure standing on the hearth alone, looking into the embers with thoughtful eyes. If Patty could have seen her future there, she would have found a long life spent in glad service to those she loved and who loved her. Not a splendid future, but a useful, happy one: "only a servant," yet a good and faithful woman, blessed with the confidence, respect, and affection of those who knew her genuine worth.

As a smile broke over Patty's face, Miss Jane said, with an arm round the little blue-gowned figure:

"What are you dreaming and smiling about, deary? The friends that are to come for you some day, with a hue fortune in their pockets?"

"No, ma'am, I feel as if I 'd found my folks, and I don't want any finer fortune than the love they 've given me to-day. I 'm trying to think how I can deserve it, and smiling because it 's so beautiful and I 'm so happy," answered Patty, looking up at her first friend with full eyes and a glad, grateful glance that made her lovely.





"RECEIVE, O KING, THIS CHRISTMAS OFFERING FROM ONE OF THY MOST HUMBLE SUBJECTS" (SEE PAGE 121)

## SIR CLEGES

By GEORGE PHILIP KRAPP

IN the days of Uther, the father of King Arthur, there lived a knight in England who was a member of the famous Round Table, and his name was Sir Cleges. Of all his knights none was dearer to King Uther than Sir Cleges. There was nothing strange in this, for everybody loved Sir Cleges, both because he was brave and good and cheerful, and, above all, because he was so generous. No poor man ever came to Sir Cleges in vain. He was always ready to help those upon whom sickness or the waste of war or any other misfortune had fallen, and far and wide he was known as the poor man's friend. And not only was Sir Cleges known for his charity to the poor, but he was famous also for his generosity toward those of his own rank and station in life. His hall and his chambers were always filled with guests, and his tables were always spread for those who were hungry. There was no lack of the very best food and drink in Sir Cleges' house, and when good food and drink are to be found, you may be sure there will be plenty of friends to enjoy them.

Thus Sir Cleges and his fair wife, the Lady Clarys, kept open house with the most generous hospitality. Most of all at Christmas-time there were great feasting and merriment in Sir Cleges' castle. From every corner of England the knights and their ladies gathered there, and so cheerful

and kind were Sir Cleges and Lady Clarys, and so abundant was the fare provided for all comers, that you might have searched all through King Uther's kingdom and not have found any Christmas feasting happier or more cheerful than that under Sir Cleges' roof.

Thus for many years Sir Cleges lived in this generous fashion, and never thought of his money except as a means whereby he could help the needy or give pleasure to his friends. But there is always an end even to the longest purse, and, as time went on and as Sir Cleges' friends grew more numerous, it took more and more to entertain them. All the money he had, Sir Cleges spent freely; and when his money was gone, he sold his cattle and other goods to keep up his household. But this was soon used, and after that Sir Cleges' lands went the same way as his money and his cattle. As long as he had a penny left, said Sir Cleges, no friend should know the lack of it. But at last, when Sir Cleges had nothing more to sell and nothing in which the swarm of friends who had gathered about him could find their pleasure and profit, then straightway they heartlessly left him.

Thus the good Sir Cleges, who had never thought of his own welfare, but had spent all his substance in order that others might be comfort-

able and happy, now found himself deserted as soon as he had nothing more to give. He was no longer able to appear at King Uther's court, and he who had been one of the merriest and best loved of the knights of the Round Table dropped quietly out of sight and soon was altogether forgotten. With his wife and his children, Sir Cleges went to live in the one poor house that was left to him, and there in poverty and obscurity he strove to forget the fickle friends who had so readily forsaken him.

Now it happened some years after this that King Uther decided to spend the Christmas-tide at the royal castle of Cardiff, which stood not far from Sir Cleges' humble dwelling. Great preparations were made for the Christmas feasting, and invitations were sent out to all the brave knights of the kingdom. On Christmas eve all the knights and their ladies were come together at Cardiff, and then the feasting began in earnest. The cooks and the servers ran hither and thither, and all was excitement and bustle. In the great hall, there were tumblers and dancers and magicians to amuse the Christmas feasters with their tricks and gamboling. Singers and minstrels of all kinds had been summoned, and the music of the pipes and trumpets and bugles was heard far and wide. Nothing was spared that might help to make the time speed rapidly and joyously for all the assembled knights and their ladies.

In his little house not far away, Sir Cleges heard the sounds of rejoicing in the great hall of the castle, and it made him sad and bitter. He had not been invited to the feasting, for long since he had been forgotten and none of his old friends troubled to inquire whether he was dead or living. "Many a happy day," said Sir Cleges, to the Lady Clarys, "have I given to those who reckon not now of my sorrow." But the Lady Clarys would not allow Sir Cleges to dwell on thoughts of unkindness, and bade him consider how much they still had to be grateful for, and thus little by little she comforted him and brought him again to contentment.

Thus the Christmas eve Sir Cleges and the Lady Clarys spent quietly in their humble cottage, and found such pleasure in the innocent joys and playfulness of their happy children that they had no longing for the noisy revelry of the courtiers in the castle of Cardiff.

The next day was Christmas day, and, with good will in their hearts for all men, Sir Cleges and the Lady Clarys went to the church to give thanks for their many blessings. Now after the church was over, Sir Cleges walked in his garden; and after a time he knelt down to pray beneath a cherry-tree that stood in the midst of the garden. As Sir Cleges knelt, praying, he suddenly felt a

bough of the tree striking him on the head, and, seizing hold of it and springing to his feet, lo, what was his astonishment to see the bough covered with green leaves and full of cherries—red, ripe, and luscious! Picking one of the cherries, Sir Cleges put it into his mouth, and it seemed to him he had never tasted anything so delicious. Gathering more of the fruit, he ran into the house and cried out, "Behold, Dame Clarys, what a marvel is here!" And when the Lady Clarys had come she could hardly believe her eyes. "Cherries at Christmas-time!" she exclaimed. "How can such a thing be?" And when Sir Cleges had told her how he had been praying beneath the tree, how he had felt a bough striking him on the head, and how, when he took hold of it, he had found it filled with green leaves and ripe fruit, then the Lady Clarys believed that the cherries were real, and great was her wonder at the marvel which had happened in their little garden.

"Now hast thou indeed," she said, "a present fit for a king! No longer grieve that thou hast no Christmas offering for the good King Uther, for cherries such as these I doubt he has ever seen."

And then the Lady Clarys counseled Sir Cleges to gather the cherries and to put them in a basket and bear them straightway as a present to the king. And Sir Cleges, glad at heart that even in his poverty he could do something to add to the joy of the king's Christmas feasting, readily consented so to do.

To Cardiff Castle Sir Cleges took his way, and on his arm he bore the basket of the wonderful fruit. It was just dinner-time when Sir Cleges reached the castle gate, and all the court were about to sit down to meat. But when the porter at the gate saw the poverty-stricken man with a basket on his arm approaching to enter, he drove him away with scorn and reviling.

"Begone, old beggar," he said, "with thy rags and thy tatters! What have such as thou to do entering kings' castles? Let me see the last of thee, or thou shalt not soon forget where thou belongest."

"Pray let me through the gate, good porter," answered Sir Cleges, to this greeting, "I have here in this basket a Christmas present for the king."

"Thou a Christmas present for the king! A likely story, in sooth! Show me what thou hast in thy basket that thou thinkest worthy a king."

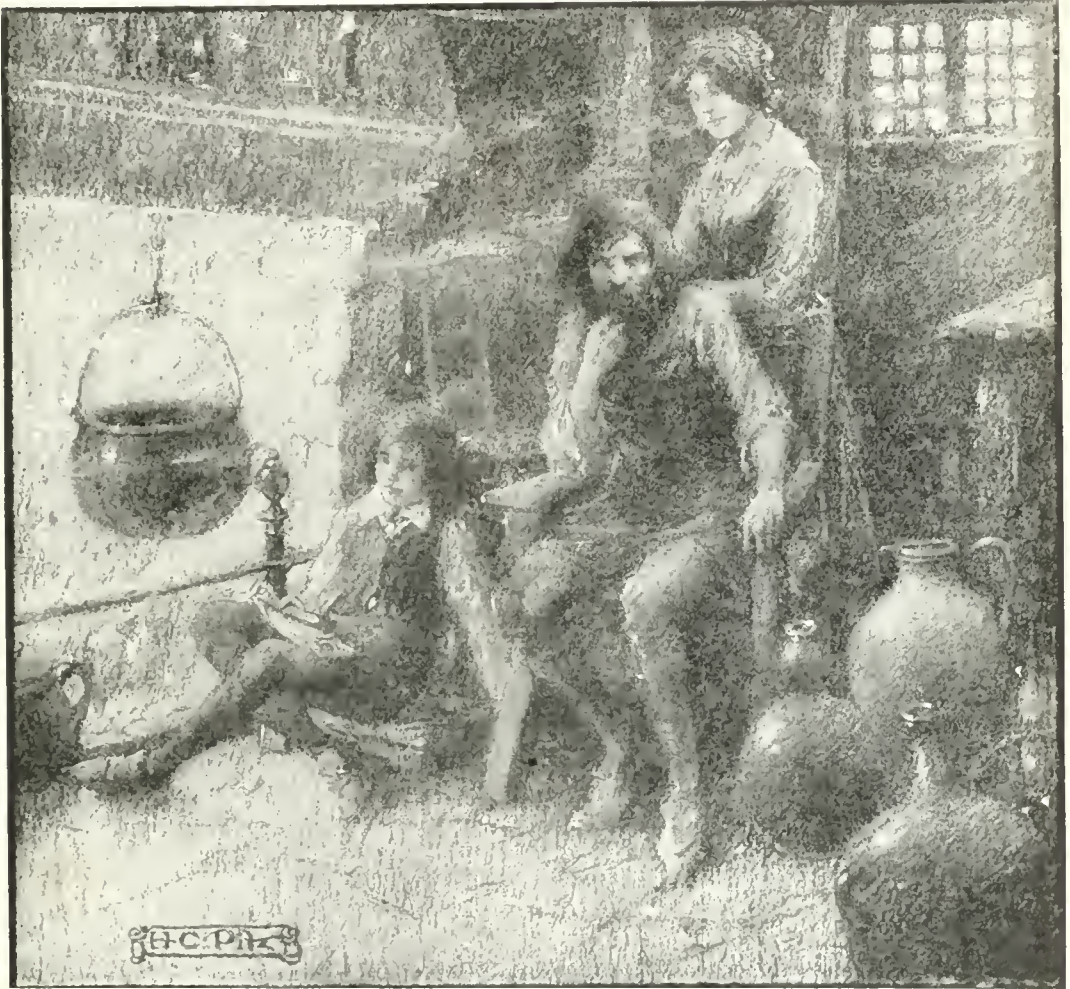
And then, when Sir Cleges lifted the cover of the basket and showed him the cherries, he was surprised almost beyond speech. "Heaven defend us!" he exclaimed; "cherries at Christmas-time! How can such a thing be? Certainly this is a present worthy a king. But listen, old man," said he, greedily, "thou shalt not pass through this gate unless thou dost promise to give me a third of

the reward which the king shall give for the present thou bringest." And Sir Cleges, seeing no other way of passing the gate, promised the porter that one third of the reward should be his.

Now after Sir Cleges had passed by the porter, he thought all would be well; but no sooner had he reached the door of the hall than he was met by the usher, who forbade him to go in.

ised that one third of the reward which the king gave him should come to him. And Sir Cleges, thinking how hard it was to do even a kindness to a king, must needs promise as he had done before.

When Sir Cleges entered the great hall all was bright and merry there. The knights and the ladies of King Uther's court, all decked in their finest leathers and silks, were about to sit down to



"IN OBSCURITY AND POVERTY, SIR CLEGES STROVE TO FORGET HIS FICKLE FRIENDS"

"Out with thee, old fellow!" he exclaimed. "How canst thou here? This is no place for beggars and basket-men such as thou."

Then when Sir Cleges said he had a present in his basket for the king, the usher, like the porter, must see what the present could be.

"Holy Saint Peter!" he gasped, when Sir Cleges had lifted the cover of the basket. "Cherries at Christmas-time! How can such a thing be?"

But he soon recovered from his surprise and told Sir Cleges he might go in, but only if he prom-

ised that one third of the reward which the king gave him should come to him. And Sir Cleges, thinking how hard it was to do even a kindness to a king, must needs promise as he had done before.

When Sir Cleges entered the great hall all was bright and merry there. The knights and the ladies of King Uther's court, all decked in their finest leathers and silks, were about to sit down to

the banquet. The serving-men went scurrying back and forth from the kitchen, bearing the platters of rich food for the king's feasters and stumbling over each other in their excitement and hurry. The table was hardly able to carry everything they wanted to put upon it. There were great haunches of venison, and roast swans and geese and ducks and pheasants by the dozen. At each end, there stood a huge pasty almost as big around as a cart-wheel. The king's cooks had used all their art in concocting cakes and pies and

puddings, to say nothing of the sweetmeats of marzipan moulded into the forms of towers and castles, or of knights on horseback, or baskets of fruit and flowers, and various other fanciful and astonishing structures. Everybody's mouth was watering, but the king was not yet ready to sit down to the feasting, and the courtiers and their ladies stood chatting and laughing merrily with one another. All were too busy to pay any heed to the shabby Sir Cleges, with the basket on his arm, until the watchful eye of the king's haughty steward happened to fall upon him. Horrified to see such a melancholy figure in the midst of so gay a company, he hastened up to Sir Cleges and was hustling him out of the hall with short ceremony before Sir Cleges managed to say that he had a present for the king.

"Beggars are not givers," said the steward; "but show me, what is the present thou dost bring?"

Then, when Sir Cleges had lifted the cover of the basket and had shown him the cherries, he was no less surprised than the others had been, nor was he less greedy.

"Cherries at Christmas!" he exclaimed. "Whoever heard of such a thing? But listen, sir," said he, in a low voice, "thou speakest not with the king unless thou promise me one third of the reward he gives thee."

When Sir Cleges heard these words he thought to himself: "Little enough am I to get out of this. If I have a dinner for my pains, it 's as much as I may look for." But he said nothing until the steward prodded him again, and then, seeing that there was no other way of getting by this greedy officer, he promised him a third of his reward, as he already had done to the porter and the usher.

At last the way was free for Sir Cleges; and with his precious basket, he made his way through the throng of the courtiers to the place where the king was seated on a dais.

"Receive, O King," said he, falling on his knees before King Uther, "this Christmas offering from one of thy most humble subjects."

And when King Uther looked into the basket and saw that it was filled with luscious red cherries, he too, like the Lady Clarys, could hardly believe his eyes.

"Cherries at Christmas!" he cried. "Now certainly this is a marvel, and a right worthy gift thou hast brought to us, good fellow." Then when he had tasted one of the cherries he declared a better cherry he had never eaten. And then he gave some to each of the knights and the ladies; and they all wondered greatly to see such fruit at that bleak season.

"The king's thanks hast thou won," said Uther to Sir Cleges, "for thou hast made this Christmas

feasting forever memorable. But sit thou now at our table and have part in our dinner, and afterward thou shalt have whatever reward for thy gift that thou askest."

Then he motioned to the haughty steward to make a place for Sir Cleges; and certainly a strange figure this shabby knight made among all the gay lords and their ladies. Little they thought that this humble stranger had once bestowed benefit upon many a one of them, and little heed they paid to one whom they took to be but a poor old gardener! But Sir Cleges said nothing, and sat quietly at the table, to his heart's content enjoying all the good things the king had provided for his Christmas dinner. And though the best cooks of the land had shown there all their skill and cunning, nothing at that feast was so wonderful as the cherries which had been brought by the humble stranger.

Now when the dinner was over, the king had not forgotten the poor man who had brought him the unexpected present, and, summoning Sir Cleges to him, he bade him ask whatever reward he would in return for his welcome present. Then Sir Cleges bethought himself of the promises he had made to the porter, the usher, and the steward, and he said:

"Lord King, this is the reward I ask: twelve strokes of this good staff that I bear in my hand, to be delivered on whomsoever it may please me within this royal castle."

"A strange fellow art thou!" answered the king, in astonishment at this; "and from thy looks, thou hadst done better to ask for something more worthy my giving. But, since it is thy request, thou shalt not find the king fail of his promise. Take thy strokes and deliver them as thou see'st fit."

"Thanks for thy boon, King Uther," answered Sir Cleges; "none other shall please me so well as this one."

And then, turning to the steward in the hall, with his staff Sir Cleges gave him a blow on the shoulders that made him bend double. "Three more thou gettest," he said, "for that is the full share coming to thee!"

And with a right good will Sir Cleges gave the three strokes, and left the proud steward groaning with pain and terror. Then to the hall door Sir Cleges made his way and delivered another four, no less hearty and stinging, on the shoulders of the astonished usher.

"There, thou hast thy share!" said Sir Cleges, as he hastened to the gateway.

The porter greeted him eagerly, but he little guessed what was coming. Four times Sir Cleges lifted his staff and let it fall with all his might on the back of the greedy porter. And this last third



"PRAY LET ME THROUGH THE GATE, GOOD PORTER, FOR I HAVE HERE IN THIS BASKET A CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR THE KING" SAID SIR CLEGES"

of Sir Cleges' boon you can be sure was not less light than the others had been.

When Sir Cleges had thus delivered the three thirds of the reward for his present, he found at his elbow a messenger from the king, who bade him return to the great hall of the castle. All the courtiers and the king were still there and were

listening to a song the minstrel was singing. Now this song, as it happened, was made about Sir Cleges himself, and the minstrel was telling how this generous knight had spent all his days making other people happy and now was altogether lost and forgotten.

"Poor Sir Cleges!" sighed the king, "I loved

him well, but alas! I have no hope ever again to see him."

Just then, however, Sir Cleges knelt down before the king and thanked him for the reward he had given him, and told him that the twelve strokes had been duly delivered.

"But I beseech thee, good fellow," answered the king, "tell me what the meaning of this may be. Why were these strokes on the shoulders of my varlets more pleasing to thee than a reward of gold or silver?"

Then Sir Cleges told the king how the porter, the usher, and the steward had each demanded a third of his reward before they would permit him to make his present, and he added, "May they learn thus to be more free in giving and less greedily in demanding. Perchance the next poor man may not find it so hard to come into the king's presence."

When the king and his courtiers heard all this, they laughed, and were delighted with the story.

"Well done," said the king, "thou wielder of the staff! Thou hast taught these knaves a good lesson. How now, master steward, how liketh thou thy share of this fellow's present?"

"May the fiends burn him in flames below!" muttered the steward, as he rubbed the bruises on his shoulders.

Now the king was so pleased with all these happenings that had made his Christmas feasting

so merry that he turned again to Sir Cleges and asked him what his name was.

"My name, sire," answered the poverty-stricken knight, "is one not unknown to thee in the days of old. My name is Sir Cleges."

"What!" exclaimed the king, "art thou the long-lost Sir Cleges whom men to this day praise for his good deeds and his charity?" And so moved with joy was the good King Uther to find his old friend again that he came down from his high seat and took him by the hand and could not make enough of him. When the courtiers saw how things were going, they all flocked around Sir Cleges claiming his friendship and acquaintance.

But the king did not stop with kind words. He knew that a knight with a heart as true and loyal as the heart of Sir Cleges was not easily to be found, even among the knights of the Round Table, and now he was determined never again to lose him. So he gave to him the good castle of Cardiff to dwell in and other lands and fees where-with he might live worthily.

Thus ended the king's Christmas feasting in the castle of Cardiff, and a happy day it was for the knight Sir Cleges and the Lady Clarys. Many a long year they lived in the noble castle the king had given them, and you may be sure that no selfish porters or ushers or stewards stood at the gates and doorways to stop any poor man who would enter there.



# Singing

by Mary Allan Stuart



T

ELL me, little brooklet, running  
off across the meadow,  
Why are you so cheery, singing  
all day long?

Sparkling in the sunshine; murmuring in the shadows,  
Whispering to the flowers on your banks a pretty song—  
Are you always happy? And the tiny streamlet answered:  
"It is n't just because of all the joy that summer brings:  
But everybody sings when he 's happy;  
And everybody's happy when he sings!"

So I asked a busy robin, who hopped  
among the branches

Of a petal-covered apple-tree, just  
why he felt so gay—

"Is it because the sun shines and the  
world is full of gladness?

Or do you think the world is made for  
love—and you—and May?"

He tossed his head in laughter: "That 's  
such a silly question!

Why any bird could answer it!" and  
he gaily spread his wings—

"Everybody sings when he 's happy;  
And everybody 's happy when he  
sings!"

For every little flower that blossoms in  
the sunshine,

And every little leaf that frolics in  
the shade,

Has each a song of gladness; if you listen you can hear it,

From the tall trees in the greenwood to the grass—yes, every blade!

And all the little children, too, their voices raise in gladness;

The creeping baby gurgles as to Mother's hand he clings;

For everybody sings when he 's happy,

And everybody 's happy when he sings!



# BOY HUNTERS IN DEMERARA

By GEORGE INNESS HARTLEY

## CHAPTER IV

### THE FIRST NIGHT IN CAMP

AT nine o'clock the giant mosquito-net which lined the tent was lowered, and the occupants prepared for bed.

"Better keep that blanket on you," advised Jack, as Paul made a motion to toss it to the floor. "It gets mighty chilly before morning. You'll need it."

Paul did not agree with him, but allowed it to remain on the cot.

"And look out for vampire-bats!" Fred yelled, as he blew out the lamp.

Paul chuckled—they were safe within the mosquito-net. But he could not sleep. It was the first night he had ever spent in a tent. During the early hours of darkness, he had been so interested in listening to Jack and his brother that he had no ear for what was going on outside. Now, from the quietness of his cot, the jungle, asleep that afternoon, had awakened with a vengeance, and was producing an outrageous din. A million crickets chirped, scratched, and rattled in metallic tones; thousands of beetles, some as large as chicken eggs, buzzed outside the tent, sometimes falling with a *thump* on the canvas over his head, and filling the night with the drone of a dozen airplanes; other thousands of frogs and toads whistled shrilly or moaned in accents of pain. No wonder Paul could not sleep! How different from the roar of the elevated railway and the clang of surface cars!

The clamor abated. From far off in the forest he could hear what sounded like the roar of an approaching express-train. A hurricane, he decided, and wondered whether he should wake his companions. Before his mind was made up, it burst—a torrential downpour of rain. The tent bulged inward and shook from the bucketfuls which fell upon it, but remained standing—there was no wind. A gentle snore from the next cot told him that Fred was still asleep.

Ten minutes full of terrific tumult passed, and the shower died away as rapidly as it had commenced. Dead silence followed for the space of a minute; then a cricket chirped, a tree-toad piped, and at the signal the jungle awoke. Paul drew a sigh of relief; the moment of silence had been more oppressive than was the noisy concert. He relapsed into a dreamy doze.

In what seemed the next instant he found himself sitting upright on the cot, with the blanket grasped close to his chin. Little crinkles were

running up and down his spine, and the roots of his hair tingled strangely. It was as if he had received an electric shock. What could it be? Fred still snored beside him.

Again came the sound. The jungle seemed stilled, and from out over the river floated a low, demonic laugh. It was filled with the despair of a soul lost to this earth, and held the half-mocking tone of insanity. Paul groaned and reached across to awaken his chum.

"What's the matter?" grumbled that youth.

"D-d-did you hear it?"

"Hear what?"

The laugh was repeated. Paul shivered. "Th-th-that!" he managed to stutter.

Fred chuckled drowsily. "Aw, that's only a *poor-me-one*," he mumbled patiently, half asleep. "She's a weird bird, is n't she? A real bird, though; belongs to the goatsucker family. Closely related to our whippoorwill and bullbat at home. Flies about at night catching insects. Got a mouth that could swallow my fist, and flies around with it open like a trap, to catch bugs. Always a few about here at night. Got a pretty song, has n't she? Good night." He rolled over and soon was sound asleep again.

Paul was wide awake now, but no longer alarmed by the unearthly laugh which continued sounding at intervals. He examined his illuminated watch and discovered that he must have dozed longer than he thought. It was nearly three o'clock. He closed his eyes and attempted to sleep, but it was of no use. He was glad of the blanket; the night had been growing chilly.

The crickets and toads increased their clamor, as if to make the most of the few remaining hours of darkness. He heard a grunt, and then, presently, the threshing of bushes, as some large body rushed away from the proximity of the tent. He wondered how the Indians slept in their hammocks; whether the rain had pierced their shelters of palm-leaves; and whether they were ever bothered by animals, sleeping in the open in that way. How different it was from a night in New York!

His attention was suddenly taken by a long-drawn-out groan from the tree which overhung the tent. It was repeated, and then continued on a rising scale without break. A second moan, a third, and still others joined in with increasing volume until the whole jungle resounded with a mighty roar. It was like the combined voices of ten lions transported to the tree-tops. The atmosphere fairly quivered with the vibrations.



Paul was stunned by the outburst. He heard, or rather felt, Fred stir in his cot. He caught a muttered exclamation and knew that his chum was awake.

"What 's it all about?" the fat boy demanded, in a voice he strove to hold steady.

By this time he was on his feet groping about in the darkness for the lamp. He expected Fred to spring from his cot and seize a rifle to repel the attack which was coming. But the latter only grunted ill-humoredly.

"Monkeys!" he snorted. "Wish they 'd shut up so that a fellow could get some sleep. What *are* you doing out there?"

"Nothing," replied the other shamefacedly, glad that the darkness hid his confusion—the noise had died away by this time. "Just stretching. Could n't sleep well, and got tired of lying on the cot. Say, those fellows can make a noise, though! What are they?"

"Red howlers," came the laconic answer

"Many of 'em around?"

"Sure! Jungle 's full of 'em. You 're liable to see them any time. Howl mostly at night, but sometimes in the daytime. Good night."

"But they must be pretty big to make such a noise?"

"Aw, can't you let a fellow sleep? I 'll tell you about 'em in the morning."

"Pshaw, Skinny, you 're awake now! A few minutes won't make any difference with your sleep. I want to learn about those fellows."

"All right," was the grumbling response, "I 'll tell you if you promise not to bother me again. It 's hard on a chap like me, breakin' up his sleep this way. Promise?"

"Yes."

"Well, they 're about the largest monkey we have down here, but that 's not saying much compared with the gorillas in Africa. A bull howler 'll weigh about thirty pounds and stand four feet high when he 's stretched out. But he don't often stretch. Got a tail on him about three feet long, which helps in climbing. His size does n't make much difference with his noise. Got a big hollowed-out bone, shaped something like an old man's bald head, stuck in his throat and connected with his windpipe. When he wants to howl, I guess he just breathes hard across this, and then the fun begins. Female 's only got a small bone, and don't count much in the concerts. Good—"

"Why do you call them red?" hastily demanded Paul, forestalling the other's good night. "Do they look red?"

"You bet they do! They 're as red as a cow, and, when the sun shines on them, look to be covered with bright golden hair. It 's a beautiful sight to see a troop up in the trees on a sunny

day. Their colors vary from dark brown to golden yellow— Well, see you in the morning. Good night."

Paul was forced to be content, and soon after, in spite of himself, fell asleep.

## CHAPTER V

### A CURASSOW HUNT

ALL were up soon after daybreak, and, having eaten a hearty breakfast of rice, coffee, and tinned biscuits, prepared for the work of the day. Paul selected a small, high-powered rifle from his complete armament, and assured himself that he was ready to meet any, or all, the jungle beasts. Fred, to his surprise, picked up a small twenty-gauge shotgun.

"What 're you going to do with that pop-gun, Skinny?" the larger boy demanded. "That won't do you any good against some of the big animals around here."

"Where do you think this is, Fatty? Africa? with elephants walkin' on you, and lions ready to chew you up at the first chance?" retorted his friend, with elaborate sarcasm. "Nothing doing! Take my advice and put that pea-shooter of yours away. Bring along the scatter-gun; that 's what you 'll need. We 're not going after big game, and there are no elephants in these woods except yourself."

"All right, I suppose you know," was the doubtful answer. "I 'll take a shotgun then— Just a minute." He selected a bright new twelve-gauge from several others.

"You might change that shirt of yours, too, unless you 're after humming-birds," Fred added with a grin, never losing the chance to tease his good-natured chum.

"Humming-birds? Shirt 's all right—what 's the matter with it?" Fat glared half indignantly at his small tormenter. This was driving a fellow too hard! He was wearing the gorgeous garment which had beckoned so enticingly the evening before. It was open at the throat and supported a bright scarlet bandana about his neck. Paul's esthetic sense of color was, perhaps, a trifle strained, but he always had the courage of his convictions.

"Aw, nothing!" his companion replied dryly. "Humming-birds 'll like it, that 's all. It 'll scare everything else in the jungle."

"What you talking about!" Paul was wholly indignant now.

"I 'm afraid Fred's right, much as I hate to admit it," Jack interposed good-naturedly at this juncture. "You 'd better change to khaki color, Paul. Animals can see those bright things you 're wearing a long distance off, and if you really want

to shoot anything, you 'd better change to the duller tone."

The fat boy felt a sinking in his heart. What a wretched place this was, where a fellow must n't wear decent clothes! He failed to see what harm a little color could do in the jungle. Why did animals have such sharp eyes, anyway? Still, he guessed Jack knew what he was talking about. He 'd better change.

"I 'm going up river with Walee to look for a manatee," said Milton, after Paul had mournfully clad himself in soberer colors. "He caught sight of one feeding on a submerged grass-bank about three miles above here the other day. You know what they are, don't you, Fat? They 're generally called sea-cows, because they browse on water vegetation, and they live in bays along the coast or below the first falls of tide-water rivers like this. Instead of feet, they have flippers like a seal, but are in no way related. Their food is aquatic herbage, and because they are air-breathing mammals, they often feed half out of water on the river-bank. Their flesh is considered one of the greatest of all delicacies, and is supposed to resemble tender young pig. Now, what are you boys going to do?"

"I don't know," Paul replied. "I 'd like to go into the bush."

"That 's me!" ungrammatically agreed Skinny. "We 'll take Wa'na and see what we can get. That 's got sea-cow hunting beat a mile, old Jack-'o-Lantern."

"Well, be sure to take your compasses and don't get lost."

Fifteen minutes later they departed. Wa'na led the way, stepping silently as a shadow through the thick undergrowth; Fred followed, moving with as little noise as he could; and Paul blundered behind with the thunderous tread of an elephant. As they proceeded away from the river, the trees became a trifle thicker, with their tops tighter enlaced, and the undergrowth thinned out until walking became a matter of ease.

When they had covered a hundred yards, Paul was startled by a shrill whistle behind him. He paused and turned, thinking it was Milton who wished to overtake them. Again came the whistle, this time from directly above. Bewildered, he gazed into the branches overhead, but saw nothing.

"What 's the matter, Fat?" called the other boy, who had moved ahead several paces before he discovered that his chum had stopped.

"Wait a minute. I think Jack 's trying to catch up to us. Just heard him whistle. There he goes again!" The shrill note came from the left. "What 's he dodging around for?"

"That 's not Jack!" Fred replied, having re-

traced his steps to his friend's side; "It 's a green-heart saki—a bird! It sure does sound like some one whistling, though. Belongs to a family called 'cotingas,' found only in South America, and closely related to the flycatchers. Gold-diggers call it *gold-bird*, because they think that, wherever it whistles, there 's gold to be found. Must be gold pretty near everywhere in Guiana according to them—for the bird 's everywhere. Hey, Wa'na! come here and show us *pipicho*— I can't make him out."

The Indian had approached while they were talking, and now pointed to a branch about sixty feet away.

"Dar *pipicho*."

Following the direction of his finger, they observed a small gray bird about the size of a robin perched on a dead stub projecting from a tree-trunk. So like the shadows was it in color, that Paul could not be sure of its identity until it moved. As they watched, its throat trembled and their ears were smitten again by the piercing cry.

"Jimmy!" the large boy exclaimed; "for the size of it, it can certainly make a racket!"

"Wait until you hear the toucans and macaws," Fred said dryly. "Come on, let 's go. Walk as quietly as you can, and be careful not to step on dry twigs, if you can help it. These animals and birds have sharper ears than ours, and generally can hear a person coming a mile off. Only Indians and trained men like Jack can stalk with success. We 've got to trust mostly to luck in order to see anything to-day but a few birds."

Instead of an impenetrable tangle, Paul found that the jungle was an open forest, thickly carpeted with damp, molding leaves. Except for a stray shaft of sunlight here and there, the interlaced branches formed a thick roof, which excluded the sun and filled the jungle with cool, twilight shade. The trees were all sizes—saplings fifty feet tall and moras a hundred and eighty, with buttressed, wall-like roots joining the trunk twenty feet from the ground. Giant lianas wound around the trunks, imperiling the trees by their tightening embrace, and, reaching the top, twisted and bent from one tree to another, enmeshing the forest in a colossal net of vines. Great wooden cables festooned with green the air-plants, the clusters of red and purple fruit, and the scarlet blooming heliconias,—which looked like flowering pineapple plants,—and then fell straight down to earth, or hung suspended in mid-air to form trapezes and swinging ropes for birds and monkeys. But these last were strangely absent, and the boy wondered whence had arisen the clamor of the previous night.

All his senses were alert. He watched the

stealthy gait of the Indian and tried to imitate it. Although new to the forest, he was bound he would learn its ways, now that he was in it—it could not be hard! Fred, too, copied Wa'na's movements, and with more success, being already

He had expected to see resplendent birds flashing through the foliage, deer browsing peaceably in the shade, monkeys leering and grimacing down at him, gigantic boa-constrictors coiled about mighty limbs, and jaguars crouched snarling behind rotten stumps. Instead of these he saw—nothing.

At that moment Wa'na held up his hand and the boys stealthily edged closer to him. "Accu!" they heard him mutter.

"Where? where?" whispered Fred, and his chum could see that he was excited.

"What does he mean?" the latter asked in a low voice.

"*Sh-h-h*—agouti; sort of big guinea-pig—Where is he, Wa'na?"

"Dar."

The Indian pointed at the base of a large tree fifty feet away. But strain his eyes as he might, Paul could see nothing. Fred raised his gun, then lowered it.

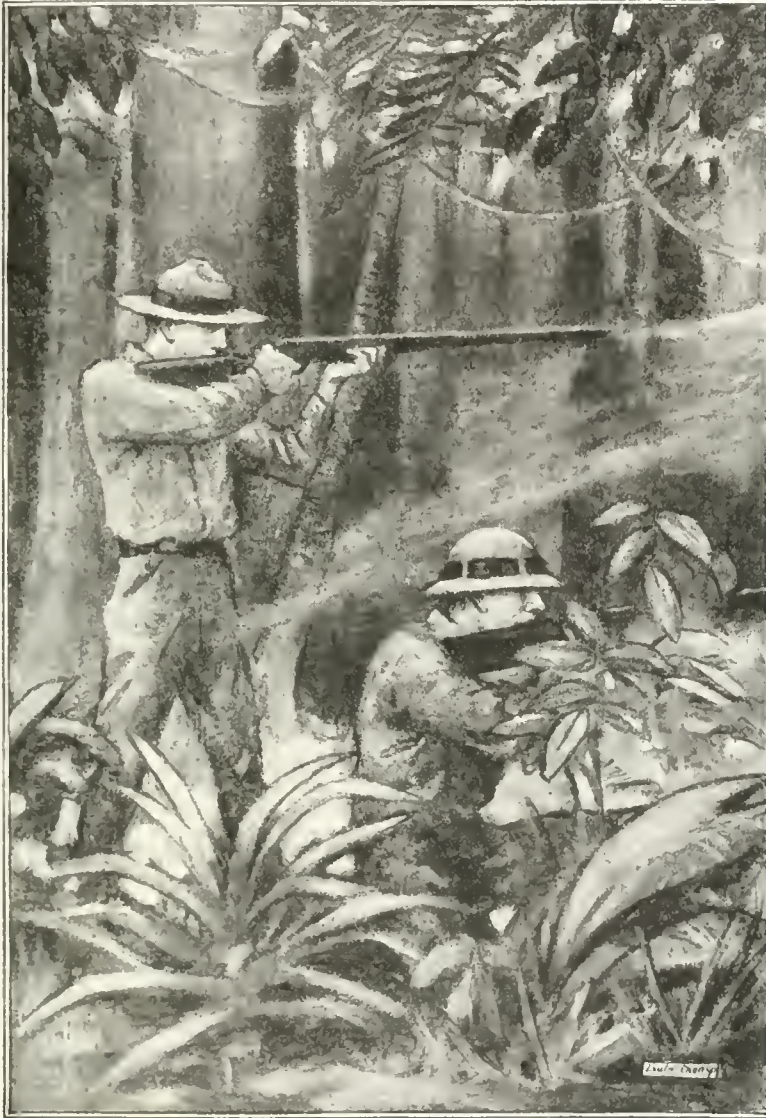
"You shoot it, Fat," he offered generously. "I've killed them before."

"But I don't see anything. You go ahead."

Fred put the gun to his shoulder a second time, but before he could pull the trigger, there came a grunt from the tree, and what Paul had taken for a mass of dead leaves, suddenly came to life and, with a series of snorts and squeals, disappeared with incredible speed. Paul could hear the rustle of its passage as it fled.

Wa'na said nothing, but again took the lead.

"Better luck next time," Fred observed cheerfully. "You've almost always got to shoot those beggars on sight if you want them. Guess we made too much noise. They're like a guinea-pig, only grown the size of a fox-terrier—just about as common as rabbits are at home. Fine eating, though." He smacked his lips.



"BANG WENT PAUL'S SHOTGUN, AND BANG THUNDERED THE OTHER WEAPON BESIDE HIM" (SEE PAGE 139)

partially trained and loving the jungle with his whole being.

Paul's eyes for a full hour, as they advanced, strained through the semi-gloom, but saw nothing beyond a small lizard or two which scuttled through the leaves ahead of them, and a tiny green bird which disappeared behind a bush. He was again bitterly disappointed with the jungle!

"It's mighty hard to see animals in the jungle, but they're here, all right," he went on. "It's all a matter of training your eyes and keeping quiet so that they can't hear you. After a—"

"What 's that!" cried Paul, half raising his weapon and whirling around as a tremendous roar sounded among the bushes on his right. He was in time to see a large brown bird literally bound off the ground straight into the air, and disappear on a long arc which brought it to earth behind cover of a heavy thicket. He had no more thought of firing than he had of joining the bird on its flight; its sudden appearance was too startling.

"Tinamon," Fred grunted. "You know him. Jim brought one in last night. Makes more racket getting up than one of our own ruffed grouse. Scared me to death the first time I heard one. Wonder how Wa'na missed him. Hullo, what does he see now?"

The Indian had again halted and was pointing. The boys hurried forward, and this time even Paul could make out what had caused him to pause.

Fifty yards from the narrow trail which they were following stood a large tree which was somewhat different from those surrounding it. In place of the usual bare trunk, this one had branches commencing ten feet from the ground. It was densely clothed with dark-green, shiny leaves, and even at that distance Paul could make out the berries which covered it, like orange confetti. The tree seemed alive with strange, unseen monsters. Though not a breath of air stirred, the branches shook, the leaves rattled as if in a gale, and a harsh, clucking sound came from its interior. But no animals could be seen.

"What is it, Wa'na, monkeys?" the stout boy whispered.

"No. He *powcet*. Lot of um feed in tree."

"He means *poweis* or curassows," Fred explained in a low voice; "big black birds, something like wild turkeys. Lead us to 'em, Wa'na."

The Indian motioned the boys to follow and glided directly away from the tree. Paul was mystified by this, but asked no questions. They made a wide detour, and finally crawled to cover behind a thick clump of underbrush not forty feet from the tree, but on the opposite side of it. The thrashing of branches still continued.

"Marsters wait here," said the Indian. "Watch tree, and when see *powcet*, then bang. Me go scare um." With these words he seemed to melt into the background and was gone.

"Where 's he going?" silently motioned Fat, who could feel his heart pounding against his ribs with such force that he feared the curassows would hear it.

"Don't know," his companion answered in like fashion; "better watch the tree."

Once Paul caught a glimpse of a black body through an opening in the leaves, but it was hidden before he could fire. The clucking continued, sometimes rising to the intensity of a harsh squawk, but more often low and clear-cut, like the call of a hen to her chicks. The excitement of the hunters mounted higher and higher.

Suddenly, dead silence fell upon the tree. The leaves grew motionless and the clucking ceased; then it all recommenced with increased fury. The birds began to climb toward the top of the tree, as the boys could tell by the continuous agitation of the foliage, which billowed upward in a series of waves, like the rolling of a wheat field before a gust of wind. Reaching the top, the curassows became quiet, and sidled out on the branches in the direction of the boys. Farther and farther they crept, and finally first one and then another were exposed to view. Now was the time, Paul decided, and, taking hasty aim, pulled the trigger.

*Bang* went his shotgun, and *bang* thundered the other weapon beside him.

The two birds suddenly lost their hold on the branch and came tumbling and smashing through the branches to the ground. A third flew from its hiding-place, and, cackling harshly, sped over the tree-tops. Fred, with Paul at his heels, dashed from the thicket to seize the game.

To the amazement of the latter, Wa'na was already beneath the tree and in the act of picking up the curassows when they arrived.

"How did you get here?" he gasped in surprise.

The Indian smiled with pleasure. There is nothing an Akawai loves better than praise of his woodcraft, and this exclamatory question was balm and incense to his vanity.

"Me here, one, two minute," he replied proudly. "*Powcet* no see Wa'na till he raise hand to scare um. Then *Powcet* climb tree, and me go over dar," pointing to a spot several yards from the tree and on the opposite side from the thicket which had hidden the boys. "*Powcet* see me and go other side of tree. Then marsters go bang."

"So that 's the way you drove them to us," Fred said. "I was wondering how you'd do it, Wa'na, but I knew we'd get a shot. You'd have thought there were a dozen birds in the tree by the rumpus they were raising."

Wa'na held up his right hand with all five fingers extended, and his left with three fingers. He understood English better than he spoke it.

"Eight? Why, only one flew away, besides the two we shot!"

"*Powcet* still in tree."

The two chums craned their necks and gazed

intently up through the network of leaves and branches. All was a mass of dark green, through which sparkled rays of sunlight. They changed their positions, but nothing could be seen except dark limbs and leaves, outlined black against the bright sky. From beneath, the tree looked like a hollow cone whose thin, leaty surface was held in place by a skeleton of twigs and branches. So sparse the leaves appeared from their inner aspect, that it seemed impossible they could hide an object as large as a curassow.

"What 're you giving us, Wa'na?" burst from the two in unison, when they had completed what they deemed a thorough inspection of the tree. "There 's nothing up there!"

Wa'na grinned. "Me show marsters," he said, and peering upward for an instant, fired his little gun. There was a frightful clatter overhead, two more curassows left the tree, and a third fell at their feet.

"Well, what do you know about that!" Paul cried in astonishment. "I 'd have sworn there was n't any thing there."

"Same here," admitted Skinny. "Can you see any others, Wa'na?"

"Dar one," said the Indian, pointing at a bunch of leaves. "See head?"

To Paul, that bunch was no different from any other. It seemed as if he could see daylight through every bit of it. Fred, whose eyes had been sharpened by earlier forest training, perceived that the patch was more opaque than the foliage surrounding it. In a moment he caught the slight movement of a light object, apparently fixed in the center of the bunch.

"I see it!" came his triumphant shout. "Did you see it move, Fat? There it goes again!"

This time Paul noted the movement. "You bet I see it! Shall I shoot?"

"Sure."

The curassow fell an easy victim to his gun, and, carrying the four birds, they prepared to depart. The one which dangled at the side of the stout boy weighed about seven pounds. It was a large one of its kind, a huge male, black, except for an orange-yellow wattled head, with a white stomach and under tail coverts. In place of a comb, its head had a short crest of curly feathers. Unlike the turkey, the hind toes were long, on the same plane as the others, and used in walking or for gripping the limbs of trees. There being no wild turkeys in South America, this bird, a distant relative, takes their place.

As they were too loaded down with game to proceed farther, the hunters decided to return to

camp. Paul was hugely gratified with the result of their hunt. His skepticism of a while before had evaporated, and in its place had come a keener appreciation of the jungle. He had begun to realize that the living things he had dreamed of were probably there, but so well able to take care of themselves that the utmost skill was necessary to discover them in their hiding-places. They were to be had for the seeking, but the seeker must be versed in all the refinements of woodcraft. This skill he determined to acquire.

They had covered almost the entire distance to camp when Fred, who had been mooning to himself, suddenly came to a full stop.

"I 've got it!" he shouted, gleefully, flourishing his curassow in the face of his chum. Fat backed hurriedly away.

"What you got?" he demanded, swinging at Fred with his own bird in self-defense.

"I know why we could n't see the powis. I was wondering why we could n't make out their patches of white up there. You remember how all the leaves looked black when we were looking up from beneath? That 's because they were against the bright sky. It 's the same way with the curassows, with the leaves breaking their outline and causing shadows to fall on their white stomachs. When you throw a heavy shadow on white paper, it looks dark gray; or if you stick a piece of paper on top of a chimney and look at it from the fireplace below, it appears almost black, unless the sunlight gets beneath it. That 's the way it was with the curassow. We were looking at him from a tunnel, and all his white, hidden behind a leaf or two to break its outline, seemed black, just like the rest of the leaves. When he moved his head we could see it, because, of course, you can see any moving body when there 's light enough."

"Hub-huh," the other agreed. "But I don't see what good —"

"That 's the way birds and animals hide in the trees," Fred continued, waving aside the interruption. "That explains why they 're so hard to find. All colors look black against the sky, and shadows darken them a lot, too. I 'm beginning to see now why a fellow does n't observe more animals in the jungle than he does."

Paul, too, was commencing to catch a faint glimmer of understanding. "I see now!" he echoed the other. "You 've got to watch out for other signs than color—look for trails, half-eaten fruit under a tree, or shaking branches. Huh-huh, I 'm learning."

"Righto!" Fred agreed.

*(To be continued)*

The Adventures of  
Mary Melinda Mehitable Brown.

The Adventure with  
Strange Food.

By  
Minnie Leona Upton



MARY Melinda Mehitable Brown  
For skill in the kitchen had won much renown;  
Her biscuit and cakes never showed any blunder,  
Her puddings and pies were the neighborhood wonder.

And so, on a quite unforgettable day,  
When left to keep house, her dear mother away,  
Small wonder she thought a new dish she'd be making  
To please her dear father, who praised all her baking.

Her sea-captain uncle, who sailed to strange lands  
And had queer tattoos on his arms and his hands,  
Among his gifts brought, on his last flying visit,  
A bag full of rice. "You would not ask, "What is it?"

But then 't was a rarity, wondrous and strange,  
And our brisk little cook thought 't would make a fine change  
To have a rice pudding, which uncle, who knew it,  
Had said was a treat—but *not* said how to do it!



A bright, jolly blaze in the fireplace shone,  
And she said, "Here I'll make it!" and put the  
pot on,  
"I know Father'll like it!" she said; and a measure  
That held full two quarts did she take of the  
treasure!

The gallon pot boiled, with a splutter and puff,  
And—why, what on earth had got into the stuff!  
It rose, and it rose, and it just kept on rising,  
And then rose some more, in a way most sur-  
prising!

Then the much amazed cook, swinging outward  
the crane,  
Dipped a lot of it out, poured in water again,  
And quick as a flash it went briskly to cooking;  
And next, in a trice, when the cook was n't  
looking,

"AMONG HIS GIFTS BROUGHT — A BAG FULL OF RICE"



"AND JUST THEN HER FATHER CAME IN FOR HIS DINNER"

Again that queer stuff went right over the top!  
In a piteous panic she begged it to stop!  
Then, wholly bewildered, this dutiful daughter  
Dipped out a lot more, and poured in some more water!

But soon—oh, so soon!—well, it must be confessed  
That rice really acted as if 't was possessed!  
Again it went over! Again, nothing daunted,  
She dipped out some more, as it fluffed up, and flaunted!

Well, the long and the short I will tell in a trice:  
Soon she had every spare pot and pan filled with  
rice!

And just then her father came in for his dinner—  
He laughed till he cried! Do you think him a  
sinner?

But when Mother came home and surveyed the  
array  
Of rice-rounded dishes, put neatly away,  
And saw that her little cook's cheeks had been  
teary,  
She said, "Never mind—I 'd have done the same,  
deary!"

Then Mary Melinda Mehitable Brown,  
My mother's great-grandmother, cuddled right  
down  
On a stool at her knee, and sighed, "Mother, I 'll  
never  
Do 'speriments when you 're away, again—ever!"



"SHE SAID, 'NEVER MIND—I 'D HAVE  
DONE THE SAME, DEARY!'"

# THE SPIRIT OF ADVENTURE

By HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

WIND has always seemed wonderful and beautiful to me.

Invisible as it is, it pervades the whole world. It has the very quality of life. Without wind, how dead and still the world would be! In the autumn, wind shakes the leaves free and sends them flying, gold and red. It takes the seeds of many plants and sows them over the land. It blows away mists and sets clouds to voyaging, brings rain and fair weather the year round, builds up snow in fantastic palaces, rolls the waves high, murmurs a fairy music in the pines and shouts aloud in storms. Wind is the great adventurer of nature. Sometimes it is so fierce and terrible that nothing can stand before it—houses are torn to shreds, trees are felled, ruin follows where it goes. At other times, it comes marching wet and salt from the sea, or dry and keen from the mountains on hot summer days, bringing ease and rest and health. Keen as a knife, it whips over the frozen ground in winter and screams wildly round the farm-house, taps the panes with ghost fingers, and whistles like a sprite in the chimney. It brings sails from land to land, turns windmills in quaint foreign places, and sets the flags of all the countries of the world fluttering on their high staffs.

Wind is nature's spirit of adventure, keeping her world vigorous, clean, and alive.

For us, too, the spirit of adventure is the fine wind of life, and if we have it not, or lose it, either as individual or nation, then we begin to die, our force and freshness depart, we stop in our tracks, and joy vanishes. For joy is a thing of movement and energy, of striving forward, a thing of hope as well as fruition. You must be thoroughly alive to be truly joyful, and all the great things accomplished by men and nations have been accomplished by vigorous and active souls, not content to sit still and hold the past, but eager to press on and to try undiscovered futures.

If ever a nation was founded on, and built up by, the spirit of adventure, that nation is our own. The very finding of it was the result of a splendid upspring of that spirit. From then on through centuries it was only men in whom the spirit of adventure was strong as life itself who reached our shores. Great adventurers, on they came, borne as they should be, by wind itself! Gallant figures, grim figures, moved by all sorts of lures and impulses, yet one and all stirred and led by the call of adventure, that cares nothing for ease of body or safety, for old, tried rules and set ways and trodden paths, but passionately for freedom and effort, for what is strange and dangerous and

thrilling, for tasks that call on brain and body for quick, new decisions and acts.

The spirit of adventure did not die with the settling of our shores. Following the sea adventurers came those of the land, the pioneers, who went forward undismayed by the perils and obstacles that appeared quite as insurmountable as did the uncharted seas to Columbus's men. Think of the days, when next you ride across our great continent in the comfort of a Pullman, when it took five months and more to make the same journey with ox-teams. Think how day followed day for those travelers across the Great Plains in a sort of changeless spell, where they topped long slow rise after long slow rise only to see the seemingly endless panorama stretch on before them. Think how they passed the ghastly signs of murdered convoys gone before, and yet pressed on. Think how they settled here and there in new strange places where never the foot of men like themselves had been set before, and proceeded to build homes and till the land, rifle in hand; think how their wives reared their children and kept their homes where never a white child or a Christian home had been before.

Where should we be to-day but for such men and women—if this wind of the spirit had never blown through men's hearts and fired them on to follow its call, as the wind blows a flame?

Wherever you look here in America you can see the signs and traces of this wonderful spirit. In old towns, like Provincetown or Gloucester, you still hear tales of the whale-fisheries, and still see boats fare out to catch cod and mackerel on the wild and dangerous Banks. But in the past, the fishers sailed away for a year or two, round the globe itself, after their game! You see the spirit's tracks along the barren banks of the Sacramento, where the gold-seekers fronted the wilderness after treasure, and in Alaska it walks incarnate. It is hewing its way in forests and digging it in mines; it is building bridges and plants in the deserts and the mountains. Out it goes to the islands of the Pacific, and in Africa it finds a land after its heart.

How much of this spirit lives in you?

I tell you, when I hear a girl or a boy say: "This place is good enough for me. I can get a good job round the corner; I know all the folks in town; and I don't see any reason for bothering about how they live in other places or what they do away from here"; when I hear that sort of talk from young people, my heart sinks a bit.

For such boys and girls there is no golden call



of adventure, no lure of wonder by day and night, no desire to measure their strength against the world, no hope of something finer and more beautiful than what they have as yet known or seen.

I like the boy or girl who sighs after a quest more difficult than the trodden trail, who wants more of life than the assurance of a good job. I know very well that the home-keeping lad has a stout task to perform and a good life to live. But I know, too, that if the youth of a nation loses its love of adventure, if that wild and moving spirit passes from it, then the nation is close to losing its soul. It has about reached the limit of its power and growth.

So much in our daily existence works against this noble spirit, disapproves it, fears it. People are always ready to prove that there is neither sense nor profit in it. Why should you sail with Drake and Frobisher, or march with Fremont or track the forest with Boone, when it is so much easier and safer and pays better to stay at home? Why should n't you be content to do exactly like the people about you, and live the life that is already marked out for you to live?

That is what most of us will do. But that is no reason why the glorious spirit of adventure should be denied and reviled. It is the great spirit of creation in our race. If it stirs in you, listen to it, be glad of it.

A mere restless impulse to move about, the necessity to change your environment or else be bored, the dissatisfaction with your condition that leads to nothing but ill temper or melancholy—these are not part of the spirit of which I am speaking. You may develop the spirit of adventure without stirring from home, for it is not ruled by the body and its movements. Great and high adventure may be yours in the home where you now live, if you realize that home as a part of the great world, as a link of the vast chain of life. Two boys can sit side by side on the same hearthstone, and in one the spirit of adventure is living and calling, in the other it is dead. To the first, life will be an opportunity and a beckoning. He will be ready to give himself for the better future; he will be ready to strike hands with the fine thought and generous endeavor of the whole world, bringing to his own community the fruit of great things, caring little for the ease and comfort of his body, but much for the possibilities of a finer, truer realization of man's eternal struggle toward a purer liberty and a nobler life. The spirit of adventure is a generous spirit, kindling to great appeals. Of the two boys, sitting there together, the second may perhaps go round the world, but to him there will be no song and no wonder. He will not find adventure, because he

has it not. The old phrase, "adventures to the adventurous," is a true saying. The selfish and the small of soul know no adventures.

As I think of America to-day, I say the spirit that found and built her must maintain her. There are great things to be done for America in the coming years, in your years. Her boundaries are fixed, but within those boundaries marvelous development is possible. Her government has found its form, but there is work for the true adventurer in seeing that the spirit of that government, in all its endless ramifications and expressions, fulfils the intention of human liberty and well-being that lie within that form. Her relations with the world outside of herself are forming anew, and here too there is labor of the noblest. The lad who cares only for his own small job and his own small comforts, who dreads the rough contacts of life and the dangers of pioneering will not help America much.

In the older days the Pilgrim Fathers cast aside every comfort of life to follow the call of liberty, coming to a wilderness so remote, that for us a voyage to some star would scarcely seem more distant or strange. None of us will be called upon to do so tremendous a thing as that act of theirs, so far as the conditions of existence go, since the telegraph and the aëroplane and turbine knit us close. But there are adventures quite as magnificent to be achieved.

The spirit of adventure loves the unknown. And in the unknown we shall find all the wonders that are waiting for us. Our whole life is lived on the very border of unknown things, but only the adventurous spirit reaches out to these and makes them known, and widens the horizons for humanity. The very essence of the spirit of adventure is in doing something no one has done before. Every highroad was once a trail, every trail had its trail-breaker, setting his foot where no man's foot had gone before through what new forests and over what far plains.

It is good to ride at ease on the broad highway, with every turning marked and the rules all kept. But it is not the whole of life. The savor of lonely dawns, the call of an unknown voice, the need to establish new frontiers of spirit and action beyond any man has yet set, these are also part of life. Do not forego them. You are young and the world is before you. Be among those who perceive all its variety, its potentialities, who can see good in the new and unknown, and find joy in hazard and strength in effort. Do not be afraid of strange manners and customs, nor think a thing is wrong because it is different.

Throw wide the great gates of adventure in your soul, young America!

# THE DRAGON'S SECRET

By AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN

Author of "The Sapphire Signet," "The Slipper Point Mystery," etc., etc.

## SYNOPSIS OF THE FIRST INSTALMENT

LESLIE CRANE is staying with an invalid aunt, Miss Marcia Crane, at a little bungalow on the Jersey coast during the month of October. The name of the bungalow they have rented is Rest Haven, and the only other house near by is another bungalow, shut up for the season, called Curlew's Nest. On the night the story opens, there is a very severe storm; and in looking toward this house from her own window, Leslie sees a strange light for a moment through a chink in the closed shutters. Her dog Rags also seems to scent something unusual, for he growls and is restless and uneasy. Next morning, though it is still storming, Leslie and Rags go for a walk on the shore and she encounters a girl of her own age, Phyllis Kelvin, fishing with her father and brother a half-mile down the beach. The two girls become acquainted and Phyllis shows Leslie their bungalow, Fisherman's Luck. Leslie tells Phyllis of the strange light she has seen the night before, and they set off to look over the ground around Curlew's Nest. As they near it, they see Rags digging a hole in the sand near an old log in front of the bungalow. To their great astonishment, he pulls out of it a burlap bag containing a mysterious, heavy object. This they discover to be a little bronze box decorated with a winged dragon. But try as they will, they cannot open the box nor discover its contents. They agree to keep the matter a secret and Phyllis conceals the box in her home.

## CHAPTER IV

### IN THE SAND

THE northeaster lasted three days. Then it blew itself out, the wind shifted to the northwest, and there was beautiful, sparkling weather for the rest of the week.

During this time, the two new friends came to know each other very well indeed. It was not only their shared little mystery that united them—they found they had congenial tastes and interests in very many directions, although they were so different in temperament. Leslie was slight and dark in appearance, rather timid in disposition, and inclined to be shy and hesitant in manner. Phyllis was quite the opposite—large and plump and rosy, courageous and independent, jolly, and often headlong and thoughtless in action. Her mother had died when she was very little, and she had grown up mainly in the care of nurses and servants, from whom she had imbibed some very queer notions, as Leslie was not long in discovering. One of these was her firm belief in ghosts and haunted houses, which not even the robust and wholesome contempt of her father and the teasing ridicule of her older brother Ted had succeeded in changing.

But Phyllis had a special gift which drew the two girls together with a strong attraction: she was a devoted lover of music and so accomplished a pianist, for one of her age, as to be almost a genius. The whole family seemed to be musical. Her father played the cello and Ted the violin, but Phyllis's work at the piano far surpassed theirs. And Leslie, too, loved music devotedly, though she neither sang nor played any instrument. It was a revelation to her when, on the next rainy afternoon, she accompanied Phyllis to the living-room of Fisherman's Luck and listened

to a recital such as she had never expected to hear outside of a concert-hall.

"Oh, Phyllis, it 's wonderful—simply wonderful!" she sighed blissfully when the last liquid ripples of a Chopin waltz had died away. "I don't see how you ever learned to play like that! But what in the world are you going to do now?" For Phyllis had jumped up with an impatient exclamation, laid back the cover of the grand piano, and was hunting frantically in the music cabinet for something.

"Why, I 'm going to tune the old thing!" she declared. "This salt air is enough to wreck any piano, and this one is so old that it 's below pitch most of the time. But of course it would n't do to have a very good one here. That 's why Dad sent this one down. I just *had* to learn to tune it, in self-defense, or we could never have used it. So here goes!" And, to Leslie's breathless amazement, she proceeded to tune the instrument with the most professional air in the world.

"Phyllis, you 're amazing!" murmured Leslie, at length. "But, tell me—what do you intend to do with this wonderful gift you have? Surely you 'll make it your career—or something like that?"

"Well, of course I *want* to," confided her friend. "To be candid—I 'm crazy to. It 's about the only thing I think of. But Father won't hear of it. He says he will let me have all the advantages he can, for an amateur, but that 's all he 's willing or can afford to do. Of course, I 'm only seventeen and I 've got to finish high school, at least. But I 'm wild to go afterward to some one of the great European teachers and study for a year or two, and then see what happens. That, however, would cost at least two or three thousand dollars, and Father says he simply can't afford it. So there you are. It 's awful to have an ambition

and no way of encouraging it! But I'm always hoping that something will turn up." And Phyllis returned to her tuning.

"Two or three thousand dollars would be a pretty handy sum to have!" laughed Leslie. "I've been rather on the lookout for some such amount myself, but for a somewhat different reason."

"Oh, I'll warrant you have an ambition, too! Now tell me about it!" cried Phyllis, pouncing on her and ignoring the piano.

"Yes, it *is* an ambition," acknowledged Leslie, "but it is n't a bit like yours. I hardly think you could call it an ambition—just a *wish*. You see, it's this way. We're rather a big family at home, four of us children, and I'm the oldest; and Father's rather delicate and has never been able to hold a good position long because he's out so much with illness. We get along fairly well—all but little Ralph. He's my special pet, four years old, but he's lame—had some hip trouble ever since he was a baby. He could be cured, the doctors say, by a very expensive operation and some special care. But we have n't the money for it—just yet. We're always hoping something will turn up, too, and my plan is to hurry through high school and training-school and then teach, and save every spare penny for Ralph. But it seems an awfully long time to wait, and all the while that little tot is n't getting any better."

There were tears in her eyes as she reached this point, and the impetuous Phyllis hugged her. "You darling thing! I think you're too unselfish for words! It makes me feel ashamed of my own selfish, foolish little wish. Would n't it be gorgeous if we could find four or five thousand dollars lying around on the beach? Would n't it just—" She stopped abruptly.

"What's the matter?" inquired Leslie. "Anything wrong?"

"No—something just occurred to me. What if that wretched little dragon of ours was guarding just such a fortune? It might be jewels or bank-notes or—or *something* equally valuable! I'm going to get it right away and make another try at opening it. It makes me furious, every time I think of it, to be so—so balked about getting at anything!"

"But, Phyllis," objected Leslie, "even if there *were* any such thing, I don't believe we'd have a right to keep it. It must belong to *somebody*, and we ought to make an effort to find out who. Don't you think so?"

"Oh, yes, if it's any *real* person—I suppose so," admitted Phyllis. "But what if—" She stopped significantly.

"Now *don't* tell me it was hidden there by *ghosts!*" And Leslie's infectious laugh pealed out.

"Oh, hush! or Ted will hear. He can't be far

away," implored Phyllis, guiltily. "Of course, I don't say what or whom it was hidden by, but there's something mighty queer to me about an empty bungalow being inhabited by *living folks*—"

"What about burglars?" interrupted Leslie, quickly.

"Never *was* such a thing around these parts, in any one's experience!" Phyllis hastened to assure her, much to her secret relief.

"Then perhaps it's the people who own the cottage," offered Leslie.

"No chance. They've all gone off to spend the winter in California—every one. Ted had a letter from Leroy Danforth, who is a great chum of his, last week."

"Well, I *know* there is some other explanation besides a—ghostly one!" declared Leslie, nothing daunted. "But anyway, we might have another look at the dragon."

Phyllis went and got it out from its hiding-place in her trunk, and they spent a fruitless half-hour wrestling with its secret fastening. They broke their finger-nails trying to pry it open, they pressed and poked every inch of it in an endeavor to find a possible secret spring; they rattled and shook it, rewarded in this case by the dull thud of something shifting about. It was this last sound only that kept up their courage. Finally they gave it up.

"I believe we could break it open with an ax, perhaps; but you don't seem to approve of that, so how we're ever going to find out, I'm sure I can't imagine!" declared Phyllis, discouraged.

"Do you know, I think this metal is so strong it would resist even an ax," Leslie soothed her, "and we'd only damage the box without accomplishing anything. There must be some other way. Why not show it to Ted and your father? Perhaps they could do what we can't."

"I will *not* share this secret with Ted!" declared Phyllis, obstinately. "He's nearly nineteen and he thinks he's the most important thing in creation, and he's perfectly insufferable in some ways, now. To have his advice asked in this thing would set him up worse than ever. I won't do it!"

Leslie had to smile inwardly at this outburst. To her, Ted had seemed just a jolly, agreeable, and rather companionable boy, with a very friendly, likable attitude. But she realized that she had not had Phyllis's sisterly experience, so she said nothing more. They put the dragon back in his hiding-place and sadly admitted themselves more baffled than ever.

On the evening of the third day after this, however, a strange thing happened.

To the surprise of Leslie, Miss Marcia had been

induced to walk along the beach, after supper, and stop in at Fisherman's Luck to hear a concert—an impromptu one—given by Phyllis and her father and brother. Leslie had learned that the Kelly family amused itself in this fashion every night when the fishing was not particularly good.

"I'd love to hear them play, should n't you, Aunt Marcia? Phyllis is a wonder, just by herself, and they must make a delightful trio!" She said this without any hope that her aunt would express much interest; but to her astonishment, Miss Marcia replied:

"Well, suppose we walk down there after tea. I'm feeling so much better that I don't believe it would hurt me, and I'm just hungry to hear some music myself!"

Leslie joyfully imparted the news to Phyllis, and they planned an elaborate program. It was an evening that they long remembered, so absorbed were they in the music that they all loved. And it was not till the end of an ensemble rendering of a Bach concerto, that some one remarked, "Why, it 's raining!"

No one had noticed it until then. Miss Marcia was quite aghast, for she seldom ventured out in the rain and she had brought no adequate wraps. But Leslie settled that question speedily. "I'll take Rags and run up the beach to our bungalow and bring them to you, if Phyllis will lend me her slickers," she declared. "No, you must n't come with me, Ted. I'll be perfectly safe with Rags; and while I'm gone, you can all be giving that Beethoven trio that you promised Aunt Marcia. I won't be fifteen minutes."

They finally let her go and settled down to the music once more. She was much more than fifteen minutes in returning, but no one noticed it, so deeply immersed were they in the rendering of the music. At last, however, she was back, breathless and dripping and with a curious light in her eye that no one noticed but Phyllis.

"What is it?" Phyllis managed to whisper, when the others were talking and putting on wraps.

"Just this," replied Leslie, breathlessly and jerkily. "While I was in the house—I happened—to look out of my window—as I often do,—no light in my room—and I saw—that light again next door! Rags saw it too—at least he growled in that queer way. I waited and watched a long time—I wanted to go out nearer the place—but did n't dare. Then it disappeared and I did n't see it—any more. Then I came on here."

Phyllis listened to the whispered, jerky sentences in a thrilled silence. Then she replied: "I'm coming up first thing to-morrow morning—early! But watch out the rest of the night—if you can!"

Phyllis was as good as her word—better, in

fact, for she was actually knocking at the door of Rest Haven before Leslie was out of bed, much to Miss Marcia's astonishment.

"Did you see anything else?" was her first whispered greeting.

But Leslie shook her head. "There was n't another thing happened. I watched nearly all night—till I fell asleep at the window, in fact!"

"Well, something happened at *some* time or other!" replied Phyllis, provocatively.

"How do you know?" demanded Leslie, in a twitter.

"I've seen the sign of it. Come outside and I'll show you!"

They made some excuse to Miss Marcia for immediately vacating the house, and hurried outdoors. Phyllis led the way to a certain side door of Curlew's Nest, on the opposite side from Rest Haven, where a sheltering projection of roof extended out for two or three feet over the ground. The hard rain of the night before had beaten out the sand all about the wooden foot-path to an unbroken smoothness. But just under the protecting roof, Phyllis pointed to something at their feet.

"There it is!" she muttered. And Leslie, staring down, beheld the impression of a single footprint—a footprint very different from either of their own—in the sand!

## CHAPTER V

### AN EXPLORING PARTY

"WELL!" was Leslie's first remark, "that proves *one* thing beyond a doubt."

"What?" demanded Phyllis.

"That it was n't a *ghost* around here. I never yet heard of a ghost who made a footprint!"

The deduction somewhat staggered Phyllis in her pet belief. "I suppose that 's true," she had to admit. "I never did, *either*. But now the question is, who did it and what did he want?"

But Leslie had been carefully examining the footprint. "You say, what did 'he' want. Have you noticed that this footprint does n't look very much like a *man's*?"

Phyllis stooped over it. "You're right! It 's a woman's or a girl's. Here 's the deep imprint of the little French heel, and the narrow, pointed toe. Must have a mighty small foot!" she measured her own beside it. "Still, even mine would look much smaller in pumps or slippers instead of these comfortable sneakers. Might be either a small woman or a girl like ourselves."

"But why is there *only one*, I wonder?" mused Leslie.

"I think the answer to that is simple. She walked on this narrow board-walk up from the



"PHYLLIS FLASHED THE TORCH ABOUT IN A GENERAL SURVEY" (SEE PAGE 141)

back road, probably because it was easier, or even, perhaps, so as not to make any footprints. And just at the doorstep she may have stumbled, or stepped off by mistake in the darkness. Perhaps she did n't even realize it."

Again Leslie had bent over the footprint. "She was coming in when she made it. Do you notice that it points toward the door?"

Phyllis stared at her. "What a perfectly dandy detective you 'd make!" she exclaimed. "You simply take in everything!"

"You 're just as good and even better!" laughed Leslie, secretly pleased, however.

"Hurrah for us!" cried Phyllis. "We 're just a pair of natural *Sherlock Holmeses!* Now, here 's what I propose. There 's something mighty queer going on here, I believe. And I 'm willing to give up my ghost theory, because it *does* seem silly. But I want to investigate the thing pretty thoroughly, and the only way to do it is to get into that bungalow and see what has been going on inside."

"But Phyllis!" cried the shocked Leslie. "You would n't break into some one else's bungalow, would you? And besides, how *could* you?"

"Pooh!" declared Phyllis, in scorn. "As if I did n't know this bungalow as well as our own, and the Danforths almost as well as my own family, too, for that matter. I 've been in here a thousand times. The Danforths would be only too grateful to me for keeping an eye on their place for them. They 'd do the same for us. And as for getting in—why, I 've always known a private way of getting in when everything 's locked up. The Danforths themselves showed me. We 'll get in this afternoon. This morning I promised Ted and Father I 'd fish with them awhile; but this afternoon I 'm free."

"Where are you two girls?" they heard Miss Crane calling from next door, and they started guiltily, not realizing how long they had been away.

"I must be more careful, or Aunt Marcia will begin to suspect something and question me," whispered Leslie. "It would never do in the world to have her realize there was anything queer going on so close to us. She 'd pack up for home in a minute, her nerves are still so uncertain. Coming, Aunt Marcia!"

"That 's so!" agreed Phyllis. "Between keeping it from your aunt and from Ted and Father, we 're going to have some tight squeezes, I foresee! Well, I 'll be back after luncheon and we 'll do a bit of investigating. Good-by!"

It was between half-past one and two, that afternoon, when Phyllis again appeared at Rest Haven—a very suspicious time, for Miss Marcia was in

her room taking her usual long nap and Ted and his father had gone a mile or more down the beach to an inlet to try the fishing there. The two girls had the whole vicinity to themselves.

"What shall we do with Rags?" questioned Phyllis. "I hardly think we ought to take him in. Can't you chain him up?"

"Oh, I would n't dare! He 'd howl himself sick and wake Aunt Marcia. You see, he 's never chained. But I can turn him loose on the beach and let him chase hermit-crabs, and when he 's well occupied, we can slip away."

They strolled down to the water's edge with the dog, who was speedily absorbed in the one occupation he found of never-failing interest. Then they slipped back to the bungalow without his even noticing that they had gone.

It was only when they stood by the side door of Curlew's Nest that Leslie noticed something bulky concealed under Phyllis's sweater.

"What in the world have you got there?" she demanded.

Phyllis produced a large-sized electric torch. "How do you suppose we are going to see anything in that dark place without something like this? We certainly must n't open any windows."

Leslie confessed she had n't thought of it, and then watched with amazement while Phyllis skillfully inserted the blade of a knife in the crack of the door, wiggled it about a moment, and triumphantly lifted the hook inside from its ring and swung open the door.

"Hurry in!" she whispered. "We must close this quickly before any one can notice."

They shut the door in haste, and Phyllis flashed on her light. Then she replaced the hook in its ring. "Now we 're safe! You see, this is a little side-closet like a pantry, where the ice-box is kept. They had the door made so that the ice need not be carried in through the kitchen."

"But that 's a very poor catch for the door—just that little hook!" cried Leslie. "I should think they 'd have something more secure than that."

"I suppose it is," agreed Phyllis, "and they 've often said so themselves. And yet it 's just one of those things that never gets changed. Anyhow, nobody ever locks anything down here, only fastens things up when the season is over. There 's really nothing valuable enough here to lock up or to attract thieves. And so it has just gone on as it is. But come along! Let 's get down to business. This way to the living-room!" and she led the way along a passage and into the big main room of the bungalow.

It was very much on the style of that of Rest Haven, furnished with attractive willow furniture, and with a large brick open fireplace at one side.

As Phyllis flashed the torch about in a general survey, Leslie noticed that the cottage was obviously dismantled for the winter. The furniture stood huddled against the walls; there were no dainty draperies at the shuttered windows, and the rugs were rolled up, tied, and heaped in one corner.

"Nothing seems out of the way here," said Phyllis. "It 's just as the Danforths usually leave it. Now let 's look into the bedrooms."

They journeyed through the four bedrooms with no different result. Each wore the same undisturbed air of being shorn of its summer drapery, with beds starkly stripped of all but their mattresses, and these covered with heavy paper. Then on into the kitchen, which seemed, of all the rooms, to wear more nearly its normal aspect. But even there everything, apparently, appeared as it should.

It was in the kitchen that Phyllis stopped short and faced Leslie. "Well, does n't it beat everything!" she exclaimed. "After all we 've seen and heard,—yes, and *found*,—there 's not a thing here that looks as if a living soul had been in it since Mrs. Danforth closed it up. Now what do you make of it?"

"Perhaps we have n't looked closely enough. Let 's go over it again," was all Leslie could offer. "And is n't it possible that a person might come in here for some reason and move about so carefully as not to disturb anything?"

"Yes, of course it 's possible, but is it likely?" countered Phyllis. "But as you say, we 'd better go over the place again and more carefully. If we don't find *something*, I shall certainly go back to believing in my 'ghost.' And I guess you 'll admit I have foundation for it now!"

"I tell you what!" suggested Leslie. "Suppose we each take a turn with the flash-light and go over every room twice, first you, then myself. I noticed that, when you held the light, I had to follow behind and look over your shoulder or get in your way, and I really could n't see very well. Now, I 'll sit in this chair while you go over the place, and then you give the torch to me. How does that strike you?"

"Good idea! You're full of 'em, Leslie. I ought to have thought of it before." And while Leslie sat down rather gingerly in one of the willow rockers against the wall, Phyllis systematically examined the room again, diving into all the nooks and corners, and at last came back to hand the torch to her friend.

"No luck! It 's as clean as a whistle of any clues, as far as I can see. You take your turn."

When Leslie had completed her search, they proceeded to treat the other rooms in similar fashion, and so had come to the last bedroom

when they were startled by a sound from outside the house.

"What in the world is *that*!" cried Phyllis, in a panic. "It 's the most uncanny sound I ever heard!" They listened again and caught the intonation of a long moan, ending in a rising note like a wail. It was truly a little hair-raising in this closed, forsaken spot.

Suddenly Leslie giggled.

"Oh, it 's only Rags! He 's missed me at last, traced me here, and is probably sitting by that side door now, protesting against having been deserted!"

Phyllis was both relieved at the explanation and annoyed at the interruption. "Let 's go and stop him right away, or he 'll have all the neighborhood here!"

They hurried to the little side door in the pantry and snapped off their light. Rags, from the outside, sniffing at the threshold, sensed their approach and yapped joyously.

"But how are you going to lock that door after you?" whispered Leslie, in sudden terror. "It is n't possible!"

"Trust me!" smiled the capable Phyllis. "Do you suppose I 'd have unfastened it if I could n't fasten it up again? I just kept the hook in a certain position with my knife as I close the door, and then gently drop it into the ring through the crack. I 've done it a dozen times. Leroy Danforth taught us how."

Leslie breathed a sigh of relief, and Phyllis cautiously opened the door.

Then both girls started back in genuine dismay!

Sitting cross-legged in the sand, directly in front of the door and holding back the delighted Rags by his collar, was—of all people most unwelcome to Phyllis—her grinning brother Ted!

The consternation of the guilty pair was almost ludicrous, at least Ted found it so. Then Phyllis recovered her self-possession and demanded:

"What are *you* doing here, I 'd like to know?"

"Please, ma'am, that 's a question I prefer to ask of you—and with a great deal more reason!" returned Ted. "Of all the nery things I ever saw, it 's you prowling around the Danforth's closed bungalow and sneaking out like a thief when you thought no one was around!"

Leslie felt herself turn red and uncomfortable at the accusation, but Phyllis seemed in no wise daunted.

"I guess if I want to show the place to Leslie, there is n't any particular harm in it. She 's been asking me what it looked like in there and how it differed from their house. You know perfectly well, the Danforths would n't care a brass farthing!" This statement happened to be entirely true, for Leslie *had* questioned her only the

day before as to the interior arrangements and expressed some curiosity to see it. She breathed a sigh of relief at the ease with which Phyllis seemed to be explaining a rather peculiar situation.

Ted, however, while he listened, seemed only half convinced.

"If that's so, it's mighty queer that you looked so guilty and caught-in-the-act-y when you came

away, dragging the unhappy Leslie after her, Rags bringing up the rear.

"All right! Just you wait! I'll dig out that little secret yet; you see if I don't!" he called after them.

"And he will, too!" muttered Phyllis. "That is, if we don't use the greatest caution. Is n't it unfortunate that that wretched dog led him right here! However, I've settled him for the present



"JUST YOU WAIT! I'LL DIG OUT THAT LITTLE SECRET YET! HE CALLED AFTER THEM!"

out and saw me! And for goodness sake, how long have you been in there, anyway! This Rags dog came running up the beach to us at least an hour ago. And I thought, of course, you girls were somewhere about. But when you did n't appear after a while, I began to get worried, and Rags and I started off to find you. He led me straight here (good old chap!) and we've been sitting waiting at least fifteen minutes. Then, though I was perfectly willing to sit here an hour, he began to howl and gave the game away. Now please explain all this!"

"I'll explain nothing further," replied Phyllis, tartly, "and I'll trouble you to tend to your own affairs in the future."

With which crushing rejoinder she marched

at least, unless I'm much mistaken, and now let's think about other things."

But it was not so easy for Leslie to forget the unpleasantness of the recent encounter and the implication that she had been caught trespassing. But Phyllis settled down to steady talk about their investigations and she presently forgot the impression.

"It's mighty strange that in all our careful search we did n't find a single thing that would indicate a recent visitor," mused Phyllis.

"Did n't you see anything—any *least* little thing?" questioned Leslie.

Phyllis stared at her in some surprise. "Why, you *know* I did n't! What makes you ask?"

"Because *I did!*" Leslie quietly returned.



# CHRISTMAS-TIDE AT A SWISS SCHOOL

By PHYLLIS PULLIAM

At the Château Mont Rose, which was described last month in "School Life in Switzerland," the fête of St. Nicholas was celebrated each year on December sixth, and was always anticipated by the girls as it never failed to be an amusing and altogether delightful party. At eight o'clock, dressed in simple evening frocks, we filed into the dining-room—also the ball-room on such occasions, as the tables were removed and the chairs placed against the walls. When we had waited for about twenty minutes, we usually grew quite impatient with curiosity and gave vent to loud calls of "*Commençons! Commençons!*" A few seconds later, faint echoes of sleigh-bells were heard, whereupon the big hall was instantly silenced. Growing louder and louder, the bells seemed suddenly to be ringing at the door itself; and gazing intently, we finally spied good old St. Nick, round, rosy, and white-haired, carrying a bulging sack on his shoulders. Depositing his burden at the end of the room, he began a speech in rather exaggerated, throaty tones, the literature teacher having a hard time to conceal her identity!

One by one we modest creatures grew a trifle nervous as we saw him reach into his bag and pull out a large number of envelopes, calling off a name with each. When a girl heard *her* name called out in severe accents, she rose and walked across the floor to where *le Père Nicolas* was standing. He would then present her with a note, asking her to open it and read the contents aloud. Blushing furiously and giving one quick glance at the sea of mirthful faces all around her, she read a jingle composed by her room-mate, or some observing colleague. It usually dwelt on a particular failing or weakness of hers, sounding something like this:

"A lovely mirror we thoughtfully send,  
As it is your dearest friend;  
We believe you 'll like it better  
Than you would a newsy letter,  
For its charms you 'll ne'er resist  
All the days that you exist.  
Don't you think it is a shame  
To have them saying of your name:  
'Her mirror is her only thought,  
As she really cares for naught  
But her face, her clothes, her looks,  
Having little time for books.'  
We mean this only as a joke,  
Not intending to provoke,  
Hoping in a friendly way  
To cure you of this fault some day.  
Accept this with your usual grace  
And keep a smiling, cheerful face."

Attached to this poetic effort was a small hand-glass and powder-puff, which gave a finishing touch to the ensemble. As a rule, we girls took our little "corrective poems" very good-naturedly, some of the more sensitive ones feeling slightly offended for a while, but recovering from this as soon as the refreshments were served, all joining merrily in the animated conversation and dancing which followed.

The second week in December was devoted to examinations. All day long, tests in French, English, and German history and literature were given—besides those in art and science. When the final marks were posted in the *salle d'étude*, every one would hurry in that direction to view the results. On the Saturday evening following the examinations, prizes were awarded the fortunate ones. Corneille's or Molière's works, or handsomely bound and illustrated copies of "*Les Châteaux Suisses*," were given to those standing highest in French; copies of Shakespeare or Dickens to English scholars; and books in German to those who had won in that branch.

The Christmas holidays were delightfully spent at the school, and no one ever seemed to mind being absent from home at that time, for the faculty labored ceaselessly to make it a week of unlimited rejoicing. The spirit of good will that existed among us was most sincere, and the house echoed with merry laughter from dawn until night during the festivities. The first thing we did was to start out on a jolly shopping expedition. The Rue de Bourg in Lausanne was filled with shops where we could find just the gifts we had in mind. I thought it huge fun to stop at a *pâtisserie* and spend my very last sou on cream éclairs and *marrons glacés* before returning to the château.

As it was the custom at Mont Rose for every room to have its own individual tree at Christmas, the occupants of each room strove to make theirs the most attractive. A good deal of time was devoted to trimming and jealously guarding each tree from the prying eyes of others, so that no ideas were duplicated. Before supper on Christmas eve a committee of three toured the house from room to room in order to make a selection of the prettiest tree. The one which they chose was entirely covered with gold tinsel and tiny glittering bells, which gave a beautiful, shimmering effect, as though veiled in a misty golden cloud, out of which myriads of bright candles gleamed and flickered like stars.

During the week, the dining-room and two adjoining salons were completely transformed, but what it would all look like, we girls had no idea, for the doors were kept securely locked and no one, save the teachers, were allowed to pass the threshold until the night before Christmas. In the meantime, the gymnasium served as the *salle à manger*, and a very passable one it made, for the walls were covered with the flags of every nation and with pine branches, holly, and mistletoe, which we had helped gather in the woods, giving it a very festive appearance.

By Christmas eve, every one was keyed up to a point of great excitement, and when the doors were finally flung wide to us we stood transfixed at the splendor of the scene. All the length of the rooms on either side were tables covered with snowy cloths on which packages of all sizes were piled. For a whole week no mail had been

three sweet Christmas carols, "It Came Upon the Midnight Clear," in English, "Noël," in French, and "Silent Night, Holy Night," in German, the fresh young voices resounding through the house. Then we rushed to open our gifts. An added pleasure was that each was privileged to speak her own language for two days, and conversation certainly waxed loud and continuous during that period!

On New Year's eve the tree was lighted for the last time, and at midnight hot raisin-buns and cups of steaming chocolate were served in the *grande salle d'étude*, after which everybody gathered on the porches to hear the church-bells ring in "*la Nouvelle Année*."

A few days after New Year's, the school was taken to Les Diablerets, a resort in the mountains, for ten days of winter sports. We stayed at one of the largest hotels, a whole floor being



Photo S. T. L.

AN IDEAL WINTER PLAYGROUND AMONG THE SWISS MOUNTAINS

distributed, as it was retained for this occasion. At the end of the hall stood the largest Christmas-tree we had ever seen—one mass of color and light. The brilliancy of it all quite dazzled us for a moment. Before we were permitted to reach for our tables, we knelt and sang those

turned over to us. We were very much thrilled at actually living in a hotel, for the contrast to our simple régime at the château was quite marked. There was a decided atmosphere of social gaiety which pleased us girls not a little, for it was a joy to be transplanted to this lively place after the

seclusion of Mont Rose. We were very strictly supervised by the teachers, however, who were naturally careful of their youthful charges.

After dinner, an hour or so was spent in playing cards and games or joining the dancers in the ball-room, though we girls were permitted

and continued their fascinating game of ice hockey or Swiss curling until long past the lunch hour, too absorbed to think of anything save the incomparable sensation of gliding over the perfect ice.

The crisp Swiss air was so vigorous, so exhilara-



Photo S. F. R.

"LUGING" DOWN THE SLIDE LEADING TO THE SKATING-RINK

to dance only among ourselves. Frequent drawing-room gymkhanas, charades, tableaux vivants, and concerts were given to make the evenings amusing. A large fancy-dress ball, with prizes, was another gala event, this usually taking place on the eve of the school's departure.

Though we enjoyed these indoor amusements, we much preferred the times when we could be out in the great open where we might revel all day long in our favorite sport, be it *lugging* (coasting), skeeing, skating, or walking. The skating-rink was some distance below the hotel, a slide leading toward it, so early every morning we girls, robust and rosy in our white sweaters and tweed skirts, mounted our sleds, or "alpine taxis," and swiftly *lugged* down to the rink, which sparkled and glistened in the sunshine. There we would skate to our hearts' content on the superb ice until noon. Some of the most devoted followers of the sport refused to leave even then

ting, that it seemed to be filled with an indefinable magic which doubled our vitality and energy. We never failed to return to the hotel in time for tea, and always created quite a commotion as we clattered in, stamping and brushing off the snow, all talking at once as we headed for the dining-room. A merry hubbub of voices, supplemented by frequent peals of laughter, kept constantly coming from the direction of the "flappers'" table during tea—that altogether jolly and informal affair.

One of the occasions which I am sure we shall never forget in after years is the marvelous ice carnival which took place a few evenings before we left. The rink, as smooth as polished glass, reflected a multitude of vividly colored Japanese lanterns, as well as the full moon which had risen over the gleaming white mountains. A splendid band played for the skaters, who swayed in cadence to the music. It was truly a glorious scene,

unmatched in beauty and impressiveness. Before returning to the hotel a long sleigh-ride was taken through the snow-bound foot-hills, we girls singing all the while and proclaiming it the most thrilling episode of our lives.

When the school returned to Lausanne it was to take up our studies with great seriousness until summer. After so many charming trips we were ready to settle down and absorb all the knowledge we could. Of course, there were still the usual times of recreation, while ice-skating on a near-by pond and *lugin* in our own grounds were continued as long as the snow lasted.

The home life and the companionship of girls from different nations; the careful supervision and helpful advice of the teachers; the advantages of travel and mingling in the cosmopolitan hotel life of summer and winter resorts, all combined to make our course at Mont Rose a well-balanced one.

Besides acquiring fluency in languages, we found something which we shall never lose sight of the rest of our lives—we learned to appreciate and value nature. The majestic snow-capped

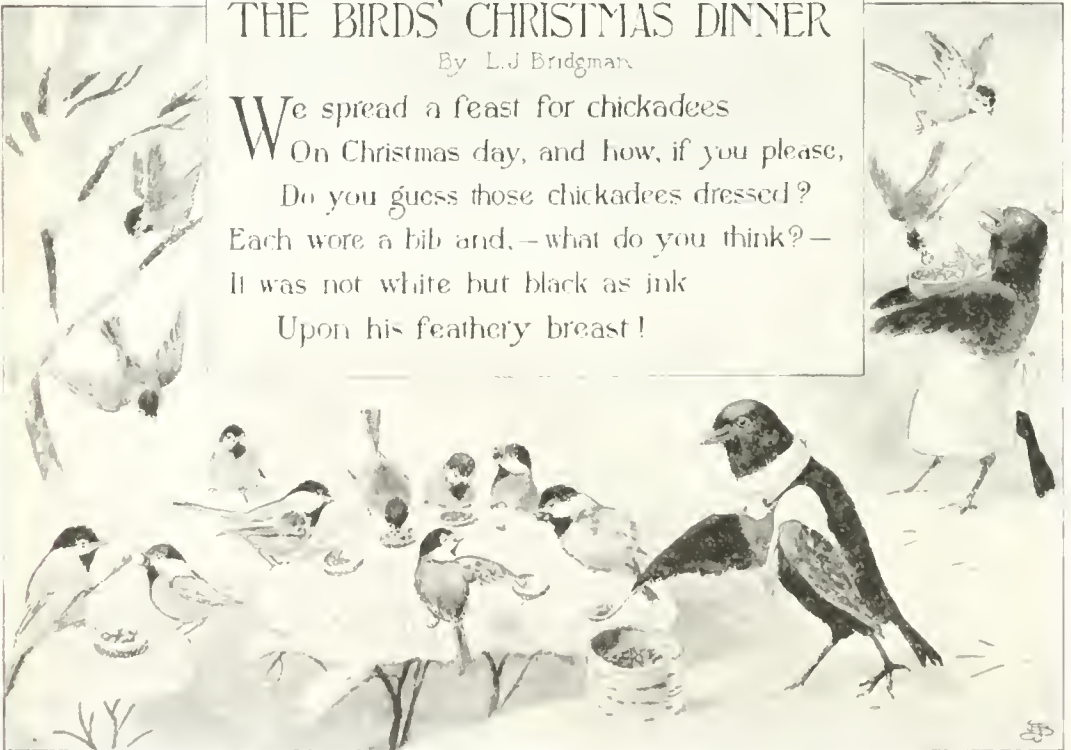
Alps, the green valleys and meadows, the hills covered with rare and exquisite flowers, the roads passing through picturesque villages, and best of all the blue lake whose beauty will ever be a lasting memory, seemed to bring us closer to the Divine.

This account of my school-life is meant as a help to girls, who, now that the war is over, may desire to continue their education in Switzerland. They will find it different in many ways from American schools; they will undoubtedly miss much they have been accustomed to over here—but their sympathies will widen, they will become more tolerant, they will learn to admire another country than their own—a country as rich in scenic and floral beauties, but older in civilization. At the same time, however, they will become more deeply attached than before to their native land, more fully aware of *its* advantages now that they have left it. To realize the value of anything one should be able to make a comparison. Each girl in the school was always ready to stand up for her own country, thus making patriotism a real, glowing part of her life.

## THE BIRDS' CHRISTMAS DINNER

By L.J. Bridgman

We spread a feast for chickadees  
 On Christmas day, and how, if you please,  
 Do you guess those chickadees dressed?  
 Each wore a bib and, — what do you think? —  
 It was not white but black as ink  
 Upon his feathery breast!





## THE UP-TO-DATE SANTA

By KATHARINE S. MCKAY

"This aeroplane is just the thing,"  
Said Santa Claus with glee,  
"A mile a minute is my speed;  
Reindeer are 'out of it,' indeed.  
I set the toys on its broad wing  
And fly along, my gifts to bring,  
Till your chimney-top I see;  
Then drop your presents one by one  
And when my task of love is done,  
I start the airplane up again  
And it flies home with me."



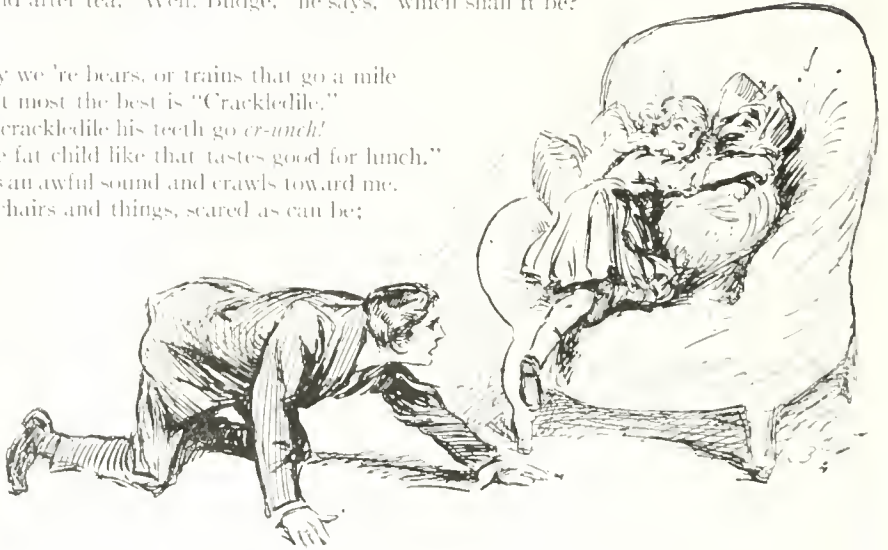
# "Playing Crackledile,"

by  
Louise M<sup>c</sup> Kinney

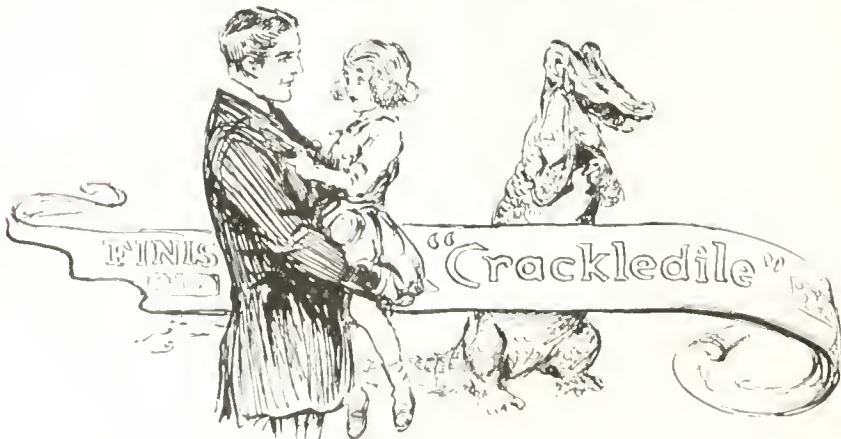


My daddy knows just lots of games to play with me,  
And after tea, "Well, Budge," he says, "which shall it be?"

Sometimes we play we're bears, or trains that go a mile  
In just a wink; but most the best is "Crackledile."  
When Daddy is a crackledile his teeth go *cr-unch!*  
He growls, "A nice fat child like that tastes good for lunch."  
And then he makes an awful sound and crawls toward me,  
And I climb over chairs and things, scared as can be;



But when he gets so very near, although I know  
It's just my daddy, still it seems it can't be so,  
I squeal and squeal, "No, Daddy, don't! Go 'way, go 'way!"  
Then Daddy scrambles up—and 'course I know it's play,  
"You comic child!" says he, and smiles a twinkly smile,  
"How long before Somebody begs for 'Crackledile'?"





# The Lion and the Mouse

by Joseph B. Ames

BIG BILL HEDGES scowled out of the locker-room window and groaned softly. There was something about that wide, unbroken sweep of snow which affected him disagreeably. If only it had been crisscrossed by footprints, or the tracks of snow-shoes or toboggans, he would n't have minded it nearly so much. But there it lay, flat, white, untrodden, drifting over low walls and turning the clumps of shrubbery into shapeless mounds. And of a sudden he found himself hating it almost as much as the dead silence of the endless, empty rooms about him. For it was the fourth day of the Christmas vacation, and, save the kitchen staff, there were only two other human beings in this whole great barracks of a place.

"And neither of them is really human," grunted Hedges, turning restlessly from the window.

With a disgusted snort he recalled the behavior of those two, whom so far he had met only at meal-time. Mr. Wilson, the tutor left in charge of the school, consumed his food in a preoccupied

sort of daze, rousing himself at rare intervals to make some plainly perfunctory remark. He was writing some article or other for the magazines, and it was all too evident that the subject filled his waking hours. And "Plug" Seabury, with his everlasting book propped up against a tumbler, was even worse. But then Hedges had never expected anything from him.

Crossing to his locker, the boy pulled out a heavy sweater, stared at it dubiously for a moment, and then let it dangle from his relaxed fingers. For once the thought of violent physical exertion in the open failed to arouse the least enthusiasm. Ever since the departure of the fellows, he had siked and snow-shoed and tramped through the drifts—alone; and now the monotony was getting on his nerves. He flung the sweater back, and, slamming the locker door, strolled aimlessly out of the room.

One peep into the cold, lofty, empty "gym" effectually quelled his half-formed notion of

putting in an hour or two on the parallel bars. "I'm lonesome!" he growled; "just—plumb—lonesome! It's the first time I've ever wished I did n't live in Arizona."

But the thought of home and Christmas cheer and all the other vanished holiday delights was not one to dwell on now; he tried instead to appreciate how absurd it would have been to spend eight of his twelve holidays on the train.

A little further dawdling ended in his turning toward the library. He was not in the least fond of reading. Life ordinarily, with its constant succession of outdoor and indoor sports and games, was much too full to think of wasting time with a book unless one had to. But the thought occurred to him that to-day it might be a shade better than doing absolutely nothing.

Opening the door of the long, low-ceiled, book-lined room, which he had expected to find as desolately empty as the rest, he paused in surprise. On the brick hearth a log fire burned cheerfully, and curled up in an easy chair close to the hearth, was the slight figure of Paul Seabury.

"Hello!" said Hedges, gruffly, when he had recovered from his surprise. "You've sure made yourself comfortable."

Seabury gave a start and raised his head. For a moment his look was veiled, abstracted, as if his mind still lingered on the book lying open in his lap. Then recognition slowly dawned, and a faint flush crept into his face.

"The—the wood was here, and I—I did n't think there'd be any harm in lighting it," he said, thrusting back a straggling lock of brown hair.

"I don't s'pose there is," returned Hedges, shortly. Unconsciously, he was a little annoyed that Seabury should seem so comfortable and content. "I thought you were upstairs."

He dragged a chair to the other side of the hearth and plumped down in it. "What you reading?" he asked.

Seabury's eyes brightened. "Treasure Island," he answered eagerly. "It's awfully exciting. I've just got to the place where—"

"Never read it," interrupted the big fellow, indifferently. Lounging back against the leather cushions, he surveyed the slim, brown-eyed, rather pale-faced boy with a sort of contemptuous curiosity. "Do you read *all* the time?" he asked.

Again the blood crept up into Seabury's thin face and his lids drooped. "Why, no—not all the time," he answered slowly. "But—but just now there's nothing else to do."

Hedges grunted. "Nothing else to do! Gee-whiz! Don't you ever feel like going for a tramp or something? I s'pose you can't snow-shoe, or skee, but I should n't think you'd want to stay cooped up in the house all the time."

A faint, nervous smile curved the boy's sensitive lips. "Oh, I can skee and snow-shoe all right, but—" He paused, noticing the incredulous expression which Hedges was at no pains to hide. "Everybody does, where I live in Canada," he explained, "often it's the only way to get about."

"Oh, I see." Hedges' tone was no longer curt, and a sudden look of interest had flashed into his eyes. "But don't you *like* it? Does n't this snow make you want to go out and try some stunts?"

Seabury glanced sidewise through the casement windows at the sloping, drifted field beyond. "N—no, I can't say it does," he confessed hesitatingly; "it's such a beastly, rotten day."

His interest in Plug's unexpected accomplishments made Hedges forbear to comment scornfully on such weakness.

"Rotten!" he repeated. "Why, it's not bad at all. It's stopped snowing."

"I know; but it looks as if it would start in again any minute."

"Shucks!" sniffed Hedges. "A little snow won't hurt you. Come ahead out and let's see what you can do."

Seabury hesitated, glancing with a shiver at the cold, white field outside and back to the cheerful fire. He did not feel at all inclined to leave his comfortable chair and this enthralling book. On the other hand, he was curiously unwilling to merit Bill Hedges' disapproval. From the first he had regarded this big, strong, dominating fellow with a secret admiration and shy liking which held in it no touch of envy or desire for emulation. It was the sort of admiration he felt for certain heroes in his favorite books. When Hedges made some spectacular play on the gridiron or pulled off an especially thrilling stunt on the hockey-rink, Seabury, watching inconspicuously from the side-lines, got all hot and cold and breathlessly excited. But he was quite content that Hedges should be doing it and not himself. Sometimes, to be sure, he wondered what it would be like to have such a person for a friend. But until this moment Hedges had scarcely seemed aware of his existence, and Seabury was much too shy to make advances, even when the common misfortune of too-distant homes had thrown them together in the isolation of the empty school.

"I—I have n't any skees," he said at length.

Hedges sprang briskly to his feet. "That's nothing. I'll fix you up. We can borrow Marston's. Come ahead."

Swept along by his enthusiasm, Seabury closed his book and followed him out into the corridor and down to the locker room. Here they got out sweaters, woollen gloves and caps, and Hedges calmly appropriated the absent Marston's skees.

Emerging finally into the open, Seabury shiv-



ered a little as the keen, searching wind struck him. It came from the northeast, and there was a chill, penetrating quality about it which promised more snow, and that soon. By the time Seabury had adjusted the leather harness to his feet and resumed his gloves, his fingers were blue and he needed no urging to set off at a swift pace.

In saying that he could skee, the boy had not

much good at anything except just straight-away going."

"Hub!" grunted Hedges, sceptically. "I'll bet you could run circles around any of the fellows here. Well, what do you say to taking a little tramp. I've knocked around the grounds till I'm sick of them. Let's go up Hogan Hill," he added, with a burst of inspiration.



"IT WAS A TOILSOME AND PAINFUL METHOD OF PROGRESS FOR THEM BOTH" (SEE PAGE 153)

exaggerated. He was, in fact, so perfectly at home upon the long, smooth, curved-up strips of ash, that he moved with the effortless ease and grace of one scarcely conscious of his means of locomotion. Watching him closely, Hedges' expression of critical appraisal changed swiftly to one of unqualified approval.

"You're not *much* good on them, are you?" he commented. "I suppose you can jump any old distance and do all sorts of fancy stunts."

Seabury laughed. He was warm again and beginning to find an unwonted pleasure in the swift, gliding motion and the tingling rush of frosty air against his face.

"Nothing like that at all," he answered. "I can jump some, of course, but I'm really not

Seabury promptly agreed, though inwardly he was not altogether thrilled at the prospect of such a climb. Hogan Hill rose steeply back of the school. A few hay-fields ranged along its lower level, but above them the timber growth was fairly thick, and Paul knew from experience that skeeing on a wooded slope was far from easy.

As it turned out, Hedges had no intention of tackling the steep slope directly. He knew of an old wood-road which led nearly to the summit by more leisurely twists and curves, and it was his idea that they take this as far as it went and then skee down its open, winding length.

By the time they were half-way up, Seabury was pretty well blown. It was the first time he had been on skees in nearly a year, and his muscles

were soft from general lack of exercise. He made no complaint, however, and presently Hedges himself proposed a rest.

"I wish I could handle the things as easily as you do," he commented. "I work so awfully hard that I get all in a sweat, while you just glide along as if you were on skates."

"I may glide, but I have n't any wind left," confessed Seabury. "It 's only practice, you know. I've used them ever since I was a little kid, and compared to some of the fellows up home, I'm nowhere. Do you think we ought to go any farther? I felt some snow on my face just then."

"Oh, sure!" said Hedges, bluffly. "A little snow won't hurt us, anyhow, and we can skee down in no time at all. Let 's not go back just yet."

Presently they started on again, and though Seabury kept silent, he was far from comfortable in his mind. He had had more than one unpleasant experience with sudden winter storms. It seemed to him wiser to turn back at once, but he was afraid of suggesting it again lest Hedges think him a quitter.

A little later, still mounting the narrow, winding trail, they came upon a rough log hut, aged and deserted, with a sagging, half-open door; but the two boys, unwilling to take off their skes, did not stop to investigate it.

Every now and then during the next half mile trilling little gusts of stinging snowflakes whirled down from the leaden sky, beat against their faces, and scurried on. Seabury's feeling of nervous apprehension increased, but Hedges, in his careless, self-confident manner merely laughed and said that the trip home would be all the more interesting for little diversions of that sort.

The words were scarcely spoken when, from the distance, there came a curious, thin wailing of the wind, rising swiftly to a dull, ominous roar. Startled, both boys stopped abruptly, and stared up the slope. And as they did so, something like a vast, white, opaque curtain surged over the crest of the hill and swept swiftly toward them.

Almost before they could draw a breath it was upon them, a dense, blinding mass of snow, which whirled about them in choking masses and blotted out the landscape in a flash.

"Wough!" gasped Hedges. "Some speed to that! I guess we'd better beat it, kid, while the going 's good."

But even Hedges, with his easy, careless confidence, was swiftly forced to the realization that the going was very far from good even then. It was impossible to see more than a dozen yards ahead of them. As a matter of course, the older fellow took the lead, but he had not gone far before he ran off the track, and only saved himself from a spill by grabbing a small tree.

"Have to take it easy," he commented, recovering his balance. "This storm will let up soon; it can't possibly last long this way."

Seabury made no answer. Shaking with nervousness, he could not trust himself to speak.

Regaining the trail, Hedges started off again, cautiously enough at first. But a little success seemed to restore his confidence, and he began to use his staff as a brake with less and less frequency. They had gone perhaps a quarter of a mile when a sudden heavier gust of stinging flakes momentarily blinded them both. Seabury instantly put on the brake and almost stopped. When he was able to clear his eyes, Hedges was out of sight. An instant later there came a sudden crash, a startled, muffled cry, and then silence!

Horrified, Seabury instantly jerked his staff out of the snow and sped forward. At first, he could barely see the tracks of his companion's skes, but presently the storm lightened a trifle and of a sudden he realized what had happened. Hedges had misjudged a sharp curve in the trail and, instead of following it, had plunged off to one side and down a steep declivity thickly grown with trees. At the foot of this little slope Seabury found him lying motionless, a twisted heap, face downward in the snow.

Sick with horror, the boy bent over that silent figure. "Bill!" he cried, "what has—"

His voice died in a choking sob, but a moment later his heart leaped as Hedges stirred, tried to rise, and fell back with a stifled groan.

"It 's my ankle," he mumbled. "I—I 've—turned it. See if you can't—"

With shaking fingers, Seabury jerked at the buckles of his skes and stepped out of them. Hedges' left foot was twisted under him, and the front part of his skee was broken off. As Paul freed the other's feet from their encumbering straps, Bill made a second effort to rise, but his face turned quite white and he sank back with a grunt of pain.

"Thunder!" he muttered. "I—I believe it 's sprained."

For a moment or two he sat there, face screwed up, arms gripping his knees. Then, as his head cleared, he looked up at the frightened Seabury, a wry smile twisting the corners of his mouth.

"I'm an awful nut, kid," he said. "I forgot that curve and was going too fast to pull up. Reckon I deserve that crack on the head and all the rest of it for being so awfully cocky. Looks as if we were in rather a mess, does n't it?"

Seabury nodded, still unable to trust himself to speak. But Hedges' coolness soothed his jangled nerves, and presently a thought struck him.

"That cabin back there!" he exclaimed. "It we could only manage to get that far—"

He paused and the other nodded. "Good

idea," he agreed promptly. "I 'm afraid I can't walk it, but I might be able to crawl."

"Oh, I did n't mean that. If we only had some way of fastening my skees together, you could lie down on them and I could pull you."

A gleam of admiration came into the older chap's dark eyes. "You 've got your nerve with you, old man," he said. "Do you know how much I weigh?"

"That does n't matter," protested Seabury. "It 's all down hill; it would n't be so hard. Besides, we can't stay here or—or we 'll freeze."

"Now you 've said something," agreed Hedges.

And it was true. Already Seabury's teeth were chattering, and even the warmer blooded Hedges could feel the cold penetrating his thick sweater. He tried to think of some other way out of their predicament, but finally agreed to try the plan. His heavy, high shoes were laced with rawhide thongs, which sufficed roughly to bind the two skees together. There was no possibility, however, of pulling them. The only way they could manage was for Hedges to seat himself on the improvised toboggan while Seabury trudged behind and pushed.

It was a toilsome and painful method of progress for them both and often jolted Hedges' ankle, which was already badly swollen, bringing on a constant succession of sharp, keen stabs. Seabury, wading knee-deep in the snow, was soon breathless, and by the time they reached the cabin, he felt utterly done up.

"Could n't have kept that up much longer," grunted Hedges, when they were inside the shelter with the door closed against the storm.

His alert gaze traveled swiftly around the bare interior. There was a rough stone chimney at one end, a shuttered window at the back, and that was all. Snow lay piled up on the cold hearth, and here and there made little ridges on the logs where it had filtered through the many cracks and crevices. Without the means of making fire, it was not much better than the out-of-doors, and Hedges' heart sank as he glanced at his companion, leaning exhausted against the wall.

"It 's sure to stop pretty soon," he said presently, with a confidence he did not feel. "When it lets up a little, we might—"

"I don't believe it 's going to let up." Seabury straightened with an odd, unwonted air of decision. "I was caught in a storm like this two years ago and it lasted over two days. We 've got to do something, and do it pretty quick."

Hedges stared at him, amazed at the sudden transformation. He did not understand that a long-continued nervous strain will sometimes bring about strange reactions.

"You 're not thinking of pushing me all the

way down the road, are you?" he protested. "I don't believe you could do it."

"I don't believe I could, either," agreed the other, frankly. "But I could go down alone and bring back help."

"Gee-whiz! You—you mean skee down that road? Why, it 's over three miles, and you 'd miss the trail a dozen times."

"I should n't try the road," said Seabury, quietly. His face was pale, but there was a determined set to the delicate chin. "If I went straight down the hill back of this cabin, I 'd land close to the school, and I don't believe the whole distance is over half a mile."

Hedges gasped. "You 're crazy, man! Why, you 'd kill yourself in the first hundred feet trying to skee through those trees."

"I don't think so. I 've done it before—some. Besides, most of the slope is open fields. I noticed that when we started out."

"But they 're steep as the dickens, with stone walls, and—"

Seabury cut short his protests by buttoning his collar tightly about his throat and testing the laces of his shoes. He was afraid to delay lest his resolution should break down.

"I 'm going," he stated stubbornly; "and the sooner I get off, the better."

And go he did, with a curt farewell which astonished and bewildered his companion who had no means of knowing that it was a manner assumed to hide a desperate fear and nervousness. As the door closed between them, Seabury's lips began to tremble; and his hands shook so that he could scarcely tighten up the straps of his skees.

Back of the cabin, poised at the top of the slope, with the snow whirling around him and the unknown in front, he had one horrible moment of indecision when his heart lay like lead within him and he was on the verge of turning back. But with a tremendous effort he crushed down that almost irresistible impulse. He could not bear the thought of facing Hedges, an acknowledged coward and a quitter. An instant later a thrust of his staff sent him over the edge, to glide downward through the trees with swiftly increasing momentum.

Strangely enough, he felt somehow that the worst was over. To begin with, he was much too occupied to think of danger, and after he had successfully steered through the first hundred feet or so of woods, a growing confidence in himself helped to bolster up his shrinking spirit. After all, save for the blinding snow, this was no worse than some of the descents he had made of wooded slopes back there at home. If the storm did not increase, he believed that he could make it.

At first he managed, by a skilful use of his

staff, to hold himself back a little and keep his speed within a reasonable limit. But just before he left the woods, the necessity for a sudden side-turn to avoid a clump of trees through which he could not pass nearly flung him off his balance. In struggling to recover it, the end of his staff struck against another tree and was torn instantly from his grasp.

His heart leaped, then sank sickeningly, but there was no stopping now. A moment later he flashed out into the open, swerved through a gap in the rough, snow-covered wall, and shot down the steep incline with swiftly increasing speed.

His body tense and bent slightly forward, his straining gaze set unwaveringly ahead, striving to pierce the whirling, beating snow, Scabury felt as if he were flying through the clouds. On a clear day, with the ability to see what lay before him, there would have been a rather delightful exhilaration in that descent. But the perilous uncertainty of it all kept the boy's heart in his throat and chained him in a rigid grip of cold fear.

Long before he expected it, the rounded, snow-covered bulk of a second wall seemed to leap out of the blinding snow-curtain and rush toward him. Almost too late, he jumped, and, soaring through the air, struck the declining slope again a good thirty feet beyond.

In the lightning passage of that second field, he tried to figure where he was coming out and what obstacles he might encounter, but the effort was fruitless. He knew that the highroad, bordered by a third stone wall, ran along the foot of the hill, with the school grounds on the other side. But the speed at which he was traveling made consecutive thought almost impossible.

Again, with that same appalling swiftness, the final barrier loomed ahead. He leaped, and, at the very take-off, a gasp of horror was jolted from his lips by the sight of a two-horse sledge moving along the road directly in his path!

It was all over in a flash. Helpless to avoid the collision, Scabury nevertheless twisted his body instinctively to the left. He was vaguely conscious of a monstrous, looming bulk; of a startled snort which sent a wave of hot breath against his face, and the equally startled yell of a human voice. The next instant he landed badly, his feet shot out from under him, and he fell backward with a stunning crash.

His first conscious observation was of two strange faces bending over him and of hands lifting him from where he lay half buried in the snow. For a moment he was too dazed to speak or even to remember. Then, with a surging rush of immense relief, he realized what had happened, and gaining speech, he poured out a hurried but fairly coherent account of the situation.

His rescuers proved to be woodsmen, perfectly familiar with the Hogan Hill trail and the old log-cabin. Scabury's skees were taken off and he was helped into the sledge and driven to the near-by school. Stiff and sore, but otherwise unhurt, he wanted to go with them, but his request was firmly refused; and pausing only long enough to get some rugs and a heavy coat, the pair set off. Little more than two hours later they returned with the injured Hedges, who was carried at once to the infirmary to be treated for exposure and a badly sprained ankle.

His rugged constitution responded readily to the former, but the ankle proved more stubborn, and he was ordered by the doctor not to attempt even to hobble around on it for at least a week. As a result, Christmas dinner had to be eaten in bed. But somehow Hedges did not mind that very much, for Paul Scabury shared it, sitting on the other side of a folding table drawn up beside the couch.

Having consumed everything in sight and reached that state of repletion without which no Christmas dinner may be considered really perfect, the two boys relapsed for a space into a comfortable, friendly sort of silence.

"Not *much* on skees, are you?" commented Hedges, presently, glancing quizzically at his companion.

Scabury flushed a little. "I wish you would n't," he protested. "If you had any idea how scared I was, and and— Why, the whole thing was just pure luck."

Hedges snorted. "Bosh! You go tell that to your grandmother. There 's one thing," he added; "as soon as I'm around again, you 've got to come out and give me some points. I thought I was fairly decent on skees, but I guess after all I'm pretty punk."

"I'll show you anything I can, of course," agreed Scabury, readily. He paused an instant and then went on hesitatingly: "I—I'm going to do a lot more of that sort of thing from now on. It—it was simply disgusting the way I got winded so soon and all tired out."

"Sure," nodded Hedges, promptly. "That 's what I've always said. You ought to take more exercise and not mope around by yourself so much. But we'll fix that up all right from now on." He paused. "Are n't you going to read some more in 'Treasure Island?'" he asked expectantly. "That 's some book, believe me! What with you and that and everything, I'm not going to mind being laid up at all."

Scabury made no comment, but as he reached for the book and found their place, the corners of his mouth curved with the beginnings of a contented, happy smile.



"AT THE VERY TAKE-OFF, A GASP OF HORROR WAS JOLTED FROM HIS LIPS"

# THE LUCK OF DENEWOOD

By EMLIE BENSON KNIPE and ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

Authors of "The Lucky Sixpence," "Beatrice of Denewood," "Vive la France!" etc.

## SYNOPSIS OF FIRST INSTALMENT

PEG TRAVERS, joint heir with her brother Jack to the estate of Denewood, in Germantown, which they are too poor to keep up and have rented as a school for girls, receives a letter from her brother, an officer with the A. E. F., saying that a relative of the family, a French girl named Béatrice de Soulange, has come to him asking for assistance, and he has thought it best to send her to America. Peg, who lives with her aunt in the lodge at Denewood, is talking this news over with her cousin, Betty Powell, when the French girl unexpectedly arrives. She is not a child, as they have feared, but a girl of their own age, deeply interested in the Denewood books and the history of their house. Her first desire is to see the lucky sixpence, their family talisman, and when she is told that it has been lost for a century she is astounded at the girls' indifference and declares her belief that with it was lost the luck of Denewood.

### CHAPTER III

#### A LITTLE WREN HOPS IN

FURTHER discussion of the lost sixpence was interrupted by the rattling of a worn-out automobile as it drew up to the front of the house.

"That must be Aunt Polly come up from the station in a jitney," said Peg, turning to Bé.

"You'll be a surprise to her."

"Monsieur Cousin Jack 'ave tol' me of Tante Polly," replied Bé, smilingly; "but why will she 'ave surprise?"

"She does n't know you 're here," Peg said.

"But she expect me," Béatrice insisted.

"How could she?" laughed Peg.

"The letters," Béatrice began, but, before she could finish, Selma appeared at the door.

"The taxi-shoffer he wants much money," she announced stolidly.

"It is my chauffeur come! Did I not say it?" cried Bé. "And he would rob me, eh? *le voleur!* [the thief!] But we shall see."

She jumped up and ran to the front door, the other girls at her heels, pouring forth a flood of voluble French as she went; but it was a cool and collected little lady who confronted the taxi-driver.

"Bring in my luggages," she commanded, facing the man imperiously.

"Now hold on, Miss," the driver began. "I did n't figure on running my car through mud-banks, and I want—"

"It matter not at all what you want. You will get my luggages," Béatrice interrupted firmly.

"I'll have my pay first," the chauffeur insisted. "I've had my own troubles, and if I'd known—"

"You will be paid what the American Y lady 'ave said. She take your number and tell you in dollars. It is all understood," Bé stood rigidly before the man and showed no signs of yielding.

"But that was to drive you to Denewood," the chauffeur retorted stubbornly.

"Well, am I not 'ere?" Bé turned to Peg with an inquiring glance.

"This ain't Denewood!" the man stated flatly.

"It 's Denewood Lodge, and a lot nearer," Peg put in.

"But I've spent half an hour looking for the young lady," the man explained directly to Peg. "That 's worth something. If she 'd stayed in the cab—"

"I pay only what you say when we start," Bé maintained stoutly. "If you try to steal me, I tell the police."

"Steal you, Miss!" the chauffeur cried, misunderstanding this literal translation from the French idiom; "don't fear that. I'm a poor man and all I want is my tip."

"Teep? Teep?" repeated Béatrice, not understanding.

"That 's something extra," Betty explained.

"Ah, the *pourboire!*" the French girl exclaimed. "But of course," she went on, addressing the man before her, "naturally you want your *pourboire* and you shall 'ave it when all is done."

The chauffeur hesitated a moment, looking at Bé with a puzzled expression on his face; then, seemingly satisfied, he went after the "luggages" and brought them into the hallway.

Béatrice, with quick fingers, opened her purse and paid the man in silence. He counted the bills, and, flushing slightly, touched his cap.

"Thank you, Miss," he said heartily; "this here is more than I'd have asked you."

"I think you 'ave earn it," Béatrice conceded, "but be pleased to remember the next time you drive a lady that the—the teep is at the discretion of your passenger. In my country we like the chance to be generous."

She gave him a nod of dismissal, and with a muttered "Thank you, Miss," the man took himself off.

The significance of this little scene was not

lost on either Peg or Betty. Béatrice, who had seemed quite a child before, had shown the poise and assurance of a much older person. She had insisted that the bargain be lived up to, not because of the money involved, but as her right; and it was plain that she had meant to maintain it. Both girls were impressed.

"I could n't have done it," was Peg's mental comment.

"She has the manners of a countess, whether she has the title or not," Betty said to herself.

For Béatrice the incident had developed two facts. First, it seemed evident that she had not been expected, although Peg had spoken of having heard of her from Jack. This was of little importance, a matter to be cleared up by a word or two; but the second fact was of more serious moment. She was not at Denewood, and, instinctively, she felt that here was a delicate situation about which she might not make clumsy inquiries. There had been no lack of warmth in the welcome Jack Travers had promised her, and her heart had gone out to Peg on the instant; but why were they living in the lodge? There had been no mention of that in France, and she had talked endlessly of Denewood with Jack.

But at the time, she had no opportunity to puzzle further. Scarcely had the taxi-chauffeur quitted the house than the hoarse honking of another automobile had brought them all back to the door again, and a moment later a little brown lady stepped out of a beautiful limousine onto the portico.

"It's Aunt Polly," Peg murmured into Bé's ear; and the latter looked at this new arrival with especial interest.

It is quite impossible to describe Miss Polly Travers in terms that are usually applied to human beings. Every one who saw her for the first time was irresistibly reminded of a wren; nor when they came to know her better was this first impression destroyed. The way she cocked her head on one side; the way she fluttered and preened herself and twittered and chattered and scolded; these, and her brown clothes,—so like the bird's neat plumage,—were all wren-like. Wren-like, too, was a certain cheerful fussiness, which she displayed to perfection as she turned to the liveried chauffeur of the big car.

"Remember, Golden," she called, holding up a dainty finger, "tell your wife that I said you must take flaxseed tea or hot lemonade to-night before you go to bed. Exposure to such weather would undermine the constitution of a mud-turtle."

She turned, fluttering, toward the girls, but had eyes only for Betty.

"You're to go back with Golden, my dear,"

she twittered, giving her niece a little peck on the cheek to serve as a kiss; "but I want you to take some recipes to your mother. There's one for headache cologne and another for onion soup that I cut from the Sunday paper. Quite remarkable! Quite remarkable! Peg, my child, run upstairs. You'll find them in my desk somewhere. Betty, hurry now and get ready. We must n't keep Golden waiting."

Her bird-like voice was very gentle and unauthoritative; but it seemed to stimulate Peg and Betty into prompt activity, for they ran off, and Béatrice was left with this quaint Aunt Polly, who suddenly appeared to discover the existence of a stranger. Cocking her head on one side, she gazed shyly at the girl, and for an instant Bé felt as if she might fly away.

But only for a fraction of time did Aunt Polly hesitate. Her bright, quick-glancing eyes took in Bé's slight figure at once, and she began to twitter.

"My dear child, you've been out in the rain," she chirped, taking off her outdoor things and handing them mechanically to the waiting Selma. "Don't tell me you have n't, my dear, because it's quite plain you have; and I can see your feet have been wet, or you would n't be wearing those absurd slippers of Peg's. I don't see what Miss Maple can have been thinking of to let you run about in such weather."

By this time she had reached the foot of the stairs.

"Peg, Peg, my dear, bring down my medicine-box when you come," she called, "and do hurry. Golden will take a chill waiting for Betty."

Peg replied cheerfully from the floor above that they would soon be down, and little Miss Polly came hopping back to Béatrice.

"I've quite forgotten your name, child, although your face is very familiar," she went on with scarcely a pause for breath; "but there are so many girls in the school that I can't remember all their names, can I? You'll forgive me, my dear, and come in by the fire and get dry—"

She was still twittering when Peg and Betty came rushing down the stairs. Aunt Polly immediately transferred her attentions to speeding Betty on her way. The girl gave Bé a hurried kiss and a whispered word that she would see her soon, while Aunt Polly fluttered about, urging her to make haste.

"And tell your mother, my dear," she said, as she bustled her niece through the doorway, "that I feel sure Marjory needs bryonia. I looked at her particularly this afternoon and she should have at least three doses. Be sure not to forget. Peg, did you give Betty those recipes? That's right," she continued, scarce waiting for

Ing's nod. "The onion soup is particularly promising, and so cheap. Golden, remember the flaxseed 'e'a. Good-by! Good-by!"

Betty was by this time in the car, the chauffeur had touched his cap in acknowledgement of this last injunction, and the big automobile started away.

"There, that 's done!" Aunt Polly murmured to herself, and went into the house, where Bé's presence immediately turned her thoughts in another direction. "Peg, did you bring the medicine-chest?"

"Yes, I have it, Aunt Polly," Peg replied, "but I want to tell you —"

"Never mind that now!" Miss Travers cut her short. "Come in by the fire, both of you." She led the way into the living-room, perched herself on the edge of a chair, and held out her hands for the box Peg carried. "Give me the medicine; and you might fetch a glass of water."

"There 's some here," Peg answered, with a glance at the tea-table; "but, Auntie, wait a minute and listen. You don't know who this is and you 'll be so sur —"

"It does n't make any difference who she is, my dear," Aunt Polly interrupted, her hands busy among the tiny bottles in the polished box; "it 's quite plain that she 's been out in the storm and needs aconite. Here it is. Now, my dear."

She leaned toward Bé, raising aloft a small vial half filled with white pellets. Dutifully the girl presented her hand.

"Now swallow them at once, my dear," Aunt Polly continued, after depositing six pills on the outstretched palm. "Don't be afraid. They only taste of sugar and they 're exactly what you need."

She watched Bé closely as the pills were consumed; then, shutting the lid of the box, sighed contentedly, and leaned back, ever so slightly, in her chair.

"Now what is it you wanted to tell me?" she asked Peg, beaming brightly upon both of the girls.

For an instant Peg hesitated. She was a little fearful that Aunt Polly, in her surprise, might not welcome Béatrice with the warmth the occasion demanded.

"It 's a new cousin who has come to us," she began, putting an arm about Bé, "all the way from France. She is Béatrice de Soulange!"

For a moment Miss Travers' eyes grew round with amazement; then, with a little bird-like note of gladness, she seemed to fly out of her chair and settle down again with her arms about Béatrice.

"Oh, my dear child!" she murmured, each word going straight to Bé's heart like a caress. "We are so glad to have you. It has been ages

and ages since one of your family has visited Denewood. You are more than welcome!"

She kissed Bé; then, holding the girl at arm's length, looked at her searchingly.

"You are a Travers, my dear," she said positively. "No wonder I thought there was something familiar about you! And your name is Béatrice?"

"For always we 'ave a Béatrice with us," Bé answered, smiling into the sparkling eyes beside her.

Aunt Polly, more like a wren than ever, fluttered about uttering short sentences of delight, until at last she fluttered back to her own chair again.

"Now tell me, Béatrice, my dear, how you came to pay us such a nice visit?" Miss Travers settled herself comfortably and gazed upon Bé with an inviting smile.

"Jack sent her," Peg began, at which Aunt Polly again commenced to twitter.

"That 's so like the boy to send the child here with wet feet. I could never teach him any better. There 's an old Revolutionary motto that says, 'Trust in God and keep your powder dry'; but that last has been changed in this war. They know better nowadays. 'Keep your feet dry' is the ending now, as all the socks we 've knitted go to prove."

"But, truthfully, my feet were not wet," Bé insisted, noting a gleam in Miss Travers' eye that foreshadowed a demand that she change her stockings forthwith. "It was only my boots, and I let 'em in the kitchen at once when I come in."

"That was a sensible child," Miss Travers commented, with her head on one side. "But, all the same, I 'm glad I gave you the aconite. And so you met our Jack in France? That was nice. I hope he was taking the pills I sent him? It is such an unexpected pleasure to see you sitting there!"

"But 'ave you not expect' me?" Béatrice questioned. "Monsieur Cousin Jack, he 'ave write beautiful long letters about it, and I have sen' jus' a little short one, because I write the English not well."

"The first we heard was the scrap of a note the postman brought me from Jack just before he showed you the way here," Peg explained; at which Bé uttered a bewildered "Oh!" and looked very much crestfallen.

"You must think it very strange that I come without a warning," she murmured.

"Not at all, my dear, not at all!" Aunt Polly assured her. "We 're delighted to have you and hope you 'll stay a long while. As to the letters, they 'll probably come some time next month.



I think the people at the post-office keep them to read, because the interesting ones are always delayed, while the advertisements— But do go on, my dear. You were just about to tell us such a lot of things we want to know."

"It is a long story." Bé said apologetically.

"That 's all the better," Aunt Polly twittered.

"Well then, I mus' go back so that you will comprehend," Bé began once more. "You will know that, of my family, there is but my brother Louis and me. We live in the old château, very

before, that, should anything 'appen to the château, I must seek out the American army and ask for a Travers."

"But how could he have known?" Peg demanded.

"Oh," laughed Béatrice, "we were sure that, in such a war, America would come to us soon or late, and also we were certain that, if there lived a Travers man, he would be with that army. That need' no explanation."

She smiled brightly for a moment and then



'BUT YOU MUST HAVE KNOWN, MY DEAR, THAT THIS IS NOT DENEWOOD' (SEE PAGE 161)

happy together, till arrives this war. Then all is change'. Louis, he go as an aviator, and I see him now and then, while my heart is aching always with fear for him. You know?"

"Yes, my dear, we know," Aunt Polly said softly.

"Well, I stay at the château with Jeanne-Marie, my *bonne*, and the other servants, even after my *gouvernante* is called to make munitions. All is well till near the end of the war. Our house it is not disturb', and the fighting it has not come too near. It has happened on both sides of us, yet are we so far in luck. But when the Boches are being driven back, there come, one night, Louis and another in their flying-plane. My brother he 'ave a mission to make against the enemy, and soon they start. But Louis, before he go, remind' me once more, as he 'ave many times

continued, her face growing grave as her thoughts went back.

"So that night I watched my Louis fly away toward the lines of our enemy, and I say a prayer for his safe return.

"But, soon after he has gone, there come a great booming of cannon, and the servants whisper that the Boches run away. Yet it grow louder, that noise of shootings, and come nearer, till at last the château is struck. I tell you, it is very terrible; and the servants they flee away, and I am not one who can blame them. Even Jeanne-Marie tremble and beg of me to go to the village where there is some safety. But, *non!* I will not go, for Louis 'ave tol' me to stay. Besides I, too, 'ave a mission. But you would not believe what that Jeanne-Marie do, and all for love of me, you understand'. She is strong, you

know, a peasant, and she say, 'Come, Mademoiselle, before you are kill.' And I shake my head and say 'Non! non! non!' Then she pick me up, that woman, in her arms, and I am a baby to struggle against her. So she bring me to safety. And on the morrow the château it is not there, it is gone! There is left only a pile of broken stones."

The girl paused for a moment, looking away with eyes that saw only her shattered home in France.

"You poor child!" murmured Aunt Polly, gently.

"Ah, that is easy to bear," Béatrice went on quickly. "I am but one of many—many who have lost their homes; and I 'ave so good luck right away. In a day or two the American regiment that has drive' away those Boches come to our village, and I remember what my Louis 'ave tol' me, and so I ask for a Travers."

"You don't mean to say that Jack was in that regiment?" Peg asked excitedly.

"No, not quite such good luck," Béatrice acknowledged, "but I fin' him not so long after. You see, I had my plan ready. I notice' that if one come to a soldier and request, 'I want Private Jones,' they will reply, 'Aw, go chase yourself.' But if one remark, 'I wish to visit General Jones,' it is very different. Then they say mos' polite, 'Yes, sir, this way, sir.'" Bé jumped to her feet and imitated a soldier at salute, laughing the while at her vivid recollection. "So," she explained, "I ask' for General Travers—large, like that. And you should see them all get so busy."

"But Jack is n't a general!" Peg cried.

Béatrice shrugged her shoulders. "How do I know that? He might be. It is not too much to expect of a Travers," she said. "But at last they tell me there is no such general. So I say to them, very obliging, '*C'est égal!*' Colonel Travers, then, will do for me." And they go once more upon the search. But indeed there is no Colonel Travers. Then do I grow annoy'. 'All right,' I say, very cross, 'Captain Travers, if it uns' be so; an' after a while I fin' your Jack."

"But he is n't a captain; he 's only a lieutenant," Peg insisted.

"Ah, no, he 'ave obtain' a promotion not so long before," Bé told her. "Has he not written?"

"Perhaps, but this is the first we 've heard of it," Miss Polly remarked. "I 've no doubt it was in one of those interesting letters that we never received; but go on, child, what happened then?"

"That is 'most the end," Béatrice said. "I fin' Captain Jack Travers is attach' to another regiment, and they sen' me to him in a ambulance. He is surj rise' to see me, I think. *Naturellement!* But I tell him I am Béatrice de Soulange and his cousin. From that time he take care of me, with

a nice Y girl who is like a mother. And presently he say it is best that I come here, and so, *me voici!*" She ended with a charming little gesture, looking from one to the other of her new-found relatives as if to place herself at their mercy.

"And you are very welcome, my love," Miss Travers assured her once more, with deep feeling; "but I do not quite understand. Why did not your brother obtain leave to come with you? We should have liked to see him, too."

There was an instant's silence and the face of the French girl went white. Then from between her clenched teeth came the words that brought a sympathetic pang to the hearts of Peg and her little aunt.

"My brother Louis, he did not come back that night. He is los'!"

So unexpected was this announcement, coming from a girl in a gay red dress, that there was a moment of breathless silence; then Peg, in a great rush of sympathy, threw her arms about Béatrice.

But the girl, rising hastily, brushed her cousin aside, scarce knowing what she did.

"It is not what you think," she cried, her slight figure stiffening. "He is not dead, my Louis. It is for that I refuse' to wear the dresses they get for me, in those luggages out there. They are all black, and I shall not put them on. Would I not know here in my heart if my Louis were dead? *Non, non, non!* He is alive, and I shall not mourn, for he will come back to me."

## CHAPTER IV

### HOW THE SIXPENCE WAS LOST

BE's outburst stunned Peg for the moment. The revelation had come so suddenly, so violently, so unexpectedly, that for an instant her wits were quite scattered; but she recovered quickly. There was an answer to most of the questions that had been on the tip of Peg's tongue as she listened to her cousin's narrative. It was now plain why Bé had sought Jack Travers and why he had sent her to Denewood.

And the vigor of her protest was a measure of Be's struggle to keep alive her belief that her brother was not dead. Against every evidence to the contrary, against the opinion of all her friends in France, against the silence of successive days when no news was bad news, Bé strove to keep true to her conviction that Louis was alive. She felt the doubt that must come to every one who knew the circumstances, and realized that it tried to creep into her own thoughts; and against this doubt she cried aloud her protest, proclaiming, with all her strength, that her dear brother was only missing and that time would give him back to her.

A little of this Peg understood, and her impulse to comfort her cousin was strong; but to show too much sympathy was as bad as showing none.

Wren-like Miss Polly saved the situation. For an instant she had fluttered violently, darting out her arms as if to take under her warm wings this dear motherless girl; but she controlled herself and began nodding her head up and down in the most matter-of-fact way.

"Of course, my dear, of course your brother is alive!" she chirped, "and I've no doubt Jack will find him and bring him back with him when he comes. Jack was always the greatest boy at finding things. I remember, when he was quite small, we lost a silver salt-cellar and we looked high and low—"

She twittered on volubly of Jack's school-boy exploits, giving Bé a opportunity to recover her composure. Without seeming to make a point of it, she slipped an arm about this new niece of hers, and with little hugs and pats conveyed, as no words could have done, the sympathy and growing love she felt for her.

"And now, my dear," she suddenly exclaimed, "it 's high time you were shown your room!"

Selma was called to carry up the "luggages," and soon Béatrice de Soulange was installed in a small chamber next to Peg's.

"Oh, but it is pretty!" cried Béatrice, as she looked about her. "And it smell' so sweet of lavender. It remin' me of the south of France. But yes, it is good to be here."

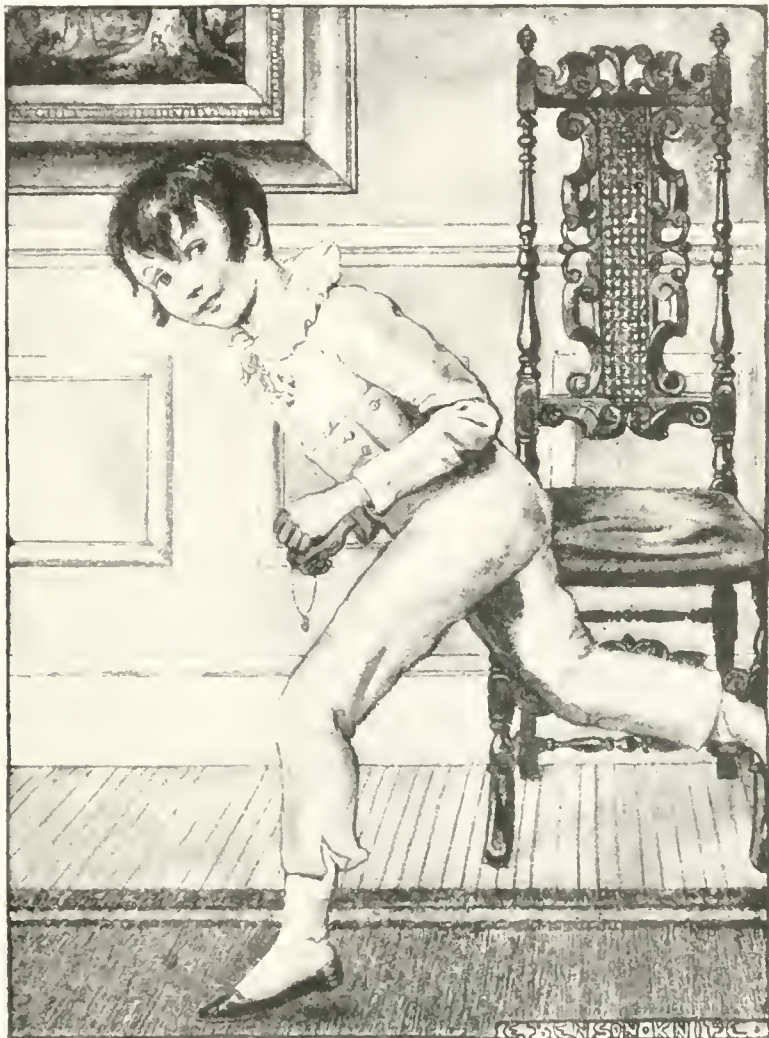
"And it 's good to have you," said Peg, glad of this chance to express her feelings. "We 're wanted to have a great time together. I've always wanted a sister."

"And I also!" declared Bé, and the next moment the two were in each other's arms.

Miss Travers, sitting in a slender Sheraton chair

that had been brought down with other furnishings from Denewood, watched the girl with her head on one side and a smile on her face; but a moment later a troubled look came into her eyes and she sighed as she glanced about the tiny room.

"I 'm sorry, Béatrice, my child, that we have n't a more comfortable place for you." She



SO LITTLE JOHN HID IT FOR THE OTHER BOYS TO FIND. (SEE PAGE 163)

scarcely twittered now, and there was a note of sadness in her voice, as if the little wren had lost something—a nest, perhaps.

"Oh, but Tante Polly, I love it!" cried Béatrice.

"But you must have known, my dear, that this is not Denewood."

Peg, with a huge sigh, sat down on the edge of the bed. The time had come when they must confess to this new cousin that all was not well with the Travers in America. She had dreaded

this moment, but was glad that Aunt Polly was there to tell the sad facts. She would have liked to have entertained this French cousin, who had lived all her life in a chateau, in the fine mansion on the hill; to have given her a real Denewood welcome; but that could not be, and she waited with downcast eyes to see how Béatrice would act when she found that, instead of many servants, she must content herself with one maid-of-all-work in the house of the lodge-keeper.

"I 'ave wonder'," Bé admitted, seating herself near a window; "when that taxi-carriage 'ave stuck itself in the muds, I 'ave walk up to the big, big 'ouse and say to myself, 'In truth, this is the Denewood I know from the books'; and I cannot look at it enough, for joy at being there at last. But when I stan' by the door and ring the bell, I feel myself very, very leetle, because I am alone and am a stranger. My cousin Jack he 'ave tol' me how glad you all are to see me; but I cannot 'elp but fear how you may receive a so far-away cousin; and then a servant come and say 'No, Miss Travers she does not live here!' And I ask, 'Is it not Denewood?' and she reply, 'It is the ending-school of Miss Maple for young ladies.'"

"Finishing-school, dear," Miss Polly corrected gently.

"Is it not all one? Yes? Ending is finish', is it not?" Bé laughed softly. "But what matter? I turn away, feeling I am los'; and as I go back to the taxi-carriage, I meet the small, fat man who sen' me here. So I fin' Paig and you. But my brain, yes, it is puzzle', because I am sure that big house it is Denewood, and yet you do not live there."

"It is because we are too poor to live there," Miss Polly explained, her head drooping a trifle, "so we 've rented it for a school. Miss Maple wished to buy the place; she wanted to call it the Denewood School. But we could n't bear that, so it 's called Maple Hall. Some day we mean to have it back. Meanwhile, my dear, what we have we are very glad to share with you; but I 'm sorry we can't make you more comfortable."

"Oh, Aunt Polly!" cried Béatrice, rising quickly and dropping to her knees before the little brown lady who seemed so crestfallen. "I 'ave no care for such things. What are many servants and great houses? They are as nothing. It is only the heart that counts. Already you 'ave made a beeg room for me there. You and Paig 'ave welcomed me with love, and how shall I not be comfortable?"

THAT night, while Peg lay awake turning over in her mind the events of the day, there came a gentle knock on the communicating door between the girls' rooms.

"Are you asleep, Paig?" came the scarcely heard whisper.

"No, do come in," Peg answered and, a moment later both girls were in the same bed.

"It is that I cannot sleep for thinking," Bé explained. "My mind it 'ave gone back and back to that first Béatrice of Denewood and her lucky sixpence."

"I often think of her," Peg murmured. "I 'm sure, if she were here, it would be different."

"Per'aps; how can one tell?" Peg felt her cousin's shoulders shrug under the covers. But Bé went on, "I think of her as a little girl in England when the gipsy give her back the crooked sixpence, and of the strong sailor who break it in halves on board Admiral Howe's ship. Oh, was she not brave, that Béatrice? And always through the tale there is the luck that follow' the broken coin, until, at the end, when it was join' together once more, all was well with Denewood."

"Yes, it saved the mansion from being burned down," Peg answered musingly. "They always called it the luck of the house."

"But yes, I remember. So that start me thinking and thinking till I cannot go to sleep unless I talk to you," Bé said hurriedly. "Is it not strange to you that, now this sixpence is los', you and your brother no longer live at Denewood? To me it seem that those two things are tied together."

"I 've thought of that, too," Peg replied, "but every one says that 's just superstition."

"Superstection," Bé repeated. "I know not the meaning of that word, superstection."

"Oh, something that is n't real," Peg tried to explain.

"But it is real that the sixpence is los' and that there is a school in Denewood," Bé insisted.

"There 's no doubt about that," Peg agreed mournfully, and for a moment or two neither spoke.

"Tell me," Bé began again, "when has that sixpence los' itself?"

"Oh, ages ago," Peg answered; "while the first Beatrice was still alive."

"Really!" exclaimed Bé. "How you know all that?"

"It is all written in the Denewood records, and great-great great-grandmother set it down in her journals, too," Peg returned.

"What does it say?" Bé whispered. "I mus' know."

"It all happened when the first Beatrice Travers was an old, old lady," Peg began. "You remember how the gipsy in 'The Lucky Sixpence' prophesied that the half coin would be luckier than the whole?"

"Yes, I remember," Bé answered.

"Well, then," Peg went on, "when John Travers and Mistress Beatrice were married, they wore their halves of the coin round their necks on fine gold chains. Now, in 1810, the first grandson was born,—that 's in the family Bible, you know,—and they called him *Little John*, so as not to get mixed up with his uncle and grandfather. Madame Beatrice was devoted to this boy, and, to make sure that every thing should be all right with him, she gave him her half of the sixpence."

"And he los' it?" Bé said, under her breath.

"Yes, he did," Peg said, "but not in quite the way you 'd expect. When he was eight years old, on his birthday, I think it was, he had some boys in to play with him, and they were pretending to hunt for buried treasure. So Little John, to 'make it real,' took off his chain with the half sixpence on it and hid it for the other boys to find. And then," Peg ended impressively, "though it 's hard to believe, he forgot where he 'd hidden it."

"And they never found it?" exclaimed Bé, incredulously.

"Never to this day," Peg returned. "And now comes the funniest part of it. Great-great-great-

grandfather Travers was dreadfully angry with Little John and scolded him severely. He made an awful fuss and insisted that the loss of the sixpence was a calamity."

"I think he was right," Bé put in.

"Perhaps, but at any rate," Peg continued, "he said that his half of the precious piece should be kept safe and he took it from around his neck and put it away. Now you 'll scarcely credit it, but he forgot what he did with it, too. That 's the whole story. From that day to this, both halves of the lucky sixpence have been completely lost."

For a time the girls lay quiet, thinking; then as if she had weighed all the difficulties and had come to a decision, Bé spoke.

"We mus' fin' it, Paig!"

"But how can we?" her cousin murmured sleepily; "after all these years?"

"I do not know yet," Bé answered, "but I 'ave a feeling that we shall succeed. Your brother, he must find for me my Louis, as Tante Polly said. That is a big thing. So for him I do a leetle thing and shall fin' his sixpence. Good night, Paig, my dear. To-morrow we begin our search for the los' luck of Denewood."

*(To be continued)*



EVER since our children were big enough to look forward to the coming of Christmas, we have had a neighborhood celebration on the eve when parents and grandparents, aunts and uncles vie with the youngsters in having a good time. For a number of years we were content with the usual tree and with presents distributed by a Santa Claus, who never failed to arrive at the right moment, properly laden. Then, when the children grew older, we decided to dispense with his presence and to let some of the little folks provide the fun. Each year since then, our festivity has taken on a different character, and always the children have been happily engaged for weeks beforehand in the merry preparations and have greeted the occasion itself with far more joy than when all was prepared as a surprise for them. Of course, since all the participants are still under ten, there is plenty left to occupy the grown-ups who direct the

merrymaking; but when once a stock of simple costumes has been accumulated, it will answer from season to season, with slight additions. And the enjoyment of old and young in this sort of celebration more than repays the trouble. One year we decided to reproduce an old English Christmas, as far as was possible in modern America and with the resources at our command.

Three o'clock of the afternoon before Christmas found the house buzzing with excitement. The party was not to begin until five, and the actors had been asked to arrive at four; but who could wait until then when there were swords to be buckled on, heads to be powdered, and the last touches put to costumes? Our own Rachel and David had already helped their parents, with such young assistants as happened in that morning, to hang the rooms with festoons of laurel and ground-pine interspersed with holly, big wreaths of which glad-

down the windows, and decked the plaster east of the Madonna and Child, hanging over the big fireplace. There was mistletoe, too, of course, properly hung in a doorway, and even the stair rail was trimmed with cheerful red and green. Dozens of candles stood ready to be lighted in the silver pewter or brass candlesticks, which the willing neighborhood had vied up for the occasion, for here must be no incongruous gas or electricity.

The guests had already begun to gather about the fireplace, which stood ready to receive the Yule log, when the Lord and Lady of the Manor descended the stairs in all the magnificence they could muster. With them took half a dozen little girls, some in stiff brocade, which had really belonged to their great-grandmothers, and others in charming figured muslin, with lace-trimmed caps half hiding their puffed and powdered hair. After greetings were over, the girls vanished, to reappear at the door a few minutes later with as many boys, all clad in cloaks well powdered with "snow" of course, for had not these "wants" already traveled the country side for miles around? Their childish voices joined with a will in a couple of old English carols, "The First Noel" and "God rest ye merry, gentlemen," after which the boys scrambled for the pennies tossed them by the Lord and Lady, whom they had respectfully saluted as their special patrons.

Hardly had they scattered to divide the spoil, when from a distant room came more music, rather halting this time, as the boys, left to sing by themselves, hardly made out so well. The melody resolved itself into the rude song:

"Hold, men, hold,  
We are very cold,  
Inside and outside,  
We are very cold."

And the singers soon came in sight, stepping two by two in time to the tune. These were the players who were to perform a *St. George* play, so simple in its lines and construction that children can do it almost as well as our childlike forefathers. First came *King Alfred* in a gorgeous purple robe, ermine edged, crowned, of course, and leading his fair, golden-haired queen, all in white, with a long veil floating from her hair. Following him stepped *King William*—of blessed memory—alongside young *St. George*, clad as a Red Cross knight, with a remarkable helmet made out of a tin paul, to which a vizor covered with silver paper had been affixed. Behind them *Old King Cole* hobbled on his wooden leg, his gilt crown very much awry. *Giant Blunderbore* and his *Little Man Jack* came next, arm in arm, *Blunderbore* wore a small roly poly, whose ragged bunlap garment was girded with a wide belt, from which hung three confident tin covers, which clanked delightfully as he walked. *Little Man Jack* was twice the size of *Blunderbore*, and was gorgeously attired. Following these were *Dr. Ball* in academic gown and skull cap, carrying conspicuously an immense chemist's bottle of candy pills, and with him walked *Father Christmas*, Santa Claus's double. Last of all ambled the most remarkable figure of the company, an upright, two-legged creature in all timehonored and brown jerkin, topped by a dragon's head—a wonderful creature of paper mache, with mouse-like teeth and a large red tongue visible in his scolding jaws.

The delight of the youthful part of the audience and the approval of the elder, were so duly ended, and the players had barely had time to salute the Lord and Lady, and arrange their cloaks in a convenient fashion, to come when demanded. A table set *Father Christmas* brought that worthy into the hall, and the stage, where he, the Lord and Lady, and

bound during his recital of how the bear lost his tail. His appreciative listeners would hardly have let him off at the end of the story, but that they were eager for the play. A pause ensued, but at last *King Alfred* responded to sundry pokes and stage-whispers from his fellow actors by stepping forward, dragging his queen, with the following statement:

"I am King Alfred, and this here is my bride,  
I've a crown on my pate and a sword by my side."

His three possessions were unmistakably indicated by the crudest of gestures, and he fell back into his place with sighs of obvious relief.

*King William* and *St. George* required no urging, and got through their lines clearly if rapidly. *King Cole* got a round of applause for his wooden leg and crutch. Then *Blunderbore*, every inch a giant in spite of his diminutive size, and with a fierce scowl upon his cherubic brow, strode forth, brandishing his wooden sword with one hand and clutching *Little Man Jack* with the other. The bloodthirstiness of his utterance:

"I am the Giant Blunderbore, see 'n, tum!"

brought down the house, together with his statement that he was ready to fight "any mortal soul," which he made good by threatening the kings in turn with his wooden sword. But bloodshed was delayed for a time by the intervention of the six little girls who had been watching from the stairs and who now ran down and began an old-fashioned morris-dance.

This ended the dialogue of the play continued. The dragon now took the stage with a frightful roar and menacing gesture as he declared:

"I am the dragon, these are my jaw-w-sses,  
I am the dragon, these are my claw-w-sses."

Of course, *St. George* did his duty faithfully, but unfortunately the dragon did not die alone; the whole company fell to fighting one another with their wooden swords until all but *Father Christmas* and *Dr. Ball* had bit the dust. Even *King Alfred's* bride lay a crumpled white heap near her prostrate lord.

Now came *Dr. Ball's* opportunity, and he was equal to it, stepping gravely forth and shaking his huge bottle of pills, he thus reassured his audience:

"I am the doctor who cures all ills,  
Only gullup my potions and swallow my pills."

He then suited the action to the words by slipping a candy pill into each willing mouth, whereupon, on being called by name and adjured to rise, each worthy did so with what ease he could. Crowns seemed to have suffered most, and the vizor of *St. George's* helmet would never have survived until the great occasion had he been allowed to fall down dead in it at rehearsals. Only the dragon was not revived, but died again in dreadful writhings; his agony came to an abrupt end however, when, in response to *Father Christmas's* pacific suggestion, he, with the rest of the company filed off singing a new version of the "Hold, men, hold."

And now came more carols, sung this time by the girls alone, including a charming little French song:

"*Le bon vin de France,*  
*Le bon vin,*  
*Le bon vin de France,*"

[We must sing, heartily, to vent the birth of our Lord.]

During this pause, the busy actors had time to make such slight changes in their attire as removing their regal cloaks, under which were buff jerkins, changing their crowns for the leathern caps of servitors; and behold! another procession of a peaceful nature this time—the "holding to the board."

Two pair, of serving-men carrying candles in tall silver candlesticks came first, with stately tread, bowed before the Lord and Lady, and repeated these lines

"Lo, now is come our joyful feast!  
Let ev'ry man be jolly  
Each room with yule leaves is drest,  
And every post with holly  
Now all our neighbors' chimneys smoke,  
And Christmas blocks are burning;  
Their oven they with baked meats choke,  
And all their spits are turning,  
Without the door let sorrow lie,  
And let for cold it hap to thee,  
We'll bury it in a Christmas pye,  
And evermore be merry."

then made way for another retainer holding high in both hands the huge wassail-bowl (a wash-basin covered with silver paper), who lingered, after making his reverence, to repeat:

"Next crown the bowl with  
With gentle Lamb's Wool,  
Add sugar, nutmeg, and ginger,  
With store of ale too,  
And thus ye must do  
To make the Wassail a swinger."

This retainer was followed by another, similarly clad, who bore the plum-pudding, decked with holly. He said:

Our steward hath provided this  
In honor of the King of Bliss,  
Which on this day to be served is."

The plum-pudding, in turn, made way for the great wonder—the boar's-head, carried on a huge brass silver, and likewise trimmed with green. Its bearer paused before the wassail-hosts long enough to declare:

"The boar's head in hand bear I,  
Bedecked with bays and rose-mary,  
And I pray you, my masters be merrie."

Then came more serving-men with candles, whereupon the Lord and Lady rose, and beckoned the company to follow them as they fell into step behind the procession. The little girls and all the other children made haste to join, as did the rest of the guests, who, when they reached the dining-room found the costumed children standing about a long candle-lit table, graced by the wassail-bowl, plum-pudding, and boar's-head. The spectators now found places at the smaller tables scattered through the room, and here the ancient part of the feast ended and the modern part began.



## ST. GEORGE PLAY

### CHARACTERS

<i>Old Father Christmas</i>	<i>Giant Blunderbore</i>
<i>St. George of England</i>	<i>Old Dr. Ball</i>
<i>King Alfred</i>	<i>Little Jack</i>
<i>King Alfred's Queen</i>	<i>The Old Dragon</i>
<i>King William</i>	<i>Morris dancers</i>
<i>Old King Cole (with a wooden leg)</i>	

*All the manners come in singing and walk around the place in a circle, and then stand on one side. The characters "enter" by advancing from the circle of players.*

*(Enter King Alfred and his Queen, arm in arm.)*

KING ALFRED.

I am King Alfred, and this here is my bride.  
I've a crown on my pate and a sword by my side.  
*(They stand apart. Enter King Cole.)*

KING COLE.

I am King Cole, pipe and glass I extol,  
Hurrah for King Charles and down with old Noll!  
*(Stands apart. Enter King William.)*

KING WILLIAM.

I am King William of blessed me-mo-ry,  
Who came and pulled down the high gallows-tree,  
And brought us all peace and prosperity.  
*(Stands apart. Enter Giant Blunderbore.)*

GIANT BLUNDERBORE.

I am Giant Blunderbore, fee, fi, fum,  
Ready to fight ye all—so I says, "Come!"  
*(Enter Little Jack.)*  
And this here is my little man Jack—  
A thump on his head and a whack on his back!  
*(Strikes him twice.)*

I'll fight King Alfred, I'll fight King Cole,  
I'm ready to fight any mortal soul;  
So here I, Blunderbore, take my stand,  
With this little man, Jack, at my right hand,  
Ready to fight for mortal life. Fee, fi, fum!  
*(Giant and Little Jack stand apart. Enter St. George.)*

ST. GEORGE.

I am St. George of Merry England;  
Bring in the Morris-men, bring in our band.  
*(The Morris-dancers come in and dance. St. George then continues.)*

These are our tricks—ho, men, ho!  
These are our sticks—whack, men, so!  
*(Strikes the Dragon, who roars and comes forward.)*

DRAGON.

Stand on head, stand on feet!  
Meat, meat, meat for to eat!  
I am the Dragon, here are my jaws;  
I am the Dragon, here are my claws.  
Meat, meat, meat for to eat!  
Stand on my head, stand on my feet!  
*(Turns a somersault and stands apart.)*

ALL.

Ho, ho, ho!  
Whack, men, so!  
*(They all fight, and, after general disorder, fall down. Enter Old Dr. Ball.)*

DR. BALL.

I am the doctor, and I cure all ills,  
Only gullup my potions, and swallow my pills;  
I can cure the ache, the stitch, the palsy, and the gout,  
All pains within and all pains without.

Up from the floor, Giant Blunderbore!

*(Gives him a pill and he rises at once.)*

Get up, King and you, royal Bride;

Get up, Fool, and stand aside.

*(Gives them each a pill, and they rise.)*

Get up, King Cole, and tell the gentlefolks all

There never was a doctor like Mr. Dr. Ball.

Get up, St. George, old England's knight.

*(Gives him a pill. All stand aside but the Dragon, who lies in convulsions on the floor.)*

Now kill the Dragon and poison old Nick;

At Yule tide, both o' ye, cut your stick!

*(The Doctor forces a large pill down the Dragon's throat, who thereupon roars, and dies in convulsions. Enter Father Christmas.)*

FATHER CHRISTMAS.

I am Father Christmas! Hold, men, hold!

Be there loaf in your locker and sheep in your fold,

A fire on the hearth and good luck for your lot,

Money in your pocket and pudding in the pot!

Hold, men, hold!

Put up your sticks,

End all your tricks;

Hold, men, hold!

*(CHORUS. All sing, while one goes round with a hat for gifts.)*

Hold, men, hold!

We are very cold,

Inside and outside,

We are very cold,

If you don't give us silver,

Then give us gold

From the money in your pockets.

*(Some of the performers show signs of fighting again.)*

Hold, men, hold!

*(CHORUS. All sing. The Dragon gets up and joins the rest to tune of "Hold, men, hold.")*

God Almighty bless your hearth and fold,

Shut out the wolf and keep out the cold!

You gave us silver, keep you the gold,

More money in your pocket! Hold, men, hold!

*(Repeat in chorus. Ercunt omnes.)*

## SUGGESTIONS

THE music for the carols may be found in "Old Christmas Carols, Traditional Melodies," S. Archer Gibson, first and second sets, and "Six Old French Christmas Carols," Kurt Schindler, second set; published by G. Schirmer.

The music for the choruses in the play was adapted from a 17th-century air. The same tune may be used for both choruses.

If the entertainment as outlined seems too short,—it took about fifty minutes with *Father Christmas's* tale and the number of carols and dances described,—it could be lengthened by adding a *Lord of Misrule*, dressed as a jester with cap and bells, who should act as master of ceremonies and introduce games, such as London Bridge, King William, or Sir Roger de Coverley, to be played either just before or after supper. Such a manager, costumed or not, in the person of some elder, a parent, uncle, or friend, is a necessity when young children are the performers, to see that they start at the proper moment, etc.

The costumes must not be taken too seriously. They may be made, as ours were, chiefly from cambie or canton flannel in dark green, reds, and browns, with

various trimmings. The kings were, respectively, red, green, and orange capes, made of cambie and edged with white canton flannel with ink spots to represent ermine. Their crowns were strips of cardboard cut with several points on each upper edge, sewed together and covered with gilt paper. *St. George* wore a white cape cut from an old sheet, the shoulder of which was adorned with a big red-cambie *St. George's* cross. His helmet was made of a tin pail, from which the handle had been removed. The vizor was cut from cardboard and fastened with wire through the holes left in the pail where the handle had been. His shield was the cover of a wash-boiler. All the swords were of wood. *King Cole's* wooden leg was like a crotch with a peg cut in it, stiff-tension; to this a small roll of old carpet was rudely tied, and on this cushion he rested his bent knee, and hobbled along with an amusing, halting gait. The rest of the costumes consisted simply of full trousers, made like gymnasium bloomers, of green or red or brown canton flannel, and sleeveless buff jerkins cut all in one piece with no seam on the shoulder, laced in front with brown shoe-strings. These jerkins were made of a tan cotton material, one of the cheap linen imitations, heavier than cambie and therefore holding their shape better. Broad collars were cut from white canvas to finish the necks. The actors wore their own white shirts or blouses, so that the white sleeves showed; also, white stockings and low shoes with buckles made of pasteboard covered with gold or silver paper. The servants' caps were of the same material as the jerkins, and made of circular pieces cut into four equal sectors and fitted to the head.

The costumes were very roughly made; for instance, the regal robes were not hemmed, but had the "ermine" edge stitched to the raw edge of the cambie; the eyelets of the jerkins were merely holes punched with the scissors. In the candle-light few of these imperfections could be seen, or, if any were, they added to the humor of the occasion. The girls' costumes may be as simple or as elaborate as one chooses, so long as they suggest the English colonial style—short-waisted gowns, with kerchiefs, mob-caps, etc.

The various properties, such as the wassail-bowl, were easily made, as already described. The wassail itself was represented by cotton wool colored with red ink and decorated with slices of lemon-peel. If the young actor's hand is strong and steady and the bowl not too large, fruit punch would be in order. The boar's-head was, of course, a pig's head, roasted, with an apple between its jaws, the whole set forth on a large tray decked with holly. Or a papier-mâché boar's-head can be purchased at a toy-shop.

For our performance we had not more than four rehearsals of the play, which were as much fun for the children as the actual presentation. The carol singers practised for a half-hour every Sunday afternoon in December. We found it better to have the carols accompanied softly on the piano, as otherwise the key suffered too much. If there is any one who can play a fiddle, it would be more effective to have the fiddler enter with the Waits and play for them. This fiddler might be a grown-up of course, as *Father Christmas* and *Dr. Ball* were in our rendering of the *St. George* play.

The entertainment as we gave it did not involve as much labor as most plays in which children take part, because the lines are so short, and the action so simple.

The verdict of the young actors, and of the many grown-up relatives and friends who formed the audience,—that it was the "nicest Christmas party they ever attended,"—more than repaid the trouble it had cost.





These were the Players



## THE WATCH TOWER

*A Review of Current Events*

By EDWARD N. TEALL

### "PEACE ON EARTH"

If Christmas came once a month, or once in ten years, it would be all wrong. Once a year is just right; and— here it comes!

Everything changes, and the Christmas of 1920 is in many ways unlike the Christmas of, say, 1890. There are not so many people sitting about those jolly, old-fashioned, crackling wood fires. Sometimes it seems as though even snow was scarcer than it used to be; but then, as the good old Saint has retired the reindeer and taken to aeroplane traveling, that does n't really matter:

The changes have been—have n't they?—all in the accessories. The spirit is—is n't it?—just the same. If it is n't, if the joy is less genuine, if we are more critical and less happy—then things are indeed wrong, and it is "up to" each one of us to reform, right away. No Act of Congress is needed; no Presidential proclamation. All the legislatures in the country can't make Christmas right, if we make it wrong. Christmas is in the heart, and each person makes it for himself. And, of course, the way to get fun out of Christmas is to make some one else happy (unless you believe in a "Policy of Isolation").

Christmas = Peace on Earth; does it seem to you as though mankind had turned Christmas into a tragedy? (We young folks think more about such things than some of the old folks suspect.) Do you think it a hollow mockery to talk about peace and good will?

I tell you, the more there is in the world of hatred and war—the higher goes the value of every individual mind and heart ruled by the Spirit of Christmas! When storms of strife blow over the world, individuals appear like dust blown on the wind, helpless, useless, insignificant. But the rock that stands unshaken by the gale is made of single atoms, each one standing fast; nothing in itself, but part of a sturdily resisting whole.

So let 's be old-fashioned, this Christmas. Let 's be regular kids, and hav— and give—a jolly time. And don't think for one moment that anybody is going to say to you more heartily and sincerely than we:

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

### PROGRESS IN THE LAND OF THE PYRAMIDS

ENGLAND and Egypt took a long step toward a solution of their problem and adoption of the Rule of Reason when they drew up an agreement defining the lines on which their relations should be conducted hereafter. The agreement was made by the Nationalists and a British mission. It was to be presented to the Egyptian people for a vote, and, if it met with their approval, was to be embodied in a treaty.

The plan called for recognition by Great Britain of Egyptian independence, and a promise to protect Egypt against aggression by any other Power. In return for this assurance of support, it is proposed that Egypt shall give England special rights in Nile-valley trading, and permit her, in war time, to make military use of Egyptian land. Egypt is also to agree to the maintenance of a permanent British force in the Suez Canal territory.

As far as it had gone when this article was written, the understanding was that Egypt should be permitted to control, without British interference, her relations with foreign countries, provided she would not make treaties unwelcome to the Government of Great Britain on the ground of conflict with British policy. Egypt will soon, it seems likely, be represented in foreign lands by her own ambassadors and envoys.

The new arrangement will involve changes in the laws affecting citizens of other countries while in Egypt, and other governments are being con-

sulted on this point. Great Britain will no longer appoint "advisers" to the departments of the Government, and Englishmen in its service will be responsible directly to Egyptian department heads.

The oldest nations in the world—China, India, Egypt—are no longer, as they were not many years ago, out of the current of modern life. There is great and dangerous unrest among their populations, and they are not going to be left out of the readjustments following the war. Probably Great Britain's willingness to reorganize her relations with Egypt is not merely the result of an idealistic impulse, but springs also from realization that it will work to the advantage of all concerned.

### LADIES OF THE JURY

THE sight of twelve jurywomen in the box is not new in the West, but it had not been seen on the Atlantic coast until October 13, when a jury all of women heard a case tried at Orange, N. J. The court-room was "crowded to capacity," as the

the company should not be permitted to take the proposed action. After hearing the evidence and discussing the case for thirty-five minutes, the jury gave a verdict in favor of the man.

It seems funny, nowadays, to think of the times not so very long ago, either—when women had no part in public affairs.

### THE BRITISH COAL STRIKE

ON October 16 a million coal-miners in Great Britain went on strike. Ever since the war, England has had labor agitations. Labor leaders like Robert Smillie, head of the miners' organization, have selected the time of readjustment following upon the war as their opportunity to force from the Government the improved conditions that everybody would like to see established in industry.

The coal-miners' strike was peculiarly unwelcome in England because of the very great danger of its leading to an open war between labor and capital. When all the energies of the nation—of employers and employees alike—should be di-



Wide World Photos

THE FIRST JURY OF WOMEN EVER CALLED IN NEW JERSEY

newspapers said; and the reporters all brought their cameras along.

The point at issue was the ownership of a dry-goods store. A company suing because a contract had been broken asserted that the woman who had made the contract owned the store, and therefore the company could take payment out of its stock. The woman's husband said that he owned the store, and as he had not made the contract,

rected to the rebuilding of British industries and the expansion of trade, a bitter conflict between business leaders and labor leaders could hardly be anything but disastrous.

On the day the strike was declared, Mr. Lloyd George issued a statement to the British people. He told how the Government had tried to avert the strike. It had offered to place the miners' claims before "an impartial tribunal" for judg-

ment. Many men prominent in the Miners' Federation had expressed approval of the plan, but their executive body had refused to accept it.

Then the Government had offered to grant the increased rate of pay demanded by the miners if they would undertake to increase the rate of production, fallen off in the last few months to a dangerous extent. This too the miners rejected.

Now, said the Prime Minister, they are attempting to gain their demands by force: "the nation must and will resist such an attack with all its strength, and there can be no doubt as to the issue." That, of course, depends on the soundness and good sense of the British public. We can hardly suppose that the British people, having made the tremendous sacrifice required of them in the war, are going to let themselves be deprived of their rights—nor, on the other hand, that they are going to let Bolshevism in the world of labor endanger British freedom.

The Prime Minister's message closed with these words: "No one need underrate the damage which

The German Government expelled the representatives of the Lenin Misgovernment who called to invite Germany to join their cause. Some German socialists tried to have a resolution passed expressing "sympathy" with Soviet Russia, but declining to join an organization "seeking to promote a world revolution through terror and destruction." The sympathy, however, failed to get official expression; and that 's a hopeful sign.

The people have been giving up their weapons. There have been no more flare-ups of civil war. There will for years be secret plotting and perhaps occasional outbursts; but every month that passes makes the danger less. The important thing to know is what the young people of Germany are thinking. They will have to build up a whole new system of thought. I should suppose they would have no desire to return to the old Hohenzollern ideas; they are having to pay the penalty for those mistakes. The new books published in Germany nowadays would be interesting, as straws showing the way the wind blows.

The conference on reparations is a critical point in the German nation's progress toward reconstruction. In the attitude of the German representatives may be found a very significant indication of Germany's present state of mind.

#### THE BEST KIND OF A MEMORIAL.

Just in time for insertion in THE WATCH TOWER, I came upon this item in my newspaper: "At St. Mihiel, France, in memory of the first great American battle effort of the war, a unique reminder is to be

established under Red Cross auspices. Co-operating with the French Government, the junior section of the American Red Cross will finance there the erection and operation of a model hospital for children."

I have not heard of any war memorial that excels this in fitness and fitness: a place of healing to be established in what was the place of wounding, and by the leading organization of our young citizens of to-morrow.

The Junior A. R. C. deserves great praise.



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A GERMAN OFFICER MAKING AN INVENTORY OF ARMS COLLECTED FROM CIVILIANS

this strike will do, but no one will be dismayed. With steady purpose and determination to do justice, the nation will overcome all difficulties."

On October 28 a provisional settlement was made, and on November 3 the miners' delegates passed a resolution to end the strike.

#### GERMANY AGAIN

It is a long time since we have taken a look at Germany. Let us turn the telescope in that direction once more.

### THREE COLLEGE "BOYS"

MOST fellows in college call themselves "men." Probably the Harvard students in the picture do, too, though they are only thirteen. They both come from Pennsylvania. That seems rather more remarkable than if one hailed from Pennsylvania and the other from Texas, or Maine, or Oregon. Probably it is n't, but—

They say that young Mr. Santee knows five languages and the higher mathematics. Also, in newspaper language, that he is the "budding Babe Ruth" of his home town, Wap-woolopen. I suppose that (as well as the name of the town!) means that he plays baseball, and is "strong with the stick." You know, we youngsters don't worry our pas and mas half so much with our precocious excellence in advanced studies when we show a healthy interest in what the poets call "the sports of childhood."

College students used—oh, 150 years ago—to be graduated at the age of sixteen or so. But courses were n't as stiff in the eighteenth century as they are in the twentieth.

The Harvard youngsters have a rival in Edward R. Hardy, Jr., freshman at Columbia. Edward is twelve years old and knows twelve languages. He is a New York chap. His father is a professor.

### THROUGH THE WATCH TOWER'S TELESCOPE

THE League of Nations Commission of Control visited Vilna, after the seizure of the city by the Poles, to investigate, and then went to Warsaw, to confer with the Polish Government. The Lithuanians declared that Poland had done wrong in establishing a Provisional Government there. The Poles asserted that they had taken control in the disputed territory not for conquest, but as part of their war with the Bolsheviks. Premier Witos declared that though the seizure had not been made with authority from his Government, he could not condemn it. He said the new Vilna

Government had promised that a plebiscite would be held, so that the inhabitants of the country could determine their political allegiance themselves. Mr. Paderewski was said to have gone to Warsaw to inform the Polish Government of



Wide-World Photos

THREE YOUNG FRESHMEN: HERBERT B. HAFLETT AND FRED SANTEE, OF HARVARD AND EDWARD ROCHIE HARDY, JR., OF COLUMBIA

the bad impression made, by its action, upon nations in the League. Lithuania's representative here protested to the United States Government against Poland's action. General Zellgousky's men certainly "started something" when they took Vilna. The region where Russia, Poland, and the Baltic States are in conflict is paved with problems for the League.

AN Air Parliament was held at London in October, and some amazing indications were given of what we may expect to see happening in the air in coming years. Among the wonders are aircraft rivaling the ocean liners of to-day in machinery and control; airplanes so manageable that they can be landed in small spaces; mastheads for mooring 'planes, like boats in the water; 'planes to be controlled electrically from the earth's surface, and methods for dispelling fog. Safety devices are being perfected, and constant progress is being made toward complete mastery of the airy ocean. Great Britain is setting a pace that will make other nations hustle if they mean to keep up.



THE LATE KING ALEXANDER OF GREECE

THE turning-point in Robert Bruce's career came when he learned a lesson from a spider. King Alfred burned the cakes, and history was made. They say that if Napoleon had n't eaten so fast, he might have conquered England. One unfortunate speech at the end of a Presidential campaign caused the defeat of a candidate whose election seemed almost certain. "For the want of a nail" a kingdom was lost. And the bite of a monkey, poisoning a king, brought public affairs in Greece, this autumn, to a crisis. Little things count in history!

At a banquet in Dallas, Texas, where he visited the State Fair, General Obregon said that Mexico would pay up its debts and would give foreigners in the country legal protection. He said he believed the United States would recognize the new Mexican Government, and the Governor of Texas assured him that, "so far as Texas is concerned," General Obregon "is already recognized." December 1 was the day set for the general's inauguration as President of Mexico.

WHATSOEVER the right and-wrong of British-Irish relations may be, it certainly seems that the time must be near at hand when Ireland's place in the Empire will be definitely settled. The story cannot go on indefinitely, dividing chapter after chapter of new irishic written into it.

BEGINNING November 6, the Girl Scouts had their "week." It certainly must not be overlooked in **THE WATCH TOWER!** We can't very well report it, for this article had to go to the printer before the membership campaign began; but we are quite sure that congratulations will be in order—so here they are.

The "drive" could hardly have had a better leader than Mrs. Rinehart. She knows girls! Then, too, she is one of those fortunate folks who grow up without losing the joy and "pep"-tismism of youth.

Good luck to you, Girl Scouts!

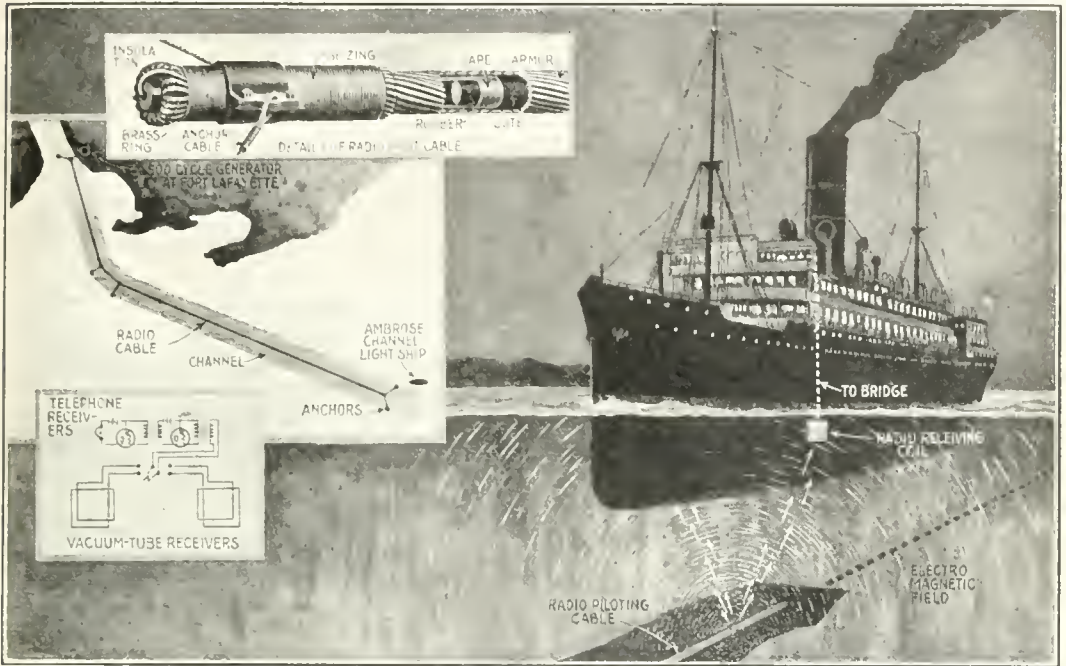
GENERAL LEMAN died in October. Does that carry you back to 1914 and the beginning of the war? General Leman was the Governor of Liège then, and it was his stubborn defense of the city that checked the advance of the German army and gave the Allies a chance to rally at the Marne. The Belgian general was wounded and captured in August, 1914, and was a German prisoner for more than three years. Germany, regarding the treaty that made Belgium neutral territory as "a scrap of paper," planned to rush her armies across Belgium into France, and so gain an early advantage that would bring victory to the unholy cause



GENERAL LEMAN, THE HERO OF LIÈGE

of Might against Right. But little Belgium gallantly opposed the monster's advance, risking her life as a nation to save the world; and in that immeasurably heroic resistance, General Leman's defense of Liège was a mighty factor. On the honor roll of Freedom's friends his name must glow with imperishable glory.

# NATURE AND SCIENCE FOR YOUNG FOLK



THE RADIO PILOT-CABLE GUIDING A SHIP. INSETS SHOW DETAILS AND POSITION OF THE CABLE, AND ELECTRICAL CONNECTIONS AT THE NAVIGATOR'S BRIDGE

## THE RADIO PILOT-CABLE

A FEW weeks ago a U. S. destroyer sailed up into the port of New York in an artificial fog. The "fog" was formed by stretching a sheet of canvas in front of the navigator's bridge so that the pilot could not see the buoys that marked the Ambrose Channel, and yet the vessel kept faithfully to a true course.

The pilot did not need to use his eyes, because he was looking through his ears; in fact, a totally blind man would probably have guided the vessel even more accurately, because of his keener and more sensitive hearing. The secret of this curious navigating experiment lay in a cable placed along the bottom of the Ambrose Channel. This pilot-cable was spelling out the words "Navy," "Navy," "Navy," and the pilot was picking up the message through two receiving-coils, one on each side of the vessel. When the signals from the two coils of wire were equally strong, he knew that the vessel was running squarely over the cable. If the signals through the starboard coil were louder than those which came through the port coil, he knew that he was veering off to port and immediately turned the

helm to bring the vessel back to the true course. The channel could just as well have been followed on a moonless night in the densest of fogs.

The signals were transmitted from the cable to the receiving coils by induction. When an alternating current flows through a wire it is surrounded by a field of magnetic waves, and these waves set up an alternating current in any wire that crosses their path. The semi-circles drawn around the cable in our engraving show how the magnetic waves radiate from the pilot-cable and how the receiving coils, hung on either side of the ship, intercept these waves. The receiving coils are flat spirals, or "pancake" coils, four feet in diameter; and as they cross the magnetic waves, currents are set up in them, which flow up to the telephone at the bridge.

The electrical circuits are shown in the small inset at the left of the engraving, and those who are familiar with radio-telegraph wiring diagrams will see that by means of amplifiers the faint signals are magnified about 400 times and produce loud tones in the receivers. By means of a switch, the operator may connect first with one receiving-coil and then with the other, and in

that way compare the loudness or strength of the two signals.

The cable laid in the Ambrose Channel is 16½ miles long. The construction of the cable is shown at the top of the engraving; altogether it is about an inch in diameter. At its outer end it is anchored near the Ambrose Light-ship, and it runs to the Narrows, where it is connected with a 500-cycle alternating generator at Fort Lafayette. The current flows through the tinned copper wires in the core of the cable, and at the outshore end these wires are connected with the outer armor of galvanized wire. The return flow, however, is not confined to the cable, but is diffused through the water of the harbor, and finally finds its way back to the generator through a wire connected with the armor at the inshore end. The pilot would hear a continuous buzz from this connection, but to relieve the monotony of the sound and to distinguish one cable from another, the current is interrupted by an automatic switch which spells out a code word in dots and dashes.

It is to the war that we are indebted for this invention. When the submarine lurked in the sea and Zeppelins hovered overhead, it was foolish to think of keeping beacon lights burning, and yet war vessels could not be kept in port at night. Some means had to be furnished for guiding them in or out past dangerous shoals and far more dangerous mine-fields. It was then that the electric-cable pilot was hit upon, and it made the navigation of harbors by night as safe as it is on a clear day. There are many inventions developed in the war that are of distinct value in time of peace, and this promises to be one of the most valuable of them all. Every year there are serious wrecks at various harbors, due to the fact that ships' captains have lost their way in the fog. In fact, unless the weather is clear, it is customary for vessels, particularly large passenger liners, to lie at anchor rather than to run the hazardous gauntlet of shoals and other vessels up to port. The pilot-cable will guide ships on a perfectly safe course.

Two cables may be laid, one for outgoing and the other for incoming vessels. By using a different signal for each, the pilot can distinguish

between them and keep astride the proper one, so as to avoid the danger of collision. It will be just like a double-track railway with a separate track for outgoing and incoming trains. As long as vessels keep over their own track, their only danger will be that of a rear end collision with a slower boat ahead or a faster one behind, and such accidents can be avoided by having all vessels steam slowly and keep alert lookouts forward.

A. RUSSELL BOND



EIGHT THOUSAND CHRISTMAS-TREES MAY BE PACKED IN A SOLID MASS

#### THE CHRISTMAS-TREE HARVEST

SINCE five million Christmas-trees are annually shipped out of Vermont, it is only natural to wonder where they all come from. They come from farms—not farms operated to produce the Christmas-tree crop, but abandoned farms.



LOADED FLAT CARS, 2100 TREES TO A CAR

where the trees have planted and reared themselves.

These abandoned farms lie in high valleys in the foothills of the Green Mountains. One may see



sections covered by thirty-odd farms, once thriving settlements, but now all but two or three may be unoccupied. Such land, once under the plow, is gradually coming back to forest. Along the fern-choked, faintly traced furrows, young spruces come up and in the open sunshine take on a vivid green. And more than that—the symmetrical branches are a lively green clear to the ground.

Christmas-trees cannot be cut in areas of spruce forest, because when they grow in dense clusters the under branches die for want of light, and hence the trees have no value as decorative Christmas-trees.

Few, indeed, see the harvest. One or two lonely partridge hunters, perhaps, will see it as it lies covered with the first early snow-squalls in the mountains. But back in October, when the days have not lost all of the mellowness of autumn, a gang of twenty choppers will have been busily at work cutting the scattering young spruces and tying them with twine into bunches of from two to six, according to size.

The cutting and bundling is the easiest part of the harvest, for the trees must be hauled for miles to the railroad, and at this time of the year the mountain roads are nothing more than frozen ruts and water-holes. Despite this fact, however, heavy two-horse wagons and even motor-trucks, bristling with great criblike bodies, struggle slowly out, loaded high with the trees. Two horses are able to draw out at a load about seventy trees of average size.

At the chosen town on the railroad every disused spot is hired and a mountain of trees begins to grow, till eight thousand of them may be packed in a solid mass. At once the loading on flat cars begins. As the great piles are opened up and laid between the tall uprights along the sides of the cars, the fragrance the sun distills from the spruce fills the air. It is a delightful place to be, for the sun's rays, slanting among the bundles, bring out all the vivid colors of the emerald till the place seems bathed in a translucent light all its own.

FRED COPLAND.

### SNOW MOTORING

In the early days of the automobile it was the custom to store away motor-cars during the winter, because it was not supposed that they could be driven through snow.



A PROPELLER-DRIVEN SLED ON THE SHREWSBURY RIVER

This is still the custom in some parts of this big country of ours, where winter snows are heavy



A MOTOR-CYCLE ADAPTED TO SNOW TRAVEL

and traffic so light that it does not pay to keep the roads clear. It is such a difficult matter to get about during the long winters that serious

efforts have been made to develop a motor-car that will run on snow. Of course a car can be put on runners, but how then can it be propelled? The answer is to be found in the airplane propeller.

While we know that the propeller of an airplane is very powerful, somehow it seems inefficient to drive an automobile by pushing against air, but that is because we do not realize the amount of thrust we can get from a propeller. When the Liberty Motor was being tested it was placed on a motor-truck and fitted with a propeller, and with this air-drive the truck was driven through the streets of Detroit and the surrounding highways at a much higher speed than it had traveled before under its own wheel-drive. In France an air-drive automobile has been developed which has run at 50 to 60 miles per hour with an eight horse-power engine. There is no danger of stalling the engine and there are no transmission or differential gears required. In Germany, air-drive has actually been used with success on railway cars.

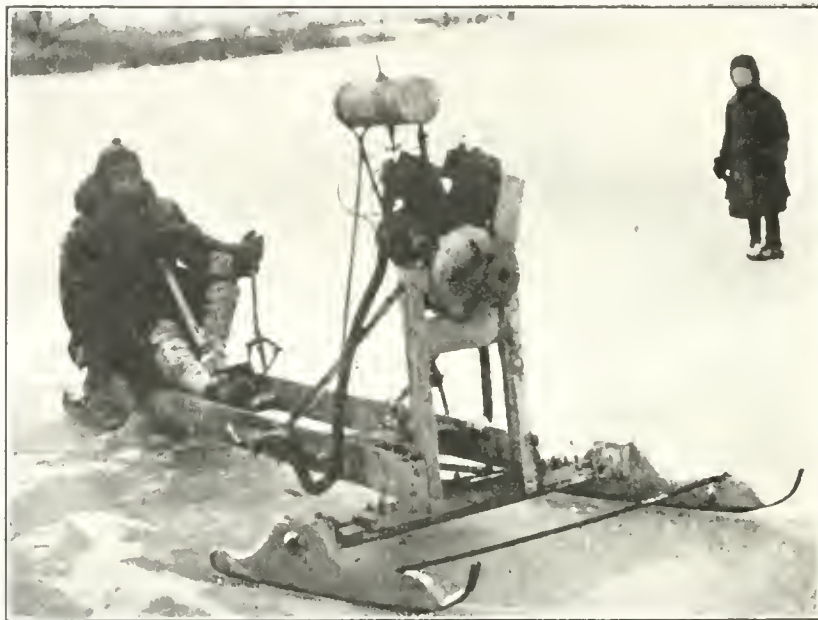
Evidently there is plenty of power in air propellers, and this is an ideal drive for motoring over the snow. In fact, a number of air-driven cars mounted on runners have been built for winter use. But of more particular interest to St. Nicholas readers are the motor-driven sleds built for sport. The power required to drive a sled is very small and a motor-cycle engine will be found more than sufficient for the purpose. Our pictures show two of the aerosleds that were entered at the ice carnival on the Shrewsbury River, near Long Branch, New Jersey. These sleds traveled over the ice at a speed of sixty miles an hour, driven by air propellers coupled to motor-cycle engines.

Motor-cycles can be adapted for snow travel by substituting a sled-runner for the front wheel and using an anti skid chain on the rear wheel. One of our pictures on the preceding page shows such a machine. A home-made power bobsled may

easily be constructed by attaching a Smith wheel to the bob. This runs fast enough to satisfy any youthful motorist. A. RUSSELL BOND.

#### THE DESERT'S HOLLY AND MISTLETOE

SURELY it is one of the happiest features of the great joyous festival of Christmas that the love of greenery is so closely linked with it. Even if flowers were plentiful at the season, should we not instinctively prefer the honest, hearty green of holly, pine, and ivy to the loveliest of roses and



AN AIR-DRIVEN ICE-BOAT CAPABLE OF RUNNING FIFTY MILES PER HOUR

chrysanthemums? I think so. And perhaps one reason for the preference, though it may be an unconscious one, is that virtually all of us, rich or poor, whether we live in town or country, can find, or afford to buy, enough green stuff to brighten up our dwellings. Thus there is a wholesome, democratic feeling about plain greenery that is specially appropriate to the universal joy of Christmas; in fact, the formal-looking wreaths sold by florists and meant to hang stiffly in windows, as if for show, seem to me less satisfactory than the simple old fashion of sticking sprigs of holly, or whatever one may have, here, there, and everywhere about the house. The more natural we can be, the better we shall keep Christmas. For after all, what do we celebrate? A Baby, born in a manger.

There are places, though, where none of the good old-fashioned greens are to be found, as I learned when, a few years ago, I spent a Christ-

mas or two on the Colorado Desert. Green foliage of any sort, indeed, was absent (except for the creosote-bush, which has a tarry smell that is disagreeable to most people), for the prevailing color of desert vegetation is not green, but gray. I was glad to find, however, that the desert has a holly and mistletoe of its own—a gray holly and a leafless mistletoe, to be sure, but certainly better than nothing as material for decoration. The holly (*Atriplex hymenoclytra*) is, indeed, quite pretty. It is a small, bushy plant, with leaves a good deal like those of the real, prickly holly in shape and texture, but very pale gray, almost white. On the flat expanses of silt (not sand) which lie below sea-level and were in ancient times covered first by the ocean, later by a brackish lake, the plant is fairly common. Its flower is not noticeable, but delicate tints come

white or ivory hue that is decidedly ornamental.

The mistletoe, the botanists' name for which is *Phoradendron californicum*, is even more com-



THE LEAFLESS PALO-VERDE AND THE DENSE GROWTH OF MISTLETOE IT CARRIES



THE DESERT'S HOLLY, A SMALL BUSHY PLANT

on the leaves in early summer, tints as dainty and elusive as those of mother-of-pearl. Later these disappear and the foliage takes on a pearly

mon, but must be looked for not on the open desert, but in the cañons or "washes," where the desert's few trees are to be found. The tree it prefers as a "host," as scientists say, is the curious palo-verde, which, though leafless, is attractively verdant throughout by reason of its bright green bark. The picture gives a good idea both of the tree and of the dense growth of mistletoe it carries—unwillingly, we may well suppose, for, as you may see, the parasite has almost outgrown the host. This mistletoe makes up for its total lack of leaves by producing a great array of small pink or white berries, which match well with the pale gray of the holly, the two together making a strange but appropriate decoration for a Christmas camp on the desert.

J. SMEATON CHASE.

# A TOYTOWN CHRISTMAS MOVIE

By PATTEN BEARD



ONCE upon a time, just before Christmas, Little Girl Doll started off with her purse to buy Christmas presents. She had not gone very far when she met her friend Little Boy Doll, who was selling "Toytown News."

"Hello!" he laughed. "I'm coming with you; may I?"



Now, of course, Little Girl Doll could not explain that she was going to buy him a Christmas gift, so she said, "Very well!"

"You won't have to buy a tree. I know where we can cut one—somewhere in the woods. We might do that first," he suggested.



Well, now, what do you think happened? Why right on the edge of a field they met some poor little dwarfs. They wanted to climb the fence. So Little Boy Doll was very kind and lifted each one over carefully. The little dwarfs were most grateful.

"We'd like to do something nice for you, too," they all beamed. "Come with us, and pick some Christmas presents from a magic place where they grow on trees! We are helping Santa Claus."



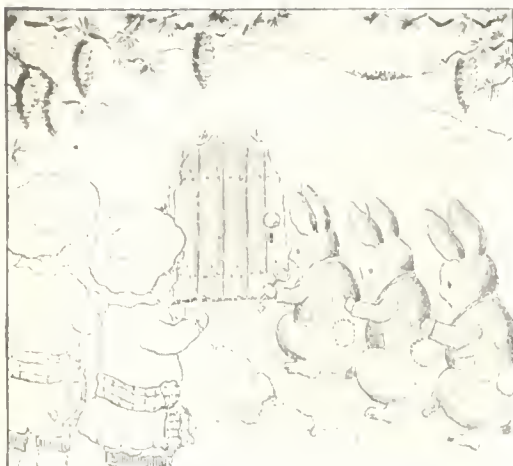
Well, you may be very sure that Little Boy Doll and Little Girl Doll said they would go. Wasn't that jolly? And they had not gone very far before they came to a most magic Magic Grove, where the Christmas presents grew on trees and where other little dwarfs were also helping Santa Claus. Oh! Oh!

"Children," said the little dwarfs, "choose all you want!"

Dear me! Wasn't that fun! They had the most beautiful time, and they carried armfuls of toys home—to say nothing of a tree too! They never before had had so many lovely Christmas presents.

But the funny thing about it was that they never again could find that most magic Magic Grove!

# THE TIPTOE TWINS' CHRISTMAS



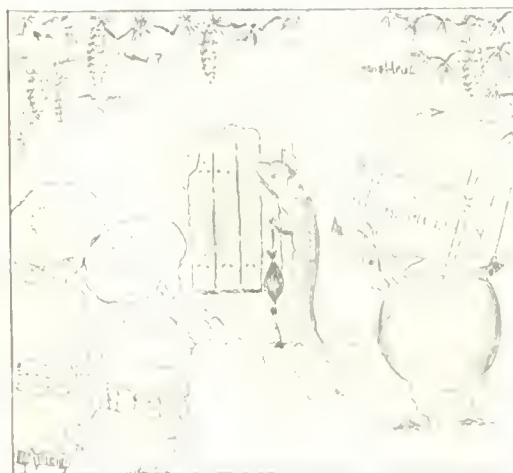
1. THE TWINS, A DOOR IN THE HILLSIDE SPED 2 THE RABBIES WERE WHITE WHEN THEY CAME OUTSIDE



3 THE OWL AND OWLETS ENTERED THE DOOR



4 AND CAME OUT WHITER THAN THEY WERE BEFORE

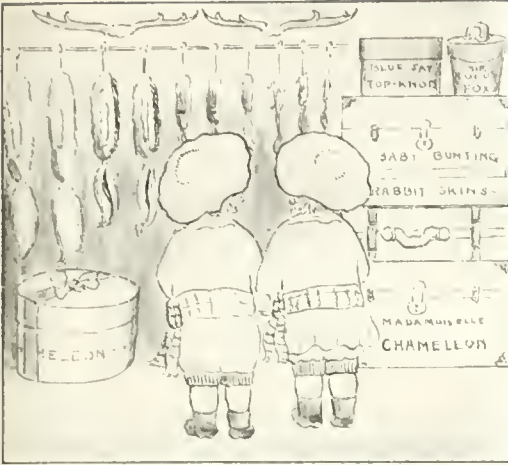


5 OLD HAMILTON, I THINK YOU HAVE A PAIR

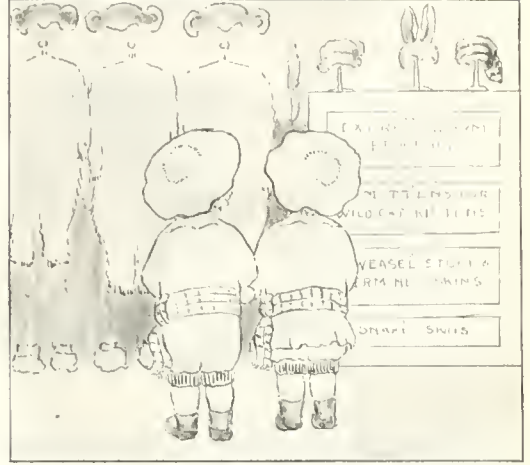


6 THE TWIN WANT TO SEE THIS FUNNY PLACE

# FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK



7. IN NATURE'S WARDROBE ARE COATS FOR ALL



8. SOME CHANGE THEIR COLOR IN WINTER AND FALL



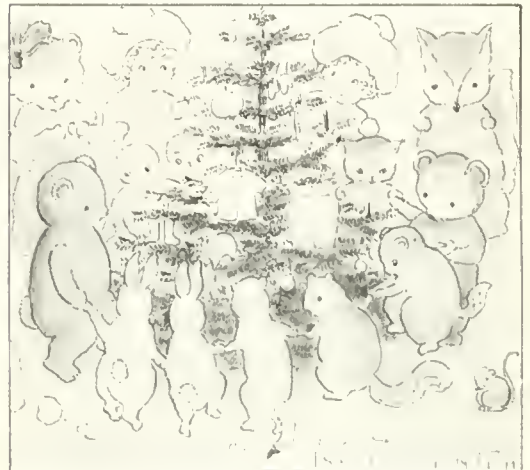
9. SO NOW YOU SEE THEM, AND NOW YOU DON'T



10. ON GROUND THEY SHOW, BUT ON SNOW THEY WON'T



11. THE TWINS HELP TRIM THE CHRISTMAS-TREE



12. AND ALL ARE HAPPY AS THEY CAN BE

# ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE



"A HEADING FOR DECEMBER." BY KATHARINE T. IDE, AGE 14 (SILVER BADGE)

THE LEAGUE celebrates its twentieth Christmas season with a feast of story, song, and picture fully worthy of its choice membership of ambitious American boys and girls who have eagerly scanned these pages since the LEAGUE and the twentieth century began. The subject "A Great Decision" brought us a rare harvest of essays and stories, from which those here printed are but a few out of many that shouldered up alongside them in merit. (Would that we had space for them all!) "Coming Home" was a congenial theme for our skilful camera-

wielders, and almost every one of their prints suggests in itself a home-y incident or feeling. Then, too, our young verse-writers and artists have made these December pages of the LEAGUE fairly glow with the Christmas spirit in rhyme and picture! Wherefore it is meet that all of us LEAGUE folk should welcome with grateful joy this Yule-tide exhibit, and extend to those who have contributed it, as well as to all our fellow-members, our best wishes for a Right Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year! And, for the rest, one of our prize-winners has expressed the general feeling in this clever inscription—

## FOR A CHRISTMAS CARD

(From the French of Charles d'Orléans)

BY ANNE FITZGERALD (AGE 17)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won February 1917)

Quick I bid you haste away,

Trouble, Care, and Melancholy!

Think you I shall have the tolly

Longer here to let you stay?

Now and here shall end your sway

I will ever more be jolly;

Quick I bid you haste away,

Trouble, Care, and Melancholy!

Fling aside the cypress gray,

Deck the world in scarlet holly,

For 't is Christmas-time to-day;

Quick I bid you haste away,

Trouble, Care, and Melancholy!

## PRIZE COMPETITION No. 249

(In making awards contributors' ages are considered)

**PROSE.** Gold Badge, Renée Moen (age 16), New York. Silver Badges, Mary L. Tarbox (age 13), New York; Jeannette Bailey (age 13), Massachusetts; Ruth McVay (age 15), So. Dakota; Frances P. Davis, (age 11), Massachusetts; Martha Walker (age 14) China; Jane Buel Bradley (age 12), Missouri; Elisabeth M. Hedenberg (age 13), Pennsylvania.

**VERSE.** Gold Badges, Anne Fitzgerald (age 17), Massachusetts; Beatrice Sellery (age 15), Wisconsin, Silver Badge, Harriet Montague (age 12), Massachusetts.

**DRAWINGS.** Gold Badges, Sarah A. Zimmerman (age 16), Ohio; Miriam Serber (age 14) Indiana. Silver Badges, Eloise V. White (age 15), New York; Virginia Sutton (age 15), Pennsylvania; Martha E. Kenyon (age 16), Ohio; Katherine Wilson (age 15), Missouri; Katharine T. Ide (age 14), Canada.

**PHOTOGRAPHS.** Gold Badge, James C. Perkins, Jr. (age 15), New York. Silver Badges, Jane F. Kirk (age 14), Pennsylvania; Fred Gillmore (age 16), New Jersey; Janet McDermott (age 14), Pennsylvania; Charles B. Schaffler (age 17), New York; Henry Foster (age 11), Virginia; Martha Duncan (age 13), Maine.

**PUZZLE-MAKING.** Silver Badges, Bernard Le Frois (age 12), New York; Elizabeth Freeland (age 13), Georgia; Alice Sherburne (age 15), Massachusetts.

**PUZZLE ANSWERS.** Silver Badges, Millicent Bush (age 15), Iowa; Ruth M. Willis (age 12), Illinois.



BY ALICE SHERBURNE, AGE 15



BY HENRY FOSTER, AGE 11

COMING HOME



CHRISTMAS BELLS

BY CATHERINE FARMENTER (AGE 15)  
(Honor Member)

Ring, softly, bells of Bethlehem,  
The little King is sleeping,  
While o'er Judea's misty hills  
The Christmas morn is creeping.

The wondrous star is growing dim,—  
Oh, bells so gently ringing!—  
Yet somewhere, through the waning dark  
Are angel voices singing.

Ring out, ye bells of Bethlehem,  
The little King is waking!  
Above the crests of Judah's hills  
The Christmas morn is breaking!

A GREAT DECISION

BY MARY L. TARBON (AGE 13)  
(Silver Badge)

What is the greatest decision ever made in the history of our country? That is a most difficult question to answer. Many great decisions have helped to make our country what it is to-day. But the decision which I am going to tell you about is one of the greatest of them all. Because of that decision, our country has to-day "government of the people, by the people and for the people."

It was in the time immediately following the Revolution. A great victory had been won over England, but a greater problem was before the country. How should the people be governed? The Articles of Confederation, used during the war, were a complete failure. Congress had no power over the State. It was as though naughty children were too strong for their parents, and were doing all sorts of damage while their elders sat by, too weak to stop them.

Something must be done! A convention was called together at Philadelphia, to discuss possible improvements to the Articles of Confederation. It was soon realized, however, that it would be impossible to revise the old form of government.

A bold step was taken. From May until September, 1787, the delegates labored on a new constitution giving supreme power to the Federal Congress.

At last it was ready for the people to accept or reject. Many feared that if we accepted the Constitution, we should again be tyrannized over by an autocratic government. One by one, however, the thirteen States voted to accept it.

The great decision was made. Truly a wonderful one; for to-day our country has the most democratic form of government in the world.

A GREAT DECISION

BY KATHERINE HICKS (AGE 13)  
(Honor Member)

"MARIE ANTOINETTE." Few of us are there who are especially thrilled when that name is mentioned. Her fate was a tragic one, but we remember also the wild extravagance, the luxurious and marvelous pleasures, and the heartless selfishness of the young wife of Louis XVI. We forget one dark night in the prison at Paris, shortly after the execution of Louis. The young widowed

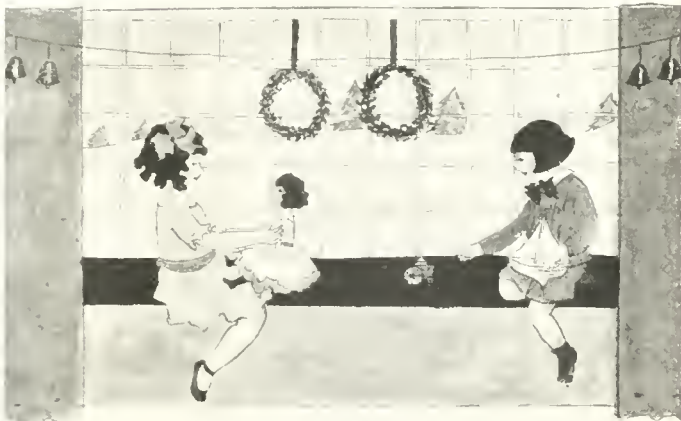
Marie Antoinette sat with strained face and clenched hands. She was a weak woman, yet she had a decision to make which would try the soul of the strongest. Her friends had secretly planned an escape for her from the bloodthirsty mobs of Paris, but her children could not be taken with her. Would the mother leave them? The hands of the clock relentlessly told of lessening chances of escape, which, indeed, would soon be impossible. Her friends were waiting for her, and outside of the cell Freedom beckoned eagerly.

"Go!" urged the dead king's sister; "I will mother your children, and they will be safe. When your son is king, he will need you. If you go, it will be for your children!"

The young queen-mother hesitated.

"Perhaps you are right. I will go. The hours are flying, and I must say farewell to my children."

Farewell? It smote the heart of the mother. Once, twice, three times she kissed her sleeping boy; then she paused. With his face flushed, and hair tumbled over the pillow, he looked innocently sweet. Her little daughter was half awake, and she dreamily stretched out her arms. Marie Antoinette seemed to hear a voice within her say, "They need me." She sprang to her full height crying: "Impossible! I cannot leave my children! Though I die, my duty is to stay here!"



A CHRISTMAS CARD.

"A CHRISTMAS CARD," BY VIRGIL A. CLINE, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE)

CHRISTMAS BELLS

BY ELLANOR SLATER (AGE 17)  
(Honor Member)

CHRISTMAS bells are gaily ringing,  
Swinging, singing everywhere,  
Pouring out their joyful anthem  
On the frosty evening air.

Sleigh-bells tinkle, lights all twinkle,  
Snow-flakes sprinkle on the ground,  
All the world that knows your story  
Echoes back the gladsome sound.

And the Christmas bells are ringing,  
Swinging, singing through my brain,  
As I catch the sacred spirit  
Of the beautiful refrain.

"Peace on earth!" they're ringing, singing,  
Flinging out to us again,  
Angel's story, song of glory—"Peace on earth,  
Good will toward men."

CHRISTMAS BELLS

BY VIRGINIA FOLLEN (AGE 14)  
(Honor Member)

CHRISTMAS bells, merry bells  
Sleigh-bells gladly bringing  
Dreams of story-books and drum  
Bright-eyed dolls and sugar plum  
As their silvery echo comes  
Through the darkness winging

Christmas bells, welcome bells  
Dinner bells are singing —  
Songs of goose, baked to a brown,  
Pudding, sauce, and pie to crown  
Those the merriest bells in town,  
Here 's to keep them ringing!

A GREAT DECISION

BY HANSELLE BAILEY (AGE 13)  
(Silver Badge)

CÆSAR had not enter Rome with his army, declared Pompey before the Roman Senate. And because of this statement, orders were sent to Caesar to disband his army and give up his power.

Caesar, who was returning from his conquests in Gaul, was marching to Rome in command of the Roman troops, in hope of securing the consulship. The senatorial party feared him greatly because of his popularity among the common classes. Thus when Caesar received orders from Pompey to disband, he wisely disobeyed.

Caesar's men loved and trusted him. His word was law to them all. So whenever orders were given to march, they marched!

When Pompey's message reached Caesar, he was encamped on the farther side of the Rubicon, a small river dividing Gaul from Roman territory. Caesar crossed it and then became an invader. But from the hour his orders to march were given, the Rubicon became famous in history. For this great decision not only saved the Roman Empire, but made Julius Caesar the greatest ruler the world had ever known!

A GREAT DECISION

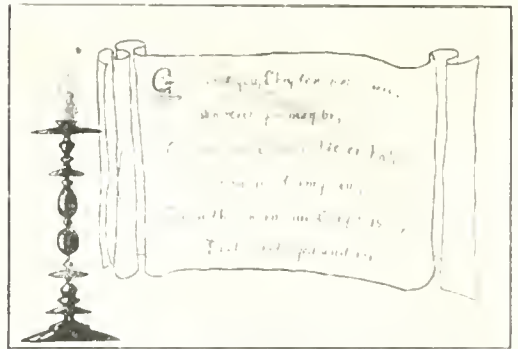
BY RUTH MAY (AGE 18)  
(Silver Badge)

GREAT decisions are being made every day, although we who make them may not realize it until long afterward. We, the St. Nicholas boys and girls, have often heard, and know that we are America's future citizen. So no matter how wisely our country has been guided in the past, we shall feel just a little bit more proud of it when we our selves have a hand in the government. Boys must know how to make great

decisions *then*—for they will surely arise; so we must prepare ourselves now.

I am sure no one who has read Miss Hawthorne's splendid articles will have the least doubt about what to do. We must love America sincerely, she says, help to keep America beautiful, labor to cure her faults, and not be selfish for profits because we are helping. Another good way is to learn the English language and use it correctly. Still another by which we may help is to cheerfully go to school and learn all we can, for we must not be ignorant citizens, such as those who now seem to desire the downfall of our government simply because they don't know any better. When we get through preparatory school, we must not think that is enough, but it possible go through high school and college, because the more we know, the better we can serve.

I think the resolve to love and serve America to the best of our ability, without being selfish, is a very great decision, for if all of us do it, perhaps a lot of trouble such as we are having now may be avoided.



A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE BY KATHLEEN CURRAN, AGE 100  
SILVER BADGE

CHRISTMAS BELLS

BY KATHLEEN CURRAN, AGE 100

A BABY born long years ago  
Yet on the eve across the snow  
Sweet Christmas bells chime soft and low  
For Him.

A Baby born to give a light  
To those who knew not wrong from right,  
And Christmas bell, ring through the night  
For Him.

A Baby born, whose deeds will be  
A living help to you and me,  
So Christmas bells, sound clear and true  
For Him!



BY LUCILLE CURRIE, AGE 11



BY ANNE KIRK, AGE 10 (SILVER BADGE)



BY FRED GILMORE, AGE 10  
(SILVER BADGE)



BY DOROTHY HOWARD, AGE 11



BY IRENE TEDROW, AGE 13

### "COMING HOME"

#### THE GREAT DECISION

BY FRANCES P. DAVIS (AGE 11)  
(Silver Badge)

ONE cold night, in a desolate spot on the English shore, a group of Pilgrims sat huddled together. They were moved between fear and sorrow,—fear that the ship would not come or that the British soldiers would find them, and sorrow that they were leaving the England they loved.

They knew not whether even should the boat come, they would live to see the new land; or, when they had reached it, whether they would live to see the winter through.

But this they knew: they were going to worship God as they thought right, if it cost them their lives. That was the great decision that became the history of a new world.

#### ON A CHRISTMAS CARD

BY NADINE SEWBILL (AGE 12)

SING a song of Christmas,  
Stockings in a row,  
All up on the mantel,  
With the fire below,  
In will come good Santa,  
And fill them right away  
With dolls and tops and other things,  
With which we like to play.

#### CHRISTMAS BELLS

BY HARRIET MONTAGUE (AGE 12)  
(Silver Badge)

Hear the bells on Christmas day,  
Ringing out their merry lay—  
Ringing blithely o'er the snow,  
From the belfry, on the air,  
Floats the music ev'rywhere,  
Now loud and clear, now soft and low.

When the bright stars dot the sky,  
When the clouds float lightly by,  
When the silv'ry moon appears,  
Hark! through stillness of the night,  
O'er the snow-drifts, glist'ning white,  
Sweet hymns come to list'ning ears.

Music of the Christmas bells!  
O'er the hills and through the dells  
Rings the merry Yule-tide lay;  
From the tower where birdies sing,  
Christmas bells their greetings ring,  
To make jovous—Christmas day.

#### THE GREAT DECISION

BY MARTHA WALKER (AGE 14)  
(Silver Badge)

THE big red gate opened and out came two rickshaws. In one was Sisanne, seated on her amah's (or nurse's) lap, while in the other sat Mrs. Price, her mother. Down the streets of old Peking they glided, and at last they halted before an English shop in which was the doll Sisanne longed to have for her Christmas.

Once inside, Sisanne asked for it, and soon laid it on the counter to be wrapped. Just then into the shop came a tousel and jacketed little Chinese girl. Right up to the counter she went, took the doll in her arms, and, holding out a small, yellow hand in which were three Chinese coins, looked up at the clerk, saying, "My wan-choe buy this-a doll velly mood. Have got tree piecy copper. Can have?"



A CHRISTMAS CARD," BY SARAH A. ZIMMERMAN, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE SILVER BADGE WON NOVEMBER 1919)

But Sisanne, seizing the doll, cried, "Oh, no, you cannot! My mother has bought it for me, and it 's mine!" The little Chinese girl's eyes opened wide with bewilderment. "But my wan-choe buy—for Oosung's Clistmas. Oosung me little sick sister. Clistian lady tell all 'bout Clistmas, me," she protested.



COMING HOME BY ANNE MOLL-MOLL, AGE 14  
(SILVER BADGE)

"Oh!" said Sisanne; and asked, "What's your name?"  
"Mae Jui Stang," she answered smiling, and then added, "now can have?"

For a time Sisanne did not answer, but stood frowning and thinking, staring first at the doll and then at Mae Jui. Finally she turned and looked up at her mother who was smiling at the little Chinese maid. Then Sisanne took the doll and put it in Mae Jui's arms, and ran to her ayah.

Mae Jui understood. "You give me? My no buy? Oosung now be happy! O, sankee!"

And, as Sisanne nodded and smiled, Mae Jui Stang ran out of the store with the precious doll held tight in her arms.

#### FOR A CHRISTMAS CARD

BY BEATRICE SELLERY (AGE 15)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won March, 1918)

THE world sleeps in a dream of white,  
Pale moonlight sitting through,  
Whilst pen in hand, in thought I sit  
To wish my wish for you  
A Christmas wish for you



M. S. HOME BY CHARLES H. HATFIELD, AGE 17  
(SILVER BADGE)

In truth, dear friend, I send to you  
Each dear wish of my heart;  
May every long-sought joy be yours;  
May true friends never part.  
Let enemies, if such there be,  
Leave malice, hate, and pain,  
And cry aloud with happy voice;  
"T is Christmas-tide again!"

Dear one, be peaceful spirit yours,  
With friends beloved and true,  
If earnest wishes may avail,  
All these are mine for you—  
At Christmas-time—for you!



A READING FOR DECEMBER BY ANNE CROSSMAN, AGE 11  
(HONOR MEMBER)

#### A GREAT DECISION

BY RENE MOEN (AGE 16)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won December, 1918)

ONE of the most critical times in the history of the world, was at the First Battle of the Marne.

Few people have any conception of what France then endured; and still fewer realize how Italy, though still neutral, helped.

As we all know, the latter was one of the nations in the Triple Alliance. That treaty of alliance stated that if one of the three countries was invaded, the others would come to her aid.

But Germany had not been invaded; she was an invader. Also, Italy did not approve of Prussia's dastardly doings.

On the eve of the Marne attack, when all civilization was wondering how long and how far the French would retreat, and when General Joffre was heard to exclaim: "Le salut de la France depend de la bataille prochaine!" ("The salvation of France depends on the battle of tomorrow!") Italy it was who saved the day. She sent word that France need fear nothing from her—as a great many French troops were then guarding the southeastern border.

If France could trust Italy, these troops could be



BY HENRY FOSTER, AGE 11  
(SILVER BADGE)



BY RAE M. VERRILL, AGE 12



BY DOROTHY APPLAGATE, AGE 17

"COMING HOME"

transported to the Marne district. *But was a member of the Triple Alliance to be trusted?* That was a great question, and difficult to decide!

Should France take Italy's *seeming* word of friendship and help, there was always the danger of invasion. But, on the other hand, if France wished to be on the safe side, and leave those men where they were, in all probability the Huns would be victorious!

Even at the risk of serious consequences, reinforcements must be sent.

So France decided to take Italy's word on faith, and the troops from the border were thus the means of saving the world.

A GREAT DECISION

(A True Story)

BY JANE BUEL BRADLEY (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

THREE-YEAR-OLD Sally toddled out of the gate and down the walk toward the railway track, with her mother's admonishing, "Now don't go out of the yard, Sally, dear!" still ringing in her ears. The little sunmer laughed delightedly, and felt quite able to take care of herself.

She soon reached the tracks and sat down on one of the rails to engage in the most important industry of piling small stones on the ties.

Five minutes later a freight-train rounded a bend a short distance from Sally. The engineer blew his whistle and frantically applied his emergency brake, but to no avail, for he could not stop in time! Sally went serenely on piling pebbles.

When the engineer saw what was inevitable, he closed his eyes and his whole frame shook with a great sob.

But the fireman who was a very cool and level-headed, young man, saw the danger, and in the fraction of a second he had to make the greatest decision of his life.

Would he let the child be killed, or risk his own life in an effort to save her?

He decided. Dashing out to the front of the engine, he grasped a projecting rail, leaned over, and, as the locomotive bore down upon her, caught Sally up by her pink frock, and dropped her, unharmed, over the side of the engine, where she rolled over a few times in the

grass. And then up bobbed her curly yellow head, with a happy smile, and her baby lips probably demanded "Do it aden! Dat's fun!"

When the fireman was being congratulated by the engineer on his heroism, he said simply, "Aw, you 'd 'a' done the same thing if you could got to her in time!"

CHRISTMAS BELLS

BY KATRINA E. HINCKS (AGE 11)

(Honor Member)

ACROSS the faint and starry dawn,  
I hear a sweet familiar sound—  
That joyous message, pealing forth,  
That rings, to-day the world around.

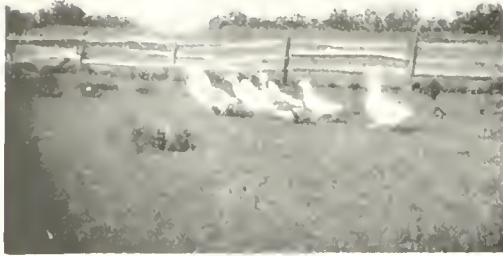
The Christmas bells! Old friends to man,  
Since in a stable long ago,  
When only silent stars looked down,  
A Baby came to earth below.

Above the turmoil and the strife,  
Above the din of battle's roar  
Those same sweet voices carol forth  
Their song of peace, for evermore.

And ever, o'er the waiting earth,  
The Christmas bells will ring again,  
And all the world will pause to hear  
Their message, "Peace, good will to men!"



BY JAMES PERKINS, AGE 15  
(GOLD BADGE) (SILVER BADGE WON MAY 1919)



"COMING HOME" BY KATHLEEN K. (AGE 13)

THE GREAT DECISION

BY ELISABETH M. HEDENBURG, (AGE 13)  
(Silver Badge)

WHAT should he do? This was a hard question to answer, and Washington pondered over it in his headquarters across the river from Trenton where the British soldiers were feasting and making merry in their warm quarters in that town. Washington knew that as soon as the ice broke and went down the river the enemy would be after him, and that his soldiers, ready to leave him now, would utterly desert him if the Americans did not win a battle.



"COMING HOME" BY KATHLEEN K. (AGE 13)  
SILVER BADGE, WON NOVEMBER 1910

As the great man pondered the question, a great idea occurred to him. He made a dash on at once. To think was to act, and he immediately gave his order. That night, after dark, he and his men started across the Delaware.



"COMING HOME" BY KATHLEEN K. (AGE 13)  
SILVER BADGE, WON NOVEMBER 1910

All those who have studied history know the rest of the story—how he got across in spite of the ice, captured the British and again claimed Trenton. But what if he had not come to this great decision? What if, in pondering the question, he had decided against his idea? Perhaps the whole history of our country would have been different. Perhaps the British would have pursued and captured him. Then the army would have been without its commander in chief and the country without its first great President. We might even still be British subjects, instead of free and independent Americans.

A GREAT DECISION  
(As Told by Sandy, a Dog)

BY BARBARA SIMISON (AGE 12)

I AM a Scotch terrier. I have been with my master, Mr. Douglass, for years. But yesterday I did something he did not like. We live in a cottage on Cape Cod. My master is an artist. He is fond of fish for dinner. Yesterday, down by the shore, I found a dead bluefish on the sand. I thought I would take it home to Mr. Douglass. How he would appreciate it!

I raned home and wagged my tail impatiently, for I was waiting for him to praise me. But what do you suppose he said? "You are a bad dog, Sandy, to steal a fish!" I have never seen my master so cross. So then I came to a great decision. I decided to run away and never come back. Then my master would wish he had been nice to me.

I started out and traveled on and on. I was tired and hungry, but determined not to turn back. And I had no supper last night, and no nice warm bed!

This morning I came running home. I am all through with "great decisions." I guess my master was glad to see me, for he said, "Nice old boy! Are you sick of running away?" He was right. I was.

FOR A CHRISTMAS CARD  
BY IRINI RINK (AGE 10)

"O GADNESS" may it be sweet bell ring;  
And "Joy" the little swallows sing,  
And "Peace" the soft breeze whisper low;  
"I love" signify the mistletoe,  
And may all nature in its way  
Greet this merry Christmas day!

SPECIAL MENTION

A list of those whose work would have been considered for special mention:

- |          |   |   |
|----------|---|---|
| PROSE    | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Lucy A. Pringle</li> <li>Mary D. Reed</li> <li>Rene Kavanagh</li> <li>Mary M. Condon</li> <li>Sally Merriman</li> <li>Jean Harbo</li> <li>Gladys H. Boyer</li> <li>Madeline J. Peck</li> <li>Lucy Loman</li> <li>Dorothy R. Burton</li> <li>Theresa H. Dalton</li> <li>Margaret</li> <li>Mary S. Green</li> <li>Elena C. Krasnowsky</li> <li>Beatrice M. Bell</li> <li>Elizabeth Johnson</li> <li>Dorothy Harbo</li> <li>Margaret Hawthorn</li> <li>Alice Frederick</li> <li>Lucia Curtis-Lewis</li> </ul> | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Filly A. R. Lee</li> <li>Helen Green</li> <li>Mary M. P. Johnson</li> <li>Margaret Lee</li> <li>Gladys Allen</li> <li>Lucy M. J.</li> <li>Dorothy A. Boyer</li> <li>Elizabeth Keane</li> <li>Dorothy Green</li> <li>Elizabeth J. Morrison</li> </ul>   |
| VERSE    | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Dorothy Krasnowsky</li> <li>Kathleen Campbell</li> <li>Georgette Vos</li> <li>Elizabeth M. Patterson</li> </ul>  | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>PHOTOGRAPHS</li> <li>Mary Keane</li> <li>Katherine M. Peck</li> <li>Suzanne J.</li> <li>Shirley Lee</li> <li>Dorothy A. Boyer</li> <li>Dorothy J. Bell</li> <li>Helen H.</li> <li>Helen Burton</li> <li>Amy D. Harbo</li> <li>Katherine W. Jones</li> <li>Alexander Condon</li> <li>Charles F. Miller</li> </ul> |
| DRAWINGS | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Helen O'Connor</li> <li>Nora Rice</li> <li>Alice L. Blohm</li> </ul>   |   |



"A HEADING FOR DECEMBER" BY MARGARET RITCHIE, AGE 15

ROLL OF HONOR

A list of those whose contributions were deserving of high praise:

PROSE

- Marie Peyre
- J. F. Bischoff
- Julie S. Russell
- Jackson B. Cox, Jr.
- Marion P. Bader
- Dorothy Van A. Fuller
- Roberta Shannon
- Jean McCrum
- Phyllis E. Knox
- Dorothy G. Campbell
- Fllis V. Williams
- Margaret H. Eckerson
- Carolyn Stetson
- Margaret K. Bull
- Corinne O Toole
- Dorothy B. Smith
- Anne Marie Maloney
- Martha Bragaw
- Gladys Gallun
- Jennie Bruderslein
- Marion V. Park
- Inez McElwain
- Dorothy J. Miller
- Ruth Mary Green
- Margaret Durck
- Elizabeth Brooks

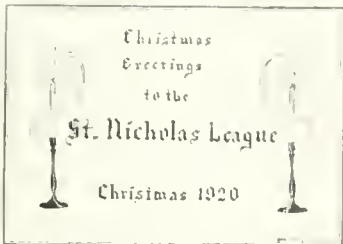
VERSE

- Jessica Hegaw
- Phyllis Harris
- Florence F. Johnson
- Alicie H. Frank
- Katherine E. Younger
- Elizabeth Wilcox
- Dorothy W. Clarke
- Frances Tuckerman
- Ruth Fowler
- Martha Kellogg
- Elizabeth Braunert
- Elmira B. Waite
- Mark Anthony
- Marionie Cahill
- Mabel Betts
- Harriet L. Shepherd
- Ruth Munson
- Helen S. Brown
- F. May Holmlund
- Esther C. Barby
- Mary Orr
- M. Willard Messler
- Rosemary W. Ball
- Dorothy D. Fames
- Florence Kelsey

DRAWINGS

- Eleanor J. Waddell
- Mary Lundborg
- Catharine Singer
- Jessica Price
- Elizabeth E. Morse
- Josephine Crowle
- Amy Tatro
- Gwendolyn Maddock
- Veronica M. Irwin
- Elizabeth F. Ferguson
- Mariette E. Paine
- Laura M. Haley
- Allison Flynn
- Charlotte Cushman

- George D. Randall
- Elizabeth Beyer
- Emmie Montgomery
- Elaine Ducats
- Williecent F. Belknap
- Barbara Thayer
- Madeline P. Lewis
- Helen C. Jones
- Dorothy G. Cahill
- Dexter Flint
- Bradley Lewis
- Annie May Young
- Emily Learned
- Edith G. Lynch
- Dorothy Stephenson



"A CHRISTMAS CARD." BY KATHARINE WILSON, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE)

PUZZLES

- Ivy Jane Edmondson
- Jeanette Warmuth
- Cornelia Jones
- Margaret G. Kelso
- Sue Spangler Davis
- Josephine Carter
- Olive A. Jordan
- Dorothy M. Kimball
- Betty Sue Staw
- Sylvia Hahn
- Robert Diller

- Katherine Dyer
- Brittan L. Bishop
- Elizabeth Master of Anita Maurer
- Elizabeth Hastings
- Rosina Shepardon
- Mary C. Hamilton
- Josephine Bruckheimer
- Ruth M. Willis
- Fred McCormick
- Mimi Casano
- Shirley M. Tomes
- Mary V. Fulton

PHOTOGRAPHS

- Edith L. Pierce
- M. Constance Watson
- Lida McCarthy
- Esther Engman
- Mary E. Stockton
- Edith C. Jenkins



"A HEADING FOR DECEMBER." BY ELOISE V. WHITE, AGE 15 (SILVER BADGE)

- Stephanie E. Shible
- Imogen Ferguson
- Jane Cameron
- Marion E. Woods
- Beulah Simons
- Jean Sproule
- Beverly Gitlen

- Julia Elting
- Jane Howell
- Caroline Crosby
- Frances Bolton
- Margaret R. McKinney
- Betsy Rosenheim

- Marjorie Frank
- Harriet Patterson
- Robert Taylor
- Elizabeth Masterson
- Jean Sanford Baker
- Betty Muir

WHAT THE LEAGUE IS

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE is an organization of the readers of the ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE.

THE LEAGUE motto is "Live to learn and learn to live."

THE LEAGUE emblem is the "Stars and Stripes." THE LEAGUE membership button bears the LEAGUE name and emblem.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE, organized in November, 1899, became immediately popular with earnest and enlightened young folks, and is now widely recognized as one of the great artistic educational factors in the life of American boys and girls.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE awards gold and silver badges each month for the best original poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 253

Competition No. 253 will close December 30. All contributions intended for it must be mailed on or before that date. Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for April. Badges sent one month later.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "The Minstrel," or "A Minstrel."

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "A Brave Deed."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Young photographers need not print and develop their pictures themselves. Subject, "Sun and Shade."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "Something Wrong," or "A Heading for April."

Puzzle. Must be accompanied by answer in full. Puzzle Answers. Best and neatest complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be addressed to THE RIDDLE-BOX.

No unused contribution can be returned unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelope of proper size to hold the manuscript or picture.

RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and upon application a League badge and leaflet will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, must bear the name, age, and address of the sender and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt and must state in writing that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender.

If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write in ink on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include "competitions" in the advertising pages or "Answers to Puzzles."

Address: The St. Nicholas League, The Century Co., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York.

# THE LETTER-BOX

MENTONE, MA.

DEAREST ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for three years, and my sister and I always have a scramble to see which shall have you first. So you see how much we love you.

Mentone, where we always spend the summer, is a perfectly beautiful summer resort. It is on Lookout Mountain, forty miles from Chattanooga, Tennessee, and is 2,400 feet above sea-level.

There are many places of interest here. First, five miles from our cottage, are the beautiful De Soto Falls, which are named for De Soto, who camped near there on his march through Alabama and Georgia. He and his men put up breastworks, a part of which are there now.

Down in the gorge are the wonderful Rock Houses, which, they claim, were used by Indians years ago.

Besides this, there is the Indian mill, a deep hole in a huge rock, where the Indians ground corn. Beauty Springs and Signal Rock are also very pretty.

We slept under blankets and cider-downs all summer, and had to have a wrap if we sat out of doors after dark.

I am waiting impatiently for your next issue!

Yours lovingly,

HENRY BATLEY (AGE 14)

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My sister and I have taken you for six years and enjoyed you very much. There is always a grand scramble when Daddy brings you home.

I am fourteen years old and have spent all my summers at Ogunquit, Maine, which is now becoming a well-known summer resort.

We have a large family estate, with nine cottages on it. This year there were ten children on the place, as we call it, and we had loads of fun. Our house is on the top of a hill, seventy-five feet from the open ocean. On clear days we can see over twenty miles out to sea.

During the war, excitement ran very high, for several spies were arrested here at different times and many mysterious things were going on.

We made a little club and trailed a certain gentleman who had a wireless in his room, and a very German name. We met him later. He was an American secret-service official!

Sincerely yours,

BARBARA WARE.

SITKA, ALASKA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I certainly do enjoy you. I thought "The Crimson Patch" the best story.

I'm going to describe the aurora borealis, which was wonderful one night in the latter part of March. A sort of semi-circles were formed in the north, of a yellow hue, gradually getting higher into the sky, with lights beginning to shoot out like daggers. As they became more a five, one could see the colors, like a rainbow, red, green, purple, yellow, and blue, forming now circles, now an enormous horseshoe, in constant movement. Then a tremor would go through the whole line. Sometimes great swords of light would shoot out from behind the mountains. It was the first time I had seen the colored lights and they certainly were beautiful. One night there was a kind of great, twisted cane across the sky, like a peppermint stick. Every time I look at the lights they make me tremble, they are so grand.

Sitka is a small town on a bay. On three sides of us are mountains, and on the other side is the bay with its many islands, and when we go out on it in a boat we see a most beautiful panorama of mountains. In the summer most of the mountains have snow on top, with

here and there patches of snow. But some of the higher ones have great snow-fields on them. If it gets warm enough, the fields are turned to blue glaciers. I send you a photograph taken near the top of one of the



mountains. On a separate island near by, called Krutoz, is an extinct volcano, called Edgecombe.

In between these mountains are bays of all sizes. Waterfalls are numerous, large and small. In the streams and lakes there are many trout, from tiny ones to great big ones.

Your loving reader,

JEAN A. BUCHANAN (AGE 14).

CHARLESTON, W. VA.

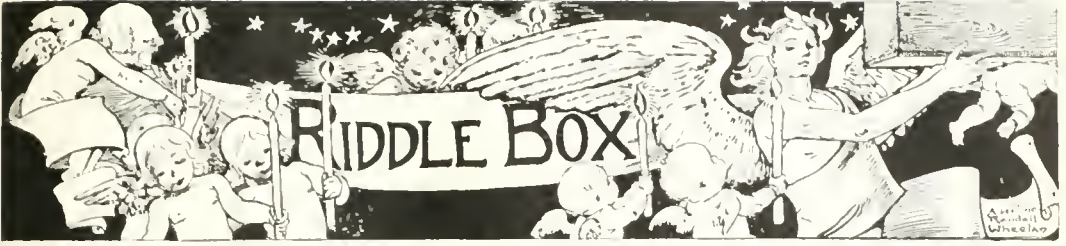
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never written to you before, though I have been a subscriber since I was eight years old. How I have enjoyed reading you, from cover to cover, each month! Perhaps the most entertaining of all the stories, to me, have been those by Augusta Hmel Seaman.

When the time came to renew my subscription this year, I thought I would at last have to admit that I had "outgrown" you. So I subscribed for you for a little while, aged ten, and thought I could read her copies, if I so desired. But, when the January numbers were issued, and I did not receive my usual copy, I could not stand it—so now my name is again on the list of subscribers. You see, I discovered that I was not quite as old as I thought, and I now firmly believe that I shall never be too old to read my favorite magazine.

Sincerely,

HELEN HARTINGER.





**ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER**

**WORD-SQUARES.** I. 1. Maple. 2. Again. 3. Paint. 4. Limer. 5. Entry. II. 1. Roast. 2. Offer. 3. Afire. 4. Serve. 5. Trees. III. 1. Water. 2. Alive. 3. Times. 4. Event. 5. Rests. IV. 1. Plait. 2. Lucre. 3. Actor. 4. Irons. 5. Terse.

**NOVEL ACROSTIC.** Initials (down and fourth row (upward). Lord Kitchener. Cross-words: 1. Lacrym. 2. Objective. 3. Rainfall. 4. Deceived. 5. Kyphosis. 6. Inactive. 7. Tasteful. 8. Calipers. 9. Huckster. 10. Epidemic. 11. Nitrogen. 12. Escorted. 13. Raillery.

**ZIGZAG.** Eleanor Porter. Cross-words: 1. Euphony. 2. Slander. 3. Specify. 4. Moraine. 5. Finance. 6. Vicerny. 7. Libeler. 8. Receipt. 9. Heinous. 10. Hairier. 11. Octuple. 12. Perfect. 13. Radical.

**PREFIX PUZZLE.** Sea. 1. Board. 2. Cow. 3. Cucumber. 4. Dog. 5. Horse. 6. King. 7. Level. 8. Lion. 9. Serpent. 10. Urchin. 11. Wall. 12. Man.

**ENDLESS CHAIN.** 1. Edges. 2. Essex. 3. Exist. 4. Steer. 5. Erode. 6. Demon. 7. Onion. 8. Onset. 9. Etude. 10. Defer. 11. Error. 12. Organ. 13. Annex. 14. Exist. 15. Steed. 1. Edges.

**CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.** Chicago.

**METAMORPHOSES.** 1. Rake, rare, dare, dire, dirt. 2. Dirt, dart, cart. 3. Cart, carp, camp, damp, dump.

**CHANGED HEADS.** Date, hate, mate, pate, late, gate, rate, late, Kate.

**ADDITIONS.** Oceanus Hopkins. 1. O-read. 2. C-rank. 3. E-kind. 4. A-loft. 5. N-ever. 6. U-sage. 7. S-screw. 8. H-over. 9. O-pens. 10. P-rice. 11. K-irks. 12. I-deal. 13. N-acre. 14. S-hare.

**CONNECTED DIAMONDS.** I. 1. 1. 2. Add. 3. Idiot. 4. Dot. 5. T. H. 1. T. 2. Cat. 3. Taken. 4. Ten. 5. N. III. 1. T. 2. Art. 3. Train. 4. Tin. 5. N. IV. 1. N. 2. Sad. 3. Naval. 4. Day. 5. I.

**TO OUR PUZZLERS:** To be acknowledged in the magazine, answers must be mailed not later than the 25th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS RIDDLE-BOX, care of THE CENTURY CO., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

**SOLVERS** wishing to compete for prizes must give answers in full, following the plan of those printed above.

**ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER** were duly received from Millicent Bush—Gwenfredd E. Allen.

**ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER** were duly received from Mary Lambert, 11—Ruth M. Willis, 11—Helen H. McIver, 11—St. Anna's Girls, 11—Miriam J. Stewart, 10—Ruth Labenberg, 10—Virginia Fenner, 9—Charlotte R. Cabell, 9—Ruth Smith, 9—Ruth M. Collins, 8—Dorothea Maier, 8—Grace E. Whitten, 8—Susan E. Lyman, 7—De Losse Smith, Jr., 6—no name, 5—Mary J. Pollock, 5—Lydwin, 5—Dorothy Penneck, 4—Adele Rubenstein, 4—Dorothy N. Teulon, 3—Katherine S. Bolman, 3—Elizabeth Otis, 3—Dorothy Adler, 3—Agnes H. Barnard, 2—Hortense A. R. Doyle, 2—Kathryn Rodenbough, 2—May Swords, 2. One dog, 5. E. Murray—M. Bailey—C. Heidelbe g—M. Williams—L. E. Davis—K. McEachern—M. Spencer—M. Waldman—l. Lawther—A. T. Fishel—L. Hancock—F. Abrams—M. D. Hsley—N. D. Day—C. Bryant—G. Downey.

**CONNECTED DIAMONDS AND INCLOSED SQUARE**



- I. UPPER DIAMOND: 1. In Pennsylvania. 2. A pronoun. 3. A nut. 4. A small animal. 5. In Pennsylvania.
- II. LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In Pennsylvania. 2. A contraction of ever. 3. A species of hickory. 4. A troublesome creature. 5. In Pennsylvania.
- III. RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In Pennsylvania. 2. A measure of weight. 3. Certain days in the Roman calendar. 4. Unhacked. 5. In Pennsylvania.
- IV. LOWER DIAMOND: 1. In Pennsylvania. 2. Prevailing fashion. 3. A part of the Breviary. 4. A snare. 5. In Pennsylvania.
- V. INCLOSED SQUARE: 1. A tree. 2. A Muse. 3. A rule. 4. To expiate. 5. Certain calendar days.

E. ADELMAE HAHN (Former Honor Member)

**DOUBLE BEHEADINGS**

- 1. Doubly behead salary, and leave to draw near.
- 2. Doubly behead to act, and leave to possess.
- 3. Doubly behead to beat, and leave hasty.
- 4. Doubly behead steals away, and leave colored fluids.
- 5. Doubly behead adjacent, and leave the edge of a surface.
- 6. Doubly behead entire, and leave nice social perception and ready power of appreciation.

- 7. Doubly behead the deepest within, and leave the greatest in degree.
  - 8. Doubly behead firm, and leave competent.
  - 9. Doubly behead dangerous, and leave receptacle for valuables.
- When these words have been rightly guessed and doubly beheaded, the initials of the remaining words will spell a happy season.

BARBARA GREER (age 13), League Member.

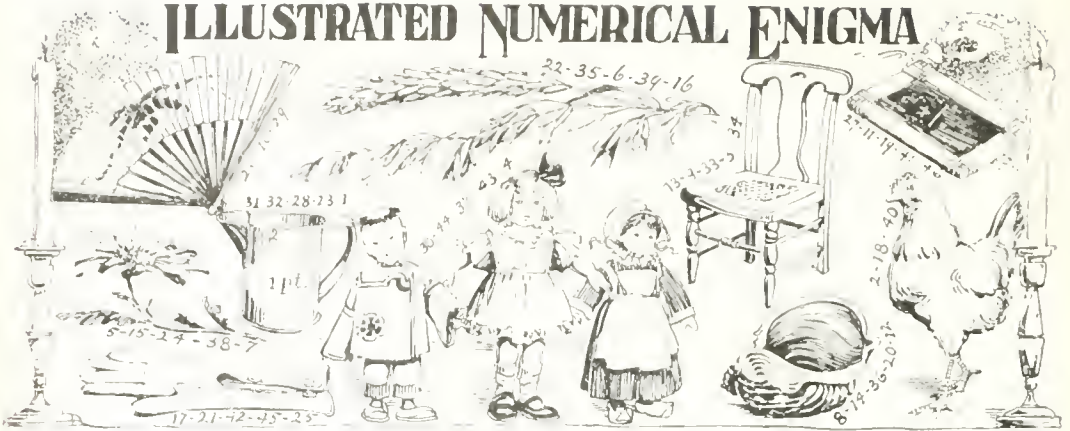
**QUADRUPLE BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS**

(Silver Badge, St. NICHOLAS LEAGUE Competition)

- EXAMPLE:** Quadruply behead and curtail praise-worthily, and leave termination. **ANSWER:** commendably.
- 1. Quadruply behead and curtail intoxication, and leave view.
  - 2. Quadruply behead and curtail confusion, and leave to lubricate.
  - 3. Quadruply behead and curtail the state of being a lieutenant, and leave a number.
  - 4. Quadruply behead and curtail total desertion, and leave a Spanish title.
  - 5. Quadruply behead and curtail men who own wharfs, and leave part of a fish.
  - 6. Quadruply behead and curtail to admit the truth of, and leave a bird of nocturnal habits.
  - 7. Quadruply behead and curtail to clothe in flesh a second time, and leave a common vehicle adapted to the rails of a railroad.
  - 8. Quadruply behead and curtail a coarse kind of pottery, and leave a very useful fowl found in every barnyard.
- The initials of the eight eleven-letter words will spell one of the United States.

MIKE SHERBURN (Age 15).

# ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA



In this enigma the words are pictured instead of described. The answer, consisting of forty-six letters, is a quotation from Shakespeare well suited to the Christmas season.

mending — 9. Find a common article in to shake or flourish — 10. Find to droop in corridors.

The initials of the ten little words that have been removed will spell a name dear to the hearts of boys and girls.

DOROTHY EDDY (age 15), League Member.

### CONNECTED DOUBLE ACROSTICS

(Silver Ball.) St. Nicholas League Competition

1. A son of Adam — 2. A piece of Tibet — 3. Steadfast — 4. An apartment — 5. Bad — 6. To sleep lightly — 7. A female name — 8. A lady — 9. At what time — 4. Presently — 5. Part of the name of a river in New Jersey — 6. Put on — 7. To boil slowly — 8. A part — 9. To handle roughly — 4. A range of mountains — 5. Border — 6. Don't — 7. When they are going — 8. Cards have been rightly guessed the letter from 1 to 5, from 6 to 7, from 7 to 8, and from 8 to 9, and these three numeral characters make up the name of a great author.

ELIZABETH FREELAND (age 15).

### ZIGZAG

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When in 1000's and 10's and written one below the other, the number of figures in the upper left hand corner (including both the lower left hand letter) will give the name of a famous American.

- Cross words: 1. A character in Two Gentlemen in Verona — 2. To blame — 3. Article that boat — 4. To float — 5. A movement of water — 6. Worth — 7. Grieved for the loss of something good — 8. Impetuous — 8. A movement of the compass — 9. Admiration of the company.

WILLIAM W. WOOD (age 14), League Member.

### WORDS WITHIN WORDS

EXERCISE 1. Find the words hidden in a rather common answer. Answer: Bread. H. Find a word in a single letter. Answer: Te. A poem.

- EXERCISE 2. Find a label in many forms of iron — 3. Find immediately in a round ball — 4. Find a tick in a person whose name is a verb — 5. Find a word in a statement by talk — 6. Find a word in a chair which claim are needed — 7. Find a word in a verb — 8. Find that in

### CLASSICAL KING'S MOVE PUZZLE

(Silver Ball.) St. Nicholas League Competition

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
H	A	I	O	N	I	L	S
9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
I	C	N	I	N	E	O	O
17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
O	L	H	R	I	E	O	N
25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32
N	O	E	T	P	F	Y	T
33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40
P	F	N	F	A	O	M	I
41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48
A	S	O	S	S	U	F	L
49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56
R	S	L	C	C	A	E	N
57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64
T	U	A	U	L	E	T	E
65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72
A	T	S	I	B	O	T	T
73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80
A	H	B	F	M	U	E	I
81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88
L	E	S	O	I	L	S	P

Begin at a certain square and move to an adjoining square as in the king's move in chess until each square has been entered once. When the moves have been correctly made, the name of six of the "Seven Stars" may be spelled out. The path from one letter to another continues.

BERNARD FROIS (age 13).





WITH SPEED SCARCELY DIMINISHED, THE RUNAWAY ANIMALS WENT CRASHING, SPLASHING INTO THE PAGE 108

# ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XLVIII

JANUARY, 1921

No. 3

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## OFF COLCHESTER POINT

By LEON W. DEAN



There is an old ballad which goes:

The win' she blow a hurricane;  
By'm by she blow some more;  
If you no want to get down on Lake Champlain,  
Why, then you stay on shore.

These may not be the exact words, but they convey the idea. The wind that blows on Lake Champlain is the kind that can raise the mischief. Jerry Sisler and Harry Catlin will tell you as much, and they ought to know.

It was Jerry who first proposed the fishing-trip to Colchester Point. Colchester Point is the place where Rowland Robinson, that inimitable Vermont writer of the past generation, whose works breathe the very spirit of the northern New England country-side—Colchester Point is the place where, he banteringly said, Canuck Frenchmen went when they died. Be that as it may, it is a wild, rough place enough, when the lake winds blow, to suit any turbulent spirit, dead or

alive, of any race. Extending out from the Point is Middle Reef, and on Middle Reef is Colchester Lighthouse.

It was winter when Jerry set forth his proposition, and late enough so that the lake was frozen over. Lake Champlain is a big body of water, over a hundred miles long, and, at the place in question, as much as ten miles wide. A body of water of such size retains the heat gathered in summer until late in the year, and is much of the time so rough that it takes a quick, hard freeze to confine it.

It had been frozen outside the reef for only a few days at the time the expedition was planned, but inside the reef it had been frozen longer and the ice was several inches thick. The boys had the use, when they wanted it, of a span of horses. This was because Harry's father was an officer at Fort Ethan Allen, near Burlington and also near the Point. They thought they could take the

horses and a sleigh and get along very well. As only an inch or so of snow lay on the ice, there would be no danger of drifts and hard sledding.

It was a typical winter morning of New England when they started out from the fort and headed for the lake. Since it was typical, it was cold and rather cloudy. There was a breeze in the air, and along the fields and roads the snow lay heavy enough to whiten the landscape and make good going. The sleigh-bells chimed merrily as the sleek army horses jogged upon their way.

There is a great deal of ice-fishing done on Lake Champlain. Some of it is done by professional fishermen, and some of it by parties, like the boys, out for a day's sport. At times the haul is good and brings a handsome profit; at other times it is poor.

As the boys neared the lake they felt the change in the air. It was windier and colder, more cutting. They drew the collars of their canvas coats up about their ears, wrapped the robes more snugly about them, and faced sturdily into the weather. It was not long now before the broad white expanse of the frozen water spread itself before them, with the lighthouse breaking its barren monotony. It was in the vicinity of the lighthouse, something like a mile out from shore, that they were going to try their luck. It was a chilly prospect, but they had come prepared and were ready for whatever the day might hold in store. At least, they thought they were.

Gingerly the horses tested the ice as they stepped down upon it. They did n't like the feeling of it, but they ventured obediently, and were soon on their way, trotting briskly, with the wind in their manes and tails. As army horses, they were accustomed to almost everything, yet they had fire in their blood and were not beyond taking the bit in their teeth.

The wind was stronger on the lake than the boys had expected to find it; still, it was not so strong as really to interfere with the anticipated sport. It would be colder, but they could stand that. By the time they arrived they were glad to get out and stamp around awhile, swinging their arms and getting their blood back into circulation. Not until the horses were well blanketed and cared for, however, did they minister to their own wants. That was the result of Harry's army training, and the result, also, of a natural humanity that prompts a decent man to attend to his helpless, dumb beasts before he attends to himself. A wild animal is not helpless, but a domesticated animal is made so by the restrictions man puts upon him; hence, man owes it to him to see that he does not suffer.

A hole was made in the ice, and the business of

the day began. It began, but not very encouragingly. Somehow the finny tribe did n't show any great desire to leave their natural environment. All the allurements of which the boys were masters were put forth, but without any dazzling results. Now and then a jerk upon the line rewarded their patience and skill; but on the whole, success did n't perch upon their banner.

About noon the keeper of the lighthouse came out and gave them hail and good luck. By preference, he occupied the house in winter as well as summer, even though no boats were running. To most people it would be unbearable, that life of isolation; but to every man what he likes—and he liked it. At the boys' cheery reply to his greeting he invited them in to eat their lunch, and they accepted with alacrity. The two horses had been hitched in the lee of the sleigh, but they were now led to the lighthouse, as offering better protection, and a couple of armfuls of hay were thrown down for their dinner, and a little grain added.

Lake Champlain lies in the valley between the Adirondacks of New York and the Green Mountains of Vermont. As is the case with so many inland bodies of water, the storms on the lake are fitful, and, rushing down the hundred-and-twenty-mile flume or across the ten-mile width, become at times exceedingly violent—so violent that sail-boats and launches are hard put to it to ride them out.

When the boys came out of the lighthouse after dinner, the wind that had been blowing all day seemed to be coming steadily in, and neither of them noted any sign of a change. The lighthouse keeper, however, cast a suspicious glance at the heavens.

"I don't know," he said; "it looks to me as though those clouds held wind. I don't know. You can't always tell. Keep your eye on them, boys."

And they meant to; but like boys the world over, they "sort of forgot to," or, perhaps, did n't give proper heed to what a more experienced weather-prophet had told them. Or was it merely that they did n't care if it did blow? Or because the fish were biting better?

Whatever the reason, the blow caught them. It came with a suddenness that was astounding. One moment it was not there; the next, it was coming in vigorous gusts; the next, they were fairly picked off their feet.

For a few minutes they hardly knew what to do. They could have made their way to the lighthouse again, but there were the horses to think of. Already the blanket had been stripped from one of them and was lying several yards away upon the snow. It was cold, that wind, bitterly cold,

and it raised the thin snow from the ice, hurling it through the air in a drifting cloud. The light-house would give shelter to the boys, but it would hardly give enough for the horses. All in all, they decided it was better to get back to shore. They had sufficient fish for a good mess, the afternoon already had a considerable hole in it, and there was no knowing how long the gale would last. Yes, it looked the better part of wisdom to retreat while they could.

The horses were quickly put to the pole and seemed even more eager than the boys to be gone. Perhaps their sensitive animal instinct told them that there was likely to be trouble. No sooner were the boys on the seat and waving adieu to the keeper of the light, than the team broke into a trot and seemed anxious to put distance behind them.

The wind was bearing in from off the open lake and was striking the outfit with the full power of a several-mile sweep behind it. Jerry and Harry were not afraid, but there is something in the fierce blasts of a storm that seems the very essence of the wild. It kept coming in harder and harder, and the behavior of the horses did not add to the boys' peace of mind. The beasts were inclined to be frightened and were ready to run. There was nothing to break the force of the wind, and it penetrated cloth and flesh. The sound of its rushing was in the air, and everywhere was the swirling snow, mingled with the occasional distant boom of the ice.

That booming ice was not a pleasant sound. It never is. Still, it came from out in the lake, beyond the reef, and reason told them that there was no real danger. Its deep thunderous rolls fitted in too well with the higher-pitched wail of the wind, however, to be entirely ignored. And certainly the snow was not to be ignored. It cut itself into hard pellets on the ice and came beating into the boys' faces and sifting through their garments till they sought desperately to shield themselves against it—and could not. It half-blinded the horses, and was as thick as though it had come down from above, instead of being blown up from below. Caps pulled low and collars high could not withstand it; nor could hiding behind arms and robes. It pelted in ceaselessly and mercilessly, and added its sting and wetness to the piercing blasts that seemed determined to pick them all up bodily and hurl them on their way.

That their backs were to the storm appeared to be about the only thing in their favor, and even that did not seem to help them as much as might have been expected, for, by the feeling, it beat upon them from all quarters. There was plenty to go all around, and, out there in the open, it did.

The horses were going at a half-run, and any

one could tell that it would n't take much to cause them to break. Where patches of ice were swept bare by the gale, their sharp calks beat out a metallic rhythm that could be heard even above the whine and roar and buffeting of the wind. In other places, where the snow was being slightly drifted, their footfalls fell muffled, inaudible, snatched away on the wings of the tempest, lost in the confusion of other noises.

There came a rumbling and shivering of the ice. The boys were startled by it. In a moment it came again. One of them looked back. Out beyond the reef, where there had been ice as far as the eye could see, was now water—water that was ice-strewn, that leaped and raged and came racing shoreward, hurling itself onto the great sheet that still stood firm!

Was it standing firm? The creaking and booming had drawn nearer—it was under foot! The ice quaked. Harry drew the whip from its socket. The frightened horses increased their pace. For the first time the boys experienced real fear, fear that gripped them and made them think of tragedy.

Should the ice go out, what chance had they? None whatever. Yet it was trembling, and sounded as, a few moments before, the broad lake had sounded, where now was nothing but tossing floes and angry, white-capped waters that brandished wrathful arms, and, shouting unheard, came rushing like mad dervishes to the charge.

It was a sight to send fear to the heart of any man. When nature strikes, it shows no mercy. Another ripping boom that ran along the ice almost under the speeding sleigh and seemed to tear the surface asunder! The whip that Harry had drawn was put to the horses. It was the touch that fired the powder charge. Like kindred spirits of the storm itself, the animals were away! As well try to hold back the wild, whistling wind. With necks outstretched and low, they flashed across the ice, and the sleigh went lurching and skidding behind them.

A runaway in such a place would ordinarily have furnished abundant cause for alarm; but now there was greater cause. The cannonading of the ice had become incessant. That it was none too thick, they knew from the holes they had cut near the reef. If such a wind was getting to it, now that the open lake had broken, it was almost sure to go. And the wind *was* getting to it—the symptoms were unmistakable.

Once they had a fleeting glimpse of a yawning, watery crevice. It was not wide; the horses leaped it, the runners were over it almost before they had seen it. But see it they did, and fear drew its tentacles tighter.

The horses were running recklessly now, heading for the nearest point of land, with no heed to where the road came down. The road was in that direction, but Harry could do nothing with them. If they successfully hit it, it would be by a miracle.

It was a race against time. The horses knew it as well as the boys, and together they formed a dashing mass of fright. The boys kept their heads, but the horses did n't. As their ancestors had fled headlong before some prairie fire in the long ago, so now they fled before the breaking ice. Instinct told them of their danger; and with life at stake, they were answerable to no man.

The wind of their going was like the wind of the storm, and the driving snow was their team-mate. Hoofs drumming an intermittent staccato, eyes roving, nostrils flaring, they tore on their way. The wind howled, the ice groaned and cracked, and fury was everywhere—in the air, in the water, plucking at the sleigh itself!

It was everywhere, and it was mounting higher and higher. Not much longer could the stricken ice hold. The crisis was coming. Would the storm, or the terrified horses, win? The sleigh runners slished through a pool of water, an overflow from some opening. It was present and gone.

Harry hung to the reins, and Jerry hung to the seat. A horse slipped and fell, almost jerking the driver from his place. The animal went sliding across the ice, and, in some mysterious fashion, impelled by a paroxysm of fear, regained its feet. Everything was happening so fast that it seemed to be one uniform streak, a general impression of a terrific dash, to which details were somehow lacking.

The horses pounded through another strip of surface water, throwing the drops high and far, so that they flew backward into the boys' faces. The sleigh rocked and shuddered, but in the main held to a straight course. Once Jerry made a grab and seized a robe just as it was being flung overboard, carried away by the wind and the sleigh's violent motions.

Open lanes of water were now discernible. Harry brought the whip down once more over the horses' backs, and they leaped, snorting, in the traces. A bit of harness hung dangling from the horse that had fallen, but he still remained with the sleigh, and there was no time to fix it.

About three quarters of the distance to the shore had now been covered, and the boys, peering ahead through the swirling snow, measured by rods the space yet to be covered. Every moment was precious, each foot and each yard counted, or much more. If they could but get ~~one~~ <sup>one</sup> enough to the shore before the end came, they might have a fighting chance.

The rifts in the ice had started out near the reef, but they were now advancing swiftly inshore. Wherever the wind could get a hold, it set the water in motion and pushed and pulled until something gave way and another opening was made. It had taken some little time for the first to come, but now they were coming fast. The ice was not solid enough to hold out; it was everywhere splitting asunder.

Once or twice the running horses shied from their course, and disaster was narrowly averted. If a broad enough fissure should appear directly ahead, it would be all over. On they sped, however. Each moment might be the fatal one; but it was delayed, and each one brought them nearer to their goal.

A shout from Jerry. Beyond them, still some distance ahead, they saw what they had been looking for—had been dreading. The rippling water of the lake was visible, showing a span of several feet from lip to lip of the ice. Harry wrenched upon the lines, striving to pull the horses down, to turn them aside. He might as well have tugged at the skirts of a whirlwind. The flying horses held straight on, and brains had to work fast to outstrip them.

A breath, two breaths, three! Jerry leaped. So did Harry. They struck the ice and rolled over and over. Somehow they had not expected this to happen. They had expected, if a gap occurred, to be plunged into the water. Their impact with the ice was not gentle, but for the moment, at least, they were safe, and their hurts were speedily forgotten in the need of the horses.

Too late, the runaway animals saw the pitfall in their path. They tried to swerve, to stop; but it was of no use. With speed scarcely diminished, they went crashing, splashing in.

Ice water flew to every point of the compass. Sleigh, horses, harness, and broken ice-floes seemed inextricably mingled. One of the animals screamed. The agonized scream of a horse is a terrible thing. It rose upon the storm, striking horror and compassion to the hearts of the boys.

The combined length of horses and sleigh just about reached across the gap. It was Harry who led the way across this struggling, heaving mass to the ice on the other side, and there seized one of the bridles. A moment later, after a drenching to the waist, Jerry grasped the other. It had been a passage as uncertain and dangerous as it was short, but much can be accomplished under stress that in cool blood causes one to wonder how it was done.

Jerry reached into his pocket. His gloves were on and hard to remove, his trousers were wet, and it was bitterly cold, but he managed to extract a knife.



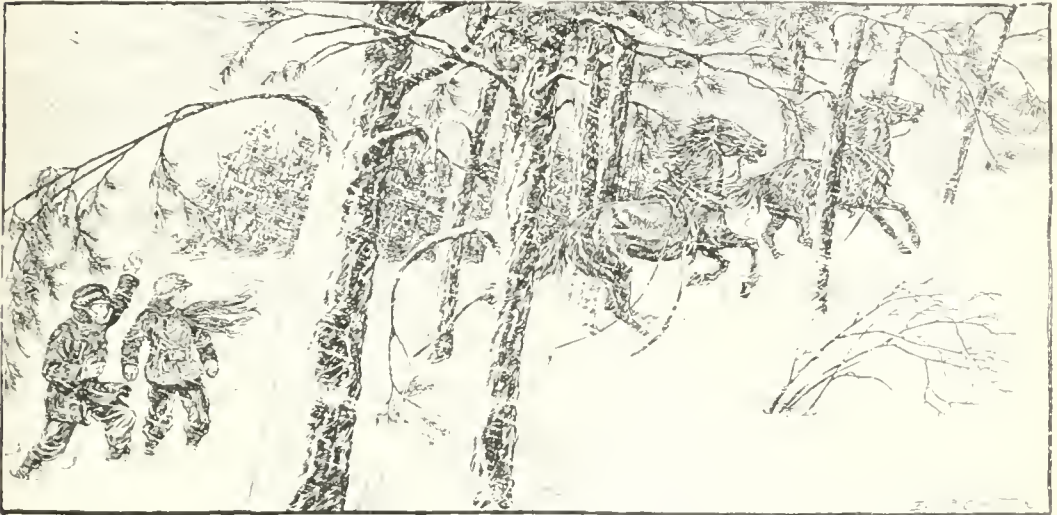
"We 've got to cut 'em out!" he cried.

The horses were churning the water in their frantic efforts to keep afloat. They were terribly frightened, panic-stricken, and every muscle in their powerful bodies was at work, making them dangerous to approach. Between them was the pole to which they were attached. Jerry leaped for it, hit it, slipped, and, throwing himself sideways, landed sprawling on the back of one of the animals.

Reaching over, he began cutting away at one

little farther, they might be able to beach the team. He got hold of the sleigh and scrambled out as Jerry was about coming in after him.

As soon as the harness was cut, relieving the horses of their load, they were less unruly. The boys got to their heads and helped to hold them up, but soon saw that this would not work, since they might all be in the water as the ice broke, for the horses could now get their front feet on it. Letting go, finally, they began to assist in breaking the ice, and soon the horses were able to reach



THE HORSES STARTED FOR HOME ON A RUN, LEAVING THE BOYS TO CARE FOR THEMSELVES.

of the traces. Harry saw what he was about and tried to get to the other horse, but he missed his footing almost as Jerry had done, and, instead of landing on the animal's back, slid off on the farther side, going down almost under the beating hoofs.

He let himself go, sinking quite low and casting himself sideways through the water. Instinct prompted him to avoid the iron-clad heels, for he had no desire to come up beneath or beside them. As he righted himself to mount to the surface, he was astonished to feel something solid beneath his feet. He sank again. It was land!

The accident had happened several rods from shore, and it had never occurred to the boys that the water might be shallow there. At many points on the lake there are deep, abrupt drops from the very edge of the shore; at other places there are short beaches; and at a few others, far reaches of sand that go out long distances before deep water is reached. It was one of these reaches that the boys had come upon, though they had known nothing about it at the time.

Harry realized that the water was just a little over his head. If they could break the ice in a

bottom. The animals now smashed their way through with greater ease, and, as the water got shallower, succeeded in getting out upon the shore ice. They stayed not upon the order of their going, but started for home on a run, leaving the boys to care for themselves.

It was fortunate that land was not far off and that it afforded them some shelter from the storm. Even as it was, they were almost frozen before they managed to reach the nearest farmhouse, where they were made welcome to food and warmth. The vitality of youth soon asserted itself, however, and by the next day they were scarcely the worse for their experience. Indeed, perhaps, they were better off, being a little wiser in regard to taking advice from elders, such as the lighthouse keeper. Nor were the horses harmed. Their run had kept their blood in motion and some heat in their bodies, and, like the boys, they quickly recuperated. Nevertheless, a day of rest was granted them. Even the sleigh was saved, salvaged by a party of soldiers who were sent out to get it.

But the string of fish the boys had caught had disappeared and was never found.



By GEORGE PHILIP KRAPP

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SIR ORFEO was a brave knight and a true, and he dwelt in the land of the Grecians. Of high kin he was, for his father came of the stock of King Pluto, who ruled over the nether world, and his mother was of the race of Juno, the queen of the heavens. Wisely and well Sir Orfeo governed his people, sparing neither pains nor trouble to make them happy. One thing in this world, however, Sir Orfeo was more zealous in than in caring for the welfare of his people, and this one thing was the music the gleemen made in their harping. A welcome was ready for every good harper who found his way to Sir Orfeo's castle, and there you were always sure of meeting with the best of them. Sir Orfeo himself took great joy in harping, and so earnestly did he busy himself in that art that no one of the great throng of minstrels who came to his castle could boast himself a better harper than its master.

A fair lady named Herodys was the wife of Sir Orfeo, and among all the Grecians, none was praised more highly for her gentleness and beauty. Now it happened once upon a sunny

morning in May that the Lady Herodys called her two maidens and went forth in the freshness of the day to walk in her garden. The bitter storms of winter were now past, and everywhere the flowers were springing in the green grass, and every spray and bough of the bushes was covered with bright blossoms. The sun made the air so soft and pleasant, the birds sang so gaily, and the flowers spread abroad such sweetness, that the Lady Herodys and her two maidens sat them down under a young tree to take their joy in the mild season. For a while they praised the beauties of this spring morning, and then talked of this and that, until a heaviness weighed down the eyelids of the Lady Herodys and she leaned on her elbow on the soft grass and fell into a deep slumber.

Silently the two maidens stole away to another part of the garden, and there they amused themselves for some time in merry talk and laughter. When they thought their lady must have roused from her slumber, they came back to the young tree, but were surprised to find her lying there and still soundly sleeping. They knew not what

to do, for they could not be so bold as to wake their mistress, yet they thought it strange her sleep should be so lasting. Quietly they sat them down beside their lady and patiently waited for her eyes to open. But the sun mounted higher and higher, and passed over their heads at the noontide, and already was sinking to the western sky in the dusk of the evening, before the lady Herodys stirred and gave any signs of return to the land of the living. Suddenly her eyes flew open, and she started up in fear and trembling. She wrung her hands in grief, and cried aloud in pain and sorrow. More like one who had lost her reason she bore herself than like the gentle Herodys. Hastening to her side, the two maidens sought to comfort their lady, but Herodys paid no heed to them and seemed not to hear the words they spake to her. In terror and dismay at what had happened, the two maidens ran quickly to the castle for help, and soon they came back with a throng of anxious knights and ladies. Tenderly they bore the weeping Herodys back to the castle and placed her on her couch, where she lay like one who has been dazed by some great sorrow.

When word of all this was carried to Sir Orfeo, he hastened with all speed to his lady's bower, and great was his wonder and grief to see the sad change in her. "Mas!" he said, "what hath gone amiss? Look up, dear wife, and tell me what this may mean. Art thou my gentle Herodys, and now dost lie so cold and still? Are these thine eyes that look upon me as though I were a stranger and thy foe? Take heart, dear wife, and tell me now the cause of all thy grief."

At these and other kind words of Sir Orfeo, the lady Herodys at length took courage, and soon she began to speak. "Sorrow has come upon us, Sir Orfeo," said she. "This many a day hast thou cherished me, and as truly have I loved thee. But now no more may we think of that, for soon must we part in twain. This day the call has come to me."

"What words are these?" exclaimed Sir Orfeo; "and why speakest thou so strangely? If thou must away from me, whither wilt thou go and to whom? But I know thou canst not mean it so, for wherever thou goest, far or near, there truly shall I go with thee."

"Nay," answered Herodys, "that is even the heaviest of my sorrow, that now thou canst not go with me. Listen, and I will tell thee all how the summons has come to me. Even this day I have been called, and to-morrow in the morning I must away. For thus it was that this day as I lay and slept on the fresh green grass beneath one of my garden trees, behold two fair knights suddenly appeared to me. Well arrayed they

were in all good knightly gear, and courteous were their words when they spake to me and bade me come without delay to speak with their master the king. Then I answered these two knights boldly enough, and said that I neither could nor would come to speak with their stranger king. They paused not, but away they sped when I had thus spoken. Quickly they were back again, and with them rode a band wonderful to see. Well-nigh a thousand of the fairest knights and ladies came trooping over the garden lawns, and in their midst came riding their king. On snow-white steeds all this band were seated, and white as the lily-flower were the shining garments that each one wore. A bright crown gleamed on the head of the king, not made of silver or of gold, but all of precious stones that shone like the sun in the heavens when the sky is most clear. Light as thistle-down in the wind they rode, and when all this band of white-robed knights and ladies had reached the place where I lay beneath my garden tree, the king placed me beside him on his own milk-white steed. In the flashing of an eye we were off, the whole bright troop together. The silver bells jingled in the wind and away we sped through forest and field, past river and brook, past mountain and mead, until at last we came to a strange land the like of which mortal eye hath never seen. In the center of the land there rose the wondrous palace of this king. With pinnacles and towers it shone, all built of the white marble stone, and about it spread green meadows and fields and fair gardens as far as eye could see. The flowers were springing and the birds were singing, and here, if anywhere, the days seemed happy and free. Then this king showed me everything, his halls all spangled with crystal gems like the stars that shine in the night, and all his sweet meadows and gardens and fields, where countless number of his folk led their lives in pleasure and peace. Suddenly he placed me again on his milk-white steed, and back from this land we sped, past village and town, past river and mountain, until he had brought me to my own garden here, and placed me again beneath my tree. 'To-morrow I shall come for thee,' were his last words to me, 'and see that I find thee beneath thy tree. To the other-world thou must wend, and dwell forever in my land.' With these words this king disappeared, and all the white steeds and all the fair folk in their glistening garments who had ridden thither with him. Then I awoke, and grief was at my heart, for at last the call had come to me. To-morrow I must leave thee, and whither I go, thou canst not come."

When Sir Orfeo had heard all this strange story, he saw well that he had need of wise

counsel. "Ratner it had been my life," said he, sorrowfully, "than that the Lady Herodys should be borne away from me. Yet truly that shall not be done, if the might of my hand can aught avail."

Since he had not the wisdom of the other-world, Sir Orfeo was resolute to use all he had of this, and when the morrow was come, and the hour which the king had set for his tryst, then he took all his companions in arms, a hundred or more they were, and with swords in their hands and armor on their backs, they surrounded the Lady Herodys beneath her garden tree. Sadly the lady smiled, for well she knew that this was all in vain, and that by no such arts could the other world king be prevented of his will. And then, while the knights stood waiting with swords in their hands for their enemy to appear, suddenly before their eyes, they knew not how, the lady was twitched away from them and was no more to be seen. The swords clashed on each other, or struck emptily at the thin air, but no foe was there for mortal hands to harm. Silently and wonderingly the knights gazed at each other. But the Lady Herodys was gone, and naught was there to do but lead the hapless Sir Orfeo back to his castle halls, all desolate and empty now.

FROM this very hour when the Lady Herodys was borne away, a great change came over Sir Orfeo. All his days were now spent in revery and solitude. More and more he put his subjects and his lands and his cattle into the care of his faithful steward, and he himself withdrew apart from all men to the quiet rooms of his castle. All the cares and pastimes which of old had made his days so bright and stirring were now forgotten except one, and this one was the playing of the harp. To his harp alone Sir Orfeo told all the grief of his heart, and it was in his harp that he found his only relief from pain and sorrow.

It happened at length that Sir Orfeo broke his silence, and calling all his people together, he told them what he was now minded to do. "Friend and companions," said he to them, "I now appoint my steward here to rule in my stead. Obey him and serve him, if ye will show our love to me. And when, as time goes by, ye shall learn that Sir Orfeo no longer lives and moves upon this earth, then call ye a meeting of all my folk and choose from among yourselves one to be our ruler and prince. Now I must away. No longer shall I look upon the faces of my friends, but deep in the forests and far from the haunts of men I shall take up my dwelling-place. I have lost that which all this world cannot restore, and from this day I renounce all that this world has set to give."

With sorrow the people heard these words of

their good prince, and all besought him to take comfort for his loss, and not to leave them for the hard and desolate life of the pathless forest. But Sir Orfeo was not to be turned from his will. He bade them all farewell, and with nothing but his harp in his hands and his cloak upon his shoulders, he set forth on his solitary way.

A strange life was this that Sir Orfeo now led. He who had once been lord of a hundred knights, now wandered forth alone, as poor as the poorest hermit in the land. When the night came, he had naught to shelter him but the leaves and boughs of the forest. The rain and the sun of the heavens were free to beat upon him, and no shelter he knew from the winds, however boisterous and blustering. No eager servers now set rich food before him in bright silver dishes, as in the old days in his castle, but with the labor of his hands he must search for roots and herbs and such other hard fare as the forest yields to answer the needs of the body.

But all was not hardship for Sir Orfeo in the life of the forest. Now again his heart was quiet, and in the still afternoons, or when the night was clear and the stars were glittering in the black sky, then Sir Orfeo would take his harp and play on it. Not for the praise of men did he play, for men there were not in the forest to hear him. Sir Orfeo's music was like the music of the breeze in the tall grass, and like the singing of many waters as they slip over the mossy rocks beneath the shadows of the trees. The very birds of the forest, unafraid, drew near to listen to his harping, and the timorous creatures forgot their tremblings, and the wild beasts of ravin ceased to pursue their prey beneath the sway of the sweet harmony.

THUS many a long day Sir Orfeo dwelt, a lonely exile, in the depths of the silent and mysterious forests. With his harp as his only companion, he wandered here and wandered there, always thinking of his lost Herodys and hoping some day to find her. But very slowly were Sir Orfeo's eyes opened, and for a long time never a trace did he meet with of her who had been taken from him. Only now and then, far down the dim aisles of the forest, he heard the faint sounds of elfin horns blowing, soft and echoing, and then he knew that the other-world king was hunting with his train in the forest. And once or twice it seemed to him that, through the tangled screen of thick leaves, he caught the shimmer of white steeds and of white-robed riders as they sped silently through the dusky forest, but so silently and swiftly that it was vain to seek to follow after them.

But it chanced one twilight eve that fortune

tavored Sir Orfeo unexpectedly. For as he drew near the edge of the shadowy trees that circled a little round lawn in the center of the forest, behold, all at once he saw through the leaves the other-world king and all his band of followers. Hiding behind the trees, eagerly Sir Orfeo gazed at one after the other, seeking for the face of the one dearest to him. Then at last he beheld the Lady Herodys. With a cry he started forward, when all was suddenly changed. The spell was broken, and the king and his folk formed a circle about the Lady Herodys, so that Sir Orfeo no longer could see her. Like the little waves of the sea with the moonlight on them, the whole glistening band went dancing away down the dark lanes of the forest, with Sir Orfeo following after them.

"Not now shall ye escape me," cried Sir Orfeo, "for with my life will I pay to know whither ye are wending!"

Over stock and stone they went, over hill and hollow, until at last, in the bright moonlight, Sir Orfeo saw the whole troop speed through a narrow opening in a rock wall that rose up gray and forbidding. Well might a man pause before he risked his life in such a grim and gruesome region. But Sir Orfeo heeded not the rock cliffs, nor the dim caverns in the wall, such as fiery dragons seek out for their place of hiding, and boldly he hastened forward in quest of the bright throng which had passed in before him. Now when Sir Orfeo had almost lost strength and courage in the darkness of this rocky pass, at length the way became smoother and the light of the place less somber; and then, all at once, the grim walls broke off sheer and steep, and Sir Orfeo stepped forth on the soft turf of a level meadow. There no hill lifted its head, nor any dale was sunk in the level of the wide fields, but far as eye could reach, the smooth lawns spread abroad like a green ocean. Sun nor moon sent forth their light within that land, and yet it was always afternoon. There the winds of winter never blew

harsh and keen, and the bitter sleet and hail never fell, nor was it ever too hot or too cold, but the summer skies were forever soft and serene.

A land of enchantment Sir Orfeo thought he had reached as he made his way over the smooth fields. Many a crystal brook he passed, with the silver fishes darting from pool to pool, and many a bird sang on branch and limb. The air was sweet with the scent of numberless blooms, and



THE LADY HERODYS AND HER MAIDENS UNDER A YOUNG TREE

all manner of bright fruits hung heavily from the branches of the trees. On and on Sir Orfeo sped, and the farther he went, the greater his wonder grew. Here, he thought, one could never grow weary, and a year in this land seemed less than a minute of the day. Strangest of all he thought it that in this happy land naught but the birds and gentle creatures of the forest and field were to be seen.

A country strangely abandoned by its people, Sir Orfeo had almost concluded this to be, when all at once before him as he went he saw the walls of a fair castle rise. Bright and gleaming they were, for they were made of crystal of purest ray, all set in silver and gold, and the high towers and pinnacles, all quaintly carved, shone in the clear light like the vision of a dream. Within these

castle walls Sir Orfeo heard the gay sound of revelry. There was music of the pipe and tabor, and from afar he heard the high strain of the minstrel's song. Loudly Sir Orfeo knocked at the castle gate, and straightway all within became silent as death.

"Who knocks so boldly at my gate?" the porter shouted from the other side.

"Here am I," answered Sir Orfeo, "a poor minstrel come into thy land. Open thy gate and let me in, and with my minstrel's art I will pay thy courtesy."

The bolts slid back, the door flew open, and Sir Orfeo gazed upon the scene within. Everywhere he saw folk sitting, all still now and speechless as the dead. They turned not nor stirred, but a deep spell held them in its sway. Here and there Sir Orfeo eagerly turned his gaze, and at last, with grief and joy, he beheld the end of all his quest. For there, beneath a young tree such as the unhappy one which had grown in his own castle garden, the Lady Herodys lay, fair as the day she was borne from his side. No bitter wind of winter had touched her bright face, nor had she known the wasting sorrow that had made Sir Orfeo so gaunt and gray. Time and change they knew not in this land, where all was as the king of the other-world willed.

"Alas," said Sir Orfeo, "how shall I ever win my lady back again? She speaks not, nor are her eyes turned to meet mine. Much I fear I have found her but to lose her again."

Little time had Sir Orfeo for such musings, for as he thought to turn toward the Lady Herodys, straightway many folk were at his side, and there in the midst stood the other-world king. Courteously Sir Orfeo bent his knee and begged the king to listen to his minstrelsy.

"What man art thou," demanded the king, "that comest unbidden here? Never during the time I have ruled within this realm hath mortal man been so bold to come hither before I have sent for him."

"Truly, Sir King," in reply Sir Orfeo said, "it is the custom of such as I am to visit the dwellings of great men and kings, and there, with such art as we have, win a welcome for our coming."

"If it be as thou sayest," then said the king, "now sit thee down and see what welcome thou canst win here in this land of the blest."

Without more words, Sir Orfeo sat him down, and took his harp in his hands and began to play. He played all the songs he had learned in his lonely life in the wildwood, and he played the grief he had felt for the loss of the Lady Herodys—all that touches the heart of man he played before the other-world king.

When Sir Orfeo had finished and had put down

his harp, then the king stirred and spoke to him: "Welcome and thrice welcome art thou here, for human though thou art, thou hast magic in thy harp. Speak now, and ask whatever boon thou wilt have, for that will I give thee in pay for thy sweet harping."

"King," cried Sir Orfeo, joyfully, "then give me that fair lady of mine that lieth so still beneath yonder tree."

"Nay," replied the king, "that truly were not a fair exchange. For look, her hue is soft and bright as a white swan's wing, and thou art uncouthly rough, and hast a beard like a wild man of the wood. An ill deed it were to mate such loveliness with such an one as thou art."

"Truly hast thou said," answered Sir Orfeo, "that I am rough of figure and of face, and all unworthy such a mate as I have asked of thee. But yet methinks it were an ill deed, too, for a king to make a promise, and afterward to fail in the keeping of it."

"Now it is thou who hast spoken the truth!" exclaimed the king. "Thou shalt have what thou desirest. Take back now thy chosen one to the land of men, for here I loose my power over her. Arise, fair Herodys, and live as this man lives."

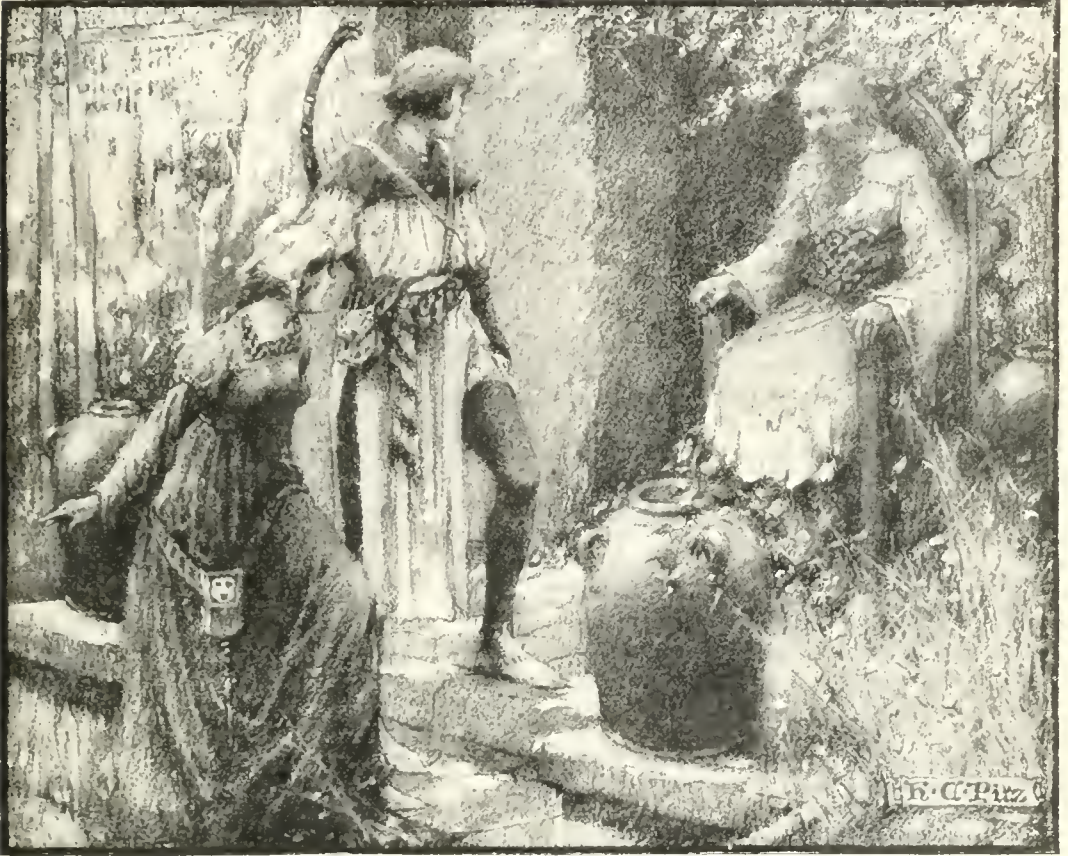
With these words the king and his folk and the glistening palace all disappeared, but Sir Orfeo waited not to wonder what had become of them. He took the Lady Herodys by the hand, and quickly traced again the path he had followed into that land. He crossed the level fields so soft and green, and found at last the narrow way among the frowning cliffs. Down this they sped, hand in hand, and great was their joy when at its end they left the gruesome shadows at their backs and stepped forth into the light of the cheerful sun.

Having won back the Lady Herodys, now again Sir Orfeo was ready to seek out his old friends, and with all speed they set out for the land of the Grecians. When they had reached the town in which his castle stood, Sir Orfeo took his dwelling in a humble man's cot, and pretended to be what he seemed, a poor wandering minstrel just come into the land. From this humble coter, Sir Orfeo learned tidings of all that had befallen since the day the Lady Herodys had been borne away, and how in all things the steward had governed wisely and well the people and estates that had been intrusted to him.

Now the next day, Sir Orfeo thought he would test for himself the faithfulness of his good steward. Dressed as a harper, he met the steward in the street and said, "Have pity, I pray, on a minstrel old and poor; from a far country have I come, and great is my need." "Come thou home

with me," the steward straightway replied. "Never a minstrel shall ask in vain for help in this land. For the love of Sir Orfeo, the best of harpers this world has ever seen, a right good welcome shall all minstrels have of me." Then the steward took Sir Orfeo into his hall, and they

When Sir Orfeo saw the grief of the steward and understood how faithful he had been in all his trust, he started up and told him who he was, and how he had brought the Lady Herodys back with him, and that now never would he leave his people masterless again. The news of all this



"SIR ORFEO PRETENDED TO BE A POOR WANDERING MINSTREL."

sat down to meat, and there was mirth and comfort for all.

After the dinner was over, Sir Orfeo took up his harp and began to play. No such playing had ever been heard in that hall before, and all were filled with wonder at the music. But then the steward looked more closely, and soon he saw that this was the very harp his master used to play.

"Now tell me, minstrel," he cried aloud, "how hast thou come by the harp thou usest so well?"

"This harp I found in a forest dale," the minstrel said; "I picked it up where it lay beside a perished man, and since that day methinks a full ten years has passed by."

"Alas, alas!" the steward cried, "that can have been none other than our good prince Sir Orfeo."

quickly spread abroad, and with great joy the people thronged about, and soon in stately procession they set out for the humble cot and brought back the Lady Herodys within the castle walls. And here, again surrounded by their faithful followers and their long-tryed and loyal friends, Sir Orfeo and the Lady Herodys took up the thread of their old life, and many happy years they lived together. Many, too, were the strange adventures they encountered in the course of their days, but of all the marvels that they met with, none was more wonderful than this— that once, by the power of his music, Sir Orfeo won his way to the kingdom of the other-world, and from that mysterious realm brought back the Lady Herodys to the land of the living.

This is the end.

# BUCCANEERS AND HIGHWAYMEN



By

PAUL HERVEY FOX

BUCCANEERS of sea and highway, when the wind  
is crying shrill,  
Sing and swagger, ride and riot, with a gay and  
careless will,  
I or a boy beside the fire, with his chin caught in  
his hands,  
With his eyes upon the hearthstone, but his heart  
in foreign land.

There 's a smell of pitch from schooners, and a  
sight of Teach, the rash,  
Roaring down his evil bullies while his bo'sun  
plies the lash;  
There is grog awash in scuppers, and a creak of  
battered seams  
By a shore of lonely palm-trees where the scarlet  
parrot screams.

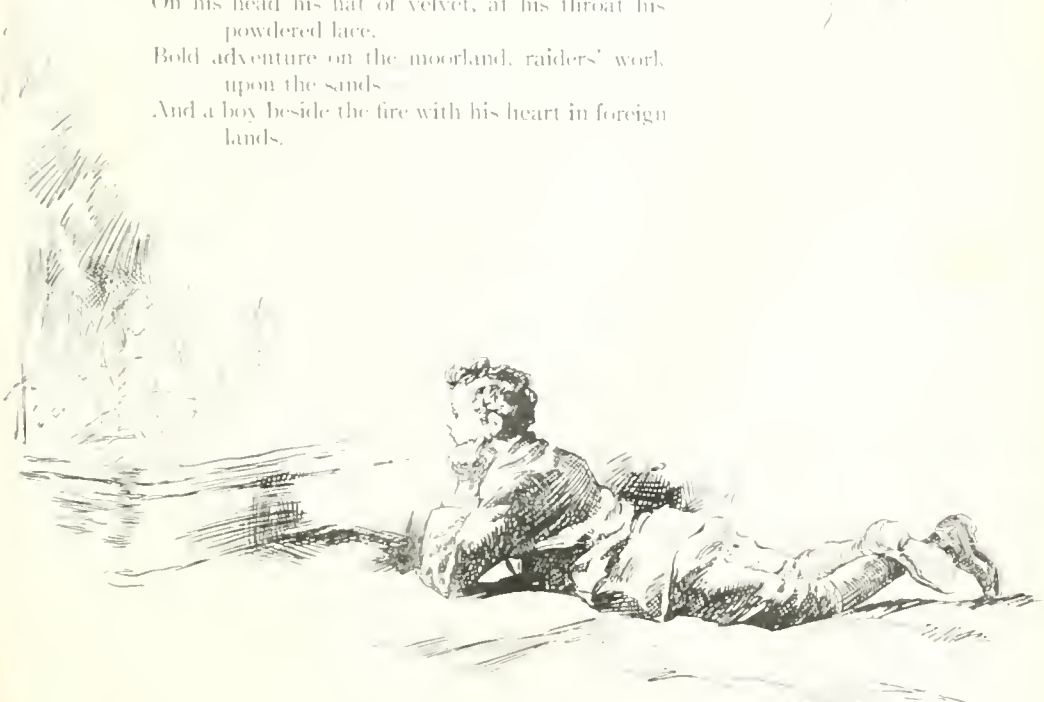






Then the tang of salty breezes and the drums of  
 distant surf  
 Yield, in turn, to pounding hoof beats on the  
 solid English turf,  
 As Jack Stark, the bold highwayman, mounted on  
 his blooded mare,  
 Gallops forth for golden treasure in the somber,  
 bitter air.

There are pistols in his sword-belt, and a scar  
 upon his face;  
 On his head his hat of velvet, at his throat his  
 powdered lace,  
 Bold adventure on the moorland, raiders' work,  
 upon the sands—  
 And a boy beside the fire with his heart in foreign  
 lands.



# GETTING UP TO DATE

By ROBERTA WAYNE

OLD JOB LANSING stood, hatchet in hand, and stared down into the big packing case that he had just opened.

"Ee-lee," he called, "come here quick." And as footsteps were heard and the shutting of a door, he continued, "They 've sent the wrong stuff. This is n't what we ordered!"

The girl buried her head in the box from which she brought forth bolt after bolt of dress goods, voiles with gay colors, dainty organdies, and ginghams in pretty checks and plaids. As she rose, her eyes glowed and instinctively she straightened her shoulders. "Yes, Uncle, it is what we ordered. I sent for this!"

"You *did*!" The old man trembled with rage.

"But, Uncle, they 're so pretty and I think—"

"You can think and think as much as you please, but those goods will never sell. They 'll just lie on the shelves. You may think they 're pretty, but an Injin won't buy a yard of 'em, and it 's Injins we 're trading with."

"But there 's no reason why the squaws should n't buy pretty dresses instead of ugly calico. There 's more money in this, and it 's a pleasure to sell such dainty stuff. Besides, we can sell to the white people. There 's Mrs. Matthews."

"I 've heard all your arguments before, and I tell you, you 'll never sell it."

Old Job had never married. For many years he had lived alone in the rooms behind his store, and he had become self-centered and a bit fussy and intolerant. If he had realized how much his life was to be upset, he could never have brought himself to offer his widowed sister and her family a home; for he valued his quiet life, and, above all, he wanted to do things in his own way.

He was never at ease with the two nephews, who soon left to make their own way in the world.

But with Ellie it was different. Her affectionate ways won Job's heart. They were chums, often going together on long horseback rides to distant peaks that looked inviting. And as the girl developed, he loved to have her with him as he worked and he was delighted at her interest in everything in the little store. She even learned the prices of the goods and helped him.

Old Job had kept this store at the "summit" for thirty years, and he was sure he knew every side of the business. As long as he kept a good supply of beans and flour, that was all that was necessary. A good sized Indian village lay down the creek, about a mile, and it was from this settlement that Job Lansing got most of his trade.

The old man had come to the age when he lived mostly in the past. He liked to talk of the "glorious" days. "Things were lively around here then," he used to say. "Why, for every dollar's worth I sell now, then I used to sell fifty dollars. They were the good old times!"

"But why?" questioned Ellie, bringing him sharply back to the present. "There are a lot more people here now and we should do better." Then, with a gesture of impatience, "Uncle, there 's no sense in it. We 've got to get up to date. I don't blame Joe and Glenn for leaving. There 's no future here."

"Shucks!" said Job Lansing. "You don't know what you 're talking about."

But Ellie always managed to have the last word. "I 'm going to do *something*! See if I don't!"

And she had done it!

For weeks, now, Job Lansing had been quite pleased with her. She had never been so reasonable. She had taken a great notion to cleaning up the store. Not that he approved of her moving the goods around; but still, it was a woman's way to be everlastingly fussing about with a dust-cloth. You could n't change them.

He had decided that this new interest on Ellie's part came from the feeling of responsibility he had put upon her two months before when he had been called to Monmouth. His old mining partner was ill and wanted to see him. Before he went he gave his niece a few directions and told her how to make up the order for goods, that had to go out the next day. He rode away feeling that the business would be all right in her hands.

Now, as he stormed around the store, he realized why she had taken such an interest in the arrangement of the shelf space. Why a gap had been left in a prominent place. It was for this silly stuff that would n't sell! He wanted to send it back, but, as it had been ordered, he would have to pay express on it both ways.

Ellie stood her ground; a determined expression in her face. She unpacked the heavy box and put the gay organdies and voiles in the places she had arranged for them. One piece, of a delicate gray with small, bright, magenta flowers in it, she left on the counter, and to the astonishment of the old man, she let a length of the dainty goods fall in graceful folds over a box placed beneath it.

This was one of the notions she had brought back from Phoenix, where she had gone on a spring shopping trip with Mrs. Matthews, wife



"THEY WERE CHUMS, OFTEN GOING TOGETHER ON LONG HORSEBACK RIDES TO DISTANT PEAKS THAT LOOKED INVITING"

of the superintendent at the Golden Glow mine. How she had enjoyed that day! Her eager eyes noted every up-to-date detail in the big stores where they shopped; but to her surprise, Mrs. Matthews had bought only such things as

they might easily have carried in her uncle's store—plain, but pretty, gingham for the Matthews children, a light-blue organdie for herself, a box of writing-paper, and a string of beads for Julie's birthday.

Ellie's pretty little head was at once filled with ideas that coaxed for a chance to become solid facts. Her uncle's trip to Monmouth gave her an opportunity, and, after weeks of waiting, the boxes had been delivered and the storm had broken.

When they closed the store for the night, Ellie was tired. She was not so sure of success as she had been. But, at least, she had made an effort to improve things. How she longed for her mother, absent on a two months' visit to one of her sons!

With the morning came new courage, even exhilaration, for unconsciously she was finding joy in the struggle; not as a diversion in the monotony and loneliness of her life, for Ellie did not know what monotony meant, and she felt herself rich in friends. She had two.

One was Louise Prescott at Skyboro, only ten miles away, daughter of a wealthy ranchman. They often visited each other, for each had her own pony and was free to come and go as she wished. And the other was Juanita Mercy, down the cañon in the opposite direction. Now, for the last two years, Louise had been away to school. But she was always thrilled at getting back to the mountains. She had returned the day before, and Ellie knew that early the next morning she would be loping her pony over the steep road that led to the little mountain store.

And it was when Ellie was standing guard over her new goods, fearing that her uncle might, in a moment of anger, order them to be sent back, that Louise rode up, and, throwing her reins forward over her pony's neck, leaped from the saddle and rushed into the store.

"Oh, Ellie! it's good to get back, and I have four months of vacation. Won't we have a grand time!— Why, you've been fixing up the store, Mr. Lansing; and how lovely it looks! I must have Mama come up and see these pretty summer things." Turning again to Ellie, she threw her arms around her and whispered: "Come on out and sit on our dear old bluff. I just can't get enough of the hills to-day, and I want to talk and talk and talk."

But it was not Louise who did the talking this time. While her eyes were feasting on the gorgeous scenery before her, the dim trails that led up and up the steep mountain on the other side of the creek, Ellie unburdened herself of her troubles. She told how she had ordered the goods on her own responsibility.

"Why, Ellie, how could you do it? I'd never have had the courage!"

"But I just *had* to, Lou. I don't want to leave the mountains, and I don't want to be poor all our lives. Uncle's getting old and set in his ways, and he can't seem to see that things are going behind all the time. Dear old uncle! He's

been so good to us! And now I'd like to help him. I'm just trying to save him from himself."

"And you will. I think it's fine!"

"Yes, it's fine, it *is*!" exploded Ellie, who was not quite so optimistic as she had been in the morning. Several Indian women had come into the store, and while they stared in astonishment at the pretty goods displayed on the counter, they had gone out without buying anything.

Job Lansing had shrugged his shoulders, and while not a word had escaped him, his manner had said emphatically, "I told you so!"

"But where is there any *if*, I'd like to know. You just have to sell all that stuff as fast as you can, and that will show him."

"But if the squaws won't buy? They did n't seem wild about it this morning."

"Well, you're not dependent on the squaws, I should hope. I'm going to tell Mother, and she'll come up, if I say so, and buy a lot of dresses."

"Now, Lou Prescott, don't you dare! That will spoil everything. Uncle would say it was charity. You see *see* are trading with squaws. Don't laugh, Louise! I must make good! I just *must*! But how am I going to make these squaws buy what I want them to buy? If Uncle would only plan and work with me, I know we could make a success of it. But he won't!"

"You should have invested in beads, reds and blues and greens, all colors, bright as you could get them."

"That's a good idea, Lou. I'll do it. But they can't buy a string of beads without buying a dress to match it! I'll do it, Lou Prescott!"

An hour later, when they returned to the store, Job Lansing looked up from the counter, his face wrathful. He had just measured off six yards of pink organdie and was doing it up in a package for Joe Hoan's daughter. Job Lansing hated to give in. He had tried to get Lillie Hoan to wait until Ellie returned, but she had insisted, and so the old man was the first to sell a piece of the pretty goods. He did it ungraciously.

Ellie and Louise stood still and stared at each other. Then Ellie whispered: "It's a good omen, I'm going to succeed."

And that night a second order was dispatched. Job Lansing made no objection, but he did not ask her what she had sent for.

The next two days were busy ones for Ellie. Her uncle fretted to himself, for not once did she come inside the store to help him. Louise came each day, and the two girls spent their time in Ellie's room, where the rattling sound of the old sewing-machine could be heard.

But on the third day Ellie was up early and was already dusting out the store when her uncle entered. It was Saturday, always a busy day.

This pleased Job Lansing. "That girl has a pile of good sense along with this other nonsense," he said to himself as he watched her.

About nine o'clock Louise arrived and entered quickly, throwing down a square package. "Here

Job Lansing started as if he were going to speak, then suppressed the words and went on with his work. Ellie tried to act as if everything was the same as usual. Selecting some blues and pinks and greens among her gingham and



"NO ONE WOULD HAVE KNOWN HER, FOR THE LITTLE COWBOY GIRL WAS DRESSED IN A DAINY VOILE WITH PINK BLOSSOMS IN IT"

they are, Ell. He brought them last night. I came right over with them, but I have to hurry back. They are beauties, all right."

The girls disappeared once more into the bedroom where they could be heard laughing and exclaiming.

When Ellie emerged no one would have known her, for the little cowboy girl was dressed in a dainty voile with pink blossoms in it, and around her neck was a long string of pink beads that matched perfectly the flowers in her gown.

voiles, she draped them over boxes and tubs. Then across each piece she laid a string of beads that matched or contrasted well with the colors in the material, and waited for results.

And the result was that when Joe Plumey's wife, the squaw who helped them in the kitchen, came in with the intention of buying beans and flour, she took a long look, first at Ellie, then at the exhibit, and without a word turned and left. She did not hurry, but she walked straight back to the Indian village.

"Guess she was frightened," commented Job.

Ellie was disappointed. She had depended on old Mary, and it was through her that she hoped to induce the other squaws to come. Some of them had never been in the store. They were shy, and left their men to do the buying.

Their sole visitor for the next hour was Phil Jennings, the stage-driver, who stopped in for the mail. "Well, well, what 's all this about! Are you trying to outshine the stores in town, Miss Ellie? And how pretty you look this morning."

"Yes, Mr. Jennings. We 're going to have a fine store here by this time next year. Uncle 's thinking of enlarging it and putting in an up-to-date stock. On your way down, you might pass the word along that our summer goods are in and that I have some beautiful pieces here for dresses, just as good as can be bought in Tucson or Phoenix. It 's easier than sending away to Chicago."

"Well, I sure will, Miss Ellie. Mother was growling the other day because she would have to go to Mounmouth to buy gingham for the kids."

"Please tell her that next week I 'm expecting some ready-made clothes for children, and it will pay her to come up and see them."

"I 'll tell her," said Phil Jennings, as he cracked his whip and started off. All he could talk about that day was "that clever little girl of Job Lansing's " who was going to make a real store at the summit and keep the mountain trade where it belonged.

"Where are you, Uncle?" called Ellie, as she came back into the store.

"I 'm hiding!" said Job. "Ashamed to be seen. Enlarge the store! It 's more than likely I 'll have to mortgage it. And you drumming up trade that way. It is n't ladylike."

"Well, it simply has to be done. He 'll give us some good advertising down the road to-day. I wish there was some one I could send down the creek. I wonder if you could n't ride down, yourself."

But Job Lansing pretended not to hear.

Ellie did not feel as brave as her words indicated. She knew that their trade from day to day came from the Indian settlement, and looked disconsolately out of the window. But in a moment she gave an exclamation of joy and found herself shaking her uncle's arm. "Here they come, Uncle, dear! Here they come!"

"Who? What are you talking about?"

"The squaws! They 're here in full force. Mary, the old darling, she 's brought the whole tribe, I do believe!"

Ellie busied herself at the counter, trying to appear at ease when the Indian women filed into the store and stood gazing about them. She was impatient to know if they were pleased, but

their impassive faces told nothing. She would just have to let them take their time. So she pretended not to notice them as they drew near to the counter, lingering the beads and dress-goods.

"How do you like my new dress, Mary?" Ellie turned on them suddenly. The squaws approached slowly and began to feel the cloth. Mary took hold of the beads and said, "Uh!" Then in a moment, "How much?"

Ellie's impulse was to throw her arms around Mary and hug her, but she was very dignified and grown-up as she answered calmly: "We don't sell the beads. They are not for sale!"

"Well of all things! Not for sale!" muttered Job, as he slipped through the rear door into the store-room and slammed it vehemently.

"They are not for sale, but we give a string of them to any one who buys a dress."

Five of the squaws bought dresses, and each time a long string of beads was passed over.

In the afternoon, Ellie's watchful eyes caught the first glimpse of them as the same squaws, accompanied by others, rounded the curve in the path and came single file up the steep short-cut to the store.

Ellie counted her profits that night and was satisfied. Still, there were some twenty or twenty-five squaws in the settlement who had never been inside the store, and she made up her mind that they must be persuaded to come.

The next week a large packing-case arrived. Ellie was the one to wield the hatchet this time, for her uncle was still in an ungracious mood. The box was larger than she expected, but this was explained when it was opened. Two large dolls were inside—one with curly short hair and boyish face, and the other a real "girly" doll. A letter explained that with an order for children's ready-to-wear clothes it might be an advantage to have dolls on which to display them.

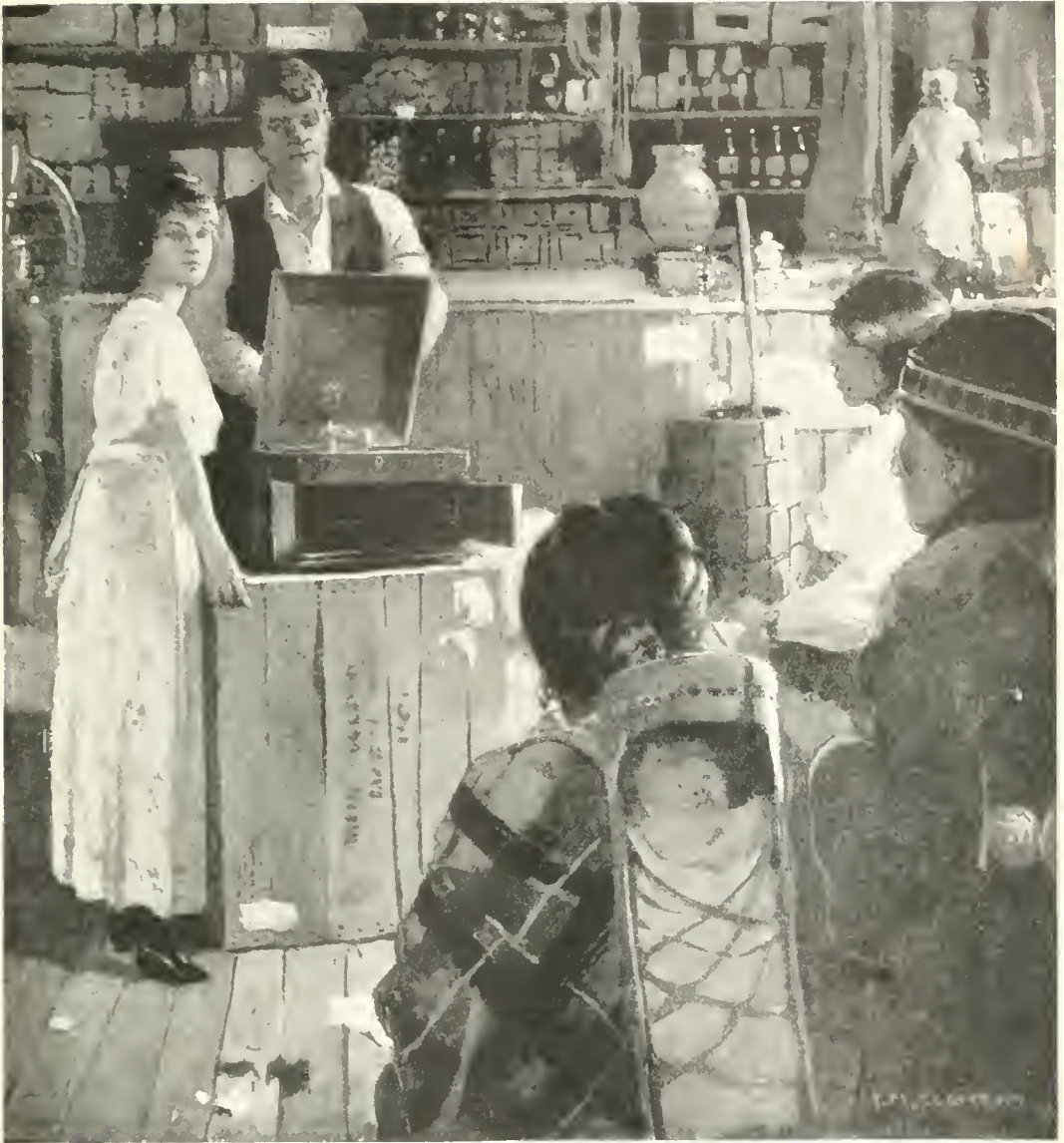
"I wonder!" said Ellie, to herself. "Look here, Uncle," she called, as the old man came into the store; "see what they 've sent me! Look at these pink and white dolls, when we 're trading with Indians. Is n't it a joke?"

"A coat of brown paint is what you want," said old Job, laughing a cynical laugh.

"You 've hit it, Uncle! You certainly have dandy ideas. I should n't have thought of it."

Then in a moment he heard her at the telephone giving a number. It was the Prescott ranch. "Hello, is that you, Louise? Can you come up to-day? I need you. All right. And Lou, bring your oil paints. It 's very important."

It was with much giggling and chattering that the two girls began their transformation of the pink and white dolls. Their bisque faces were given a thin coating of brown paint. The old



"IS N'T THIS GREAT? THEY 'RE HERE, EVERY ONE OF THEM! YOU 'RE AWFULLY GOOD TO LET US USE THE PHONOGRAPH!" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

man watched them from across the store and almost gasped as he saw them rip off the wigs. Then they retreated to the kitchen. He was so curious that he made several trips to the door and peered through a crack.

What he saw was the two girls bending over a pot on the stove, which they were stirring furiously. Once in a while Ellie raised the stick with something black on the end, and finally the two dripping dolls' wigs were hung over the stove to dry. Of course the boiling had taken all the curl out of the hair, but that was what they wanted, for the two dolls were now brown-faced, dark-haired

figures. They were arrayed in the ready-to-wear clothes, and the girls stood back to survey them.

"They look fine, Ellie! That is, yours does; but my girl here does n't look quite right."

Job Lansing was pretending to be busy. He turned and at once broke into a roar of laughter. "Well, when did you ever see a blue-eyed Injin?"

"Oh that 's it, Ellie. Your doll had brown eyes, but mine are blue. What shall we do? It looks silly this way."

"Paint 'em black!" chuckled the old man.

"Of course!" said Ellie. Then in a tone loud enough to carry across the store, "Is n't Uncle

quick to notice things." Ellie meant him to hear what she said, but she was none the less sincere, for she did have a high regard for her uncle's ability. She had said to Louise often in the last few days, "When I get Uncle started, here 'll be no stopping him." Still, the remark had been sent forth with a purpose.

Job Lansing gave the girl a quick glance. She was daubing brown paint on the girl-doll's eyes. He was pleased by her praise and no less by her readiness to take his advice.

The little dresses and suits sold quickly. Mrs. Matthews bought a supply, and told others about them.

But they were mostly white women who purchased these things; and while Ellie was glad to get their trade, she still had the fixed idea that she must get the squaws in the habit of coming in to do their own shopping.

The quick sale of the new goods made a deep impression on Job Lansing, and he seemed especially pleased at the sales made to the white women at the mines. One morning he approached his niece with the suggestion that she had better keep her eyes open and find out what the women around the mountains needed. Ellie had been doing this for weeks. She had a big list made out already, but she saw no need of telling her uncle. She looked up, her face beaming.

"That's a capital idea, Uncle. I think we might just as well sell them all their supplies." Ellie was exultant. She knew her troubles were over, that her plan was working out.

Still, she was n't quite satisfied. A few of the shy squaws had been induced to come up and look at things from the outside, peering into the shop through the door and windows. But there were probably twenty who had not been in the store. If only she could persuade them to come once, there would be no more trouble.

The final stroke which brought the Indians, both men and women, into the store was a bit of good luck. Ellie called it a miracle.

It was after a very heavy rain storm in the mountains that Jennings, the stage-driver, shouted to her one evening: "Do you mind if I leave a big box here for young Creighton over at the Scotia mine? The road's all washed out by Camp 3, and I don't dare take this any farther. It's one of those phonographs that makes music, you know. And say, Miss Ellie, will you telephone him that it's here?"

"Yes," answered Ellie, in an absent-minded way. "I'll telephone him." She was still half-dreaming as she heard young Creighton's voice at the other end of the line, but at once she became eager and alert. "I want to ask a favor of you, Mr. Creighton? Your phonograph is here.

They can't take it up on account of the washout. May I open it and play on it. I'll make sure that it is boxed up again carefully."

"Why, certainly, Miss Ellie! I'll be glad to have you enjoy the music. The records and everything are in the box. Perhaps I'll come over and hear it myself."

The next evening, about eight o'clock, Will Creighton arrived on horseback, and found such a throng of Indians close about the door that he had to go in by the kitchen. He heard the strains of the phonograph music and had no need to ask the cause of the excitement. All the squaws were inside the store. Occasionally one would extend a hand and touch the case or peer into the dark box, trying to discover where the sounds came from.

Creighton approached Ellie, who was changing a needle. She turned her flushed face to him with a smile. "Isn't this great! They're here, every one of them! You're awfully good to let us use the phonograph. I've ordered one like it for ourselves. These blessed squaws do enjoy music so much!"

Job Lansing was standing near the machine, enjoying it as much as any one. A new record had been put on, the needle adjusted, and the music issued forth from that mysterious box. It was one of those college songs, a "laughing" piece. And soon old Job was doubled over, with his enjoyment of it. The squaws drew closer together. At first they scowled, for they thought that the queer creature in the polished case was laughing at *them*. Then one began to giggle, and soon another, and finally the store was filled with hysterical merriment. Sometimes it would stop for a moment, and then, as the sounds from the phonograph could be heard, it would break forth again.

Ellie stood for hours, playing every record four or five times, and when she finally shut up the box, as a sign that the concert was over, the taciturn Indians filed silently out of the store and went home without a word.

But the girl knew that they would return. She had won!

Another triumph was hers when the spring time came again. One day her uncle approached her and hesitatingly said, "Ellie, we're going to be awfully cramped when our new summer goods arrive. Guess I'd better have Hoan ride over and give me an estimate on an addition to the store."

Ellie suppressed the desire to cry out, "I told you so." Instead she said very calmly: "Why, that's a fine idea, Uncle. Business *is* picking up, and it would be nice to have more room. I'm glad you thought of it."





"OLE LAY DOWN ON THE ICE AND BEGAN TO WORM HIS WAY TOWARD THE SEAL."

## THE WHITE TERROR OF THE NORTH

By BERNARD SEXTON

"I GUESS this is a likely place for the snow-house."

The speaker was Ole Anderson, a gigantic man with a good-natured red face which perpetually broke into a grin. He stopped the dogs and turned to the two men and the boy who followed the sled.

"It looks as good as any other place, Dad!" called out the boy, as he ran to the dogs and began unharnessing.

The two others said nothing, for they were men of few words, and the arctic wastes breed silence. They were Tom Henderson and his cousin Dick Hurley, both friends of Ole Anderson and his companions on many adventurous voyages. When Ole had left Seattle a month before in his little whaling-ship the *Happy Bird*, he had taken his fourteen-year-old boy with him on the trip, for, as he said, "Jack is almost as big as a man now, and why should n't he have a man's job when he wants it?" So to Jack's great delight, but with many misgivings on the part of his mother, he was allowed to go.

Ole had left the *Happy Bird* in a little sheltered harbor near Point Manning, and had gone out on the ice with his son and his two companions to get seal. This was to be their first night camp on the ice. It was a thrilling moment for Jack when the dogs were unhitched and he realized that they were to stay on the ice and build a snow-house, like the Eskimos. Tom and Dick set to work immediately, cutting up the snow blocks for the igloo; and after Jack had watched them for a minute, he was able to help.

In an hour the house was built, and the ventilating hole, which was two or three inches in diameter, carefully bored in the top. Jack noticed that Tom and Dick took care to build the house on top of a deep drift, so that the snow actually insulated them from the cold of the ice underneath. To enter, they had to make their way along a passage, tunneled through the snow, and which led into the house by way of a hole in the floor. When Jack stood up inside, his head was a few inches below the roof.

By the time that Tom and Dick were beginning to unpack the sleds, Jack's father said to him, "I guess you can come with me for seal." And the two took their rifles from the pack and walked along until they came to the rough, hummocky ice that they had noticed ahead when they first made camp. On the way, Ole talked to Jack about the methods used in the capture of seal.

"The great thing," he said, "is to understand what the seal himself thinks. Now, up here on the arctic ice, the greatest enemy of the seal is the polar bear. The seal comes up and climbs out on the ice to get air and to sleep. On account of the danger from polar bears, he is careful never to sleep longer than a minute. Then he lifts his head and looks around. If he does n't see anything looking like a polar bear, he puts his head down and sleeps for another minute, or even for thirty seconds. It 's all right for the hunter to walk toward the seal till he 's within four hundred yards, for beyond that a seal's eyesight is n't good. At four hundred yards you

must begin to stalk him, and that I'm going to show you how to do."

They were now about a mile from camp. Ole looked around very carefully, and after an exhaustive survey, he pointed out a black thing on the ice about a quarter of a mile away. "Now," he said, "you watch me, and I'll show you how to stalk seal."

"But, Dad," said Jack, puzzled, "why don't you shoot him from here? I know you can do it."

"I could n't score a brain shot from here," answered Ole, "and any other kind of shot would lose the seal; for he lies on slippery ice, and the least quiver after death sends him down into the water. Once there, he is likely to float under the ice, where we could n't get him."

Ole lay down on the ice and began to worm his way toward the seal. Whenever the seal looked around, Ole lay perfectly still, waiting until the watchful beast put his head down again. However, when Ole got within two hundred yards of the victim, he adopted new tactics. Once in a while, as the seal looked at him, he would raise up his leg and make motions as if scratching himself; and as this was what the seal himself was doing all the time, it drove home to his brain the conviction that Ole was only another seal, and so quite harmless.

When Ole got within seventy-five yards, Jack heard a sharp report, and, after that, the seal put up its head no more. Jack, who always hated killing animals, felt a little sad as he saw the fine creature lying so still. A moment later he was running toward Ole who was now leisurely approaching his prize. They tied a rope around it and then Ole dragged it to camp, where he handed it over to Tom, who knew well how to cut up seal.

The weather had been growing colder during the day, and now, with the temperature thirty below, Jack was glad to get into the snow-house. Dick was there cooking supper over the blue-flame kerosene stove. Jack was astonished to find how warm the shelter was. He found it perfectly comfortable to sit on the ledge of snow covered with fur, that ran around the base of the house. He talked to Dick about the day's experience.

"Tom and I hev been sayin' as how it might be well to hev your father and us walk to the north, to-morrow, and look for silver fox," said Dick.

Ole's head appeared in the opening just then, and he crawled in, followed by Tom, who brought some of the seal blubber. "Yes, Freckon, Dick, you're right," he said. "If we could leave the lid here to take care of the dogs, we could look for the fox."

"I'm not scared to stay, Dad," answered Jack. "I'll be glad to take care of the dogs."

Ole nodded, and they went on with the supper. The snow-house became warmer and warmer. Jack wondered how it was that the walls did n't melt, and Dick explained that the cold, penetrating from the outside, kept the snow hard.

"The colder it is outside, the warmer you can keep it inside," he said.

The comfort of it all soon made Jack drowsy; and before he knew it, he was fast asleep, while the men smoked and made their plans for the morning's trip.

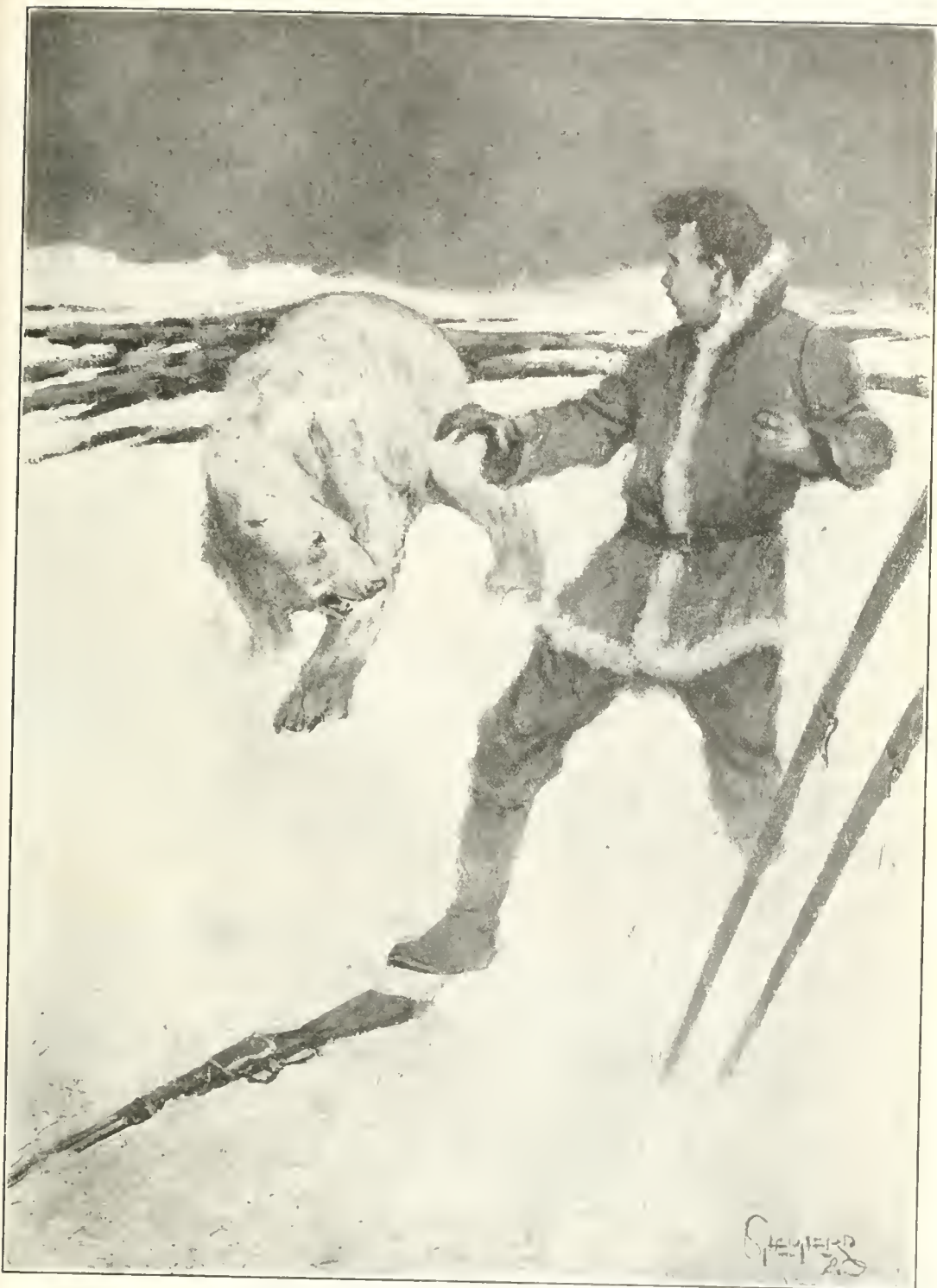
When he woke, Dick was cooking breakfast, and the heat of the stove made their cozy house so warm that they all sat up in their sleeping-bags without any extra covering from the waist up. Then the men dressed and went outside to feed the dogs. Ole and the boy followed them in a few minutes.

"We're a little scarce on cartridges," said Ole, "but I'll leave you six for the rifle. All you got to do is to sit around and take care of things. If we ain't back till to-morrow, you can tie up the dogs to-night, and we'll be in in the morning early. Ain't no bears around here, I guess."

JACK found the hours of that day rather long and monotonous, and he was really glad when "night" came, and when, after feeding the dogs, he crawled into the snow-house and made supper. Immediately thereafter he curled up in his sleeping-bag and fell asleep.

Through his dreams, at last, he heard the staccato barking of the dogs, and by the way they spoke, he knew, with a jump of the heart, that a polar bear was approaching. Jack had lain down in his clothes. Now he hastily jumped out of the bag and seized the rifle. The savage frenzy of the dogs increased. For a moment Jack was very much afraid. He did n't want to go out and meet the chances of death—but he hesitated only for a moment. He knew that if he did n't go out, if he allowed his fear to master him, the dogs would be torn to pieces in a very few minutes.

When he emerged from the entrance it was light, and he saw the bear leisurely walking in the direction of camp. It was an enormous beast, and utterly fearless. Jack realized the truth of what his father had told him a few days before, that the bears in the far northern ice, many of whom have never seen man, are utterly unconscious of danger. Jack's first bullet seemed to miss the great beast, but he paused at the report with a puzzled look, and then came on with the same swinging stride as before. The second bullet hit him. He stopped for a few seconds and looked at Jack, as if doubting whether or not *he* was important. At that moment Jack, aiming for his head, fired for the third time. To his



"AND STILL THE MONSTER KEPT COMING ON! THEN JACK THREW DOWN HIS WEAPON AND TURNED TO RUN" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

astonishment, the bear, instead of dropping to the ground, leaped ahead and charged!

Jack knew he had time for but one more shot and that he must not miss. The huge white creature that came bounding toward him was the most terrifying sight that he had ever seen. There was just one thing he wanted to do, and that was to throw down the rifle and run. But he controlled the impulse, and when the bear was only forty feet away, he fired once more.

And still the monster kept on coming! Then Jack threw down his weapon and turned to run. As he did so, he saw hurrying figures coming toward him. They were shouting. A second later he was flung violently to the ground, as the bear leaped upon him. His head hit the hard ice and he lost consciousness. As he fell, he seemed to hear from what seemed an enormous distance a small *pop, pop, pop!*

WHEN Jack came to himself, he found he was lying in the snow-house, and the men, with their grave, kind faces, were sitting around watching

him. Ole was sitting by his side. He held in his hand a lump of ice with which he had been chafing the head of the boy. His face lighted up wonderfully when he saw Jack open his eyes.

"Well, Jack, my boy," he said, "you 'll have something to talk of when you go back. You're the youngest lad that ever killed a polar bear, I guess."

Jack looked inquiringly from one to the other. "Are you sure it was my bullets that killed him, Dad?" he asked. "It seemed to me that I missed all my shots and that I heard you firing as I fell. I guess it was you killed him, after all," and he grinned at his father.

"Not a bit of it!" cried Ole. "I did fire three shots as he fell, but it was your bullets did the work—we found one in his heart. Now don't talk any more, son."

Tom and Dick nodded vigorously, and always maintained that it was the "dad's" bullet that killed the big bear whose enormous skin, a week later, ornamented the cabin of the *Happy Bird*.

## THE DISAPPOINTED CHIPMUNK

By EDNA A. COLLAMORE

A LAZY young chipmunk observed the mishap  
Of a splendid gray squirrel, caught fast in a trap,  
And gleefully hurried to seize the rich hoard  
That his provident neighbor had patiently stored.

"I shall live at my ease," said the chipmunk, with  
glee,

As he settled himself in the well-furnished tree;  
"These nuts are delicious to taste and to smell,  
And yet 't is a bother to bite through the shell.  
Now since I have plenty, enough and to spare,  
I believe I will give some old blue jay a share;  
Provided he comes, as I'm certain he will,  
To crack me the rest with his very strong bill."

So the bargain was made. For a while he found  
pleasure

In lazily, greedily, munching his treasure;  
But, after a time, he observed with dismay  
That his teeth, growing longer, were much in his  
way,

And one morning he found, very much to his  
fright,

That so long they had grown, he no longer could  
bite.

Then he rushed to the owl, who was said to be  
wise,

Begged that he should assist him, and kindly  
advise.

Said the glum, glaving owl, "You must grind off  
at once

Those teeth you can't bite with, you lazy young  
dunce!

For each idle day those incisors have grown,  
You must gnaw a full hour on a hard, tasteless  
stone,

Or else you will starve—which would be no great  
loss."

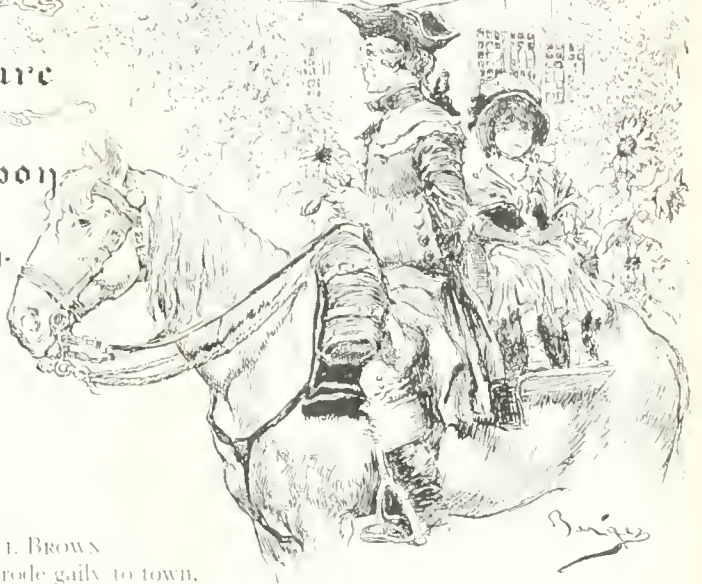
(Any owl, in the daytime, awakened, feels cross.)  
Now fear for his life roused the chipmunk to  
work,

And he gnawed stones for hours, never daring to  
shirk;

Then he wearily groaned, as he paused for a rest,  
"The easiest way is not always the best!"

# The Adventures of Mary Melinda Mehitable Brown.

## The Adventure of the Lutestring Ribbon by Minnie Leona Upton.



MARY MELINDA MEHITABLE BROWN

Behind her dear father rode gaily to town,  
Perched up on a pillion, while Dobbin sedately  
Jogged on, at a gait that was safe, sane, and stately.

Once safely arrived in the big busy town,  
Her father with care took his small daughter down,  
And then—for no gay, idle sight seeing stopping—  
With zeal and with ardor she set about shopping.



"WITH ZEAL AND WITH ARDOR SHE SET ABOUT SHOPPING"

'T was a shiny new cane for her grandtather dear,  
 While grandmother's gift was a cap, soft and sheer,  
 A kerchief of lace for her sweet pretty mother,  
 A rattle for baby, a top for small brother:

To give her kind father a joytul surprise,  
 A handsome cravat was kept hid from his eyes,  
 And then — and this finished her shopping completely —  
 A fine lutestring ribbon, to tie her curls neatly.

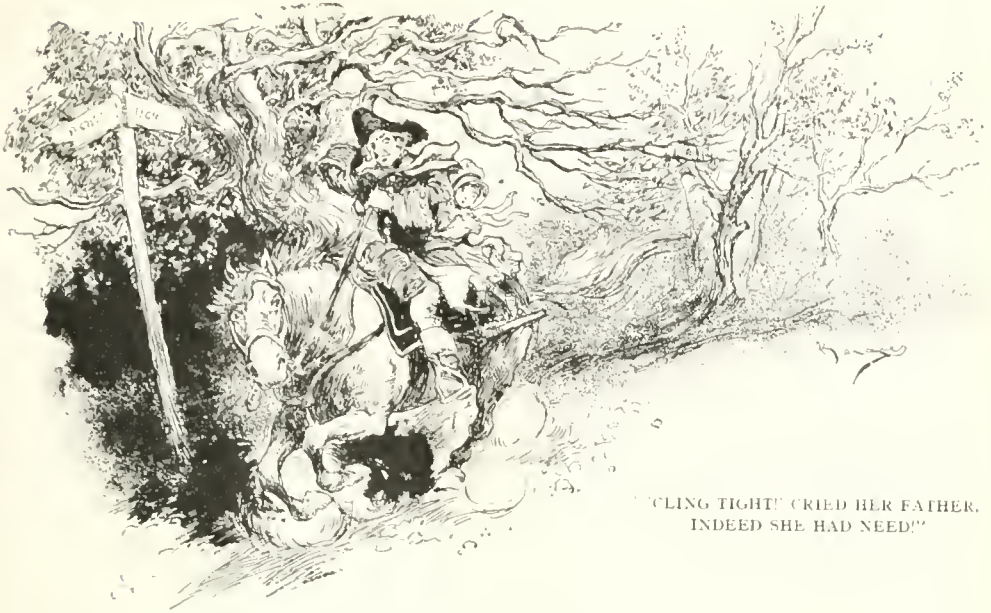


A FINE LUTESTRING RIBBON TO TIE HER CURLS NEATLY.

The twilight was falling as homeward they fared;  
 The forest was dusky, and Dobbin got scared  
 By something he saw — or, it may be, he felt it,  
 Or heard, or surmised, or suspected, or smelt it'

With a bound and a bump he was off at full speed  
 "Cling tight!" cried her father. "Indeed she had need"  
 She really believed that for fully a million  
 Of times she was almost bounced off of the pillion'

But still she stuck tight, and when Dobbin got calm,  
 She counted her parcels — if aught came to harm,  
 The gifts all were safe, but her joy was quite banished  
 When she found that her fine lutestring ribbon had vanished



"CLING TIGHT!" CRIED HER FATHER,  
INDEED SHE HAD NEED!"

But Mary Melinda Melitable Brown  
Was not of the sort that would long wear a frown;  
And she wore her old ribbons with manner so sprightly  
That new lutestring ribbon had not shone more brightly.



When next in the town he had business to do,  
Her father declared she should go along too,  
And choose her a ribbon much wider, and longer,  
And brighter, and finer, and softer, and stronger!

As toward they jogged, through the cool summer shade  
She heard a sweet call, and she knew it was made  
By a dear, happy robin; then, all about peeping,  
She soon spied the home that the robin was keeping.

And what do you think? All around and about,  
Within it, quite doubtless, as well as without,  
Her fine lutestring ribbon, all in-and-out curving,  
As a baby-bird blanket was brilliantly serving!

"Cheer up!" called the robin. Said Mary, "All right!"  
"T is worth losing my ribbon to see such a sight;  
But if you would like to thank *some* one, dear robin,  
Then truly, my dear, you would better thank Dobbin!"

Then Mary Melinda Melitable Brown  
My mother's great-grandmother, rode off to town,  
To buy that new ribbon, much wider, and longer,  
And brighter, and finer, and softer, and stronger.



# THE DRAGON'S SECRET

By AUGUSTA HUELL SEAMAN

Author of "The Sapphire Signet," "The Slipper Point Mystery," etc., etc.

## SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS

LESLIE CLUSE—staying with an invalid aunt in a small rented bungalow, Rest Haven, on the Jersey coast in October, and her friend Phyllis Kelvin, living with her father and brother at a bungalow farther down the beach, have discovered a mystery that seems to be connected with an untenanted and closed-for-the-season house next door to Leslie—Curlew's Nest. On a night of storm, Leslie has seen a strange light in the cracks of the shuttered window, and next day her dog Rags digs up from the sand in front of the place a burlap bag containing a bronze box, which the girls cannot open and which they have named "The Dragon's Secret," because it is shaped like a winged dragon. A few days later, when they are all at Phyllis's bungalow in the evening, it begins to rain. Leslie runs back to Rest Haven for wraps, and again sees a strange light in Curlew's Nest. The next morning, she and Phyllis find a footprint in the sand near a side door of Curlew's Nest, and they determine to explore the empty bungalow that afternoon, as Phyllis is acquainted with the people who own it, who have shown her how to get in through a door which is not very securely fastened. They do this after having turned Rags loose on the beach. Just as they are about to examine the last room, they are disturbed by an unearthly howling and realize that Rags has traced them to the side door. They open it to quiet him and find not only Rags, but also Phyllis's older brother Ted, who demands to know what they are doing in the bungalow. Phyllis refuses to tell him and he leaves them, declaring he will yet discover their secret. After he is gone, Phyllis deplures the fact that they have examined the place and found not a single suggestion of anything unusual in it. Leslie asks her if she did n't see anything that seemed out of the way, and then announces very quietly that *she did!*

## CHAPTER VI

### LESLIE MAKES SOME DEDUCTIONS

"Well, of all things!" ejaculated the astonished Phyllis. "And you never said a word! What was it?"

"I did n't say anything," explained Leslie, "because there was hardly a chance. It was just before we came out and—"

"But what was it? Never mind how it happened!" cried Phyllis, impatiently.

"Well, this is part of it. In that southwest bedroom, the one facing our house, I saw a tiny string of beads lying under the bureau, just by the front leg of it. The string was just a thread about three inches long, with some little green beads on it. A few of the beads had come off it and rolled farther away. I picked one of them up, and here it is." She held out a little bead to Phyllis.

"But what on earth is there to *this*?" exclaimed Phyllis, staring at it disappointedly. "I don't see what an insignificant little object like this proves. It was probably left by the Dantorths, anyway."

"No, I don't think it was," returned Leslie, quietly, "because the Dantorths seem to have cleaned the place very thoroughly. The rest of the floor was spick and span as could be. I think the string of beads was part of a fringe, such as they wear so much nowadays to trim nice dresses. It probably caught in the leg of that bureau and was pulled off without its owner realizing it. Now did any of the Dantorths, as far as you know, have any bead-trimmed dresses that they wore down here?"

Phyllis took her bead. "I begin to see what you're driving at, Leslie. No, there's only Mr.

Dantorth to wear dresses—the rest of the family consists of her husband and the boys. I'm perfectly certain I never saw her in a beaded dress. And even if she had one, I'm sure she would n't think of wearing it down here, not even to travel home in. People don't bring elaborate clothes to this place, and she's never been known to. I believe you're right. If the beads had been there when the place was cleaned, they would have disappeared. They must have come there since. The mysterious 'she' of the footprint must have left them! But what else was there?"

"Well, I noticed another thing that was curious and very puzzling. I confess, I can't make much out of it, and yet it may mean a great deal. It was out by the fireplace in the living-room. Did you happen to notice that one of the bricks in the floor of it looked as if an attempt had been made to pry it loose, or something? The cement all along one side had been loosened and then packed down into place again. And 'way in the corner, I picked up *this*." She held up the blade of a pen-knife, broken off half-way.

"No, I had n't noticed it at all!" exclaimed Phyllis, ruefully. "The truth is, Leslie, I went into that place expecting to see it all torn up or upheaved or something of the kind—something very definite, anyway. And when I did n't find anything of the sort, I was awfully disappointed and hardly stopped to notice any of these small things. But I believe what you've found may be very important, and I think you're awfully clever to have noticed them, too. Why, it actually sounds like a regular detective story! And now that you've found these things, what do you make out of them? Have you any ideas?"



Leslie wrinkled her brow for an interval in silent thought. At last she said, "Yes, I have a good many ideas, but I have n't had time to get them into any order yet. They're all sort of—chaotic!"

"Oh, never mind!" cried the ever-impatient Phyllis. "Tell me them, anyway. I don't care how chaotic they are!"

"Well, to begin with, has this occurred to you?—whoever comes here selects only a stormy, rainy night for a visit. Now *why*, unless they think it the best kind of time to escape observation. They just calculate on few people going out or even *looking* out of their houses on that kind of a night. Is n't that so?"

"It certainly seems to be," agreed Phyllis, "but what do you prove by that?"

"I don't *prove* anything, but I've drawn a conclusion from it that I'll tell you later. Then, there's the matter of this little bead. I know you rather scorned it when I first showed it to you, but do you realize one thing? We may be able to identify the owner by means of it."

Phyllis stared at her incredulously, but Leslie continued: "Yes, I really think so, and I'll tell you why. This is n't an ordinary bead. In the first place, it's a rather peculiar shade of green—one you don't ordinarily see. Then, though it's so small, it's cut in a different way, too, sort of melon-shaped, only with about six sides. Do you see?"

On closer examination, Phyllis did see. And she had to acknowledge that Leslie was right.

"Then there's the broken penknife and the brick with one side pried out," went on Leslie. "It's pretty plain that the person was trying to pry up that brick with the penknife and found it hard work because the mortar or cement is solid. Then the blade of the knife broke and the attempt was probably given up. Now why did they want to pry up that brick?"

"I know!—I know!" cried Phyllis, triumphantly. "They wanted to bury 'The Dragon's Secret' under it!"

"Maybe they did and maybe they did n't," replied Leslie, more cautiously. "They certainly tried to pry up the brick, but perhaps it was to *look* for something under it, rather than to hide anything. However, I rather think it was to hide it. And because they did n't succeed, they went out and buried it in the sand, instead. How about *that*?"

Phyllis sprang up and hugged her impetuously. "You have a brain like a regulation sleuth-hound's!" she laughed. "What else?"

"Well, this is what I can't understand. Suppose this person (we're sure now it must be a woman) came down here that first stormy night

with 'The Dragon's Secret,' and tried to hide it somewhere, and finally buried it in the sand outside. The question is, what did she come for the *second* time?"

"To get it again?" suggested Phyllis.

"I'm almost absolutely certain not, because, if so, all she would have had to do was to go outside and dig. (Of course, she would n't have found it, because we had it!) But she never went outside at all. I know that positively. I passed right by the place where Rags dug the hole, on my way up from your bungalow, and it was quite untouched, just as we left it after we filled it up again that day. And when we came back again, I looked a second time, and still it was the same. And I watched half the night and would certainly have seen if any one had gone there. No, I'm sure it was n't for that. But what was it for?"

"Give it up," advised Phyllis, "at least for the present. Anything else?"

"No, except the conclusion I drew about the person's coming on a stormy night. Do you realize this?—there's quite a big chance that they—or rather, *she!*—will come again on the *next* stormy night—perhaps!"

"Well, if that's the case," exclaimed Phyllis, "I've drawn a little conclusion of my own. The next stormy night I'm going to spend at your bungalow—and we're going to keep awake all night!"

## CHAPTER VII

### A NEW DEVELOPMENT

BUT the weather remained quite clear for several nights after this. And meantime other things happened that gave a new twist to the girls' conjectures.

Two mornings after the events of the last chapter, Phyllis appeared at Rest Haven with a mysterious wrapped parcel in her hand. Answering Leslie's curious glance, she whispered:

"I want you to take this thing and keep it here and hide it. It's 'The Dragon's Secret.' I don't feel safe a minute with it around our place since Ted's performance the other day. You know, he boasted he'd find out our secret, and he will certainly make every effort to, or I don't know him. Whether he'll succeed or not depends upon how clever we are in spoiling his plans. If he found this, though, we might as well not try to keep the rest from him. I discovered him snooping around my room rather suspiciously yesterday. This was locked up in my trunk, and he *said* he was only hunting for fudge! But anyhow, you'd better keep it now, if you can think of some safe place to hide it."

"I'm sure I don't know where to put it" sighed Leslie, rather worried by the responsibility.

"Aunt Marcia and I shared one big trunk because it did n't seem worth while to bring two, when one needs so few things here. So of course I could n't put it in there, and the lock of my suitcase is broken. There is n't a bureau drawer with a key

else would think of disturbing it. Wouldn't that be the best place, really?"

"I guess you're right," admitted Leslie, considerably relieved. "Wait till Aunt Marcia has gone to sit on the front veranda, and we can put it there."



THE GIRLS TUCKED IT FAR INTO A CORNER"

in the whole bungalow—so what am I going to do?"

For a time, Phyllis was equally puzzled. Then suddenly she had a bright idea. "I'll tell you! That top shelf in your pantry where the refrigerator is! You said you'd put quite a few kitchen things there that you did n't use, and it's dark and unhandy and neither your aunt nor any one

was n't very well, was recovering from some kind of a fever, I think,—and wanted to be alone in some quiet place. You know, Mrs. Danforth herself spent all summer in your bungalow, and she said she saw very little of the man in Curlew's Nest, though they were such near neighbors. He sat on his porch or in the house a great deal, or took long walks by himself on the beach. He

The Dragon's Secret had probably known some strange resting-places in its time, but doubtless none stranger than the one in which it now found itself—a dark, rather dusty top shelf in a pantry, hobnobbing with a few worn-out pots and pans and discarded kitchen-ware! But the girls tucked it far into a corner, and, wrapped in its burlap bag, it was as successfully concealed as it would have been in a strong-box.

"And now, there's something I've been wanting to ask you," said Leslie, as the two girls strolled down to the beach. "Do you happen to know anything about the people who hired Curlew's Nest the latter part of this summer?"

"Oh, yes!" answered Phyllis, "though I did n't happen to see them myself. Mrs. Danforth told me that in July the Remsons had it, as they always do. But in August and September she rented it to an elderly gentleman,—I can't think of his name, just this minute,—who stayed there all by himself with only his man or valet to do all the work. He

used to pass the time of day with her, and make some other formal remarks, but that was about all. She was really rather curious about him, he seemed so anxious not to mix with other people or be talked to. But he left about the middle of September, and she closed up that bungalow for the winter. That 's about all I know."

"It 's too bad you can't think of his name!" exclaimed Leslie.

"Why?" demanded Phyllis, suddenly curious. "You surely don't think that has anything to do with *this* affair, do you?"

But Leslie countered that question by asking another: "Has it ever occurred to you as strange, Phyllis, that whoever got into that bungalow lately knew the little secret about the side door and worked it very cleverly?"

Phyllis's eyes grew wide and she seized Leslie's arm in so muscular a grip that Leslie winced. "No, it did n't, you little pocket-edition *Sherlock Holmes!* But I see what you 're driving at. To know about that side door, one must have been pretty well acquainted with that bungalow—*lived* in it for a while! Aha! No wonder you 're curious about the last occupant. We 'll have to count that old gentleman in on this!"

"Yes, but here 's the mystery," reminded Leslie. "You said he lived here alone except for his man-servant. Remember, please, that the footprint we saw—was a *woman's!*"

Phyllis tore at her hair in mock despair. "Worse and more of it!" she groaned. "But the deeper it gets, the more determined I grow to get to the bottom of it!"

They strolled on a while in silence. Suddenly Phyllis asked, "Where 's Rags this morning?"

"He does n't seem to feel very well to-day. Something seems to have disagreed with him—perhaps too many hermit-crabs! Anyway, he 's lying around on the veranda and seems to want to stay near Aunt Marcia and sleep. She said she 'd keep him there."

"Best news I 've heard in an age!" exclaimed Phyllis, delightedly. "That dog is a most faithful article, Leslie, but he 's a decided nuisance sometimes! And now, I have a gorgeous idea that I 've been wanting to try for two days. Father and Ted have gone off for the day up the inlet, and Rags is out of commission. Here 's our chance. Do you realize that there 's one bedroom in Curlew's Nest we did n't have a chance to explore the other day? Let 's go and do it right now. I 'll run down to our house for the electric torch and meet you at the side door. There 's not a soul around to interfere with us!"

"Oh, no, Phyllis! I really don't think we ought—" objected Leslie, recalling all too vividly the unpleasantness of their former experience. But

Phyllis was off and far away while she was still expostulating, and in the end, Leslie found herself awaiting her companion in the vicinity of the side door of Curlew's Nest.

They entered the dark bungalow with beating hearts, more aware this time than ever that mystery lurked in the depth of it. Straight to the unexplored bedroom they proceeded, for, as Leslie reminded them, they had no time to waste; Rags might have an untimely recovery and come seeking them as before! Ted also might be prompted by his evil genius to descend on them; or even Aunt Marcia might be minded to hunt them up.

The bedroom in question, as Phyllis now recalled, was the southwest one, and the one Mrs. Danforth said that the last tenant had chosen for his own. "Therefore it ought to be more than ordinarily interesting," went on Phyllis. "I remember now that Mrs. Danforth said he had asked permission to leave there, as a little contribution to the bungalow, a few books that he had finished with and did not wish to carry away. She left them right where they were on a shelf in his room, instead of putting them in the bookcase in the living-room. I 'm sort of remembering these things she told me, piecemeal, because Mrs. Danforth is a great talker and is always giving you a lot of details about things you 're not particularly interested in, and you try to listen politely, but often find it an awful bore. Then you try to forget it all as soon as possible!"

They found the bedroom in question somewhat more spacious and better furnished than the others. But though they examined every nook and cranny with care, they discovered nothing thrilling, or even enlightening, within its walls till they came to the shelf of books. These, with the exception of two books of recent fiction, were all of travel and politics in foreign countries.

"My, but he must have been interested in India and China and Tibet and those countries!" exclaimed Leslie, reading the titles. "I wonder why?"

She took one of them down and turned the pages idly. As she did so, something fluttered out and fell to the floor. "Oh!" she cried, picking it up and examining it. "Phyllis, this may prove very valuable! Do you see what it is?" It was an envelop of thin, foreign-looking paper—an empty envelop, forgotten and useless, unless perhaps it had been employed as a book-mark. But on it was a name—the name no doubt of the recipient of the letter it had once contained, and also a foreign address.

"Do you see what it says?" went on Leslie, excitedly. "'*Honorable Arthur Ramsay, Hotel de Wagons-Lits, Peking.*' Why, Phyllis, that 's his

name (which you could n't remember!) and he was evidently at some time in Peking!"

But Phyllis was puckering her brows in an effort of memory. "There 's some mistake here, I guess," she remarked at length, "for now I recall that Mrs. Danforth said his name was Mr. Horatio Gaines!"

Leslie dropped the envelop back in the book, the picture of disappointment. "It does n't seem likely he 'd have some one else's envelops in his books," she remarked. "And I think Honorable Arthur Ramsay of Peking sounds far more thrilling than plain 'Horatio Gaines'! Let 's look through the rest of the books and see if we can discover anything else."

They examined them all, but found nothing more of interest and Leslie suggested uneasily that they had better go.

"But there 's one thing I must see first," decided Phyllis; "the beads and broken penknife you found. I 've been wild to look at them for myself. Come along! We 'll have time for that."

They made their way cautiously into the next bedroom, bent down, and turned the torch toward the floor under the bureau where Leslie had made the discovery. Then both girls simultaneously gasped. There was not a sign of the beads anywhere to be seen!

"Phyllis!" breathed Leslie, in frightened wonder. "It 's gone—the whole string! What can be the meaning of it?"

"Come!" cried Phyllis, dragging Leslie after her. "Let 's go and see if the broken penknife blade is there yet. If that 's gone, too, something new has happened here!"

They hurried to the living room and bent over the fireplace. The half-loosened brick was there—Leslie had described it, but of the broken penknife blade in the corner, there was not a vestige to be seen!

## CHAPTER VIII

### THE CLUE OF THE GREEN BEAD

With shaking knees and blank dismay on their faces, they crept out of Curlew's Nest and fastened the door. Then they hurried down to the water's edge and sat on a rise of sand to talk it over.

"What can it all mean, Phyllis?" quivered Leslie.

"I mean—that some one has been in here again some day before yesterday," declared her companion, "though it 's been bright moonlight for the past two nights, and how they got in without being seen, I can't quite understand! You said you kept some sort of watch, did n't you?"

"Certainly did! I have n't gone to bed till late, and every once in a while during the night, I 've

waked up and looked over there. It does n't seem possible they would dare to come, with the moonlight bright as day all night long. Of course, that side door is on the opposite side from us, and the only way I could tell would be by seeing a light through the cracks of the shutter. Perhaps if they did n't have a very bright light, I would n't know."

"But what did they come for?" questioned Phyllis.

"Why, that 's simple. They came back to get the beads and the knife-blade. Probably it was the 'mysterious she,' and she came to get those things because she realized they 'd been left there and might be discovered by some one else. What else could it be?"

"Of course you must be right," agreed Phyllis. "But it 's the queerest thing I ever heard of! Anyway, there 's *one* thing the lady does n't know—that we still have one of the beads! I wonder how she 'd feel if she *did* realize it?"

"Do you ever wonder what that mysterious lady is like?" asked Leslie. "I often try to picture her—from the very, very little we know about her. I think she is tall and dark and slender and always very stylishly dressed. She has rather sad brown eyes and is quite foreign-looking and would be very interesting to know."

"Well, I don't imagine her that way at all," replied Phyllis. "To me it seems as if she must be large and imposing, with light hair and blue eyes and very quick, vivacious manners. I agree that she is no doubt dressed in a very up-to-date style, and is probably about thirty-five or forty years old. I don't know whether I 'd like to know her or not, but I *would* like to know what she 's after in that bungalow!"

So they continued to conjecture and imagine till Phyllis finally exclaimed: "Why, there are Father and Ted back already! Fishing must have been poor this morning. Thank goodness we got out of that place when we did! But that reminds me, I ought to go to the village and order some supplies. The grocer does n't come here again for two days. Don't you want to walk down with me? It 's a gorgeous morning for a 'hike'!"

"I believe I will," agreed Leslie; "that is, if Aunt Marcia can get along without me. I have n't had a good walk in so long that I fairly ache for one. I 'll go and see if Aunt Marcia would like me to get her anything, and I 'll meet you in five minutes."

It was indeed a glorious morning for a walk. The crisp October air was as clear as crystal and the salt meadows back of the dunes were still gay with goldenrod and the deeper autumn colorings. The creek that wound through them was a ribbon of intense blue, and a thousand marsh-birds twit-

tered and darted and swooped over its surface. But the two girls were, for once, almost blind to the beauty of it all, so absorbed were they in the never-failing topic of their mystery. And the village was reached almost before they realized they were in its vicinity.

Phyllis did her shopping first, in the general grocery store. Then Leslie suggested that they visit the little fancy-goods store and look up some wool for Miss Marcia's knitting. It was a very tiny little store, kept by a tiny, rather sleepy old lady, who took a long time to find the articles her customers required. It seemed as if she would never, never locate the box with the right shade of wool in it!

While they were waiting, not altogether patiently, a handsome automobile drew up in front of the store. It's only occupant was a young girl scarcely older than Leslie and Phyllis, and by the ease with which she handled the car, it was plain to be seen that she was an accomplished driver. In another moment she had entered the store and was standing beside the two girls, waiting to be served.

She was short and slender in build, with a pink-and-white complexion of marvelous clearness, and fluffy, red-brown hair. Under the heavy coat which she had unbuttoned on entering the store could be seen a stylish suit of English tweeds, very tailor-made and up-to-date, and a smart tam crowned her red-brown hair.

After the pleasant manner of the villagers and accustomed summer people, Phyllis bade her "Good morning!" But to the astonishment of both girls, instead of replying in an equally pleasant manner, she stared at them both up and down

for a moment, then turned away with only an ungracious nod. The indignant pair left her severely alone after that, except for a furtive glance or two when she was looking the other way. But when they had at last ascertained that old Mrs.



"LESLIE HURRIED PHYLLIS OUT WITH WHAT SEEMED UNNECESSARY HASTE"

Selby had, after all, no wool of the shade required, Leslie hurried Phyllis out with what seemed almost unnecessary haste.

"The little wretch!" sputtered Phyllis, once safely outside. "Did you ever see worse manners? But she's—"

"Never mind about her manners!" whispered Leslie, excitedly. "Did you notice anything else?"

"Noticed that she was very smart looking and quite pretty—that is, I thought so at first. But after she acted that way, she seemed positively hateful!"

"No, no! I don't mean that. Did you notice anything about her dress—her clothes?"

"Oh, do tell me what you mean!" cried Phyllis. "How you do love to mystify a person!"

"Well," whispered Leslie, her eyes still on the door of the little store, "when she threw open her coat I just happened to glance at her dress, and noticed that it had a girdle of some dark green, crêpe-y material, and the two ends had fringes of beads—and the beads were just like the ones in *Curlew's Nest!*"

Phyllis simply stared at her, open-mouthed and incredulous. "It can't be!" she muttered at length. "Even if the beads were like the ones you found—there are probably more persons than one who have some like them."

"Yes, that 's true," admitted Leslie, "but the color—and queer shape—everything!—At least, it 's something worth investigating. It 's the first real clue we 've had."

At that moment, the girl in question came out of the store, sprang into the car, whirled the wheel about, and was off down the street in a cloud of dust. They stood gazing after her.

"It does n't seem possible!" exclaimed Phyllis. "It just can't be! And yet—I tell you what! I 'm just wondering whether she 's staying anywhere around here or is just a casual stranger passing through the town. Let 's go in and ask old Mrs. Selby if she knows anything about her. If she 's staying here Mrs. Selby will positively know it. I 'll make the excuse of having forgotten to buy something. Come along!"

She hustled Leslie into the little shop and soon had Mrs. Selby busily hunting for a size and variety of shell hair-pin of which she had no need whatever, as she possessed already a plentiful

supply at home. But it was the only thing she could think of at the moment. When they were being wrapped, she asked quite casually:

"Was that young girl who just went out a stranger here, Mrs. Selby, or is she stopping in the village? I don't seem to remember seeing her before."

"Oh, she ain't exactly a stranger," replied Mrs. Selby, with alacrity, quite waking up at the prospect of retailing a bit of gossip; "but she ain't been around here so long—only a couple of weeks or so. She comes in here once in a while, but she ain't very friendly like,—never passes the time of day nor nothing,—just asks for what she wants and goes out. I never did quite take to manners like that. Nobody else here acts so—not even the summer folks. I can't think how she was brought up! They do say as she ain't an American,—that she 's English or something, but I don't know for sure. Anyhow, she don't mix with no one—just runs around in that ottymobile all the time."

"Where 's she stopping?" went on Phyllis. "The hotel is closed. I thought all the summer people but ourselves had gone."

"Oh, she 's boarding up to Aunt Sally Blake's. I dunno how she come to go there, but there she is. I wonder how Aunt Sally gets along with her?"

"Have you heard what her name is?" pursued Phyllis, as she received her parcel.

"They do say her name is Ramsay—Miss Ramsay. Good morning, young ladies, and thank you. Come in again soon."

When they were out on the street, Leslie clutched Phyllis spasmodically and her eyes were almost popping out of her head.

"Is there the least doubt in your mind *now*, Phyllis Kelvin?" she demanded. "Her name is Ramsay—the very same name that was on the envelop in the book!"

And Phyllis was obliged to acknowledge herself convinced.

*To be continued*

## WINTERGREEN

By EDA HAHNE LAWRENCE

I KNOW a pretty, fairy stream  
 Old logs have fallen there,  
 They have soft moss all over them  
 And sometimes flowers rare  
 And near by is a little dell,  
 With wintergreen I love so well  
 Just growing everywhere

Amid its fragrant, glossy leaves  
 I found a snowy bell,  
 I did not pick the little pearl,  
 Because I knew so well,  
 A berry red would crown its head,  
 And so some dear bird could be fed  
 In my enchanted dell.



# A Ballad of New Year's Eve

by  
Allen Manly



The old king said, with a heavy sigh, "My heart is chill with fear,  
For I feel that my end draws swiftly nigh with the close of the dying year!  
My golden crown I would fain lay down, and close my eyes in peace,  
Could the son of my heart take well his part when my guiding care must cease.  
In the path of truth he hath walked, forsooth, and he seemeth fit for his lot,  
But of many a snare he must needs beware, and the blood of youth is hot!"

"Go summon the lad! he must ride to-night to the hermit old and gray,  
And bring me word, ere the morn is light, of all that the sage shall say!  
On a New Year's night when the signs be right he readeth the future well,  
And I fain would know, ere my strength ebb low, what his lore would now foretell!"

The prince made haste to his father's side, and he clasped his trembling hand  
As he knelt him near the words to hear of the monarch's last command.  
"I must send thee forth, my son," quoth he, "on a dangerous quest to-night,  
For abroad the powers of evil be and will strive thy soul to fright!"

"Thy faithful word do thou plight to me that, whatever may chance betide,  
Thou wilt parley not with those thou see who would turn thy steps aside.  
Ride fast through the forest dim and gray ere the shades of night shall fall  
Brook no delay on thy onward way though many a voice should call!"

"Stay not to drink at the nearer brink of the river deep and wide,  
Nor list to the sound that echoes round on the lonely mountain-side!  
If thou meet with men in the haunted glen who would speak thee seeming fair,  
Oh, heed them not in that lonely spot, but their tempting words beware!"

"Check not thy quest for a moment's rest till thou come to thy journey's end;  
And the jewel of price that decks thy breast do thou, as thy life, defend!  
Far greater its worth than gold of earth, and, whatever the lure may be,  
If its light shine fair on the tempting snare, thy danger thou shalt see!"

"Have never a fear, O sire so dear," the prince replied, "for me!  
Ere the morning light on the hills be bright I will come again to thee!"

Then he wrapped him warm from a nearing storm, and he mounted his fleetest steed,  
And off on his way to the hermit gray he rode at his utmost speed.

The clouds hung drear as the night drew near, and the wind blew fierce and cold,  
And never a guiding star shone clear when he came to the forest old.  
As he sped him on through the pathway black, though never a form he sees,  
There was many a voice that called him back, from the depths of the ancient trees.

"O traveler, bide!" they loudly cried, "thou hast wandered far astray!  
Oh give to us heed, and check thy steed, if but for a moment's stay!"  
But the flying feet of his charger fleet the darkening track they spurned,  
And, left and right, the jewel's light on the forest depths he turned.  
It gleamed where elfin faces leered from the boughs of many a tree,  
And mocking voices laughed and jeered as swiftly along rode he.

Then hastening on through the deepening gloom, he came to the river's side  
The banks were steep and the waters deep, and the stream ran wild and wide  
Out of the gathering mists of night, an old man, bent and gray,  
All muffled tight in a cloak of white, rose up beside the way.

"I am waiting for thee, O Prince!" cried he, as he seized the horse's rein,  
And I pray thee stay for an hour's delay —thou would'st find it to thy gain!  
My years are many and I am learned in the crafty tricks of earth,  
And thy bumble gait might cheaply pay for lore of priceless worth!"

Then never a word the prince spake he, but he turned his jewel clear  
The shrouded form at his side to see, and it shrank away in fear:





And the arm raised high, and the evil eye, and the face that glowered with rage,  
 Were those of a villain, fierce and sly, instead of a mild old sage.  
 The prince struck once—the prince struck twice—"Thou traitorous knave!" cried he,  
 "Take *that* for the price of thy foul advice! my jewel is never for thee!"



"THE PRINCE STRUCK ONCE—THE PRINCE STRUCK TWICE—"THOU TRAITOROUS KNAVE!" CRIED HE

Then off like a flash did the good steed dash, and he swam the river wide,  
 Nor slackened speed, in his master's need, till he came to the mountain-side,  
 Then on they pressed though the trail was steep, and darker grew the night,  
 With lowering clouds, and the shadows deep, and never a star in sight.

With wailing voice did an echo plead—"Oh help! Oh help!" it prayed;  
 "Oh stay thy steed for a soul in need! give aid! give aid! give aid!"  
 But 't is never a mortal cry they hear as they ride the darkness through,  
 And the pearl shone clear on a shape of fear that across the pathway flew.

But when to the haunted glen came they, full many a light shone free,  
 And youths all gay in their fine array ran forth to urge their plea:  
 "Give *us* the care of thy jewel fair! we have food and sparkling wine,  
 And ease and rest, as an honored guest, O Prince, shall all be thine!"  
 But the youth cried, "Nay! I may not stay!" And the jewel brightly burned  
 As those who sued with the wine and food to grisly specters turned.

Then on for many a mile they toil—o'er rocky pathways steep,  
 Through swampy fields and marshy soil where the good steed's feet sink deep,

Where reeds and the rank bog mosses grow, and treacherous pitfalls hide  
 And flickering lights move to and fro to tempt the steps aside,  
 By the sandy shore they passed along where the waves dashed up their spray,  
 And they heard the mermaids' luring song that begs the traveler stay.

But the prince rode fast till he came, at last, to the hill beside the way,  
 Where dwelt alone, in his cave of stone, the hermit old and gray.  
 Quickly he told his sire's behest and the object of his quest—  
 The hermit heard, with heavy word, then bade the youth to rest.



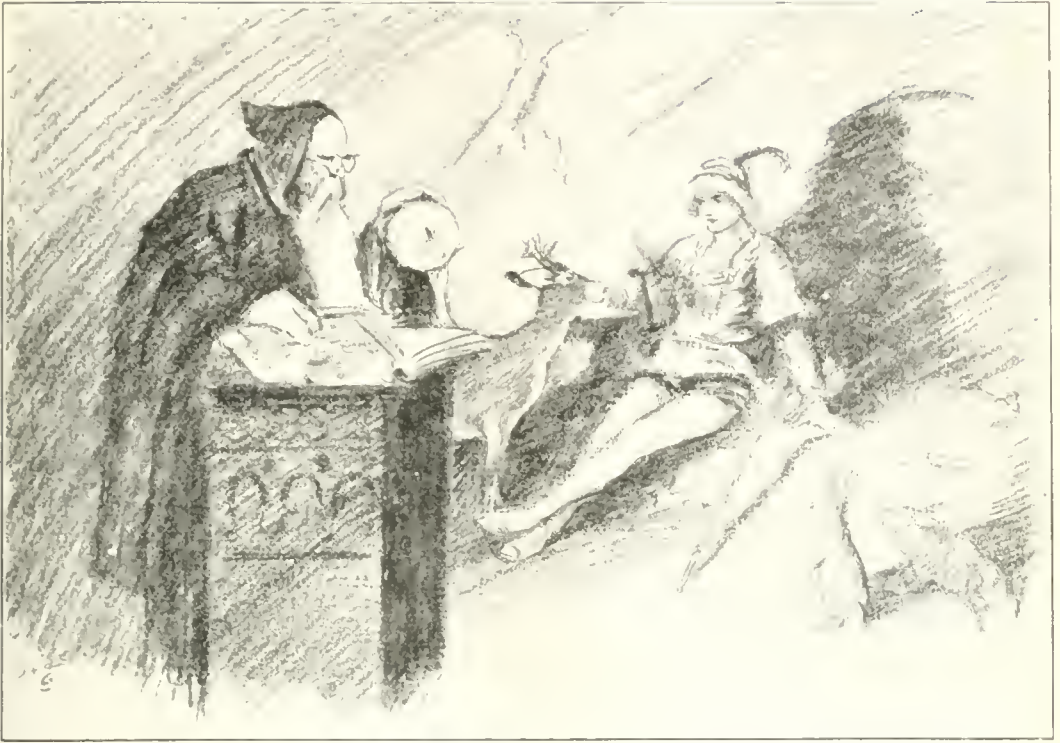
“BUT THE YOUTH CRIED, ‘NAY, I MAY NOT STAY.’”

Then a critical look the wise man took in his magical crystal sphere,  
 Which, on New Year's night, when the signs be right, foretelleth the future clear,  
 Then he deeply studied an ancient book, all clasped and bound in gold,  
 And then, in haste, on parchment traced what his mystic lore had told.

“Now haste thee away!” the hermit cried, as he bade the youth God-speed;  
 “The time is short and thou fast must ride! and pay to thy charge good heed!  
 The storm hath ceased, and lo! in the east the darkness waneth fast,  
 And the heart's desire of the king, thy sire, must be his ere the night be past!”

Then off and away through the shadows gray the prince he sped him back,  
 Nor checked the speed of his faithful steed as they followed the homeward track,  
 Through the river deep, o'er the mountain steep, through forest, and over plain,  
 Or ever the light on the hills shone bright he came to his own again.

Then the old king cried, “Thou welcome art! I have anxious watched for thee!  
 Thou hast done thy part with a faithful heart—now what may thy message be?”



"THEN A CRITICAL LOOK THE WISE MAN TOOK IN HIS MAGICAL CRYSTAL SPHERE"

Then the parchment scroll did he quick unroll, and he read, in script of gold,  
What the book of fear and the crystal sphere to the hermit gray had told:

"The New Year breaks and hope awakes—oh, take to thy heart good cheer!  
And may heaven forbend that thy days should end with the close of the dying year!  
But, whenever thou go, Fate bids thee know thou may'st rest in peace, O King—  
The son of thy heart will honor his part, whatever the future bring,  
No lure may charm, no tempter harm, no evil touch the youth  
Who treasureth fast, while life shall last, the priceless pearl of Truth!"



# BOY HUNTERS IN DEMERARA

By GEORGE INNESS HARTLEY

## CHAPTER VI

### A FRIGHTENED OTTER

It still wanted an hour to noon when they arrived at camp. In another half-hour Jack put in an appearance after an unsuccessful hunt for the manatee.

"I saw one feeding on the bank where Wallace said it would be, but it ducked before I got within good rifle range," was his rather sheepish explanation. "But I shot a fine big otter. Wait until Wallace brings it up from the canoe!"

A few minutes later the Indian arrived with the large beast slung over his shoulder. He carried it to the skinning shed and dumped it on the table there with a grunt of satisfaction. "Phew, *mapalca* heavy!"

The otter was heavy, weighing in the neighborhood of fifty pounds. It was nearly five feet long, with short legs and webbed feet. Like its smaller northern relatives, its brown fur was sleek and glossy, but shorter, thinner, and lacking body.

"That 's the trouble with them," Milton declared. "We get the size down here, but lose the quality of fur. For all its good looks, that skin would n't last a week if made up into a woman's coat. There 's no inner lining of fur beneath that beautiful long hair. It 's the same way with all the animals in this part of the continent—good long hair, but no body to it. Take the howlers, for instance: if they had a heavy fur, there 'd be nothing in the world on the market that could touch them for beauty. I 'm glad, though, that they have n't it. There would n't be any left alive by this time if they had."

After dinner the two brothers busied themselves with preparing the skins of the curassows, and the Indians worked on the otter and a small deer that Dick, the fourth Indian, had brought in. Paul, left to himself, wandered aimlessly about, watching Jack for a while, and then strolled over to the shed where the Indians struggled with their tougher specimens. The day was extremely warm and sultry, and being stout and soft, the boy perspired freely. His clothes were wet through.

Tiring of watching the Indians, he turned into the living-tent and commenced to change to a fresh suit of khaki. But the exertion was too great. As he sat on the cot, a comfortable drowsy feeling overcame him. The others were busy. There was nothing for him to do, he might as well go to sleep. After a few minutes he decided. Five minutes later he was fast asleep.

At four o'clock he was roughly awakened by a violent upheaval of the cot.

"Here, get out of that, you old fatness!" his dazed senses heard a voice cry as he struck the floor. "Think you 're going to snore all the afternoon? Come on! we 're goin' hunting!"

"Wa-what 's the matter? Earthquake?" Then coming to himself—"Hullo, Skinny! What time is it? I 've just been dozing for a while."

"Four o'clock!"

"What 's that? I have n't been here ten minutes."

"Two hours, you mean—and dozing, hey? Jack thought you were a troop of howling monkeys, and he 's out looking in the trees for them now. Come on, we 're going hunting for capybaras on one of the islands down river."

Paul donned his fresh khaki in a twinkling and they hurried down to the canoes. Jack was in the bow of one, with Wallace as paddler; Wa'na held another in readiness for the boys.

"Had to wake the old porpoise up," gleefully reported Fred, when he caught sight of his brother.

Milton smiled. "Don't mind him, Paul. He was worse than you when he first came. This humid climate always makes one sleepy at first. Fred could n't stay awake two hours on a stretch, and would n't have been up that much if I had n't kept him going by pouring buckets of water on him."

"Wow! what a great big fib!" roared Skinny, indignantly, hurling a large piece of moss at his brother. "I did n't sleep at all. You grew worried because I was awake so much."

"Who would n't be worried with a noisy youngster like you awake and under foot all the time. I 'll admit, though, that you did n't sleep more than half the time away. Come on, let 's get started."

Paul gingerly took his seat in the center of the tipsy craft. His chum was in the bow with a paddle, and Wa'na in the stern. The trip was to be three miles down river.

As the canoes rounded a tree-covered point which projected from the shore, Paul heard a snort and a splash. An eddy in the water a hundred yards from the river-bank showed where some large body had disappeared. Wa'na hurriedly changed the course of the canoe and headed for the spot. The other canoe also turned in that direction.

A dozen strokes placed them directly over the eddy—but the two boys, leaning over as far as

they dared without upsetting their craft, could see nothing.

"What was it, Wa'na?" Fred demanded.

"Me t'ink *maipuric*."

"Tapir? Watch out, Fat! there it is!"

Paul saw a long gray snout appear above the water, followed by a pair of small pointed ears and a large head. It was moving with great speed away from the canoe, causing a ripple to stream away on either side.

"After it!" Fred shouted, stabbing frantically at the water with his paddle. The canoe shot after the tapir.

"Don't shoot!" Jack called. "I doubt if you can kill it with your shotguns, even if they are loaded with b-b shot; and if you do, it will sink."

Fred grunted in disappointment, but understood the good sense of what his brother said. He left his gun lying in the bottom of the canoe and motioned Paul to do likewise. "No use," he said. "Jack 's right. Never kill anything unless you 're sure you can get it after it 's shot. But let 's get as close as we can."

The tapir did not repeat its first dive, but swam with great swiftness. The chase lasted for a hundred yards before the canoe overtook it. Paul could see the outlines of the huge, clumsy body in the brown water, and could make out the large stumpy feet threshing awkwardly in the same manner as a dog swims. The curved, prehensile snout projected above the surface and emitted a snort, then disappeared. The ears alone remained in sight, like twin periscopes cutting the water.

"Something 's the matter with him!" Fred shouted suddenly. "He 's draggin' a stick behind him!"

He leaned over and grasped at something which left a wake of ripples behind the fleeing creature. He gave it a sharp jerk, the dugout rocked smartly on its side, then righted, and the boy held a long arrow in his hands! The tapir dove and was gone.

"Did you ever see anything to beat that!" was his astonished exclamation. "Look at the arrow I pulled out of him!" He exhibited the trophy, which was manufactured out of a hollow reed fully six feet in length and tipped with a barbed iron head. The weapon was not feathered.

Paul was dumfounded. He had not known that tapirs swam about rivers like that, much less that they carried spears with them. Skinny had called it an arrow. It was different from any he ever had seen!

"That 's no arrow, Skinny; it 's a spear."

"No it is n't," the other maintained. "It 's an arrow all right, a regular Indian hunting-arrow. Ask Wa'na."

"It arrow," responded the Indian. "Hunter see *maipuric*—bing! he shoot; but *maipuric* hear him

and jump. Arrow hit him, *thud*, in behind leg. *Maipuric* jump into water and carry arrow away. Hunter mad."

"Most of the Indians still use bows and arrows," stated Fred, in explanation. "The only weapons they can afford to buy are old trade guns, and they prefer bows to them. I don't know why they use such long arrows—they draw them only half way back on the bows when shooting, but you never find 'em less than five feet long. Generally they 're the same size as the bows."

"But what about these tapirs, Skinny," asked his companion, who had been greatly thrilled by the sight of the creature. "I did n't know they lived in the water."

"They don't. But they're always somewhere near it. They enjoy it just like hippopotami, only



"THE TAPIR SWAM WITH GREAT SWIFTNES!"

they don't stay in quite so much. Their food consists mostly of young palm-shoots and tender plants that grow near the river, or in it. On land they 're terribly clumsy, and, when frightened, look like fat hobby-horses galloping off. In the water, though, they 've a sub destroyer beat a mile for speed, and the sub itself stopped ten different ways for diving and traveling under water. You would n't think so to look at them, would you?"

"Think this tapir 'll get to shore all right?"

"Sure. How about it, Wa'na?"

"*Maipuric*, he no hurt bad. He dive here, *where*, and come up under branch of big tree on shore. Shake self, squeal, and run away. *Maipuric* all right."

"They 're pretty tough, you see," Fred explained. "So are the waterhaas."

"The what?"

"The waterhaas—capybaras, the animals we 're after to-night. They 're something like that agouti we saw this morning, but four or five times as big. Jack shot one that weighed two hundred pounds. Imagine a guinea-pig that size! They are n't real guinea-pigs, any more than rats or porcupines are, but just belong to the same general order of rodents. Capybaras *do* look like

great big over-grown guineas, though, with long hair and whiskers. They live in holes in the river-bank during the daytime, and at night swim to wherever they're going to feed. Farther on down toward the coast, droves of them—they always travel in droves—will get into a man's rice-field and ruin it over night. About the only way you can get them is to go after them on a moonlight night."

By this time the canoes were approaching a low island in the middle of the river. Once it had been a mud-flat, but the current had brought innumerable seeds with its sediment, and the island had germinated into a tangle of low brush, which in turn grew into a forest. Reaching far into the center of this jungle was a meadow, water-covered and luxuriant in grass, toward which they headed.

## CHAPTER VII

### HUNTING FOR CAPYBARA

THERE was still an hour before sunset when the party landed in a small bay between two jutting arms of the tiny savannah. The dugouts were drawn up on the grass, and Milton assembled his company for instructions.

"Fred, you'll go with Wa'na over to that big mora-tree on the other side of the meadow and sit down. Wait for any capybaras which may come up along the edge of the woods."

"What 's Fat going to do?" demurred his brother.

"I'll take care of him. We have to scatter our forces as much as possible, so as to be sure that some one will get a shot at the beasts. Wakee, you stay near the boats. Paul, you come with me. All right, let 's go before it gets dark. Have you your electric torch, Fred?"

"Sure! Bet I get more game than you two, so long."

"Well, don't miss everything you shoot at," Jack grinned; "we can't afford to waste ammunition."

"Haw!" derisively snorted the other, and, with a wink at Paul, departed. "I'm sorry for you, Fat," he shouted back, when he had proceeded a hundred yards and felt himself to be at a safe distance; "you'll never see anything with *him*," pointing in mock scorn at Jack. "He never gets a thing. Remember the manatee!" and Fred dashed away as his brother made a step in his direction.

"Some kid, that!" Milton chuckled fondly. Now let 's get after those waterhaas!"

With a last look at the canoes, he led the way along the shore to the middle of the meadow. Paul plowed after, staring right and left for he

was commencing to learn the value of good eyesight in the tropics. Jack suddenly paused and pointed at a spot close to his feet. "See the tracks, Fat?"

Paul saw a well-beaten trail a few inches wide, from which the tough grass had been worn, crossing their own path at right angles and meandering toward the heart of the meadow. It was a mass of footprints about four inches long, deep set in the mud, like the spoor of a bear, but narrower and smaller.

"They evidently follow this trail up into the swamp, where they feed on roots and young plants," Jack explained. "Be careful there, Paul! Don't step on the trail! They might smell your tracks and take another path. There are probably any quantity of others, but we'll follow this and see where it leads."

They had not gone fifty yards when a large red-dish-brown bird, with wings broadly marked with yellowish green, started from the grass almost beneath their feet.

Its sudden, harsh cry startled the boy, so that he stood gaping with mouth open. He was brought to his senses by the report of Jack's gun and the doubling up of the bird in mid-air.

"It 's a jacana," Milton said, after he had retrieved his quarry. "I thought there 'd be some here, for they like swampy meadows, so I put some light shot in my gun when we left the canoes. Look at its feet."

The bird was no larger than a big grackle, but its legs were as long as those of a little green heron. This was not extraordinary, but the feet—the toes with their straight, long nails were at least five inches in length!

"Looks like a set of tooth-picks stuck into the head of a match!" commented Paul. "For thinness and length I never saw anything to beat those for toes. I should think he 'd trip over them."

"According to some authorities, they're supposed to; and you 'd think they surely would in the thick grass; but I'll admit I've never seen them do it, though they don't travel very fast on the ground. They generally live in open places, where there 's water with lily-pads and floating vegetation. With those big feet, they can walk on them without sinking. Ap-



JACANA

parently, that is what their long toes are for. I suppose at some time a few found their way up here, and, rather than seek farther, located on this island. There may be open water back by those trees. I've never been here before. Hello, there's another!"

These two specimens of jacanas being sufficient for the time being, they again turned their attention to the capybara trail. Two hundred yards from the river it ended in a pool covered with lily-pads.

"I thought so!" declared Jack. "Here 's the real home of the jacanas. Look at that beggar stalking majestically on those pads! There 's another just behind him. They 're feeding on the insects that inhabit the plants. Did you ever see lily-pads like those before, Paul?"

"Why, they 're big enough to hold a man!"

"Not quite," the other laughed, "but they are large. That 's *Victoria regia*."

One end of the pool was entirely covered with enormous leaves, some three, and others even four, feet in diameter, with their scalloped rims turned up to form shallow, flat-bottomed basins, on which disported the jacanas. Unfortunately, none of the splendid flowers were in bloom. The remainder of the pond was filled with smaller pads of a more common variety.

"Those little ones are what the capybaras feed on. They like the bulbous roots—they may eat the bulbs of *Victoria regia*, too, but I'm not sure. Perhaps that is why those plants have n't spread all over the place—Hullo, that 's strange!"

"What 's that?"

"There 's a mango tree back of the pool about fifty feet from it, just at the edge of where those trees begin. See it? Wonder how it came to grow there?"

The two made their way to the tree, under which lay an abundance of smooth-skinned, peach-like fruit. Stooping down, Jack picked up one and handed it to his youthful companion. "Try it, Paul," he urged. "It 's good."

The boy bit into the mango and found it luscious to the taste, but coarse in texture and stringy. Its sweet flavor and cool juice, however, were pleasing.

"It 's a mango," Milton explained. "These are n't very good, because they 've run wild; but in the settlements, where they 're cultivated, they lose that stringiness, and are really excellent. Fred always calls them the 'national fruit of the

tropics.' But what I can't understand is how the tree got here. I've never seen it growing wild in the jungle before. Probably this is the old site of an Indian village. That would account for it. But that does n't matter; we 've found the place to lay for waterhaas. They love mangos."

The sun was half hidden in the trees by this time, and twilight was falling over the meadow.



A CAPYBARA, OR WATERHAAS

Jack selected a fallen log, hidden from both the pool and mango-tree by a dense wall of shrubs, and the two seated themselves there to wait. Fifteen minutes later the sun disappeared entirely, and night approached with tropical rapidity.

As long as a single beam of sunlight remained, the marsh had been a perfect Babel of bird sounds, but, as it dimmed and faded, the clamor died with it, and only the whir of countless wings could be heard as the birds sought their roosts. Jack could make out the forms of the dark Guiana ibis, the little green heron, and the white American egret flying over their heads to the shelter of the trees beyond. A dozen giant cassiques—huge, blackish orioles as large as crows—settled in the mango-tree for the night with much garrulous chattering. Several of those strange, abnormal cuckoos, the great ones, bubbled with liquid laughter in the mangroves until after dark; and a white-necked rail, rare to science, but abundant in that vicinity, croaked twice from the marsh. A "who-are you" called from the jungle across the river and was answered from the island; a "poor-me-one" laughed overhead, and then all was silence.

But only for an instant.

At the recession of day sounds the nightly chorus commenced. First it was a cricket; then a frog from the lily-pool, then a tree-toad, the squeak of a bat, a snort from the river, the resonant roar of howlers in the distance, and then a succession of chirps and pipes and whistles—and the concert had opened.

The hunters remained seated on their log, with



CASSIQUES

eyes strained to pierce the pitch blackness which surrounded the pool, their ears were keen to catch the slightest sound which might betray the approach of a heavy footed beast. In the east there was a faint glow which foretold the rising of the moon. About them, from the murky darkness, came the continual whir of wings, and they felt, rather than saw, the bats dodging near their heads.

To Paul, it seemed unreal to be perched here with but a single companion on a fallen tree at night in the heart of the jungle, surrounded by weird, unearthly sounds, beset by a horde of bats, at the mercy of serpents and he knew not what other creatures. *Those snakes!* How he hated the thought of them! He edged closer to his friend.

"Say, Jack, what about the snakes, anyway?" he blurted timidly, determined at last to know the worst. "Are n't there a lot around here? Fred says they prowls about at night."

"I guess there are, and I suppose they do," Jack replied reassuringly in an undertone. "But there's nothing to worry about. I suppose there are as many in this section of the jungle as anywhere else, but you seldom see them. Most of our snakes are night hunters, which accounts for their apparent absence. That sounds as if it might be dangerous to walk around at night; but always keep this in mind: they are just as afraid of you as you are of them. They'll get out of a man's way as quickly as they will from a tapir's, for they don't want to be stepped on by either of them. Their bodies are too frail to stand much of a knock. Remember this: *they'll never attack anything that's likely to hurt them.* The only danger is that you might step on one, but that's so slight as to be not worth bothering about. Besides, we have the torches."

"But what about the boa-constrictors? I always thought they'd tackle anything up to a cow and squeeze it to death."

Milton smiled into the darkness at this. He remembered seeing a picture in his geography long ago at school, in which a large ox was being crushed by the coils of one of these monsters. He wondered if Paul had seen that.

"No," he reassured the troubled youth at his side, "boas are just the same as others. There's no denying their tremendous strength, and perhaps they *could* squash a cow if the conditions were just right; but they'd have a hard time wallowing it, and they will never attack any thing they can't eat, unless they are set upon first. They're as frail for their size as the smaller snakes, and seldom attack an animal larger than a coucatou or perhaps one of the small deer, which weigh less than sixty pounds. No, don't bother

about them. And what's more, you probably won't see a large one all the time you're down here, nor an anaconda, for that matter, which grows even larger. They remain pretty well hidden. See, there's the moon—and," as the sound of a gun was heard, "there's Fred!"

While they talked, the blackness had given way to bright twilight, which enabled them to discern objects with great distinctness a hundred feet away. Paul could see the outline of the giant lily-pads on the pool, and the round fruit of the mango on the ground beneath the tree. Two hundred yards across the meadow, black against the lightened sky, towering above the smaller trees which crowded in on either side of it, stood the giant mora under which Fred and Wa'na were stationed. From here had come the shots which aroused their attention.

## CHAPTER VIII

### A NARROW ESCAPE

HAVING hurled his parting compliments at Jack, Fred, followed by Wa'na, hurried across the meadow to the mora-tree. Although twice he flushed jacanas, and once a Cayenne snipe, he paid them small attention; his thoughts were centered on larger game—the capybaras. They maintained a sharp lookout for trails as they passed through the sedge-like grass. The boy had registered a secret vow that he was going to kill some big game that night.

To their great joy, for Wa'na was just as eager as his companion, they discovered a trail wider than usual running along the edge of the forest. The broad, gnarled roots of the mora afforded an excellent hiding place not over thirty feet away. But before they took their places behind one of its wooden partitions, Wa'na crouched down for a minute examination of the well beaten track. He arose with a grunt of satisfaction.

"Lot of animal, he walk here," was his pleased comment. "Waterhaas, lots of him, *maipuri*, *mapakwa* [otter], and tigers."

"What kind of tigers?" Fred demanded eagerly, knowing that all cats are given that name by the Guiana Indians, and excited by the possibility of getting a shot at one.

"*Hakanna*. He come cat *ooana*."

"Jaguarundi, hey? chasing labbas? Well, let me at 'em—both!"

The young collector felt a tremor of joy at the idea. Would n't the others be jealous, though, when he came marching to the canoes with a jaguarundi and a labba, and who knows how many waterhaas on his back! He chuckled to himself. For a rather small individual, he had



conjured up quite a man-sized load. Well, perhaps he would be satisfied with only one of each kind, or, if worse came to worse, he'd sacrifice them all just for one jaguarundi! How Jack would writhe with green envy when he flung *that* at his feet!

Again Fred smiled. In his innermost heart of hearts he knew his brother would do nothing of the sort; that Jack would ten times rather have him kill one of those cats than slay one himself. Under Jack's cool, matter-of-fact exterior beat the warmest, most generous heart his younger brother had ever known.

For a moment, Fred contemplated dashing across the marsh to tell Milton what they had discovered, but on second thought decided it would be useless. Jack, like a good general, had distributed his forces in the best manner possible to make the attack on the capybaras, and he would not change his plan. But Paul? It would be nice to have him here when the fun commenced. No, Paul had better remain where he was. Jack would see that he got excitement.

"How about those tigers, Wa'na? When are we likely to see them?"

The Indian shrugged his shoulders. "Me no can tell. Tracks fresh. Maybe not use trail again. Maybe not to-night, maybe not a week."

Fred's enthusiasm perceptibly weakened at this pessimistic answer. "But there 's sure to be waterhaas along?" he demanded, grasping desperately at this last straw.

"Sure, maybe, no can tell." The Indian was too well acquainted with the uncertain habits of the forest and river beasts to be cajoled into making a rash promise.

"But what are all those tracks doing there, if they don't use the trail?"

Wa'na grinned at the despairing note in the voice of his young master. *He* was even more eager than Fred, but Indian-like, hid his longing beneath a mask of stoic calm.

"Waterhaas, he feed here one night. 'N other time he go down river, maybe five, ten mile. Maybe he feed on 'n other island. Me no can tell where he go. Maybe he come to-night. Maybe *maipuri* come, maybe tiger, maybe labba. Someth'ing come, me sure."

Reassured by this, Fred crouched behind his natural wooden blind and glared impatiently at the sun, which seemed to have hung in the same position on the horizon for hours. "You 're the longest shining sun I ever saw," he muttered, shaking his fist at the glowing orb. "Are n't you ever going to sink?"

As if heeding the demand, the sun dipped suddenly behind the western jungle. Half an hour later it was black night.

As darkness enveloped them, Fred felt for his electric torch, and placed it close at hand on a broad shell of the root. His gun, one barrel loaded with buck shot, the other with double-b, projected over the wall of their blind and hung there in readiness for his shoulder to be placed against the butt of its stock. He felt that he was ready for anything.

Contrary to Wa'na's discouraging assertion, he had not long to wait. An hour after sundown, just as the moon commenced to cast a few beams over the marsh, while the shadows under the moon were at their blackest, Wa'na touched his shoulder. At the warning, Fred felt the blood rush to his head, his heart pounded almost to the bursting point against his ribs, but he managed to collect himself and strained his ears to catch the tell-tale sounds, which Wa'na already had heard, of a creature approaching. Fred might have been deaf for all *his* ears told him.

Suddenly the grasp on his shoulder became a stout grip. A squeak issued from the darkness directly in front of him. Fred made a swift motion for his gun, but, in his excitement, miscalculated the distance, and the piece slid rattling to the ground. A groan escaped his lips, echoed from the trail by a frightened snort, and he heard the clutter of a rapidly running animal which had departed toward the river.

"Gee, I 'm a dub! Ever see any one quite so clumsy as I, Wa'na? What was it?"

"Waterhaas," the other grunted shortly. He too, was disappointed.

"Well, there go our chances for to-night," half moaned the disgusted hunter to himself, utterly dispirited by his own carelessness. "That 's the worst I ever did! Won't Fatty and Jack gloat, though!" He snickered aloud; his sense of humor was rising above his disappointment. "They 'll never—"

"Sh-h!" warned the Indian. "Someth'ing come!"

Fred grasped his gun firmly this time and waited. The shadows had grown shorter and the trail lay exposed in the pale moonlight. A slight rustle came from the left, and he turned his eyes in the direction of the river. As he did so, the figure of a small animal hobbled for an instant above the tips of the grass which lined the path. Again it appeared, closer this time, evidently following the course of the track. Fred inwardly promised himself that he would not bungle again.

The butt of the gun was pressed tight against his shoulder and he awaited the chance of an open shot. On the creature came, half running, half hopping, a stout animal built low to the ground like a badger, but larger. The boy's finger

righted on the trigger, but just then the Indian touched his arm.

"Wa'na!"

Fred, much against his will, held his fire, and quickly discovered the reason for the delay. As at some given signal the animal halted. For



IT APPROACHED THE SQUATTING ANIMAL

second or two it teetered back and forth, sitting at the air in a suspicious manner, then crouched with its body flattened among the grass stems, so that it was hidden in the purple shadow.

Something stirred in the bushes on their right. The waiting creature told of some creature stealthily moving out from the sheltering woods into the glade. It approached the squatting animal twenty feet, fifteen, ten, eight—now!

With a low snarl, the beast sprang. There came a squeal, a grunt, and a great spattering of mud and grass roots. Something crunched, a creak, a break in—Then Fred fired.

At the sound of this shot, the marauding beast snarled frightfully and leaped several feet straight up into the air. As it struck the ground, Fred fired his second barrel. The snarls ceased and the beast tore at the mud in its death-struggles. From out on the meadow came the sound of rushing bodies, and terrified, bubbling squeals of fleeing capybaras.

Immediately after he had pulled the trigger the second time, Fred vaulted with a cry of triumph over the wooden barrier, and, flashlight in hand, dashed for his fallen prey. He would have flung himself at the dying beast to finish it with his gun-stock, if Wa'na had not restrained him.

It was fortunate that the Indian did so, for the huge cat, as Fred now recognized it to be, with a last desperate effort regained its feet and hurled itself squarely at the onrushing youth. Startled, he gave back, stumbled over a tussock of grass, and fell. But as quick as thought, Wa'na's gun flashed, and the beast lunged over on its side, dead.

"What is it, Wa'na?" inquired the boy, unevenly, when he had picked himself up, shaky but unhurt. "Oh, I see, a jaguarundi!" as he flashed the torch on the still body. "Gee, Wa'na, you saved my life, I guess! Whew! what a narrow escape! Thought he had me sure! Say, Wa'na, you're a brick!"

The Akawai shrugged a pair of deprecatory shoulders. "Me no do nothing," he growled. "Me know *walkuanna* no dead, so me bang, kill um. He bad tiger when hurt."

"You bet he is! I ought to have known better than to come too close before he was sure enough dead. Jack 's always told me to look out for wounded cats. They won't harm you when they're *unhurt*, but, wow, look out when they're wounded! I guess," he added sheepishly, "I was too excited and wanted to gloat too much. What 's become of the other?"

"*Oorana?* Dar he," Wa'na pointed to a dark shape half hidden in the grass.

"A labba, huh? Say, Wa'na, you're a wonder. You told me all about the jaguarundi chasing him before it happened!"

The Indian chuckled sottly to himself. He was hugely delighted at the astonishment of his young master, and really felt, in his innermost soul, that he had acquitted himself well. Indian-like, he was inclined to let Fred think what he would about the incident, but, resisting temptation, replied truthfully:

"Dat just luck. Tiger chase labba last night, maybe other night. Me no expect he come to-night. Dat luck."

"Well, luck or not, you had no expectin' to

see one. Is n't the tiger a beaut', though!" It was five feet long from the tip of its great bushy tail to its nose, and was covered with long, dark-brown—almost black—glossy hair.

Mighty strange looking to be a cat, Fred thought. And truly it was! The lengthened body and short legs might have belonged to an otter, if shape only were taken into consideration; but there the similarity ceased. The small feet were not webbed like an otter, but padded and clawed like a cat; the pointed ears, the bewhiskered muzzle, the savage jaws, and the feline litheness of the body, left no question as to its identity.

"He hunt most at night," replied the Indian, to Fred's query. "Eat birds, labba, acouri, 'most any'ting. Live near water. Like labba best."

Fred examined the labba, or paca, or *oorana*, as the Akawai calls it in his native language. In form it was much like an agouti, but more thick-set, heavier,—weighing full thirty pounds,—and with proportionally shorter legs. In color it was dark sooty gray, with horizontal white dotted markings on its flanks. The skin had been torn by the claws of the jaguarundi, and the body was covered with blood.

Having finished his inspection, Fred arose.

"Come on, Wa'na. We might as well head for the canoes. I know enough about jungle lore to be sure that nothing 'll use this trail again to-night. We've raised too much of a rumpus on it. Is n't that right?"

"Yes. Waterhaas no use it to-night. They smell us and take 'n other trail."

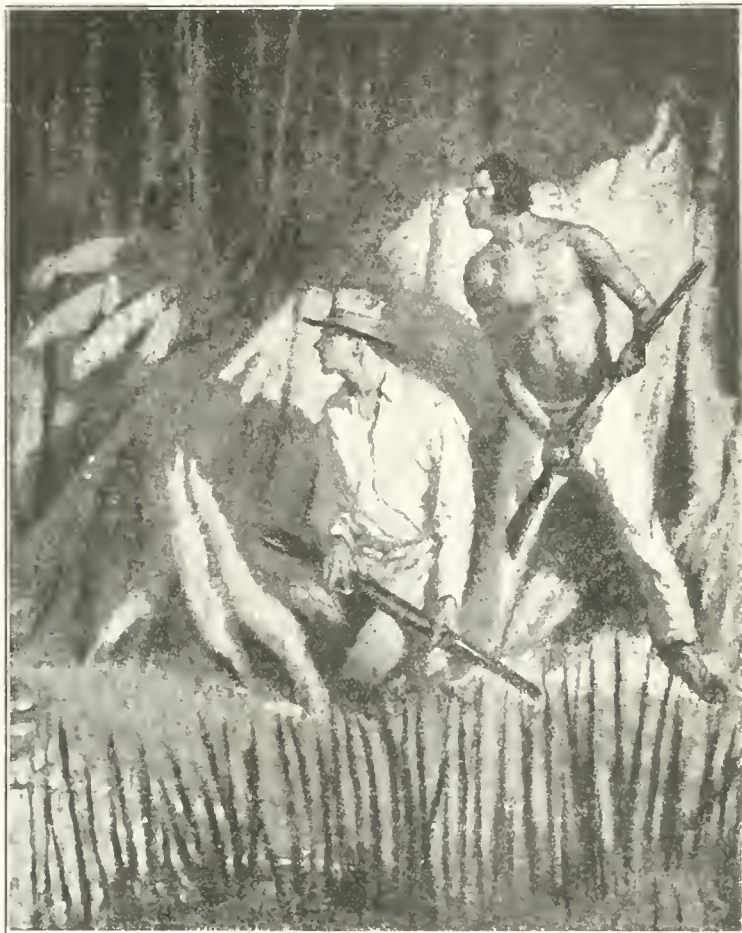
"How about these labbas, Wa'na?" the boy asked as, bent under their heavy loads, they walked toward the dugouts. "I know they're fine eating and are only seen at night, but that's all."

"Dat about all there is. They live in holes under stump or in ground at day. Like be near water, but not so much capybara. Feed on

forest fruit, like acouri. Finest meat in jungle. Very tame at night. Come into Indian benab to steal food. Indian like to eat. That all."

At the canoes they found that Jack and Paul had arrived before them.

"What did you get with all that noise?" hailed



"FRED, MUCH AGAINST HIS WILL, HELD HIS FIRE."

Milton's voice out of the darkness as they approached.

"Aw, nothing much," drawled Fred, in a forced, matter-of-fact tone; "just a couple."

"Couple of what?" now demanded the eager voice of his chum. "We got a capybara! He came snooping up under a mango-tree where we were hiding and I knocked him over. What are yours?"

"Aw, nothing much," the other repeated. "Here they are," and, with Wa'na, he dumped his load beside the canoes. "Just a labba and a jaguarundi."

"What!" his brother houted.

No longer able to contain his feelings, Fred danced about the canoes, howling from pure joy. Paul looked on slightly puzzled at first, for the names *labba* and *jaguarundi* meant little to him, but, catching the infection of his chum's delight, joined in the dance of triumph. The two careened about the meadow, cheering, howling, until Fred stumbled against a canoe. Over he went, sprawling in the bottom of the craft with his weighty friend on top of him. Fortunately, the dugout lay still drawn up on the grass or both would have been in for a wetting.

Jack was doubled over with laughing at the

antics of his "kid" brother and his elephantine chum, and as the two went down, he straightened up and fell to belaboring them playfully with a paddle. Fred seized him by a leg, tripped him, and the three rolled out of the canoe onto the soft, squashy meadow. Now followed what seemed a free-for-all fight, but superior strength told at last, and Jack rose, each hand holding a boy by the scruff of the neck.

"Come on, let 's go," he panted between gusts of laughter. "Get the canoes out, Wallace and Wa'na, while I hold these wild men. They may be good shooters, but they 're not wrestlers."

*(To be continued)*

## TUSITALA

*(Teller of Tales)*

By MABEL ANSLEY MURPHY

THERE was once a man who loved to tell tales. He began when he was a little lad of six. His Uncle David said to the children of the family: "Write me a history of Moses. For the best story I will give a Bible picture-book."

Each child began to write—all but the youngest. He saw the others at work, and a great desire filled his heart to tell the tale in his own words. His mother, seeing his longing, drew him to her side and whispered: "See, little son, here is paper and a pencil. Tell me what you would say, and I will write it down. Then you shall draw pictures to make the story clear and plain."

So these two wrote the story, and the child drew many pictures, such as the one of the crossing of the Red Sea. The men carried heavy suitcases, and each one smoked a big cigar. His uncle smiled, but when he read the tale he nodded gravely. "This is the best of all the stories. It has won the prize."

Then the little boy said in his heart, "All my life I will tell tales."

But for a time, he did not write stories, but lived them. He loved play, and each game to him was a story. His breakfast porridge was a land over which a blizzard raged, the snow-storm of sugar blotting out all the landmarks. His morning walk led him through "death's dark vale," the tunnel under the railroad bridge. Bravely he faced its terrors, for beyond were the "green fields" of the Palm, and through them flowed the "still waters."

He did not care for school. His teacher called

him "the little idler." Yet he was ever busy—writing tales! He carried with him a little notebook, and he "lived with words," for in this little book, he set down all that he saw, in words both grave and gay. And over and over, the child said to himself, "I will learn to tell tales."

But life set him another task as well. From his earliest days he had to keep at bay the black shadow of illness. Had the boy been less stout of heart, the shadow would have come so close that joy, the work he loved, and finally life itself would have left him. But he laughed at the shadow—and it cannot live with those who do not fear it. Yet at times the shadow drew near, so near it laid its finger on his lips, and he had no voice to tell tales. But then he used his fingers to spell stories to the friend who wrote them down, just as those do who can neither hear nor speak. He smiled as his fingers shaped letters, and that brave smile drove the shadow far back along the path.

In cold lands the shadow was bolder, and sometimes came very close; so the boy, now a man in years, took a ship and sailed away into the setting sun, to the land of summer seas. Here he found an island where lived a gentle brown folk. The winds blew softly, the sun shone kindly, and the black shadow slipped so far behind that for months at a time the man forgot that it was.

On the top of a high hill he made his home. Five rushing mountain streams bound it with bands of silver, so the man called the place "Five Waters," or "Vailima." One little river, tumbling over a ledge, made a bathing-pool. Orange-

trees clasped their branches over this pool, and on the hill behind the house grew bananas, bread-fruit, mangoes, and coconuts.

Here the man wrote stories for the whole world to read. But one story he wrote for the brown people about him—the tale of the "Bottle Imp." They loved the story, and they loved him who told it; so they gave him the name "Tusitala"—"Teller of Tales."

But Tusitala did more for his island folk than tell tales to amuse them. His heart was so full of love that he became to them friend, teacher,



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

doctor, lawyer—helper in every way that one man may help his brother. The world waited for his tales; he needed the money those stories brought to him; but when a brown man came for counsel, Tusitala was ever ready to stop his writing. Every Sunday, in the great hall at Vailima, he read to them from the Bible, as it is written in their own speech. They sang together, and they prayed together to the Father of the white and the brown.

Trouble arose in the island among the brown

men, and some were shut up in a dark prison. To them Tusitala came with food, with medicine. He had the dirty jail made clean; he worked that they might be freed. Then to him came these men. They sat in a circle on the floor of the great hall; and after a time, one of their number rose and said: "We were in prison and you cared for us. We were sick, you made us well. We were hungry, you fed us. The day was no longer than your kindness. So we will make for you a road."

Now the brown men did not like to make roads; it was a hard task. And though from Tusitala's hilltop home to the village there was no road, he had not found any man who for wage would make him a way. But these men did for love what no man would do for money. A broad road, an open way, they built, and when it was done, they called it, "*Ala Loto Alofa*," the "Road of the Loving Heart."

The man made them a feast, and he said: "I love your land and I love its people. They are my people, to live and die with."

But a little time later, the black shadow crept upon him as he sat with his friends, gay at heart and full of plans for the days to come. Suddenly the shadow threw over him its pall of eternal silence, and the lips of the teller of tales were shut forever.

Then over the Road of the Loving Heart came his friends, the brown people. They filled the room where he lay with flowers, so that it was ablaze with color. They mourned: "You who lived with him are a great people, and full of love. Yet who among you is as great as Tusitala? What is your love to his love?"

On the very tip of the man's mountain was a tiny tableland. To it, with knives and axes, his brown friends cut a way. Here they laid him—the teller of tales for the people of all lands. On one side of the great stones that mark the place the brown people said in their own tongue:

#### THE TOMB OF TUSITALA

Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest,  
I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God  
my God; where thou diest, I will die, and there will I be  
buried.

On the other side, his own people wrote in English two verses of his own, with his name:

1850      ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON      1894

Under the wide and starry sky  
Dig the grave and let me lie,  
Glad did I live, and gladly die,  
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me:  
"Here he lies where he wished to be,  
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,  
And the hunter home from the hill."



THE BELFRY AT BRUGES, BELGIUM

## BELFRIES AND BELLS

By J. A. STEWART

Belfry? why?—The part of a church in which the bell hangs, you reply.

That answer is the right one. But a belfry, it happens, did not originally have anything to do with a church or even a bell, not at all. It was a military tower, pushed by besiegers against the wall of a besieged city, from which the hand-crenades of ancient times were thrown against the defenders!

A church steeple has received the name of belfry not because bells are hung in it, but because of its resemblance to these ancient war towers.

The oldest belfry, in the sense of a bell tower, according to tradition, that of Most, Belgium.

This historic belfry fell before the guns of the invading Huns in 1014, and is now but a mass of ruins.

Among world-famous belfries, there is none more distinguished and esteemed than that noble Flemish belfry—the belfry of Bruges—boldly soaring above the ancient market-hall in the quaint Belgian city. This belfry dates from the thirteenth century, and is said to have been spared by the German vandals during their four-years' occupation of the invaded kingdom.

Not so the bells, however, in most of the other Belgian and French belfries, for the Germans melted all the bells they could lay hands on, it is

said, to help make cannon for their disastrous world-conquest campaign. They took, among hundreds of others, the oldest bell of Flanders (which since 1498 had been sounding from the little tower of Damme, the ruined, near Bruges), and the lovely "Carolus" of the lace-tower in Antwerp.

It is said that bells are beloved in Flanders more than they are anywhere else in the world. However that may be, it is certain that their fine bells have had a great deal to do with the life of the people. Even in the small villages, the belfries often held as many as six great bells, whose musical chimes gladdened and cheered the whole countryside.

When, on Good Friday, there is no sound from the Belgian belfries, the children are told that the bells have gone to get Easter eggs; on Saturday they listen for the first sound of the silent bells, and, at the first note on Easter eve, they hurry from church to their homes to search for eggs.

The Belgians and the people of the Netherlands are alike proficient in the ringing of bells in belfries, and high honors are accorded to belfry music-masters.

Sounding the bells in belfries will not become a lost art, one may be sure, for the stolen bells of Belgium will be restored. There is enough gunmetal in the Belgian battle-fields to make bells for centuries to come, bells that will ring out and echo through the ages the glad notes of victory for a world redeemed from bondage.

In Scotland, in ancient times, when the church was built in a glen the "belfry" was placed above, a strong tall tree often serving as the tower upon which the bell was hung that called the worshippers to service. Recalling this, one is reminded that



THE CHURCH OF ST. MARY LE BOW, LONDON, ENGLAND

it is in the Koran it is written that bells hang on the trees of Paradise, and are set in motion by wind from the throne of God, as often as the blessed wish for music. And Thomas Moore, in "Lalla Rookh," refers to

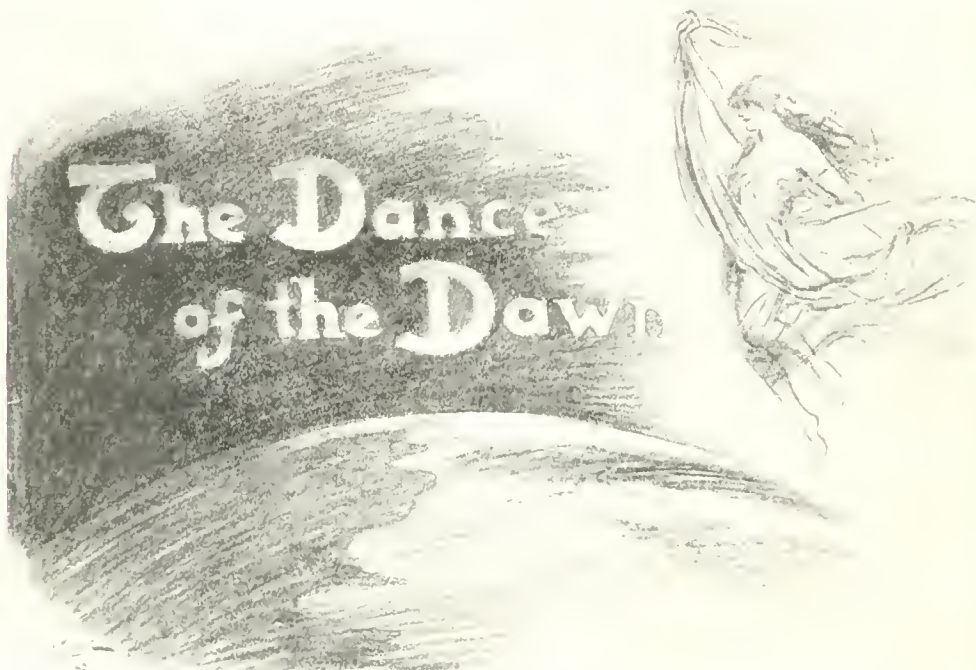
Bells as musical  
As those that on the golden-shafted trees  
Of Eden, shook by the eternal breeze

Bells in the earlier centuries of the Christian era often had pious inscriptions. They were founded with religious ceremonies, consecrated by baptismal service, given names, anointed, and finally covered with the white garment, like infants.

Municipal belfries are more common in Europe than they are in Great Britain and America. When the burghs began to rise into power, after the twelfth century, they asserted their right to have bells to call the people together. In this way, detached belfries arose in the business centers. Later, these became part of the city hall, as at Bruges and Brussels, in Belgium; St.

Quentin and Donald, in France; Glasgow and Aberdeen in Scotland, etc.

Many of the belfries in England are provided with "peals" of bells (eight bells to form the scale), which are a sort of national institution. Among the most famous of these belfry peals are the "Bow-bells," of St. Mary-Le-Bow; Cheapside, London. A merry peal of bells comes from London belfries on all great festive occasions—for weddings, especially, and on occasions of great general rejoicing, as on November 11, 1918, when the great victory was won by the Allies over Germany and other belligerents, ending the terrible world-war with a victorious peace.



By TUDOR JENKS

FROM o'er the sea I greet Japan,  
Give a rosy kiss to Fuji San,  
Then, with a bow to old Korea,  
In China's realm I next appear,  
But pass them by for Tibet strange,  
And ice-clad, cold Himalaya's range;  
Through deserts dry I'm quickly whirled  
Away from the ancient Eastern world.  
Persia follows; the Caspian Sea,  
Turkey, Austria, Italy

Next Europe's shore the Atlantic laves,  
And westward to where *your* banner waves!  
Then "Gotham"; Washington; the "Lakes"—  
On Plains and Rockies daylight breaks,  
Then through your western Golden Gate  
To where Pacific's billows wait!  
So, past palm islands, to the shore  
Of far Japan—to start once more,  
"A long, long journey!" you may say  
But I complete it every day!



# THE LUCK OF DENEWOOD

By EMILIE BENSON KNIPE and ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

Authors of "The Lucky Sixpence," "Beatrice of Denewood," "Vive la France!" etc.

## SYNOPSIS OF THE PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS

PEG TRAVERS, joint heir with her brother Jack to the estate of Denewood, in Germantown, which they are too poor to keep up and have rented as a school for girls, receives a letter from her brother, an officer with the A. E. F., saying that a relative of the family, a French girl named Béatrice de Soulange, has come to him asking for assistance, and he has thought it best to send her to America. Peg, who lives with her aunt in the lodge at Denewood, is talking this news over with her cousin, Betty Powell, when the French girl unexpectedly arrives—a girl of their own age, deeply interested in the Denewood books and the history of their house. Her first desire is to see the lucky sixpence, their family talisman, and when she is told that it has been lost for a century she is astounded at the girls' indifference and declares her belief that with it was lost the luck of Denewood. Full of gratitude for their whole-hearted hospitality, she determines to find the sixpence and restore the luck of the house. Louis de Soulange, brother of Beatrice, an officer in the French army, in an aeroplane flight over the lines, has disappeared and is "missing."

## CHAPTER V

### DOCUMENTARY EVIDENCE

If Peg, on waking next morning, had forgotten that the search for the lucky sixpence was to begin at once, she was soon reminded by Bé, who was impatient to be at it. Moreover, the French girl's quickly growing faith that their search would be rewarded soon fired her cousin with enthusiasm. They ran downstairs to tell Aunt Polly of their project, and by the time breakfast was finished, Miss Travers had caught something of the certainty Béatrice inspired.

"It would be most extraordinary if you should find it, Bé dear!" she exclaimed. "After the luck of the house has been lost all these years, a new Beatrice crosses the water to find it again! It sounds quite like a gipsy prophecy, does n't it?" she ended, smoothing her brown skirt with tiny hands, like the prim little wren she so much resembled preening her feathers.

Fortunately it was Saturday, so that Peg was free of school and there was nothing to prevent an immediate start.

"Tell me," asked Bé, a little anxiously, "is it that those boys play their game inside or outside the house?"

"They were in the house," Peg answered promptly. "It's all in Beatrice Travers' journal. It seems that Little John had a sore throat; but they evidently did n't bother much about germs in those days, because they invited boys to visit him just the same."

"That is fine!" Bé cried, smiling as if she was much pleased. "I 'ave had a worry, fearing they were outdoors. If that had been so, I should have despair'; but in the 'ouse, we shall fin' it."

"I do admire your confidence, my dear," Aunt Polly said, "but I fear you will have a discouraging time of it. Denewood is a large house and —"

"Oh, but we shall search like—like—oh, like *Boches*," Bé insisted. "They did not leave a place for a mouse to hide that they did not pry into. But of course we shall 'ave to hunt; and if we do not find it one day, there is another day to follow. And we go on till it is discover'. I am sure! You will see."

"But there is the school!" Peg remembered suddenly and was dismayed. "We can't go poking about as if it was all ours. Miss Rapp, the housekeeper, will get after us if we turn things upside down, and Miss Maple!—she would n't hear of it."

"I fear that will be a great obstacle," Miss Polly sighed mournfully. She had been much taken by the plan, but now that they had begun to discuss the practical side of it, the difficulties in the way seemed insurmountable.

"*Non, non!*" Bé insisted. "We shall not upset anything. And as for me, I shall go to that school too. I shall be an ending young lady. Let us not look for uncouragement. We gain nothing that way. If something come to stop us, then we go over it or around it. Is it not so? That first Béatrice Travers, she would not let anything stop her when she go to save Denewood."

"That 's the way to talk!" exclaimed Peg. "We 'll just do it in spite of everything!"

"Then let us look first at that book of maxims and read, oh, so carefully, all we can find about it," Bé suggested. "What do you say, oh? I should love to see those book'."

"That 's a good idea," Aunt Polly agreed, as she rose from the table. "We will get them right away."

She fluttered across the room to where an iron safe stood between the windows. Its top, covered with a linen cloth, was used as a serving-table, for the lodge lacked a pantry.

Miss Travers stood for a moment looking at the lock, her brow wrinkled perplexedly.

"I'm always frightened when I try to open this safe," she murmured, half to herself. "I'm so afraid I shall forget the combination. Of course Jack knows it; but I should feel so humiliated if, some day, I did n't remember. And then it seems so mysterious."

She drew up a chair before the iron door and was soon busy twirling the shiny knob this way and that, till at length, with a click, the heavy door swung open.

"There!" she sighed, as if a great weight had been lifted from her shoulders. "I have n't forgotten yet, thank goodness! All our most valuable records are here, and, Bé," she went on, half turning to the French girl beside her, "you have no idea what really wonderful things this safe contains. You remember Mrs. Mummer, the old housekeeper you've read about in the Denewood books? Well, my dear, we have her receipts for wedding-cake and preserves, and directions for smoking hams, and— and oh, I can't tell you half of them. Then there's a wonderful wash for sunburn. I think it was invented by Benjamin Franklin; but I can't be sure. It may have been Martha Washington. But, whoever discovered it, I know that it's splendid. And then there are instructions for brewing all sorts of home remedies. I'm most interested in them, but we don't seem to have the roots and herbs they had in those days."

"I'm glad we have n't," Peg said feelingly. "I'd have to try all of them, and I'm sure they're horrid."

"How you talk, Margaret!" Miss Polly twittered, looking almost severe for a moment; then she took out a number of old books and handed them to Peg. "There are the journals of Beatrice Travers. They are very precious to our family, so take good care of them. You'll find in them all that is known of how the sixpence came to be lost. Now run along into the other room. I want to look over certain papers, while the safe is open. Goodness knows if I'll remember what to do the next time I want something in it."

"Don't worry, Aunt, admonished Peg. "As Mummer might have said, 'never cross your bridges till you come to them.'"

Peg and Bé went off into the living room and curled up together on the sofa.

"I want most to see the little book of maxims," Bé said, and Peg handed her the precious volume.

Beatrice de Soulange turned the brittle, yellow pages reverently, with careful fingers, and scanned the delicate handwriting, grown faint with age. In it, there was much that she had already read in the book, that told some of the adventures of this great Beatrice Travers, after whom she had been named. Of a precious piece that had been

given back to the elder Beatrice when she was a very little girl by a gipsy, who had prophesied that the half should be luckier than the whole; of the way in which that coin had been broken in two, and how the fitting together of the pieces had brought an enemy to save Denewood.

She paused now and then to read, in the quaint old English of those days, notes of events that had taken place more than a hundred years before, and in the stillness of the room it was almost as if that wonderful lady had come back and was urging her to search till she had found the sixpence that had been the luck of the house of Travers.

"And this is the very book she brought with her from England!" Bé said, in an awed voice. "It is hard to believe she 'ave been dead for so long a time."

"When you see her portrait in the hall at Denewood, you'll think she's still alive," Peg replied. "Sometimes, when I was living there, I felt that she was just away for a while and might come in any day. Oh, it's a wonderful picture!"

"I 'ave so wished to see that picture," Bé murmured, passing her hand over the silken cover of the book as she spoke. "I thought perhaps the sixpence might have been hidden under the cover," she explained. "But no, it is not there."

"What made you think that?" asked Peg, surprised. "It was n't Grandamma Beatrice who lost the pieces."

"But yes, I know that," Bé said, "yet to me it seem' not like her to give up the search till she 'ave found them."

"I never thought of that," agreed Peg. "It does n't seem like her, does it? After all, she was pretty old, and I've no doubt she went on hunting as long as she lived, though, from what I've read in her journal, I'm convinced that she thought Little John would remember sometime what he did with his half."

"I should like that you read me what she say of that," Béatrice suggested.

"That's in the 1818 book," Peg replied, selecting the right volume and turning over the pages deftly. "Here is the first entry," and she began to read as follows:

"Little John fell sick of a sore throat on his eighth birthday. I physicked him well, and he was more like himself. In the afternoon his cousins came and stayed to supper, which kept him contented indoors and did him no hurt."

"There!" said Peg. "That makes it certain they were in the house. Now here's another entry. Listen.

"Little John's grandfather gave him a right proper (tin). In truth, the child is heedless and should not

have taken it out of sixpence from his neck, where I had strung it to use in play as pirate gold; but his cousin Bart had so fired him by recounting an old tale, that I, for one, can scarce blame the little lad that he should wish to act it out with his playfellows, and I shall ever think his grandfather at fault, and shall hold that it was his setting a dunce-cap on Little John's head that so filled the boy with shame and so scattered his wits abroad that he cannot remember where he hath hid the necklet. "I is safe, I doubt not, and will be recovered in time. Meanwhile, the child is not yet well of his cold and hath not been within the house."

"It is to me plain that Madame Béatrice did not so much worry," Bé remarked musingly. "I do not know what to think, exactly. Is there anything more about it?"

"Oh yes!" said Peg. "Here 's what she wrote three days later:

"Ah, ha! Meritly hath the jest been turned against Jack Travers, for now he is guilty, even as Little John. He hath carefully hid away his own necklet with the half sixpence hung thereto, lest it should come to harm, and now remembers naught of where he put it. I say no word of dunce-caps, which I consider a sign of much virtue within me, but I shall be in no haste to set him on the track until the little lad hath recovered his piece; for in truth the boy did no wilful ill, and I am minded to hold to my opinion that his punishment was too severe."

Bé eyed Peg for a moment in silence, then burst out excitedly.

"But of course she know' where it is! Her husband's necklace!"

"Of course, she must have," Peg agreed. "That is plain from what she says about not being in any haste to set him on the track."

"Of a truth it is so!" Béatrice exclaimed. "Look if there is not something more!"

But search as they might, no further mention of the lost sixpence could be found, except two or three short entries regretting the fact that Little John "whose wits are so keen in most matters, hath recovered his memory not at all," and expressing the hope that this was but a temporary condition.

"You will observe," said Bé, thoughtfully, "she 'ave no anxiety in case your Grandfather Jack do not remember."

"None at all, for she certainly would have put it down if she 'd been as worried as you 'd think," Peg agreed. "There 's something queer about it."

"Tell me, Peg," said Bé, suddenly, after a short period of silence, "do you know which was her sleeping-chamber?"

Peg nodded her head disconsolately.

"It 's Miss Maple's room now. Everything is almost as it used to be, and her sitting-room was Grandfather Jack's study, but we can't search there. We may as well make up our minds to that."

"In that lies a trouble," Bé admitted. "I—she cross, this Miss Maple?"

"Oh, I don't know," Peg said hesitatingly. "only she does n't like any of us. You know she was awfully disappointed that we would n't sell Deeneewood to her, and she can't get over it."

"Oh," Bé replied roguishly, "probably it is necessary that somebody flatter the dear Miss Maple until she is in a good humor. We shall see; but those rooms we must search."

"You 'll never be able to do it, Bé," Peg insisted.

"That is one of those bridges we shall walk over when we arrive," Bé misquoted smilingly. "Let us put the books away and then think and think!"

They gathered up the precious volumes, to find Miss Polly still sitting before the safe.

"Oh, my dears!" she exclaimed, looking up at them with a pleased expression on her dear old face, "you 'll never guess what I 've found!"

"Not the sixpence!" Peg cried, with round eyes.

"No, no!" answered Miss Polly, "this is a perfectly marvelous thing. Listen," and she began to read almost breathlessly from a faded newspaper clipping.

"To remove spots and sundry soiled places from white broadcloth or lutestring, warm a cup of flour, being careful to guard against browning it over too ardent a fire. When heated, sprinkle over the article to be cleansed and shut in a box till the morrow. The stuff will then be found free of all stain, whether it be of oil, grease, or other discoloring substances.

"Is n't that wonderful?" cried Miss Polly; "and so simple! Think of people knowing such a thing as that a hundred years ago! There are those who say that we are wiser than our forefathers, but I very much doubt it."

Just then an automobile drove up to the door, and a moment later Betty Powell rushed in.

"I 've come to take the girls over to Chestnut Hill for lunch!" she cried, after greeting them all. "Mother 's most anxious to see Béatrice, and I want her to meet our whole tribe. You 'll let them come, won't you, Ann Polly?"

"Of course, my dear," Miss Travers answered. "I think it will be very nice for Béatrice."

"Then let 's get off at once," Betty suggested, starting for the door.

"But no, it is impossible that we go so queer!" Bé protested. "I 'ave my beds to make and to arrange my so sweet little room, and—"

"Oh, Bé, you *are* a darling!" Peg exclaimed impulsively. These domestic matters had worried her. She had been fearful that this French cousin, who might be a countess and who was accustomed to have servants on every hand to wait upon her, would give no thought to the added work her living there entailed. Selma, alone,

could not do it all, and both Aunt Polly and Peg herself helped in many ways. She had not expected Béatrice to be so ready to fall in with these arrangements, and yet here she was proposing to make her own bed, as if she had done it all her life.

"Come on, Betty, we'll let you 'clp!" Bé cried,

Betty called, as the machine whisked away; and Miss Travers watched it out of sight before she went back into the house.

"That young lady, she very nice," Selma grunted dispassionately, as she and her mistress dusted the dining-room together. "She will make us no troubles."

"I think she's perfectly sweet," Aunt Polly twittered; and Selma nodded her head stolidly in agreement.

A few minutes later, Mr. Lynch came, bringing a letter from Captain John Travers in France. It was the one he had referred to in his note sent from London to Peg and should have been delivered a week, or more, earlier.

It was rather bulky, and Miss Travers trembled slightly as she opened the envelop. Most of the news had already been told by Béatrice herself; but there was a good deal that was of interest, and Miss Polly read the following sentences over twice:

You may imagine my surprise when I walked into the room and found her. She had come down here in charge of an ambulance girl and was as cool as a cucumber. She dropped me a curtsy that made me feel like a grandfather and informed me that she was my cousin, Béatrice de Soulange. I had to rack my brains to remember how she was a cousin of mine, but I did n't let her know that. I'm quite sure you'll love her. She's the friendliest little soul in the world, and every one here

think he's great. It seems her brother (I'll tell you about him in a minute) did n't think that this war was ever going to end, and so he told her, if anything happened to him, to get to America as quickly as she could. They both seemed certain that there would be a John Travers with the A. F. F., and they were right. With her, what her brother says goes, and so she hiked out to find me.



SHE KINDLED HER LIGHT AND WAITED FOR THE RETURN OF THAT AÉROPLANE

and some proclaiming that she was doing her cousin a great favor, and the three, laughing, ran upstairs.

Their tasks were finished quickly and they were soon down again ready to set off. Miss Travers went to the door with them, up to the last moment tizzily anxious about them and full of admonitions for the care of their health.

"Father and Mother will be over to-morrow,"

her fighting against any suggestion that he 's dead. I would n't mention it to her if I were you, and do tell Peg to be careful. Time is the only thing that will convince her; for I don't think there 's a chance of his ever coming back. I made inquiries and will enclose you a letter from the curé of the village where Béatrice lived. He was in America when he was a young man; this accounts for his English, which is pretty good. Bé knows him, of course. When you read his letter you 'll get an idea of what a brave girl she is. She 's got me all right! I think she 's great!

Jack's letter ended, Miss Polly opened the inclosure and read the following:

*Monsieur le Capitaine* John Travers, Esquire,

*Cher Capitaine:*

It is with a pleasure and somewhat a grief that I reply to your communication asking an account of the happenings to Mademoiselle de Soulange and to her brave brother, Monsieur le Marquis de Soulange-Caderousse. It is I, *cher monsieur*, that can tell you all that occurred on that dreadful night; but before I begin my tale, may I commend to your care the Mademoiselle Béatrice, who is as brave as she is good. I have known her since she is very little, and I tell you that she does not know that there is evil in this world. She has written to me of your intention to send her to your family in America. It is a wise course, though I should like you to remember that the child lacks not many friends in her own country who would make a place for her with great willingness. Now I will get on with my account, trusting you will excuse its brevity and many imperfections of expression.

A short time before the armistice, her brother, known as the Capitaine de Soulange, a most promising young officer, volunteered to accompany a friend in the aviation service upon a very dangerous mission into the enemy territory. What was the exact duty I, of course, know nothing except that it involved much risk. They departed from the Château de Soulange at night, and it was secretly arranged that signals should direct their return. This matter was intrusted to Mademoiselle Béatrice, who was to show a light.

No doubt you know that the two soldiers had hardly started when the *Boches* fired upon the château. It was quite terrible! I, who know, tell you that, having seen it all. However, the servants of the Soulanges were much frightened and fled, carrying with them their young mistress, disregarding her desire to remain and make the signal which should guide her brother to safety. Later, she managed to escape them and, in spite of the shells, kindled her light and waited for the return of that aeroplane. By a miracle, she was untouched; but it was entirely due to her daring and devotion that the aviator returned safely. Alas, without her brother! I have often pictured in my mind the poor, brave mademoiselle waiting in the dark for that return; perhaps, at last, hearing the humming engine and running to welcome her Louis. It is very touching to the heart, is it not, *monsieur*? But the child, unutterably shocked to find her beloved brother left behind, fell into insensibility. The aviator took her out of harm's way and soon she has returned to consciousness. On the morrow she goes back, and finds only a mass of ruins left of her life-long home.

I cannot say that it has affected her mind; but, as you spoke in your letter to me, she says nothing to any one of those hours she spent waiting for her brother to return. That she then sustained a great mental shock is evident, and such another might well impair her reason. I grieve that she still insists that Monsieur Louis is alive and fear some untoward circumstance may give color to that belief, which, having proved false,

will bring the reaction I most dread. Time, I am convinced, will bring her consolation. *Le bon Dieu*, he is so good.

And, yes, she also insists upon carrying out the expressed wishes of her brother, *au pied de la lettre* [literally], and so seized the first opportunity to communicate with her American relatives.

This projected visit to your great country, *cher monsieur*, seems desirable; for in new and peaceful surroundings, without the reminders that are on every hand in this poor France of ours, she may be brought to accept her great loss with resignation.

I regret to add that, after this lapse of time, no hope whatever is entertained in official circles that the Capitaine de Soulange may have survived. He left the aeroplane to do a certain duty. We know he accomplished his mission; but he came not back at the appointed time.

*Monsieur*, we who know him mourn a hero. May that in time prove a consolation to his young sister-

It must have been tears that made it impossible for Miss Polly to read the signature of the good curé whose letter she held. She dropped her hands in her lap and for a moment sat motionless, blinking her eyes quickly; then her head tilted to one side.

"She is perfectly sweet," the little wren twittered to herself.

## CHAPTER VI

### MISS MAPLE OF MAPLE HALL

ON Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. Powell drove over to the lodge in their most expensive limousine, leaving the children behind. It was to be an afternoon of consultation. Mrs. Powell made no secret of the fact that she, as well as the rest of her numerous family, was delighted with Béatrice and prepared to make the new cousin one of themselves. Indeed, it seemed likely that Bé's visit might be an indefinite one, in view of Jack's last letter, which Aunt Polly showed Mrs. Powell secretly, and it was necessary that the girl be properly established.

Béatrice had expressed a desire to attend Miss Maple's school with Peg and the two Powell girls, Betty and Floratia, not hesitating to explain that the desire to search for the lost sixpence was her chief incentive.

"But of course, I 'ave much to learn out of books," she acknowledged with a frank smile.

Mrs. Powell, a practical, every-day, motherly sort of woman, laughed in her kindly way at what she called "Bé's superstition" in the matter of the sixpence; but she saw a great deal to recommend in the proposed arrangement.

"It will be the best thing in the world," she told Aunt Polly. "Béatrice will go right ahead with our girls, and the sooner she starts, the better."

"But don't you think she 'll be unhappy among all those strangers?" Aunt Polly hinted fearfully.

"She 's so sweet, I should n't like her to be made unhappy, and young people can be so thoughtless."

"My dear Aunt Polly, you need n't worry about that," Mrs. Powell assured her. "She 's not a shy child, and, moreover, is so confident that every one in America will be nice to her that she takes a kindly reception for granted. What I'm uncertain of is how Miss Maple will act. I've already had a talk with Béatrice, and she 's behind the other girls in most things. She 's had four years of war instead of education, you see."

"I suppose some one will have to see Miss Maple about it," Miss Polly twittered nervously.

"Yes, my dear, I intend to see her," Mrs. Powell said promptly.

"Oh, that 's good of you!" Miss Polly cried joyfully. "I'm sure it must be my uncharitable disposition, but I just can't bear that woman."

"She needs managing," Mrs. Powell declared, "but on the whole I think she 's a first-rate school-mistress. At all events, you need n't worry. I'll attend to it." And, being a prompt and capable person, Mrs. Powell proceeded to settle the matter at once.

The weather had cleared and Bé suggested that they walk up to Denewood; but her cousin shook a wise head.

"No, my dear," she said decisively, "this is to be a formal call. We shall go in state."

So the car was ordered and the two rolled up to the great house so quickly that, before she quite realized it, Bé had been admitted to Denewood and whisked into the reception room.

With a little gasp she looked about her, wide-eyed, and turned to Mrs. Powell.

"It 's just as I've dream'd," she whispered. "Our château was, oh, so very different. Yet here do I feel at home, too!"

"It must be in the blood, my dear," Mrs. Powell nodded understandingly. "We all love Denewood. My mother was a Travers, and I never cross the threshold without a lump in my throat, now that strangers are in it."

Béatrice moved nearer to Mrs. Powell on the sofa. She was beginning to grow fond of this new cousin, who, with so many responsibilities of her own, had yet found time to spare for the interests of a lone French girl.

And then Miss Maple came in, or rather, to Bé, she seemed to appear in the doorway from somewhere quite near. She was a tall woman, only a mile that had no mirth in it. She wore thick glasses, which made her pale blue eyes look very small indeed, and Bé thought, with a sinking heart, that it would not be so easy to flatter Miss Maple into a good humor as she had suggested. But the lady had a pleasant voice and greeted Mrs. Powell cordially.

"This is a young cousin from France," the latter explained. "She has come to live at the lodge. You will realize that her education has been interrupted for the last dreadful years, and it is a question with us just how it is best to take it up again."

"She speaks English?" asked Miss Maple, her eyes taking in every detail of Béatrice's figure and costume.

"*Mais oui, mademoiselle.*" Béatrice answered for herself. "I speak both kinds, English and American."

"She 's well grounded in languages," Mrs. Powell hastened to put in. "Naturally, there are other branches where she is weak, so I am sure she would not be able to slip into any one form in the school."

"Of course, my dear Mrs. Powell, you realize the demoralizing effect such a pupil, who is necessarily freed from much of the form discipline, would have in a school," Miss Maple said coldly. "I usually advise a governess in such cases."

Mrs. Powell nodded agreement.

"I felt that you would say that," she returned pleasantly, "and I hoped you might be able to suggest some one for the position. You see, it necessitates a person able to instruct Betty and Peg and Horatia as well, so she must be capable."

Miss Maple stirred in her chair a trifle uneasily. She had no desire to see the girls of the Travers' connection leave the school, but she had bitterly resented the restriction in her lease of the place which had prevented her making use of its old name, as she had planned, and was never ready to go out of her way to oblige one of the family.

"I can think of no one with such varied accomplishments," she remarked stiffly. "I shall regret seeing your daughters go, Mrs. Powell. They are both doing so well here. I fear you also will have cause to regret it, if you remove them and so retard their progress."

"Yes, it 's too bad," Mrs. Powell agreed amiably, "but it really can't be helped. Béatrice's brother, Capitaine le Comte de Soulange, would have every reason to complain of our hospitality if we left her without companionship in a strange land."

"Louis is the Marquis de Soulange Caderousse now, *ma cousinne.*" said Béatrice, innocently, in surprise. "Did you not know? The old marquis, he died since the war began, and he did never marry."

"No, I had n't heard of the old gentleman's death," Mrs. Powell spoke quite sadly. "We visited him in France when I was a bride, and he was so good to me. I must tell you all about it some day, Bé, but now we're taking up too much of Miss Maple's time." She started to rise, but

the schoolmistress stopped her. The conversation she had just heard was not without its effect upon her. It was one thing to refuse to make a place for a little French refugee in shabby, outgrown clothes; it was quite another thing to deny the school to a member of the old noblesse, who could help to give tone to the whole establishment.

"I've been thinking, Mrs. Powell," Miss Maple began. "Frankly, it would be a personal grief to me to see your daughters leave Maple Hall. Will you not give me a day or two to consult with my teaching staff and hear what they have to suggest about caring for—ah—" She looked at Béatrice, not knowing what to call her.

"Béatrice de Soudange," that young lady supplied promptly.

"For Béatrice," Miss Maple went on. "As I said, it is usual to suggest a governess in such cases; but perhaps some special arrangement might be arrived at for her."

Mrs. Powell nodded. "That would be very kind of you," she said, rather indifferently, "and there is no mad haste in the matter. The child has just arrived and might be the better for a little time to become accustomed to her surroundings. Moreover, it hardly seems likely that I shall find a suitable person at once."

"I know a very nice Y lady, *ma cousine*," Bé suggested demurely, "the one who bring' me from France. She tell me she was a *gouvernante* before the war."

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Powell, seemingly much interested. "At all events, Miss Maple, we shall wait to hear from you. I presume you can come to a decision by the middle of the week?"

"Certainly, certainly!" agreed Miss Maple, and all rose and made their way into the hall.

As the three moved out of the door, Béatrice looked about her with shining eyes.

"Ah, *ma cousine*," she cried, forgetful of Miss Maple, "is it not strange that I should stan' here, where my so little great ancestress play, and dust, and fight against the British long ago, I, whose brother fight *beside* the British in our war? Is it not truly strange?"

She scarcely expected an answer. Rather was she talking to herself, in the ecstasy she felt at

being at last at Denewood, whose history she knew by heart. Then suddenly she looked toward the staircase and went forward as if drawn by an invisible cord.

"It is she!" Bé whispered, "the real Béatrice!" She went to the foot of the stair on tiptoe, for the moment wholly unconscious that there was any one else in the hall, and, with her eyes fixed upon the glowing face of the portrait, curtsied low, as she might to a great lady.

"My first of all wish was to see you," she said softly, addressing the picture. "It is after you I 'ave been name'. I also am Béatrice, and here I make my promise to you that I shall try not to make you ashame' that I bear it."

She stood traushed for a moment, then, with another bow, she seemed to remember that there were others there, and, with a flushed face, she ran to rejoin Mrs. Powell.

"Thank you, oh, thank you!" she said to Miss Maple. "It is much to me, who 'ave left my 'ome in France, to fin' a so-old frien' as that picture. Is she not beautiful, that Béatrice Travers, who, I cannot think, was ever old?"

"Say good-by to Miss Maple, Bé," Mrs. Powell remarked, seeing that the girl was somewhat overwrought, "and then run out to the car. I shall be there in a moment."

Béatrice dropped a curtsy to the schoolmistress and fled to the waiting automobile.

"If you decide that you can find a place for her," Mrs. Powell said, addressing Miss Maple, "I think you will find her a good student and very easy to manage. She 's a dear child with a heart of gold, I'm sure."

"She seems very impressionable and—and Gallie," Miss Maple replied, in a cold voice. "I wish she were more like your own dear daughters."

"She 's very much like my Marjory," Mrs. Powell answered with a smile, "but of course you noticed—"

She stopped, nodding toward the picture, but Miss Maple appeared not to know what she meant.

"You mean you did n't see it?" Mrs. Powell asked. "As the child stood there it almost seemed as if the first Beatrice Travers were bowing a compliment to Sir Joshua's portrait of herself."

(To be continued)

## "TITO"

By SAMUEL E. HALL

ONE spring morning a few years ago, I stepped out of my hotel in the beautiful Swiss city of Geneva in search of some tobacco, and had not far to go before I saw the sign "*Tabac*" swinging over the door of a little shop on the Rue Blanc kept by Monsieur Tito. I entered and was waited on by a very pretty little girl of about twelve years. She was so gentle and painstaking I decided that while I was in Geneva I would buy my tobacco of Monsieur Tito. So the next week I went again to the shop. Monsieur Tito himself waited on me this time.

He was a big, fine-looking man with a pleasant smile, and I stayed for a few moments to talk to him. As I stood there, I noticed on one of the cigar-boxes over his head an English sparrow, which I supposed had happened to fly in when the door was open.

So I said to Monsieur Tito, "Did you know you had a sparrow in here?"

He glanced over his shoulder and simply said, "Oh, yes, that is our *Tetée*; it is his home."

After a question or two I learned the story of our *Tetée*, or Tito, as I prefer to call him.

One day, four years before, a nest full of young sparrows was blown down from the eaves in a gale; the little daughter, whose name was Marie, rescued this baby bird from the street and brought him into the shop. There the small waif had lived ever since and had become, as Monsieur Tito said, almost like of one the family. For they all lived together back of the little shop; Papa Tito, Mamma Tito, Marie, and "*Tetée*."

As we talked, "*Tetée*" flew down on Monsieur Tito's shoulder as if to say, "Yes, it is all true and this is my good friend." The man petted the bird most tenderly, showing a perfect understanding between them.

During the weeks I was in Geneva, I rarely missed a daily call on the little fellow. We became great friends. He would fly to me, light on my shoulder and eat from my hand and even from my lips. But if I carried my cane with me, he would not come near until I had put it well out of reach. Tito's accomplishments were many. He watched his master's shop when no one was behind the counter. If any one attempted to take anything from the shelves, Tito would fly out from behind a cigar box with a dash and a warning note, very startling to the intruder.

Then there came a day, just the day before Christmas, when the Tito family was very unhappy. "*Tetée*" was lost!

It was bleak and cold, there had been few customers in the little shop. The one thought was of the coming festival of Christmas. Marie came in from her music lesson, for she was learning the violin and had already received a medal for her excellent progress, and her first thought, as usual, was of "*Tetée*," who generally flew to her shoulder or hat to greet her. But no "*Tetée*" appeared or came to her call.

Then there was great alarm. Papa Tito and Mama Tito calling here and there and everywhere; Marie weeping and crying that if *Tetée* was lost, there would be no Christmas for her!

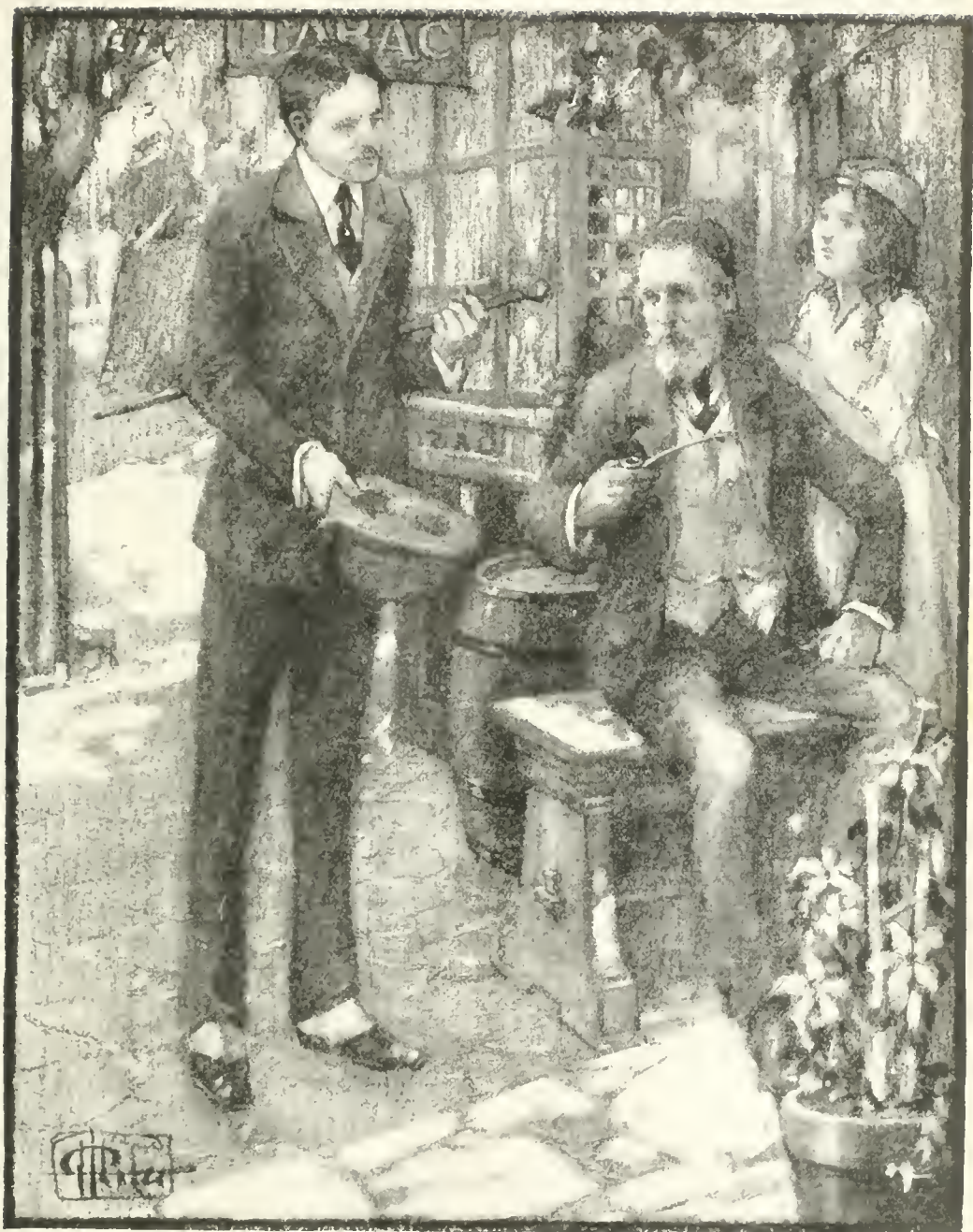
Mama Tito, with only a shawl over her shoulders, ran into the street, where the wind blew bitterly and the snow fell fast. Papa Tito ran after her, crying that she would catch cold, and Marie sat with her head in her hands, weeping! Now it was quite dark,— the lamps were lighted and the little family sat down to their supper in a very sad state of mind. All agreed that there could be no Christmas tree and no Christmas joy for them, that year. "*Tetée*" was lost!

The little green tree had been brought home the day before and was waiting for its tinsel dress and bright jewels, for its gifts from each one for the other, even for "*Tetée*!" Monsieur Tito and his wife had always before trimmed the tree after Marie was tucked into bed and "*Tetée*'s" head was tucked under his wing. But there could be no thought of Christmas trees this night, with "*Tetée*" out in the cold, perhaps even then lying dead in some snow drift! Who could tell?

The morning came. Christmas morning, and the little household was astir again. But it was not easy to call "Happy Christmas!" or "Merry Christmas!" back and forth, when the thoughts of all were on the little wanderer. The storm had blown itself out; the sun was shining again. The shop was opened, and an occasional customer came and went. Presently, just as Papa Tito was weighing out an ounce of snuff, the door opened for another customer and in flew Tito! He circled around and around Monsieur Tito's head with a *chirp, chirp*, in a sort of whirl of joy, and then alighted on the big man's shoulder. You can imagine what a cry of delight went up from the little home behind the shop when Monsieur Tito cried, "*Tetée* is here! *Tetée* is here!" Now we will have Christmas; now we will have our tree!"

Then the shop was closed for the day and a happy Christmas you may be sure they had.





A little shop on the  
Rue Blanc, kept by <sup>M<sup>r</sup></sup>Tito.



# I'LL TRY

A Grammar Play

## ELINOR MURPHY

With the assistance of her class in English Grammar

Albertine  
Randall  
Wheeler

### CHARACTER

Caroline Augusta, a school-girl  
Mrs. Benedict, her mother  
The Fairy Patience

Maid

A Noun	A Conjunction
An Adjective	An Interjection
An Article	Another Noun
A Pronoun	Another Pronoun
A Verb	Another Verb
An Adverb	Queen Grammar
A Preposition	King Language

TIME: The Present, late afternoon  
PLACE: The library of a home

(Mrs. Benedict is seated at her desk, writing. The maid enters with the mail.)

MAID: The mail, Mrs. Benedict.

MRS. B.: Thank you, Sarah. Ha! Miss Caroline come in?

MAID: No, ma'am, not yet. (Exit.)

MRS. B. (glancing at the clock). It is time for the child to be home. (Opens letter and reads aloud.)

DEAR MADAM,

"We beg to announce our early summer opening of English sport hats. The smart set on Riverside Drive are wearing these kind. We shall be delighted to show them to you who we know to be exclusive"

(Fears letter in two in disgust.)

"Who we know to be exclusive!" "These kind!" What ignorance! Oh! I am so glad my Caroline is learning to speak the English language correctly.

(Caroline, second letter.) Ah! Caroline's report! I shall be so disappointed if it is not good.

(Enter Caroline, who runs up to her mother and throws her arms around her.)

CAROLINE: Oh, Mummie dear! Jack has just learned us the most loveliest new game!

MRS. B.: Has taught us, Caroline! Never say "learned us"; and loveliest, not most loveliest.

CAROLINE: Oh, that's nothing, Mother! We all say that. Frances says it, and she's awful good at grammar.

MRS. B.: Caroline, Caroline, you must not use such expressions!

CAROLINE: Frances does; why should n't I?

MRS. B.: Because it is poor English, my child. See, Caroline, your report has just come.

CAROLINE: Oh, do read it!

(They open it and read it together.)

MRS. B.: "Reading—Very good. Writing—Very good. Art—Excellent. (Caroline claps her hands.) History—Excellent."

CAROLINE: Oh, I'm so glad! I tried so hard.

MRS. B.: "Arithmetic—Fair. Grammar—Entirely unsatisfactory." Oh, Caroline, Caroline, you have disappointed me! The other grades mean nothing when grammar is poor. Caroline, you must, you simply must improve in grammar.

CAROLINE: Oh, why do you make me study it? I don't see any use in grammar, anyway.

MRS. B.: Caroline!

CAROLINE: But, Mother, I really can't see any use in it. It's grammar again to-night, and it takes hours and hours. Mummie dear, I need n't do it,

need I (*coaxingly*)? Say you will write a note to Miss Blake.

MRS. B. Caroline, I am surprised. You must have a better report in grammar for Father next month. Remember, this is your study-hour—one solid hour of study before bedtime. Your father and I are going out to dinner.

(*Kisses Caroline, and exit.*)

CAROLINE (*rather sulkily gets school-bag, sits down at desk, and pulls books out, one by one.*) Geography—history—arithmetic—grammar. Oh! I suppose I'll have to begin with grammar. (*Opens book and looks at it a few minutes.*) Oh, dear! I don't think I'll ever get it right. It's all mixed up. What a stupid sentence to analyze! "Marian invited John and me to a party." I wish I was at one this very minute! Besides, I believe it ought to be, "Marian invited John and I to a party." I or me, which shall it be? There! I've made a rhyme. But that does n't do me any good. Oh! I'm so tired and sleepy. Miss Blake told us to write a sentence with every part of speech, a phrase, and a clause in it, and I'm so muddled I don't know a noun from a verb. Let's see. There ought to be nine parts of speech, including the article. (*Counting on her fingers.*) Noun—pronoun—adjective—article—Oh, dear! I don't understand a single part of speech, and I don't care.—I wonder how Miss Blake would like that sentence! It's the truth, anyway, and must have most of the parts of speech in it. I think I'll write it on the blackboard and see how it goes. (*Goes to the blackboard and writes the following, pronouncing each word as she writes.*) I do—not—understand—a—single—part—(*enter the Fairy Patience, who flouts about unseen by Caroline*) of—speech—and—I—don't—care. (*Caroline stamps her foot. Fairy hides her face.*) So there! (*Fairy touches Caroline with her wand.*)

CAROLINE (*turning around in surprise*). Oh! Oh! who are you?

(*Music plays.*)

FAIRY. I am the Fairy Patience and I have come to help you. If you will say my magic words, you will understand all the parts of speech and they will be your friends.

CAROLINE. Oh, but I don't understand grammar; and besides, I can't; and besides, I hate it; and besides, I don't care. But what can a lovely fairy like you have to do with grammar?

FAIRY. Everything in the world, Caroline, for I shall make you love grammar. "I can't" and "I don't care" are not magic words. They belong to that ugly imp, *Imp-atience*. Hear my words (*whispers in Caroline's ear*).

CAROLINE. Oh, I'm sorry. I really do wish I could understand. I'll—

FAIRY (*waves her wand*). Remove the last words from the blackboard, Caroline. (*Caroline erases "and I don't care," and writes "but."*) Now for the magic words! (*Caroline completes the sentence on the blackboard with "I'll try to understand."* Fairy pulls curtain at the back of stage and discloses a large book. *Music stops*).

CAROLINE. Why, that's our grammar! (*Noun and Article step out and bow.*) Who ever heard of words stepping out of a book?

ARTICLE. I, Article, introduce Noun.

NOU N. I am the noun.

ARTICLE. Oh, no, Mr. Noun, you are only a noun to-day. (*Pointing to blackboard*) "I part." See!

NOU N. Impudent little Article! Word of one, two, or three letters! There are but three of you,

while there are millions of me. I name all persons, places, ideas, things in the world!

ARTICLE. But I point you out and make you unimportant or important, as I please.

NOU N. Get back in your place, Article. (*Article jumps in place.*) You forget how small you are. Where is Adjective? It is fortunate he stands between us to-day.

FAIRY (*calling*). Adjective! Adjective!

ADJECTIVE (*emerges from book*). Oh, Noun and Article! Do I have to separate you two again? Caroline Augusta, I stand in front of Noun, for I often need to explain him. It is I, Adjective, who really limit the power of Noun. I can make him tall or short, warm or cold, proud or humble, sad or gay (*Noun fans himself, shivers, pouts, laughs, etc.*)—anything I please.

ADJECTIVE. Oh, Caroline, I almost jumped out of my page a while ago when you called me "most loveliest."

CAROLINE. Oh, I'm so sorry, Mr. Adjective!

ADJECTIVE. And how tired Adverb and I are of being "most adorable"—"most wonderful"—"perfectly dreadful" all day long. But where is Pronoun? He is usually sticking himself in and pushing Noun and me out of the way.

FAIRY. Shall I call Pronoun?

CAROLINE. Oh, yes! I hardly understand him at all.

FAIRY. Pronoun! Pronoun!

(*Enter Pronoun, pushing Noun, Article, and Adjective rudely aside.*)

PRONOUN. Oh, you three! Noun, I heard you telling Caroline Augusta here how wonderful you are, but you forgot to say that if I did not step in and take your place, people would grow very tired of you. Oh, what wearisome things sentences would be without me!

NOU N. Don't be so personal, Pronoun.

PRONOUN. Ha, ha! I am personal. Indeed, I am the subject of the sentence to-day (*points to pronoun "I" on blackboard*).

CAROLINE. When you are personal, I think I understand you; and I can always find you when you are demonstrative; but you are such a troublesome creature when you are relative.

PRONOUN. That is n't my fault. That's because you mix my cases. You don't know how it hurts me to be put in the wrong case, and, since I have only three, I think you might remember them. Think of my antecedents, too! I suppose you don't know whether "who" is nominative or objective. I heard you say just to-day, "The boy who I saw yesterday." Don't treat me that way, Caroline Augusta. It hurts my feelings. If you are tired, Noun, just sit down with Adjective and Article, and I will take the place of all three of you to welcome Verb, who told me he was coming. I'm so often his subject that I'm quite used to his queer ways. Now then, Verb, hurry up! You there?

(*Article, Adjective, and Noun sit down in row on edge of stage. A snore is heard behind the scene.*)

ARTICLE. ADJECTIVE (*in unison*). Verb sleeps.

NOU N.

NOU N. We should not disturb him. You know he has his mood! I—he weak or strong to-day?

(*A groan is heard.*)

PRONOUN. He's—

ARTICLE. an—

ADJECTIVE. old—

NOU N. Sleepy head!

VERB (*emerges from book, stretching, and rubbing his eyes*). What's all this about? Why am I being called? I was sleeping.

PRONOUN. You're wanted. You must be active.

VERB. Who wants me?

PRONOUN (*pointing to Caroline*). She—she—don't! (*"Murder" shouted from behind the scene*) understand grammar.

CAROLINE. Oh dear! Some one 's being murdered! Who is it?

VERB. Oh, that 's only old King's English. They 're always murdering him. (*Shaking his fist at Pronoun*). How dare you disagree with me?

PRONOUN. She don't! She don't! She don't!

CAROLINE. Oh, please don't quarrel!

VERB. Now don't blame me. Pronoun must agree with me.

CAROLINE. Do shake hands and be friends.

VERB. We agree. She *does n't* understand.

PRONOUN. Grammar.

VERB. I am the mighty verb, and my ways are like unto no other parts of speech. Yea, terrible and intricate are they. I govern time, as time has governed man, and, like man, I am very active, commanding, declaring; or, like woman, I speak in conditions—am often passive and indirect in my ways. At times I stand alone, but I have aids that were and are and shall be, that may and can and must do what I will—auxiliaries to me, the verb. Must I admit that I am sometimes imperfect? Yet—as often—perfect. On the whole, my habits are regular.

*Adverb enters timidly.*

ADVERB. Excuse me, Mr. Verb, I could n't help hearing what you said. Often have I seen you very irregular. I help him, Miss Caroline, and indeed I frequently affect his whole character.

VERB. Oh, Adverb! you must not interrupt me, the Verb. You depend on me. You could not exist without me. You may stand before me (*Adverb jumps in place as Verb points*) or after me, but you may not take my place.

ADVERB. But I can decide how, and when, and where you shall act. Stand *near* points, and *Verb* takes place. Stand *there*. *Verb* jumps into place and starts to interrupt. Keep still. Speak now!

VERB (*strutting over to Adverb*). Look here, young Adverb, you are going too far. I need your help occasionally, and that is all there is to it.

ADVERB. Often—very often.

VERB. No wonder I am moody! Well, as I was about to say, when Adverb so rudely interrupted; ignorant people abuse me—make me "come" instead of "came," "ain't" instead of "are n't," "learned" instead of "taught." You don't treat me that way, do you?

CAROLINE. Oh, no, Mr. Verb—at least I never shall again.

(*Adverb has walked over to Adjective and is pulling his hair.*)

VERB. Now, Adverb, speak a word for yourself and stop quarreling with Adjective over there (*scaps on the back*). Sorry I offended you, but you must keep your place, you know.

ADVERB. How I hate being confused with Adjective! You see, Adjective has to stick right by Noun or Pronoun, whether he wants to or not, while I have nothing in the world to do with either of them. Sometimes Adjective gets tired of them and steps in my place. Then we quarrel.

ADJECTIVE—dreadful cry of "Murder" behind scenes.)

ADVERB (*correcting him*). There you go again—

"dreadfully!" I have three jobs. I modify Verb; I modify Adjective; and I modify myself. That 's more than Adjective can do, for he can modify only Noun and Pronoun.

CAROLINE. Are you in my sentence, Mr. Adverb?

ADVERB. In your sentence, I 'm negative, *net* (*points*).

NOUN (*yawning*). Is n't Preposition coming? I do depend on him so often.

PRONOUN. So do I.

CAROLINE. Do call Preposition, Fairy.

FAIRY (*waves wand, book opens, and out step Preposition and Conjunction*). Here he is, with Conjunction.

CAROLINE. Oh, I used to think you looked alike, but you are quite different.

CONJUNCTION. Oh, very! We only come together because we are linking

PREPOSITION. words and are about the same size. We're not a bit alike.

PREPOSITION. We love to puzzle people. You are always mixing us up, Caroline.

CAROLINE. Oh, I know it. You are one of the very hardest for me to understand.

PREPOSITION. I see I shall have to explain myself. I show the relation between Noun and Pronoun and some other part of the sentence. (*He begins hopping around a chair*). See what I am doing, Caroline?

CAROLINE. Yes, you're hopping around a chair.

PREPOSITION. That's right. Is there any preposition in what you said?

CAROLINE (*clapping her hands*). Oh, I know! "around."

PREPOSITION. Good. Now I'll give myself another name—*sits in the chair*. I sit in the chair.

CAROLINE. Oh, you're "in"!

PREPOSITION (*boards under chair*). What now?

CAROLINE. Now you're "under." Oh, I understand you perfectly. In my sentence on the board you're "of," showing the relation between part and speech.

PREPOSITION. I 'm a little word, Caroline Augusta, but the others can't work long without me. Remember, Noun and Pronoun follow me and depend on me.

CAROLINE. And now let me hear what you have to say, Conjunction?

CONJUNCTION. Well, I join—just join words, phrases, and clauses. It 's rather important to join words together peacefully these days. Caroline Augusta, be careful how you use me. Most girls give me the same old meaning—and—and—and—in all their compositions and letters. Oh, how it bores me, and how tiresome your compositions are! I could name dozens of myself.

In your sentence on the board I am "but." I join the magic passwords to the rest of the sentence. Come, Noun and Pronoun, let us have a little dance and show Caroline how well we work together (*he takes Noun by one hand, and Pronoun by the other*).

NOUN.

PRONOUN. (*sings and sings!*)

CONJUNCTION.

Ha! ha! ha! Noun and me,

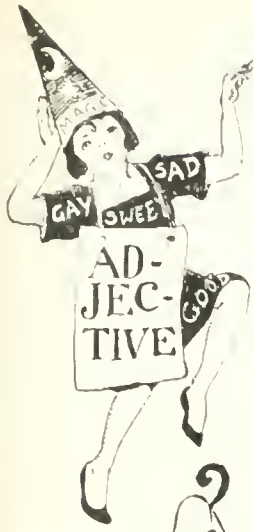
We're parts of speech, it 's plain to see!

We're John and she or Jane and he.

Conjunction joins us peacefully.

(*Tune: "Oh, Mama, pin a rose on me."*)

(*They sing it twice, the second time each singing alone his own name, as Noun, "Noun"; conjunction, "and"; Pronoun, "me." Noun and Pronoun may sing last line together.*)



CAROLINE. Oh, I am getting you all straightened out beautifully. I do believe you are all here—let us see: Noun, Pronoun, Adjective, Article, Preposition, Conjunction, Adverb, Verb. But how shall I ever get you into phrases and clauses? You are not really in order the way you are in my sentence on the board. Now, Pronoun, you stand first. I know you are I. Now, Verb. (They all begin to quarrel and there is much confusion on the stage.) Oh dear, dear, dear! You are all mixed up again. What shall I do?

(Enter Queen Grammar, looking reproachfully from one to another of the Parts of Speech, who stiffen up and arrange themselves.)

QUEEN GRAMMAR. And you, my children, have been quarreling again! Oh, it is always so when I leave you alone! Adjective, have you tried to take Adverb's place? Verb and Pronoun, why do you disagree? The King is coming and will say you are just senseless parts of speech. Straighten up! He will soon be here. You are a sorry sight.

ALL. We get dreadfully muddled without our queen.

QUEEN. Never mind, I shall soon straighten you out. I always do and I always shall.

CAROLINE. Please, please, Queen Grammar, forgive me for saying I hated you. I never, never will again, if you will only help me now. I was just beginning to think I could manage all the parts of speech, when they began to quarrel again. Oh, Queen Grammar, already I'm beginning to love you!

QUEEN. That is because you are beginning to understand me better. If you understand me, you will honor my king—perhaps the most powerful in all the world.

(Enter King Language.)

ALL. Your Majesty! (They bow.)

KING LANGUAGE. My loyal queen and subjects—I am Language, King of all the words that have ever been spoken or written. It is I alone can make the whole world understand. All else may crumble into dust, but I live on, and have lived since man first appeared upon this earth. Many, many years ago I was free, but now bend I the knee to my good queen. If I rebel, my subjects quarrel and do my work but ill; so hand in hand, as messengers of Thought, we do our work.

ALL. Hail, Great King! We live to do your bidding.

QUEEN. But we have forgotten Caroline's sentence on the blackboard. Step into your proper places, Words—Pronoun, the subject, now Verb and Adverb, next Adjective and Article, now Noun. An adjective phrase, please. Preposition, you need a noun to depend on you. Call one forth, Fairy



PATIENCE. (*Thrusts an' up out of the book.*) Now, Conjunction. Another pronoun, Fairy Patience, and a verb, please. But one has been forgotten! *Fairy looks in book and out jumps Interjection.* We need Interjection to put the finishing touch on the sentence. (*As Queen Grammar pronounces each part of speech, it steps quickly into its place, all forming a row across front of stage.*)

INTERJECTION. (*leaping in front of roze.*) Alas! Alack! Ah me! Oh my! Oh dear! Oh dear! (*accepts*) Ah!

VERB. (*seeks his cue.*) Cheer up!

INTERJECTION. Ouch! Oh! Oh!

CAROLINE. We had forgotten him, Queen Grammar. (*Goes up to Interjection and pats him.*) Never mind, Interjection, we'll find a place for you.

OFFEN. Let him first get into a good humor then he must explain himself.

INTERJECTION. (*looking around in surprise.*) Oh, goodness gracious! What a party! And all in order too! Huh. I am surprised. You are all too sober, though. You need me to put spirit in you. Ha! Ha! see me on my sunny side. (*turns sunny side to audience.*) A minute ago I was indignant, Pshaw! then surprised—but now I'm happy, for you, Caroline, understand Queen Grammar! Bravo! (*Jumps in air.*)

QUEEN. Our subjects, the parts of speech, are all present, King Language.

KING. But what thought do they express—for of what use are words and parts of speech without thought?

FAIRY. Let us have Caroline's thought.

(*Fairy waves wand; music plays as the parts of speech turn their placards over and recite sentence, each saying, in his proper order, the word printed on his placard as he turns it.*)

PARTS OF SPEECH. I understand perfectly all—the parts of speech—because—I have—tried.

INTERJECTION. (*wags in front of roze and shouts*) Hurrah!

(*All sing the following song to the tune of "The Jolly Miller."*)

"Three little words we often see,  
Called articles, *a, an,* and *the*;

A noun 's the name of anything,

As *hool* or *garden*, *hoop* or *sawing*.

An adjective describes a noun

As, *great*, *small*, *pretty*, *white*, or *broken*.

Instead of nouns the pronouns stand,

As *he* or *she*, *my* arm, *your* hand.

Verbs tell of something being done

As *read*, *wrote*, *sang*, *spell*, *jump*, or *ran*.

How things are done the adverb tell,

As *slowly*, *quickly*, *'till*, or *well*.

They also tell us where and when,

As *here* and *there* and *now* and *then*.

A preposition stands before

A noun, as *in* or *through* the door.

Conjunctions, sentences unite,

As, *kitten* and *puppies* bite.

An interjection shows surprise,

As, *Oh!* How pretty! *Ah!* How well!"

So all the parts of speech are we,

Serving each in his degree,

And I we ever mystify,

If I use the magic word, "I'll try,"

Just as the magic word, "I'll try!"

(*As the words are recited, a note of the*

*Queen Grammar and Queen Language repeat the above*

*parts of speech in their proper order.*)

(*As the words are recited, a note of the*

*Queen Grammar and Queen Language repeat the above*

*parts of speech in their proper order.*)

FAIRY. And now, Caroline, you understand them.

Will you use them well?

CAROLINE. Oh, Fairy Patience, I'll try!

## CURTAIN

### PROPERTIES

A small writing-table; a waste-basket beside it; several chairs. A small movable blackboard, such as a child might use in studying, on opposite side of stage from desk. At rear of stage, center, a curtain which can be pulled aside.

Behind the curtain is a huge grammar book. This may be made out of a clothes-horse. Cover one side with cardboard, making it extend higher or wider, if necessary, so that proportions are those of an ordinary book. Cover the cardboard with paper or cloth to look like a book cover. "English Grammar" should be painted on this in large black letters. Corners and decorations may be added if desired. Book must be placed so that characters seem to step out of it.

### COSTUMES

Mrs. Benedict, a semi-evening dress.

Caroline Augusta, a school dress.

The fairy Patience, costume of white and gold. She must carry a wand.

Queen Grammar, royal costume, gold crown; the punctuation marks on front of skirt can be cut from black pasteboard and glued to gold braid.

King Language, purple and ermine. Use gold bronze paint for lettering and decorating costumes.

Parts of Speech, costumes of satin. Straight smocks to knee; square necks, sleeves above elbow; stockings to match, if possible, and black shoes without heels. Caps may be of various shapes. The effect of costumes is that of little workmen wearing jerkins. Each part of speech has a placard, hung loosely around his neck, so that it can easily be turned over. The placard should be white, 13 inches wide and 17 inches long. On this is printed, in black letters, the name of the part of speech the child represents. On the other side of each placard must be printed the word which the part of speech pronounces when the placards are turned, viz.:

Pronoun	other side - I
Verb	" understand
Adjective	" all
Article	" the
Noun	" parts
Preposition	" of
Noun (extra)	" speech
Adverb	" perfectly
Conjunction	" because
Pronoun (extra)	" I
Verb (extra)	" have tried
Interjection	" Hurrah

The colors of costumes may be as follows:

Noun	Orange
Article or little noun	Violet
Adjective	Purple
Pronoun	Yellow
Verb	Red
Adverb	Light Red
Preposition	Blue
Conjunction	Green
Interjection	Yellow on one side and other side black
EXTRA NOUN	Orange
EXTRA PRONOUN	Yellow
EXTRA VERB	Red

# WHICH FLOOR DO YOU LIVE ON?

By PAULINE BARR

THE United States may be likened to a house having three floors and an attic, according to statistics compiled by the United States Geological Survey, Department of the Interior. Which floor do you live on in our national dwelling, with its 3,025,040 square miles of floor space?

Let us say that the States with an average height of 5000 feet or more above sea-level form the attic of our national house. You may consider that you live in this topmost story, nearest the blue roof of the sky, if you are a resident of Colorado (the tower-room, so to speak), Idaho, Nevada, New Mexico, Utah, or Wyoming.

The third floor consists of eighteen rooms (those States having an approximate mean elevation of from 1000 to 5000 feet). These are Arizona, California, Iowa, Kansas, Minnesota, Montana, Nebraska, New Hampshire, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Oregon, Pennsylvania, South Dakota, Texas, Vermont, Washington, West Virginia, and Wisconsin.

Sixteen States, with an average altitude of from 500 to 1000 feet, may be called the sixteen rooms of the second floor. If you live in Alabama, Arkansas, Connecticut, Georgia, Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky, Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, Missouri, New York, North Carolina, Ohio, Tennessee, or Virginia, you belong on the second floor.

Now for the first-floor rooms: Delaware, District of Columbia, Florida, Louisiana, Maryland, Mississippi, New Jersey, Rhode Island, and South Carolina. Each of these averages less than 500 feet above sea-level. Delaware is the lowest State in the Union, with an average altitude of only 60 feet.

As a matter of fact, Uncle Sam's house also has a small basement or furnace-room which lies 270 feet below the level of the sea. This is Death Valley, in Inyo County, California, and is the only part of the United States which has been found to be below sea-level.

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## "TWEET!"

By ROBERT EMMET WARD

SOMEWHERE, a bird I do not see  
Sings all day long—sings ceaselessly  
One note—one loud, unvarying "*Twee-ee*"

"O little bird!" I'm moved to sigh,  
"I really wish that you would try  
A somewhat less ear-piercing cry!"

"I can't conceive what joy can be  
In singing such a song as '*Twee-ee*'"

"With wings to soar against the blue  
A care-free day, each morning new—  
Is *that* the best that you can do?"

He answered promptly from the tree,  
An earnest, but unaltered, "*Twee-ee*"

Monotonous, and, worse, absurd!  
Though, I suppose, he never heard  
The paean of the mocking-bird,

It seems to me, if I were he,  
I should find more to sing than "*Twee-ee!*"

But wait!—No doubts disturb his breast:  
He does not ask for wage or rest.  
Unweariedly he does his best.

And it may be that he can see  
Something to criticise in me.

Perhaps he may be wondering why  
I seldom sing, and never fly;  
Thinks what he'd do if he were I,

Or thinks I should n't go far wrong  
To sing, like him, a cheerful song,  
I imitative, brief, and strong.

And that 's where he and I agree'  
"I beg your pardon, birdie. "*Twee-ee!*"

# A LITTLE GIRL IN A GREAT WORLD

By HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

It is not easy to remember the days of your life before you were six years old. Yet you can remember something of them, and your memories are helped because your mother and father, your friends and brothers and sisters, the people you know and love to-day, were many of them with you at the time you were a baby and a very little child, and they tell you what you did and what happened in that early time. So that in the memories you do have it is difficult to be



OPAL WHITELEY

sure what are the things you remember yourself, and what are the things other and older persons have told you out of their memories.

But suppose your life had broken short off when you were about six or perhaps only five years old. And that then a new life had begun for you, where not a single one of the people you knew in the first life were to be found, where the very language was different, the outside world another place, where no one cared especially for you, where you were just a lonely sort of little stranger, and the very memories that did come to your mind were driven away by beatings and scoldings. Were not quite driven away, however, though you did not know them to be memories; they seemed just ideas and thoughts that floated into your mind, like the fancies that came of themselves as you looked about you and wondered over all the things that surrounded you.

This is what happened to a little girl called Opal Whitely, though that was not her real name. She did not know her real name, and perhaps no one in the world knows it. All of it that she remembers is just a feeling she has at times that the whispers of the wind among leaves when she walks under the trees seem to be calling to her, and the call is, "*Petite Françoise, petite Françoise.*" She hears, and she knows that it is she who is *petite Françoise*. But she does not know why she is sure of this. Neither does she know why the answer she makes when the school-teacher in the little Oregon school where she goes asks her what is a pig and what is a turkey is not the answer the other children make. She replies that a pig is a

*cochon* and a turkey is a *dindon*, and even when the teacher tells her the answer is wrong, she sticks to it, and is punished. But she remembers that some one she thinks of as Angel Father used to call a pig a *cochon* and a turkey a *dindon*, and that he was always right.

When you read the story of Opal Whitely you should remember as you read that it is written by a child who had once been quite another kind of child. In that past time she had been a beloved and cherished little creature, with a father and mother who must have been exquisitely cultivated people, and French people. She was an only child, and on her the two young parents lavished a care and an affection that was wonderful. They talked to her of everything they loved and knew. They took her to see what was lovely and good, both in art and nature, and they trained her baby eyes and ears to look and to listen carefully, to compare one thing with another. They answered her many questions with respect and as well as they knew how, because that was the best way to teach her the truth about the world in which she lived. Like all cultivated French people, they ardently loved the history of their country, and knew well all the stories and legends concerning its kings and queens and heroes, its great men and women. And they knew, too, the lives and deeds of other great men and women in other parts of the world. They talked much of these people to their small daughter, writing down for her in two books many anecdotes concerning these kings and wise men and painters and poets and great ladies, and ancient gods and goddesses. And being Catholics, they told her the names of saints and something of their stories, and they taught her many little prayers.

In all this they were like other French parents, and I have myself known little children in France who were marvelously acquainted with such matters, and whose minds were full of information on many subjects of which children in America know nothing at all. But in the case of the *petite Françoise* it seems likely that her father must have been a man of science, and that therefore he talked to her of the world of nature more than would otherwise have been the case. It seems likely that whenever the two walked together in that other world where Opal spent her first five or six years, he took a lot of trouble to show her the little animals and birds and insects, the plants, the skies, and to explain these things, and teach her to examine them and love them.



Then, from this atmosphere of love and inspiration, Françoise was suddenly transferred to another, alien place, and thrown into the hands of strangers, coarse and even unkind people, though unkind rather from a lack of understanding and appreciation, than from innate cruelty. The woman who now stood in the place of her mother, and who gave her the name of Opal, after a little girl of her own who had died, this woman beat the child for any or no cause, overworked her, and showed her neither care nor affection in the sense that *petite Françoise* had known them through babyhood. This woman was the wife of a lumberjack in Oregon, a hard-driven woman, who had probably been herself brought up in the way she used with the child who had been, for whatever cause, given into her charge. The switches she struck her with were of the same that had been used on her, and spankings had been as common to her childhood as she made them to little Opal. The child was made to do work too heavy for her, of course. But in the families of the class to which the new family where she found herself belonged, this was apt to be the case.

There was one distinct memory in Opal's heart. That was that the two people who had been her world in the past were dead. They had died, and she had been told that they were now angels—Angel Father and Angel Mother. Confused memories followed this clear one, memories of travel, of the unaccountable disappearance of the nurse whom she used to know, of strange surroundings and strange treatment. But all this was foggy and faint, fading as the months went on and became years, and she was always and ever Opal Whitely, another child from the *petite Françoise* of the old, almost the dream, days.

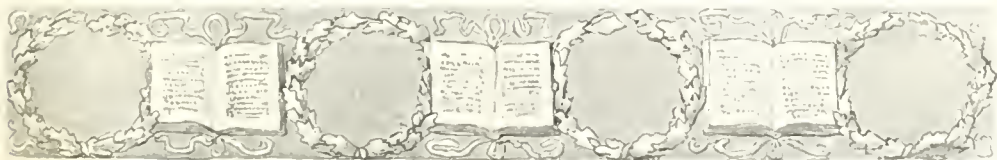
All this you come to understand as you read the diary that little Opal printed day by day on scraps of paper that came to hand, printing with the colored crayons given her by one of her friends whom she calls always the man with the gray neckties who was kind to mice. This diary is a strange, an amazing book. In it Opal set down everything she thought and did. She set it down in a curious English of her own that is very careful, because when a small child writes, she is careful. It is a big job, an important thing. Opal had probably been used to talking all she thought to those lost real parents, but from the new ones she soon learned to keep everything she thought and felt hidden, in the way a little child learns

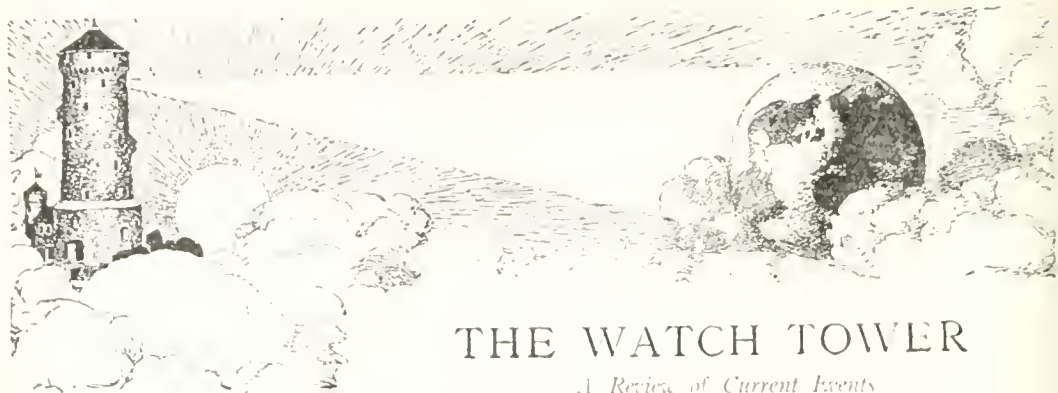
what is best for her. But she needed some confidant, and the diary was that confidant.

In it she talks of the many pets, animals, trees, flowers on whom she poured out the affection of her warm little heart. She gives these pets of hers the names of the great men and women whose stories had been told her so often when she was in that other life. She calls her dog Brave Horatius; she calls a great fir-tree Louis VI; another fir-tree, Godetroi of Bouillon; and the tree she loved best of all, Michael Angelo Sanzio Raphael. One baby chick is Jean Racine; another, Jean Molière; an old gray horse with an understanding soul she calls William Shakespeare. And so on, through many such names, names that she took out of the two books that had been written for her by Angel Mother and Angel Father. All sorts of little wild animals were friendly with her, grew tame to her gentle ways with them, wood-rats and bats and field-mice, small birds, a crow, and the farm animals. She thinks of these friends just as she thinks of human friends, of whom she has only two or three, and she plays with them as other children might play with their brothers and sisters.

Always Opal lives partly in the life that was the life of *petite Françoise*, though she does not realize this. She has a cathedral in the forest, where she leads her pets to pray. She keeps saints' days, and also she keeps the "borning days" of the great whose stories are in her books. To her the world is great and wonderful and life full of interest and beauty. She shows a passionate love for nature and reveals an intimate observation of natural things, and she does this as a child does such things, mingling her fancy and her vague ideas of fairies with fact. Everything that she sees lives to her, and lives with a life as vivid as her own.

As you read her story, you see that she realizes her happiness, but not her loneliness. Her story is touching and pathetic because you may read between the lines all the child lost and knows not that she lost. But her days are full of incident and interest, created by herself. She has eyes that see and ears that hear, and therefore she lives in a great world full of wonderful things. It took a poet to realize that the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts. You will laugh, you will be surprised, you will feel sad over Opal's diary, and you will think long, long thoughts, just as she does, while reading it.





## THE WATCH TOWER

*A Review of Current Events*

By EDWARD N. TEALL.

### HERE 'S A NEW YEAR—LET 'S MAKE IT A HAPPY ONE

GOOD-BY, Nineteen Twenty! Hello, Nineteen Twenty-one!

You've been a *pretty* good year, you Old Year; but not good enough to make it *very* hard for the New Year to be better. You will perhaps be remembered as marking the end of our World War Chapter of history; while your successor will, we hope, have the privilege of standing as Year One of the New Era.

You, Twenty-one, are a brand-new year, and we're going to try to get 365 happy days with you.

### THE ELECTION

DID you hear the news? Senator Harding was elected. It was rather a tight thing—the Republicans had only about six and a quarter millions plurality!

After March fourth the National Government will be completely Republican. The new Administration has a perfect "slogan" in Mr. Harding's fine phrase: "Less government in business, and more business in the Government."

President-elect Harding has expressed himself in favor of holding the gains made, during the war, in the American merchant marine. Our merchant fleet is now nearly twelve times as large as it was in 1914. Senator Harding does not merely wish to see this valuable property kept in use, but advocates further development of our shipping to hold the commercial advantages gained in recent years.

### AT GENEVA

HERE is a rather delicate task: to speak of the First Assembly of the League of Nations without making the Pres think us Anti or the Antis scold us for Pro-ness. A review of current events can hardly skip this topic, however, so, here goes!

Forty-one nations were represented. Russia, Germany, Mexico, and the United States were not. Geneva was crowded with delegates, newspaper reporters, and curious visitors. The Swiss city was brilliant with the flags of the nations, and every language that men speak was heard.

Keeping quite clear of "politics," it must be said that this was an impressive gathering of representatives of so many nations, trying to reorganize international affairs.

### VENIZELOS AND THE GREEKS

ELEUTHERIOS VENIZELOS is a great man. His life has been devoted to the cause of Greek independence. As a young man in Crete, as a mid-



Wise World Photo.

ELEUTHERIOS VENIZELOS.

dle-aged man in the Balkan Wars, and as an elder statesman in the World War, he has worked always for Greece.

Venizelos opposed King Constantine, to save his country from casting in its lot with the Germans. In November he was defeated in an election in which the issue was the reelection of Ven-

izelos or the election of a new premier pledged to restore Constantine to the throne.

On November 17, the new premier, George Rhallis, took the oath of office, and Venizelos left the country. Before going, he issued a message to the Greek people, assuring them that he felt no bitterness, begging them to keep to liberal principles, and promising his readiness always to

serve his country first. Before the election he had assured his opponents that if they were victorious, he would "retire definitely from the political field."

France and England were opposed to the restoration of Constantine, and the change in the Greek Government was of course watched with extreme interest by Turkey.

### OUR RELATIONS WITH MEXICO AND JAPAN

AMONG the problems which will confront the new Administration, when it takes office in March, will be those of our relations with Mexico and with Japan. Both these countries have been passing through periods of disturbance, and both are waiting to see what Uncle Sam is going to do.

### THREE CHEERS FOR THE GIRL SCOUTS

Six thousand of them marched up Fifth Avenue in Girl Scout Week; and with half a dozen floats, five bands, and an escort of mounted police, maybe they did n't just make things hum! In Central Park they had a pageant, showing the play and work of the Girl Scout.

In the parade there was a troop of thirty Chinese girls. Many nations were represented by girls in costume and carrying their national flags.

There are more than 82,000 Girl Scouts in the United States, and their November campaign was for the very commendable purpose of raising funds for the national organization, so that new troops may be organized and leaders trained. Through the Girl Scouts we are "building up a



Photo, Paul Thompson

MARCH OF THE GIRL SCOUTS UP FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

In Mexico, the question is whether the United States Government will recognize Obregon's Government. President-elect Obregon is said to have won favor on his visit to Texas by his expression of intentions toward the United States, but Mexico will have to straighten out her business relations with other Governments and show that she can suppress the Bolshevik disorders in her territory.

The issue with Japan is over the California law preventing Japanese from owning land in that State. There is a good deal of hard feeling about it in Japan, though the best opinion in the country is in favor of settling the dispute through governmental negotiations.

stronger, well-informed and all-round womanhood for America"—and the girls are having happy times.

### EDUCATION IN THE PHILIPPINES

THE Director of Education in the Philippine Islands reports that instead of 70 per cent. of the island people being unable to read and write, as in 1903, the percentage in 1919 was only 30. Attendance at the schools has increased steadily.

The Filipino Government has made a large appropriation for these schools, and many new buildings have been erected, while many more teachers have been employed. But the same difficulty exists there as here in getting good

teachers at the salaries that can be offered. Government and business positions pay better.

The director hopes that it will be possible to send native teachers to the United States for further education. If this could be done, it

### THE NEW MEMORIAL DAY

Two days in the year now belong to those who have fought and died for America; Memorial Day in May, and Armistice Day in November. The commemoration this autumn of the brave men

who served in the World War was observed, of course, in all parts of the country, and with a depth of feeling that could not help bringing us all closer together.

It is possible for a nation to grow careless, forget the past, and fail to learn the lessons of its history. America will not do that! We may not live on the high level of 1918, when the war was in its last furious drive and the fires of patriotism burned hotly; but we *can* make good the resolves we took in those wonderful days to keep America as great as those brave fellows fought to make her. We can honor their memory completely only by so living as to



Wide World Photo

AT CAMP DIX ON ARMISTICE DAY: VETERANS OF THE A. E. F., LED BY GENERAL PERSHING, PASSING UNDER THE GOLD-STAR ARCH

would be advantageous to Uncle Sam as well as to the people of his island dependency, promoting better understanding of each by the other.

prove their sacrifice worth the cost. They are not dead, so long as their memory lives in American hearts—and holds us true to American honor.

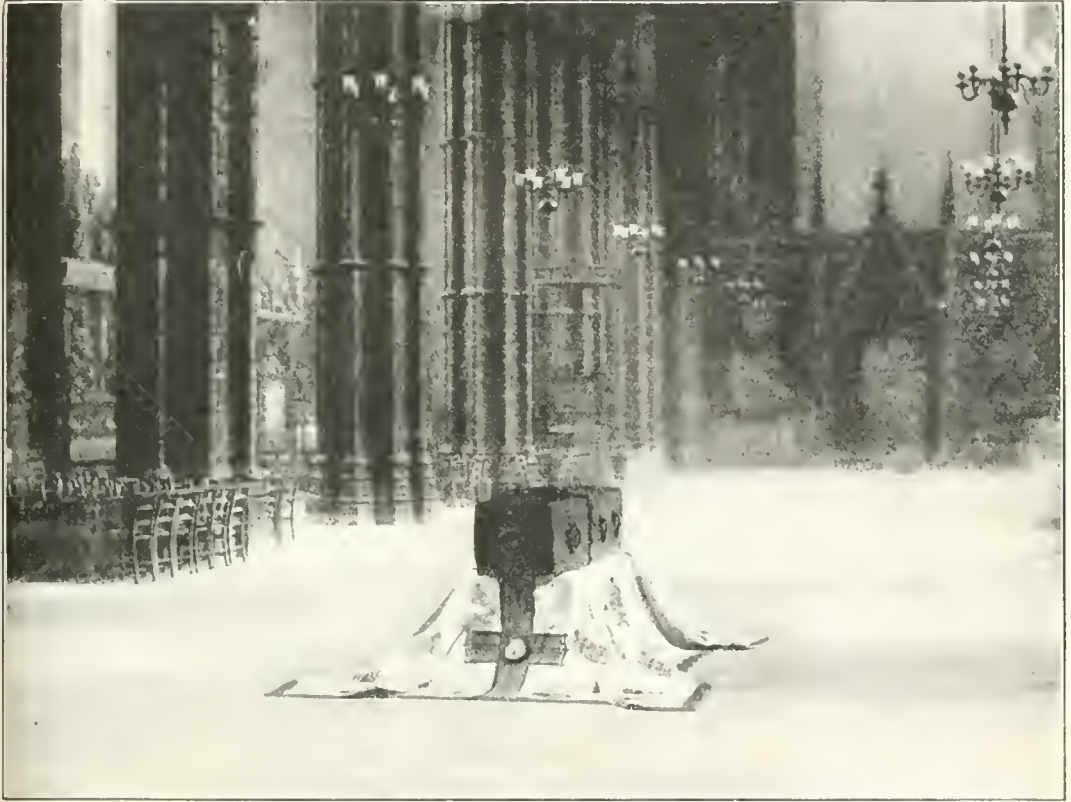


THE U. S. M. DOLL HOUSE TO THE FINAL ROLLING PLACE BENEATH THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE, PARIS

Armistice Day was made notable in England by the re-burial, in Westminster Abbey, with tremendously impressive national services, of "an unidentified soldier," brought home from France. It is reported that, in the week that followed, 1,500,000 persons visited the tomb of the "Unknown Warrior."

### IN ARMENIA

ARMENIA became a republic in the spring of 1918. In the third year of its existence as a republic, Armenia was invaded by a Turkish army. On November 7, 1920, it signed an armistice whereby it obtained peace—under Turkish "protection"!



Wide World Photo

THE "UNKNOWN WARRIOR" RESTING ABOVE HIS BURIAL-PLACE IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

France herself has paid honor, in a similar way, to her sons who died and were buried in nameless graves, by bearing one of their number in solemn procession through the streets of Paris and interring him under the Arc de Triomphe.

A movement was started in America for a similar mark of honor to our Unknown Dead. It seems a beautifully fitting thing to do, for these men went just one little step farther on the Road of Sacrifice than those who rest in marked graves.

THE WATCH TOWER is glad to print the Armistice Day pictures, and only regrets that they cannot show the nation-wide observance of the day in the cities, the small towns, and in the hearts of those who live remote from the great centers of population. It was a day of sadness, but of great pride and the Glory of Duty.

Once more the Armenians were refugees and fugitives. More than 100,000 homeless folk, in November, crowded the roads leading over the border into Georgia. And the Powers were too busy to interfere.

The one bright spot in the news from Armenia was that the American workers of the Near East Relief were working, like the heroes that they are, to save lives and lighten the load of distress.

### THE NOBEL PRIZE FOR LITERATURE

A NORWEGIAN author, Knut Hamsun, has won the Nobel Prize for literature. THE WATCH TOWER man is obliged to Mr. Hamsun for giving us one topic that is clear of politics.

Knut Hamsun is said to have come to America while young and worked on a farm in North Dakota. He went to Chicago, and was conductor

on a horse car. This was nearly 100 years ago. As the story goes, Mr. Hamsun lost his job because he used to get interested in a book and forget to ring up fares. He went back to Norway in 1890 and his first book, a volume of poems, was published in 1893.



KNUT HAMSON

Mr. Hamsun is sixty years old; he was born in one of the central Norway valleys. When he was four years old his folks moved away up north, where there is but one day and one night in a year. He has been a coal heaver, a road-mender, a school-teacher, surveyor, farm-hand, street-car conductor, lecturer, and news-

paper writer. He is considered the greatest living writer of fiction in Scandinavia. One of his books is a study of American literature.

The Norwegian and Danish writers are more gloomy than ours. The people of different lands have different views of life. But the best literature of any nation is of interest to the people of other nations, because it is interesting to know what other folks think of life. The Nobel Prize in literature ought to help the nations to understand each other better.

### THE NEW CONGRESSWOMAN

MISS ALICE M. ROBERTSON of Oklahoma will be a member of the next Congress. She is a Republican, and defeated for the place a gentleman described as "one of Oklahoma's oldest and most popular congressmen."

Her father was a missionary to the Indians, and, as a little girl, she went to Oklahoma sixty years ago, traveling thither in a prairie schooner.

The new congresswoman was for many years a teacher in the Indian schools. President Roosevelt made her postmaster, or postmistress



MISS ALICE M. ROBERTSON

of Muskogee. It is said she was the first woman to receive an appointment to a first class post office.

Miss Robertson has been an anti-suffrage leader in her State. During the war she ran a cafeteria, and always had a free meal ready for one of Uncle Sam's soldiers or sailors.

We imagine the Second Oklahoma District will be pretty capably represented in the Sixty-seventh Congress!

### THROUGH THE WATCH TOWER'S TELESCOPE

CORN, tobacco, rice, sweet potatoes, and pears all produced record crops in 1920. Oats, barley, rye, white potatoes, and hay were almost up to the record mark. The corn crop totaled more than three billion bushels.

FOR the first nine months of 1920, Canada's total trade with other countries was nearly two billion dollars, an increase of about four hundred millions over the same months of 1919. In September, the Dominion's imports increased by nearly \$25,000,000 and her exports decreased by \$10,000,000, as compared with September, 1919.

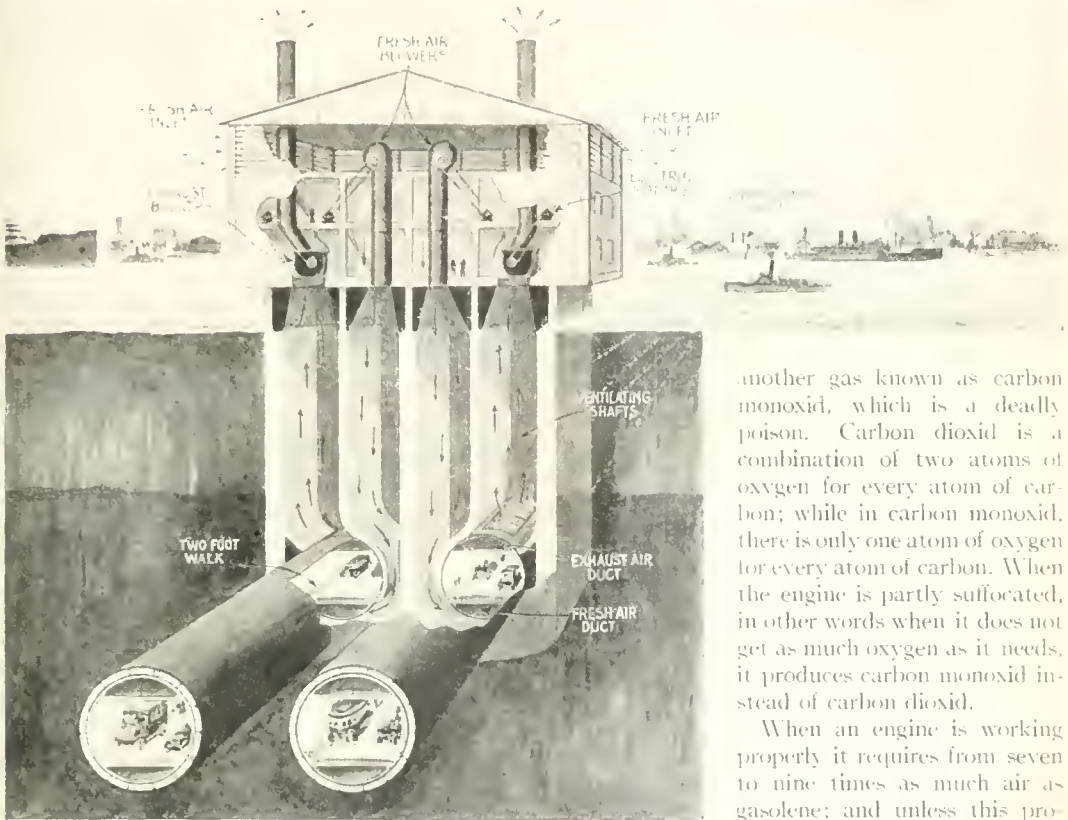
If John Greenleaf Whittier were alive, he might write a poem about the women of Yoncalla, Oregon, to go with the poem about the women of Marblehead. The Oregon women got tired of a city government which, as they alleged, was slack in attending to city house-keeping—and they went out and elected a whole city ticket of women.

THEY do say that we import six billion bananas a year. Placed end to end, they would reach—oh, you figure it out.

THE American Friends Service Committee, whose headquarters are in Philadelphia, is feeding a million babies and needy mothers in Germany this winter, and about 45,000 in the distressed city of Vienna. America still wears, if we may borrow a phrase of the former Kaiser's and put it into better use than he did, "its shining armor."

SERBIA has been at war almost continuously since 1912. In the new kingdom of Serbia, of which Macedonia is a part, the war left half a million fatherless children—70,000 of them motherless, too; and 150,000 completely destitute, and 85 per cent. of these in need of medical treatment. The work of the Serbian Child Welfare Association of America (under the Yugoslav Government) in alleviating this distress is a current event, and a pleasant one to report.

# NATURE AND SCIENCE FOR YOUNG FOLK



PLAN FOR VENTILATION OF THE HUDSON RIVER VEHICULAR TUNNEL

## MOTERING UNDER THE HUDSON

EVERY winter we read of some motorist who has lost his life in his own garage, merely because he closed the doors to keep out the cold while he warmed up his engine. The gas that a gasoline engine blows out of its capacious lungs, when it is operating properly, is very similar to that which humans breathe forth. It is largely a chemical combination of oxygen and carbon, called carbon dioxide. That is precisely the gas that the human engine blows out of its exhaust-pipe.

Now carbon dioxide is not a poisonous gas. A man will suffocate if he has nothing but carbon dioxide to breathe, but he can stand large quantities of the gas without danger; and if he is partly suffocated, he can be resuscitated. If automobiles never breathed forth anything but carbon dioxide, there would be nothing to fear; but they do sometimes, and quite frequently, breathe out

another gas known as carbon monoxide, which is a deadly poison. Carbon dioxide is a combination of two atoms of oxygen for every atom of carbon; while in carbon monoxide, there is only one atom of oxygen for every atom of carbon. When the engine is partly suffocated, in other words when it does not get as much oxygen as it needs, it produces carbon monoxide instead of carbon dioxide.

When an engine is working properly it requires from seven to nine times as much air as gasoline; and unless this proportion of air is supplied, it is sure to produce more or less

of the poisonous carbon monoxide gas. Now this gas is absolutely invisible and has no odor, so it is liable to steal upon you and poison you fatally before you know it. If it does not kill you, it will make you seriously ill. The water-gas we use in our kitchen ranges and also for lighting purposes is usually composed largely of carbon monoxide; and because of its deadly nature, a disagreeable odor is put into the gas, so that if a leak should occur in the pipe-line or at the burner, it will be noticed and stopped immediately.

The only reason that carbon monoxide was not used in war to poison the enemy is because it is lighter than air and will not stay down long enough to do much harm. It is lucky that this is so, otherwise automobiles could not be allowed in city streets; for if the gas settled as a blanket over the street, it would soon kill off all vehicle pass-

engers and pedestrians. There has been some talk of building double-decked streets in New York and other large cities, so as to provide more room for the traffic that now clogs our streets; but a street with a lid over it would be a dangerous one for automobiles to travel, because they would be sure to fill it in time with carbon monoxid gas.

When it was first proposed to drive a tunnel under the Hudson River which would provide a street between New York and Jersey City for vehicles of all classes, the specter of carbon monoxid rose up and cast a pall upon the proposition. The tunnel would surely fill with poison gas, and one would run the gauntlet of death if he tried to go through it. Then came a study of the amount of carbon monoxid gas a man could stand without discomfort or harm, and so deadly was carbon monoxid found to be that one part of gas in a thousand of air was enough to make a person ill. Four parts gas in ten thousand parts of air could be endured without disagreeable effects for three quarters of an hour, and even six parts in ten thousand might be endured for a short space of time. The problem, then, was to pump out the vitiated air and pour in fresh supplies so fast that, even if a whole line of cars was trapped in the tunnel, their combined exhausts would not vitiate the air enough to make people ill. This problem of ventilation has been carefully worked out, as shown in our drawing

The under river street is to consist of two tunnels; one for east-bound and the other for west bound vehicles. Each tunnel is to be 20 feet in diameter, as against 22 feet 6 inches, which is the largest diameter of any tube so far driven under the Hudson. The tunnel will have a floor and ceiling, giving a roadway 20 feet wide with head room of 13 feet 6 inches. At one side of each tube there is a walk two feet wide for police and for workmen who may have to repair and clean the structure. The tunnel is to be a mile and a third long, but the river is only about half as wide as that between pier-heads, and so, well within the pier-head line, at each side of the river, a ventilating shaft will be built. The distance between these shafts will be 3800 feet. Our drawing shows a section taken through one of these shafts. The top of the shaft consists of a good sized blower plant. Air comes in through the shuttered walls of the structure, and is pumped down to the tunnels by means of powerful electric blowers. It enters the tubes at the bottom, in the space under the floor of the tunnel, and makes its way into the tunnel through gratings. Because carbon monoxid has a natural tendency to rise, the outlet of cars is at the top of the tunnel. Gratings are furnished in the ceiling throughout the tunnel, and the gas laden air is sucked up into the space

above the ceiling; from here it is drawn by powerful suction fans at the ventilator shafts and poured out through the stacks, as shown in the drawing. In addition to these two ventilator shafts, there will be two others inshore near the portals of the tunnel. Altogether, sixty-five fans will be installed to furnish the needed fresh air. It is estimated that over two and a half million motor vehicles will go through the tunnels in the first year of its operation, together with nearly 120,000 horse-drawn vehicles, but ten years later there will be only 66,000 horse-drawn vehicles and close to six million power vehicles running through the tubes per year.

Even when the traffic is at its densest it should not take more than fifteen minutes for a passenger-car to go through the tube; and as the ventilating fans will keep down the carbon monoxid to three parts in ten thousand, there will not be the slightest danger of getting even a headache from a trip through the under-river street. The fans are powerful enough completely to change the air in the tunnel every two minutes. We think of air as being about the only free thing on earth, and "free as air" has come to be a common expression; but air in the Hudson tunnels will be far from "free." To keep the blower fans going at their full capacity will cost \$280,000 per year.

A. RUSSELL BOND.

### THE FLYING COON

IN his picture Jack looks merely curious, but his career has been as varied and exciting as any coon could wish for—and as uncoonlike as he could



A COON WHO HAS HAD AN EXCITING CAREER



have dreamed of, 'way back in his cub days in the Sierra Nevadas.

Sensing something unusual in seeing a racoon around a fraternity house, people passing the Alpha Gamma Rho house at the University of Illinois have wondered about this wobbling, good-natured fellow, little realizing that Jack's winter position as mascot to the fraternity, of which his owner, H. H. Carrithers, former army lieutenant, is a member, is a very earthly one compared to the thrills of war days.

For Jack was once a flying coon, and would be yet if he had the chance. During the war, he acted as mascot to aviators at Rockwell and Kelly Field No. 2, and he is credited with ten hours in the air, all his flying being done without being strapped in. He would cling to the cockpit like a leech and calmly allow himself to be turned upside down. He has flown with famous bird men, such as Eddie Stinson and Joe Levere, and is said to be the only flying coon in this country. After the war he was taken to the Carrithers farm in Hudson, Illinois, where he took up his peacetime occupation as expert ratter, establishing a record of thirty-one rats in one day. He has made himself useful in this way around the farm, and the Carrithers say that he easily earns his board.

He stutters and fusses if he is left alone too much, for he loves human companionship; and he has so far forgotten his cub days as to have a failing for chewing-gum and grapes, although he will not refuse anything but tobacco—that he spurns!

SHIRLEY G. KREASAN.

### SOME SIMPLE SCIENTIFIC EXPERIMENTS

HERE are a few tricks that will provide considerable entertainment and at the same time teach lessons in physics.

We have been told that water will not flow uphill, and in general this is true. Of course, in a closed pipe, water may be made to flow upward, but most people would declare very emphatically that water unconfined and flowing in the open cannot run up hill. Nevertheless, Fig. 1 shows that it can be made to run up hill. Take several books of different sizes and set them on edge with their backs up. Then lay a piece of oiled paper over them, letting the paper sag between the books, so as to make a hill-and-dale path leading down to a saucer. Now fill a straw with water from a tumbler and let the water fall on the paper, one drop at a time, at the top of the highest hill. The water will run swiftly down the first incline and gather sufficient momentum to run up the opposite hill; then it will run down the next in-

cline and acquire sufficient velocity to mount the second hill and run down into the saucer.

We are apt to forget that liquids may gather momentum just as well as solids. It is the momentum of water that makes the hammering noise in



FIG. 1. MAKING WATER RUN UP HILL

a water-pipe when the faucet is shut off quickly. The water flowing out of the faucet gathers considerable momentum, and when suddenly stopped it exerts such a pressure on the pipe that sometimes the pipe bursts. It is the momentum of running water that is used to pump water in the hydraulic ram, but that is another story.

Momentum is really a form of inertia. If a body is running, it resists efforts to stop it; and if it is stationary, it resists efforts to move it; and



FIG. 2. AN EXPERIMENT IN THE FORCE OF INERTIA

it is this resistance to change, either of motion or of rest, that is called *inertia*. If a light stick is suspended like the bar of a trapeze and you strike it a sharp blow at the middle with a hammer, it will break, even if the blow is directed upward, merely because of the inertia of the ends.

Fig. 2 is a simple experiment illustrating this. Take a light, brittle stick, drive a pin in each end, and rest the pins on a couple of tumblers. Then

strike the stick a quick sharp blow. If the blow is hard enough, the stick will break without the slightest damage to the tumblers. Even the pins will not be bent because the inertia of the stick and the ends need a moment to respond to the blow of the hammer and the stick gives way at the center before the ends have time to move.



FIG. 3. DRIVING A NEEDLE THROUGH A PENNY.

Fig. 3 shows how to drive a needle through a penny. Rest the penny on a couple of books or pieces of wood, then take a cork and a common sewing-needle. Insert the needle head first into the cork, by resting the point of the needle on the penny as shown in the picture and pressing or hammering the cork down upon the needle. The point of the needle should project slightly from the bottom of the cork, and the head of the needle that projects above the top of the cork should be broken off with a pair of pliers. Then by hammering the cork the needle can be driven through the penny. The cork keeps the needle from bending and breaking.

In Fig. 4 we have a plate with some water in it



FIG. 4. AN EXPERIMENT IN ATMOSPHERIC PRESSURE.

When you invert the tumbler covered with the water. The problem is to pick out the penny without flipping the water into the water and without spilling the water out of the plate. Slice a cork into a block and a couple of matches in it. Bend the needle over as shown in the picture, and then light the ends of the matches. Turn the tumbler over them. As

the matches burn they will absorb the oxygen in the tumbler and produce a partial vacuum. The water will then be forced into the glass, because the pressure of the atmosphere outside the glass is greater than that inside. When the glass sucks up the water in the plate you can pick up the penny without getting your fingers wet.

A. RUSSELL BOND.

#### A GIANT PINE CONE

WHAT would you think if you were picking up pine cones and suddenly came upon one that was three feet long?

The cone that is shown in the picture came from Natal, a country just south of Zulu-land. It is a direct descendant of a great race of pines that flourished during the Carboniferous Age.



A PINE CONE THREE FEET LONG.

We find these cones in the coal of our own land, and their structure has changed very little since those long-ago days. The leaves of the plant are from eight to ten feet long.

The botanists that found this cone took the plant up by the roots and brought it home to America. It was transplanted in a green-house connected with the University of Chicago, and has already produced other cones as large as this one.

JESSICA N. NORTH.

#### HOW PLANTS PREPARE FOR WINTER

THE cold wind of late autumn sweeps over the hills and makes us shiver while we think with satisfaction of the full coal-bin, if we have such a

thing!—and the big logs stored in the woodshed, ready for the open fire. The last laggard robins have flown south. The squirrel has put on a thicker coat of fur and filled his storehouse with nuts for the coming winter. But what of the poor plants that must endure the winter in this frozen north and can neither move indoors nor hide themselves in a hole? Although many die and leave it to their seeds to carry life over until the spring, many more must brave the winter weather, protecting themselves as best they may without fur or feathers.

Out in the fields and pastures the dried-up chistle-stalks stand, looking dead enough, but at the base of each is a bright rosette of green leaves, sheltering the root and lying close to the ground, where the storms cannot harm it and the snow will cover it with a warm blanket. We may find it during the winter thaws, as green as ever, waiting patiently for the warm spring sun. The evening primrose also knows this trick of dying down to the ground; and dandelions, tufts of peppergrass and sorrel, and the mullen with its woolly leaves bravely display their fresh leaf patterns among the brown grasses through the winter. The worthless tops are beaten down by the storms; the rosettes, wisely hugging the earth, carry life through to the next season.

Many plants withdraw from above the ground entirely; some by means of roots that contract, drawing below the surface the tender terminal bud that will push up into leaves and flowers in the spring; others, like the witch-grass, living only in underground stems.

The trees and shrubs must stand and take it all, but the evergreens have withdrawn from the surface of their needle-like leaves the precious green by help of which their food is manufactured all summer. They look dull now, and their needles huddle together to keep out of the cold winds as much as possible. The edges of the leaves of the rhododendron curl under, to give less surface for the winds to beat upon, while other trees and shrubs have dropped their worn-out leaves, partly for the same reason.

The fall of the leaves exposes the buds, but the latter are well protected by their varnished or downy scales, or by thick coats of wool. It is quite impossible to keep them warm, to be sure, and they soon freeze, but the water within has first been drawn away from the surface, and the protecting scales keep it from escaping in a thaw. That is the matter of most importance, for winter is a season of drought, and lost water cannot easily be replaced.

At the base of each bud, food was stored last summer, so the buds will have a supply to draw upon when they first feel the impulse of growth

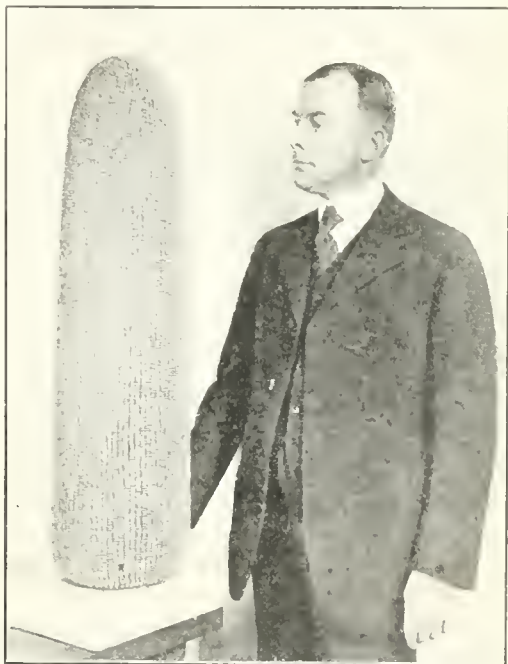
next spring. The first of the season, plant food is scarce; but thanks to these well-stocked "pantries," the tiny leaves can begin early to unfold. The squirrel filling his storehouse is no wiser than the parent tree.

Thus through many a winter the plants have learned how best to meet the storms and cold, the winds and driving snow, so that they may live on from season to season in all their beauty and usefulness.

DOROTHY ARNO BALDWIN.

#### AN AGRICULTURAL JOKE

ONE of the unique exhibits at a recent grain-and-hay show held in Chicago was an ear of corn that made visiting farmers rub their eyes in amazement.



A MANUFACTURED EAR OF CORN

ment. The ear was 37 inches long, 30 inches in circumference near the middle, and had 82 rows with 225 kernels to the row, making a total of 18,450 kernels in all. Unfortunately, it was not a real ear, since none that size has ever been grown, but a cleverly constructed imitation one. It was made up of the largest and finest kernels selected from more than a hundred real ears, which were fastened to a manufactured cob in such a manner as to deceive the most critical eye. It was prepared by students of an agricultural college, and in shape, proportion, and general arrangement of the kernels on the cob, was as perfect as any of the prize-winning ears of real corn exhibited.

ROBERT H. MOUTON.

# THE DREAM OF THE TIPTOE TWINS



1 THE TIPTOE TWINS IN NURSERY COZY



2 FROM A LONG DAY OUT OF DOORS ARE DOZY



3 THEY FOLLOW TRACKS MADE IN THE SNOW



4 THE WOOD FOLK WATCH THEM AS THEY GO.



5 THE TWINS ARE FRIENDS - IT IS VERY CLEAR



6 AND SO THE ANIMALS DRAW NEAR

# FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK



7. OFF TO THE WOODS THEY TROT IN HASTE



8. AND FIND A FEAST TO EACH ONE'S TASTE.



9. SOME BIRDS AND BUNNIES JOIN THE PARTY



10. AND ALL RECEIVE A WELCOME HEARTY

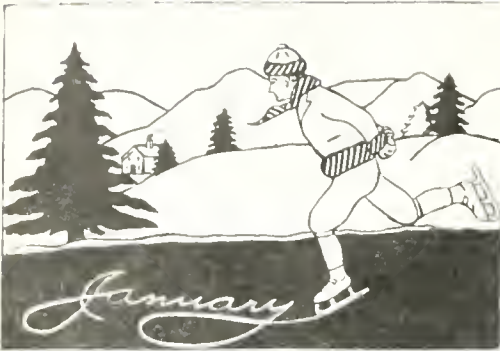


11. THEN SUDDENLY THERE SOUNDS A ROAR



12. THE TWINS WAKE ON THE NURSERY FLOOR

# ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE



"A LEADER FOR JANUARY." BY HARRIET McLEOD, AGE 15, SILVER BADGE.

ONE of the outstanding features of the LEAGUE from its beginning, twenty years ago, has been the fact that its membership has included, from year to year, a succession of girls and boys who could write verse of remarkable excellence. The rare quality of many poetic contributions was a welcome surprise that burst upon us as soon as the LEAGUE was fairly launched, and it continued to surpass by far our original expectations. Several of the prize-winners of the LEAGUE'S early years are now among the recognized poets of the day. And it is a pleasure to receive from them such letters as this one to the Editor of ST. NICHOLAS, from Mrs. Eleanore Myers Jewett, whose contributions made her an Honor Member of the LEAGUE in 1904:

"Now that you have accepted a number of my verses, please don't forget that I received my first expe-

rience and inspiration in writing for the St. Nicholas LEAGUE! I don't think I shall ever be so proud or pleased with any future success as I was when I received my first gold and silver badges! So here's wishing the LEAGUE continued prosperity and a long life—and may it still be flourishing when my little girl—now not quite two—is old enough to join!"

The verses of the Eleanore Myers of that day are among the specially remembered poems that, at frequent intervals in the LEAGUE'S progress, have excited the wonder and admiration of parents and teachers. Regular readers of our pages have long since grown accustomed to them—however, and to such fine lyrics as the one printed on the opposite page.

We are deeply indebted also to our photographers—brigade for a delightful set of prints for this number, and the work of our young artists shows both ingenuity and artistic ability.

But it is the prose writers of the month who came with a rush that would not be denied! Such an overwhelming number of "Remarkable Experiences" were received, and so varied and exceptional were the incidents described, that in sheer justice (and as an attempt, at least, to include as many as possible of the best contributions) we were forced to add two pages to the usual limit of this department. And even this increase of space proved sadly inadequate. It is a greater cause of regret to us than to the young authors themselves that almost thirty admirable stories must be represented only by the Special Mention list—for every one of them well deserved to be laid before our readers.

## PRIZE COMPETITION No. 250

In making awards contributors' ages are considered!

**PROSE.** Gold Badge, **Mary Virginia Haley** (age 12), Ohio; Silver Badges, **Lillis Leland** (age 15), Massachusetts; **Geraldine Dillon Fitz Gibbon** (age 11), Massachusetts; **Alice Walworth** (age 15), Mississippi; **Marie Fowler** (age 12), Utah; **Jean Goff** (age 13), New York; **Marcella Beebe** (age 16), Illinois; **Isabella Riggs Williams** (age 12), Ohio; **Mary L. Fugate** (age 13), Pennsylvania; **Joan M. P. Hill** (age 15), England; **Robert Haydon Jones** (age 10), Massachusetts.

**VERSE.** Gold Badge, **Josephine Boylan** (age 12), New York; Silver Badges, **Elizabeth Wadleigh** (age 15), New York; **Rae Verrill** (age 12), Canada; **Betsy Rosenheim** (age 12), Maryland.

**DRAWINGS.** Gold Badge, **J. Asher** (age 17), Connecticut; Silver Badges, **Otho Basil Blake** (age 16), Maine; **Harriette McLeod** (age 15), Michigan; **Marjorie A. Bly** (age 15), New York.

**PHOTOGRAPHS.** Gold Badge, **Charles B. Schaffler** (age 17), New York; Silver Badges, **Donald Bourdon** (age 11), California; **Doris David** (age 13), New York; **David W. Norton, Jr.** (age 11), Massachusetts; **Luman Long** (age 13), Missouri; **Erika Peters** (age 14), Texas; **Kathleen Kelso Slingluff** (age 16), Maryland.

**PUZZLE-MAKING.** Silver Badge, **Margaret C. Schindler** (age 14), Wisconsin.



LOOKING THROUGH THE ICE. MARGARET SCHINDLER.



WE'VE BEEN THROUGH. DAVID W. NORTON, JR.

THE WINTER WOODS

BY ELEANOR SCATER (AGE 11)  
(Honor Member)

THE winter woods are calling me  
With every gentle sound  
The snapping of a frozen twig  
Upon the frozen ground,  
The crunching snow beneath my feet,  
The creaking of the trees,  
The twitterings of winter birds  
The whisper of the breeze,  
Are luring me, are leading me, all on a  
winter's day,  
To chase the purple shadows running down  
the woodland way.

Each stump and stone is wrapped with  
snow,  
The trees are gaunt and bare,  
The tracks of wee, wild, woodland things  
Are printed everywhere,  
Soft clumps of snow, dislodged, drop down  
Like tiny avalanches,  
And pathways thread their way along  
Through aisles of arching branches,  
And lure me on, and lead me on to wander  
hand in hand  
With snow-crowned Beauty down the ways  
of Winter's wonderland

A REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE

BY MARCIA VAN DER VEER (AGE 11)  
(Honor Member)

JUANITA was snorting and running—running as fast as she could, as if her very life depended on it. She was running away.

Not in the crowded city streets, but in the open wilderness of the hills in northern Arizona. She served at some bushes and jumped others, but still she was running at a neck-breaking speed, and farther and farther she was getting away from us. She ran down a wide wash, her head up, her mane and tail flying, a beautiful chestnut mare—a very picture of her wild ancestors. She was so beautiful in her freedom that we had half a mind to let her go, but a six-hundred-and-fifty-dollar pacing mare is something to lose in the mountains. So we urged our horses taster, taster, to follow this untamed beauty flying ahead of us.

The wash suddenly narrowed, and on either bank stood a huge boulder projecting far out into the wash, forming a natural gateway. Juanita stopped suddenly and appeared undecided as to what she should do. However, seeing that we blocked the way she had come, that there were huge rocks on either side, and that the passage in front was obstructed, she accepted her fate quietly and allowed us to pick up her reins.

When we looked at the gateway to see what was responsible for Juanita's sudden stopping, we held our breath in surprise. Our beautiful mare, broken but two weeks, had been stopped by the scolding tongue of the reddest, sleekest, and sandest squirrel I ever saw.

A REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE

1 True Story  
BY MARY VIRGINIA HAILEY (AGE 12)  
Gold Badge Silver Badge (on June, 1920)

THOUGH I was only about four years old when this happened, as it really did, I have a vivid remembrance of it, as you may well imagine when you hear about it.

We had taken a furnished apartment and my grandmother had come to visit us for awhile. My mother

had noted the fact that there was a clothes' chute that opened on one of the halls, and had said something to Grandmother about it, but as Grandmother was busy in another room, she did n't pay much attention.

One Sunday, Father was playing hide-and-go-seek with me. I did not know where to hide, and Grandmother opened a little door in a wall that looked as if it opened into a box or something. She picked me up and set me in it, intending to close the door, when to her utter amazement I disappeared from sight. Like a flash, the words Mother had said to her about the clothes' chute came to her mind, and she realized what she had done. Instead of putting me in a box, she had accidentally dropped me down the clothes' chute.

If the lady who rented us the apartment had not thrown some sheets and things for the laundry down the chute before she went away, I might have been seriously injured, as I fell from the second floor to the basement.

It is a wonder Mother and Father and Grandmother did n't kill themselves getting downstairs, as the stairs were steep and spiral.

When they arrived in the basement they found that I had pushed the little door open and crawled out. They said they were glad to hear me cry, because they knew then I was n't dead. It certainly seemed remarkable that I was not hurt in the least.



WASHING BY DORIS DAVID, AGE 11 SILVER BADGE

A REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE

BY LILLIS LEVAND (AGE 15)  
(Silver Badge)

I FEAR it is but too true that slang can never die. Therefore I regard the witnessing of the funeral of this dignitary as a remarkable experience.

Each class in high school had charge of the assembly for one day during Better Speech Week. This day it was the juniors' turn. Never have I beheld a more ludicrous spectacle than that funeral procession.

As the pianist struck into the strains of Chopin's Funeral March, there appeared in the doorway and mounted the platform a procession headed by the president of the class in the rôle of minister, while following him, was the coffin, appropriately draped in black crape-paper and adorned by a large bouquet of flowers. Behind the coffin walked with measured tread the whole body of mourners, composed of the junior class, each one carrying a remembrance of the dear departed,—to wit: a large square of cardboard bearing some bit of slang in large black letters, and a voluminous black-bordered handkerchief into which he wept copiously. At regular intervals heartrending sobs broke from the whole company.



"WATCHING." BY MARY BUEDEN, AGE 11

When all were assembled the "minister" delivered a reading address parodied on *Antony's* funeral oration in "Julius Caesar," after which the piano again boomed forth the solemn strains, as the whole company proceeded, with weeping and wailing, down the center aisle. It was all a most moving spectacle, as was testified by the laughter of the beholders; and the mourners themselves must have been in dead earnest, for all the time their shoulders shook with emotion.

When the last junior had wept himself out and the flowers from the coffin been presented to the senior president, the assembly was dismissed amid much laughter. It was almost unanimously considered to be the best celebration of the Better Speech Week.

#### THE WINTER WOODS

BY ELIZABETH WADSWORTH (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

THE twilight falls, the earth prepares for sleep.

The fields are purple 'neath the western glow,  
The night comes down. The winter woods are deep  
In mystery, while the length'ning shadows creep  
Across the silent snow.

The great bare trunks stand black against the sky;  
Some withering leaves still cling unto the tree,  
Through the bleak branches breathes a whispered sigh,  
And then a hunted animal's shrill cry  
Of desperate agony

O! winter wood! whose mighty tree-tops roll,  
Bowing and surging in the cruel blast  
Thou art the spirit of our nation's soul,  
Bending, not breaking, an unconquered whole  
Unyielding to the last

#### THE WINTER WOODS

BY EVELYN I. PERKINS (AGE 12)

DIAMONDS glistening everywhere  
In the fallen snow,  
Weighting down the branches,  
Bending bushes low;  
Sparkling icy pendants  
Reflect the snowy scene,  
Where spruces bow their branches,  
Clad in crystal sheen.

When the sunlight glitters  
O'er the icy stream,  
The wintry woods awaken  
From their snowy dream.

#### A REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE

(A True Story)

BY GERALDINE DILLON FITZ GIBBON (AGE 11)

(Silver Badge)

ONE day, when I was living in England, Father asked me if I would like to go to Scotland and stay with my cousins. Of course I said "yes," and the next day we started.

We had to go through London, so we planned to spend three days at a hotel there. That night Mother and Father went out, but Aunt Olive stayed at home with me.

I was asleep and dreaming when I felt myself being pulled out of bed in a great hurry; something was wrapped around me and I was dragged down the cold stairs. I was only half awake and could n't imagine what was happening—I was going downstairs so fast, in fact, I did n't have time even to try to imagine.

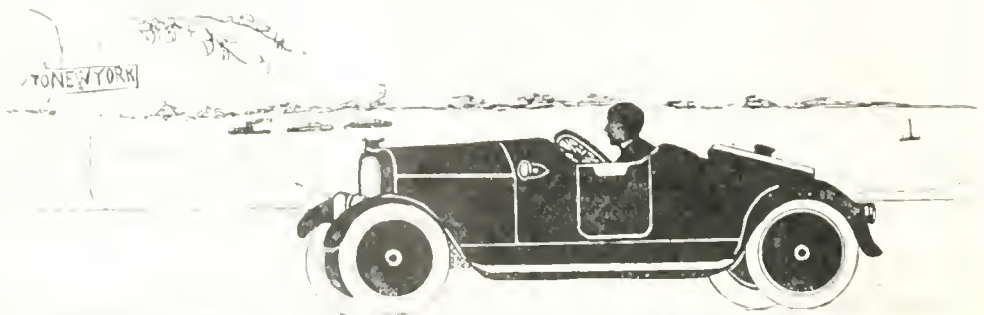
I was rushed into the cellar, where I sat shivering on a barrel. There were other people in the cellar, too. One of them (a lady) lent me her pink satin slippers, mine having been forgotten in the hurry.

Meanwhile, the most awful crashes and explosions were going on outside. Listening to the steady booming of the guns, I realized I was in an air-raid. Nobody spoke, but listened in silence. Soon there was a hull and, thinking the raid was over, we started upstairs.

And then suddenly came the most awful crash and the sound of broken glass falling. Scurrying back to the cellar, like rabbits to their holes, we waited for the "all clear" to ring before venturing out of the cellar again.

The next morning, Mother took me to see the big hole the last crash had made. Nearly all the houses we passed had broken windows, and the street was full of holes.

We did not stay in London much longer.







"WATCHING." BY LUMAN LONG, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE)

### A REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE

BY ALICE WALWORTH (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

IN the year 1862, when Australia was practically unknown, it became necessary for the people clustered about the coast to learn something of the great interior of the continent, so John M'Douall Stuart, a successful explorer, undertook the journey.

He traversed the country from south to north, and on his return told wonderful stories of the strange country and the many hardships he had encountered.

Years afterward a grateful people wished to erect a monument to his memory; but some objected, as they had no proof of the exploration. Now Stuart said he had marked a tree near the north coast; and if this could be found, the exploration would be proved. But years passed, and though the coast was searched, the tree was not found.

The little town of Port Darwin, a cluster of houses surrounded by wonderful tropical gardens, seemed very strange to Enid, who lived in a populous southern city and was having quite an adventure visiting her uncle in this outpost of civilization.

One morning they went on a grand picnic, riding for miles through the forest before they reached their destination, an open grassy space sloping to the water. Enid, sorting sandwiches, glanced at the tree near her, which was so beautiful that she got up to look at it more closely. It was a giant gum, which had lived through centuries. She looked curiously at the deeply cut marks on the smooth trunk, then gave a shout that brought her cousins on the run. "Look!" she cried; and they plainly saw the letters J. M. D. S., and the date. It was Stuart's tree, and by its discovery a hero's name was vindicated, and the magnificent tree thus tells the world a story of daring and courage seldom equaled and perhaps never surpassed.

### A REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE

(A True Story)

BY MARIE FOWLER (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

"OH GRANDMA! where did you get that silver thimble, and why has it a hole in it?" asked curious little Virginia.

"It's a strange story, dear," answered Grandma.

"Tell it, please."

"Well," said Grandma, "a long time ago, in 1860, I came to the West from Iowa with my parents and a company of friends. I was sixteen then and had very long yellow hair, which I wore in two braids. There were no trains then, and we traveled with ox-teams. It was a long journey and took many weeks. We passed great herds of buffalo and many deer and elk. Sometimes we would see roving bands of Indians in the distance. One day we met a band of them, with their brilliant feathers and painted faces. When the chief

saw my long yellow hair, he immediately wanted to buy me. He offered twenty-five ponies to my father. But of course he was refused. He came back the next day and offered thirty ponies, but again he was refused. For almost a week the Indians followed us, and the chief would come every day offering more and more ponies, until he had offered fifty. Finally, the people of our company became frightened. They feared the Indians would attack them and perhaps kill some of them and carry me off. So, wisely, my mother cut off my hair and gave it to the chief. In return, he gave me this little thimble from a string of them he wore around his neck."

Virginia heaved a great sigh and exclaimed, "That surely was a remarkable experience!"



A PLEASANT OCCUPATION. BY MARJORI A. BLY, AGE 15 (SILVER BADGE)

### A REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE

(A True Story)

BY KATHERINE EVELYN YOUNGER (AGE 13)

MY father, who is an engineer on one of the western railroads, had a remarkable experience a number of years ago with a load of dynamite. At this time he was running through southern Oregon.

This part of the country is very mountainous. Some parts of the railroad have to be cut out of the side of the mountains. The creek runs down through a cañon at the foot of the mountain. The sides of the cliffs are covered with laurel bushes, which have beautiful, long, glossy leaves. In the spring these mountain-sides are covered with beautiful pink azaleas with scrub-oak, pine, and fir-trees as a background.

The train was a freight-train. It contained two cars of dynamite, which were placed in about the middle of the train. In some unexplained way, the dynamite exploded; and all they ever found of the cars were small pieces above on the mountain-side. Luckily not one of

the machine was gone. All escaped with slight injuries except a tramp who, crawling on a flake beam, he was thrown down into the creek, where he found him hallooing and screaming at the top of his voice. He had a sprained ankle. The engine was slow, low the track about twenty car lengths.



PLEASANT OCCASION. BY OHIO BASE FLAKE, AGE 19.  
(Silver Badge)

#### A REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE

(A True Story)

BY JEAN GOLF (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

It was a beautiful moonlight night in July, the kind of night that seems to cast a magic spell over every one. I was sitting in the forward life-boat on the upper deck of a ship leaving Naples for New York. The captain was pacing the bridge, giving orders to the officers. The water was softly lapping against the sides of the ship, and occasionally a small boat would skim past like a black shadow. The twinkling lights of Naples were growing smaller and farther away every moment. I was gazing up at Mount Vesuvius, a dark, indistinct shape against the sky, thinking of the wonderful things I had seen in Italy, when suddenly a faint, hazy glow appeared over the top of the great volcano. It spread until the sky was red, and sparks and tongues of flame shot upward. It was like a huge fiery cloud suspended over the top of the mountain, and the sky in spite of the moonlight, seemed to become blacker and blacker in contrast to the great red glow. After a while it began to fade, slowly away.

When the glow was all gone and Vesuvius seemed to have melted into the black skies, I found myself holding my breath and sitting, as though in a trance. The thing that I had hoped for so long had happened just as I was *starting for home!* A row of boats was well under way by now, I climbed out of the life boat and went below.

The captain told me later that it was quite unusual for Vesuvius to throw out fire, so I decided that I had had a remarkable experience.

#### THE WINTER WOODS

BY JOSEPHINE BOYLAN (AGE 12)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won September, 1903)

ONE day I trod the forest ways; the tall trees towered o'erhead,  
The sun's bright, golden, cheering rays were hidden by gray clouds outspread.  
And then, at a lone bird cried  
A lone bird, calling for his mate  
It echoed there and then it died—  
A city so sad, so desolate,  
How drear the forest seemed to me!  
The wind sighed through the trees so bare,  
I thought how changed these trees can be  
From when in summer's foliage fair

Again I trod the woodland ways,  
How different the sky o'erhead!  
And underneath my wandering feet,  
A carpet soft of snow lay spread  
The sun came out from 'neath the cloud  
And lit the forest with its glow,  
The trees cast off their winter shrouds—  
And shadows flickered to and fro,  
The woods all gleamed with ice and snow,  
And lay like Fairyland revealed—  
Like diamonds in a crystal shield.

Then seemed the winter woods as gay  
As when in summer's fair array.

#### A REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE

BY MARCELA BEEBE (AGE 16)

(Silver Badge)

THE midday sun beat down cruelly upon the streets of Jerusalem, thronging with seemingly endless crowds of humanity, and to Tamar, a little wine-vender, the heat seemed unbearable. However, her ten years' experience with life in the Orient nearly two thousand years ago had taught her to endure hardships, so she continued her passage along the narrow street, though her back seemed breaking under the weight of two goatskin wine-bottles.

As Tamar neared her father's shop, a camel loaded with merchandise came along, forcing her to step back, as there was hardly room for passing in the narrow street. In so doing, she stumbled against an earthen ware jar, which broke, letting the rich red wine escape. Immediately her father turned upon her with a harsh cry and began to beat her mercilessly, upbraiding her for her carelessness, screaming: "Clumsy dog! Thou shouldst bear the name Marah, or waters of bitterness, rather than that of the graceful palm-tree! Would that I had never been plagued with thee!"

Suddenly the blows ceased without warning. When Tamar timidly raised her eyes to ascertain the cause, there appeared a slender young man, with the most tender, kindly expression she had ever seen. Her heart went out to him at once. She listened eagerly as he said to her father in a mild, sweet voice: "Friend, it is but a little child thou art beating for an unpremeditated sin. Except ye forgive men their trespasses neither will your heavenly Father forgive your trespasses." Turning to Tamar, he laid His hand gently upon her head, saying softly, "Peace be unto thee, maiden," and passed on.

To some, perhaps, this may not seem a remarkable experience, but as long as she lived, Tamar considered this minute-long meeting with the Christ the most memorable occasion of her life.



BY KATHLEEN V. HOSIHLER, AGE 10



BY GARDNER C. HUDSON, AGE 11



BY WILLIAM HUDSON, AGE 11

"WATCHING"

A REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE

(A True Story)

BY ISABELLA RIGGS WILLIAMS (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

My father was teaching in the Lake Laboratory at Put-in-Bay, Ohio, and the rest of our family were with him. It had rained most of the morning so we were having a dull time of it. Suddenly my mother, who was at the window watching the storm, called excitedly to us:

"Come here quickly! a mirage! a *mirage!*"

Of course, we all ran to the window to see such a remarkable thing.

There is a small island a few miles to the northwest of Put-in-Bay called Rattlesnake, and it was this island that we were looking at. The mirage made it possible for us to see two islands in place of one. The second island, besides being fainter than the original one, was shifted a little to the left.

The thing that made us sure it was a mirage was the fact that the two little islets that lie southwest of Rattlesnake Island were also doubled.

We were very much excited over what we saw because though mirages are said to be common in the far West we had never heard of any on Lake Erie.

A REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE

(A True Story)

BY MARY L. FUGATE (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

ONE day last summer Mrs. Bradford decided to take an excursion to Atlantic City. She took with her Edith, May, and Betty, who was five years old.

In the afternoon, as the family was walking on the board-walk, Mrs. Bradford suddenly noticed that Betty was missing. She looked up and down everywhere, but no Betty was to be found. She at last bumped into a friend, who took Edith and May home and put them in bed. Then the two grown people, with the aid of a policeman, continued the search; but all in vain

At last, Mrs. Bradford wired to her husband: "Have decided to stay over night, Jane." But she did not state why, not wishing to alarm her husband. About midnight she received a telegram:

"Betty safe home in bed. Bob."

Betty, it seems, when she had missed her mother, inquired her way to the station. She then saw a train coming, which she got on (and luckily it happened to be the right one).

"I am Betty Bradford," she said to the conductor, when he came for her ticket "and I live in Germantown. Will you take me home?"

The conductor got her a seat where he could keep an eye on her. When they reached Camden he said, "My sister is to meet me here, and she will take you home."

"Thank you!" said Betty.

The kind conductor's sister took her home to her father.

When he received the wire from his wife, he thoroughly understood the position she was in. "It certainly was a remarkable experience," Mr. Bradford said to his wife and kiddies the next day when he met them at the train shed.



WATCHER BY DAVID W. SORTON, JR. AGE 11 (SILVER BADGE)



BY MARY EMMA HADDOCK, AGE 11



BY HELEN KUEHN, AGE 12  
SILVER BADGE



BY FRANCIS DONALDSON, AGE 10

'WATCHING'

A REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE

A True Story

BY JANET SCOTT, AGE 17

Honor Member

We were riding down, down, down on one of the "hairpin" horseback trails of Glacier National Park. There were twelve of us, with a guide at our head.

The man immediately in front of me, to rest his tired knees, put his weight first on one foot and then on the other. Suddenly he and his saddle spun around under the horse, and he found himself sitting glazed, but unhurt, on the inside of the trail.

His horse, frightened by the weight of the saddle between its legs, started galloping wildly. He passed safely two horses, by going on the outer side of the trail. The third, however, he tried to pass on the inside. There was not enough room. He pushed and forced off the trail the other horse and rider and himself. The two beasts and the man rolled over and over down the mountain in a tangled, indistinguishable mass. We gazed horror-struck, powerless to help in any way.

The next thing we saw was the runaway horse and then the other one streaking back up to the trail.

The guide captured them, while the other men hastened down to the injured man. The horses and man had, for some unknown reason, stopped in their mad course down the mountain-slope, which, fortunately, was quite gradual at that point. The man was not seriously hurt, but was very badly bruised. Had the accident occurred fifty yards farther on, where the trail bordered a cliff, he would have been killed.

We all felt extremely "shaky," and, after a little rest, walked down the remaining dangerous part of the way.

This remarkable experience had not been pleasant, but had turned out very fortunately, after all.

A REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE

BY JOAN M. P. HILL, AGE 15

Silver Badge

BOOM-M-M! This sound was repeated three times—and each time it came nearer—and each time it died away into ominous grumblings. No need to ask what it was—we *knew!* The Germans had threatened this, but we had not believed them capable of warring on women and children.

Nevertheless, we were not quite unprepared. As the fleet of Zeppelins drew nearer and nearer, gleaming in the moonlight like a flock of silver birds,—each carrying its own share of deadly explosives; each manned with a *voluntary* crew,—the red-hot balls of our guns shot out upon them. Every shot was preceded by a blinding flash and followed by a vibration which shook the foundations of every house within ten miles.

The shrieks of hysterical women, mingled with the dismal, prolonged howls of the dogs, could be heard above the crash of bombs and glass. The silences were the more awful because of the turmoil and confusion which had preceded them.

Suddenly all became strangely silent. The throbbing of the engines ceased—nothing was heard but the occasional rattle of shrapnel on the road. The attack ended, as everybody thought, the people sallied forth to talk the event over, and to congratulate themselves and everybody else on their escape; when suddenly we were blinded by a terrible flash; our ears were deafened by a terrific explosion! They had not gone, but merely



"PELLEAS AND CALYDON." BY JANET BLOSSOM, AGE 17  
HONOR MEMBER

silenced their engines so that we should not know their locality. But they had revealed themselves, and our guns immediately accepted the challenge. The red shots flew higher and higher, until eventually one entered an unwary Zeppelin. And who can blame us if we cheered as the great ship came down in flames?

**THE WINTER WOODS**

BY BIRKBECK WILSON (AGE 16)

(Honor Member)

PALE were the winter woods and white,  
In the star-hush of the morn.  
In the east awoke the roseate light,  
Softly blending and pure and bright,  
An emblem of peace as the day was born.

Soon on the forest land below  
Fell the morning's brightest rays,  
Transforming the somber garb of snow,  
To raiment of jewels in sunrise glow,  
A shining wonder, a silvery blaze.

Thus, in silence, the morn awoke;  
Its beams on the forest played,  
And never a sound that stillness broke,  
Save where the timid forest folk,  
Their trails 'neath the boughs of the woodland made.

You who dwell in a southern clime,  
Where the palm-leaves wave and blow,  
You should visit the North in winter-time  
When the wind blows free, and the sleigh-bell chime,  
And the woods of winter are weighted with snow

**THE WINTER WOODS**

BY BARBARA BURKS (AGE 17)

(Honor Member)

A CHECKERED pattern on the living ground,  
Cast there by sunbeams sifted through the trees,  
While everywhere one hears and smells and sees  
The season's charms that in these woods abound:  
The nodding mariposa's friendly face,  
The arching oaks that murmur in the breeze,  
And stir up half-forgotten melodies,  
That gentle rhythms on the spirit trace;  
A winged azure flash—a blue-jay's call;  
A movement in the brush—a cottontail  
That quivers for a moment on the trail.  
Then flees—a tiny, bounding, furry ball.  
Let those who will in arctic climates stay  
I love a California winter day!

**A REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE**

*The First Prisoners of the Spanish-American War*

BY ROBERT HAYDON JONES (AGE 10)

(Silver Badge)

Two newspaper correspondents from New York landed on the coast of Cuba, thirty miles from Havana. Their mission was to find the Cubans and bring them to the beach, where they would receive arms and ammunition. It was dangerous work.

As they were slowly making their way through the semi-tropical growth, they came upon a newly trodden trail. Haydon Jones, a young Westerner, advised his partner to leave the trail and skirt parallel to it in the long grass. His advice was not taken.

Turning a bend in the trail, they came face to face with the advance-guard of a battalion of Spanish infantry. The Americans dropped and ran back, leaping off the trail, through the grass and behind a bush, the only one in the neighborhood.

Jones foolishly whipped out his pistol and fired at the leader, whose white hat showed as he crept toward them. At that instant the two men ran from their hiding-place over the open field, while the Spaniards fired volley after volley. A camera was shot out of Jones's hand.

Suddenly they plunged in to a line of bayonets sticking out of the grass. Jones and Phral dropped their pistols and threw up their hands.

They were bound and taken to a near-by sugar plantation, where they were closely guarded. Two days later they were taken to Havana,—where the mob stoned them,—and were imprisoned in Cabana Fortress, expecting to be shot at any time.

One morning, officers came into the cell and blindfolded them. "What does this mean?" said Jones, "a shooting-match?"

Led out by soldiers, they were taken aboard a Spanish gunboat and exchanged for Spanish prisoners of war.

My father wept like a child when he beheld the Stars and Stripes once more.



"WATCHING"  
BY CHARLES B. SCHAEFFLER,  
AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE,  
SILVER BADGE WON  
DECEMBER, 1920)



BY FRANCES E. SPALDING, AGE 15



BY CLARA OWENS, AGE 11



BY ALICE G. FOWLER, AGE 14

**"WATCHING"**



WATCHING. BY C. E. BOLLING (17, AGE 11)

## A REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE

BY SAMUEL KIMBALL MERWIN (AGE 10)

"PIRATES!" That sounded in the ears of Frank Henry as he rushed on deck. There lay the pirate vessel on the water, long, low and rakish, with thirteen black muzzles sticking out on each side. The frigate *Henry Fifth* carried thirty guns, seventy-five sailors and twelve officers. The pirate vessel came up close, fired a broad-side, and boarded. The fight was short and bloody. The pirates were driven back with great loss, carrying in the midst of them—Frank Henry! He was speedily sent below under guard.

The pirate got away from the *Henry Fifth*, but the frigate pursued and caught up with the pirate on the third day.

Meanwhile, Frank, after three weary days under deck, heard signs of commotion on the deck above him and, his guards completely forgetting him, rushed up the ladder. Seizing a sword which one of his guards had dropped in his hurry, he bored a hole in the side of the ship.

Then, taking his sword with him, Frank Henry stole on deck unnoticed and strove in the two boats of the pirates and called to his men to go back to their ship, which they did. The pirate vessel shortly sank with every soul on her.

Was not that a remarkable experience?

## THE WINTER WOODS

BY RAE VERRILL (AGE 12)

*Silver Badge*

Thin, tall, slim firs at the edge of the wood!  
Are daintily garbed in snow  
While nodules from their boughs hang  
Like a princess' diamonds aglow.

And gazing out at the wide, wide world,  
From under the boughs of green,  
Tiny gray rabbits are nestled away—  
So timid of being seen!

And lo! on the top of yonder stump,  
Fwitting his bushy tail,  
A little brown squirrel, unafraid,  
Conversing with Mr. Quail.

Timid green hounds and partridge-birdie  
Are peeping above the snow,  
While "hush!" from out of the cedar cops-  
Peeps Mrs. Deer, the doe!

The fawns are here, although we can't see them,  
Arrived in scarlet hood!  
Oh, blest are woods in summer!  
But there's naught like the Winter Wood!

## WINTER WOODS

BY BETSY ROSENHEIM (AGE 12)

*Silver Badge*

To some the woods in winter are cold and drear and bleak,  
The north wind comes, a hurricane, and through the trees doth shriek,  
The ground is hid 'neath slushy snow; no birds are there to sing;  
The leaves are dry and dead and brown—"Jack Frost," he reigns as king.

To me the woods in winter are a wonder of the world!  
For soft snow carpets all the ground and all the trees are pearléd

With snowdrops. In the glistening sun like fields of gems they seem.

While Grandpa's sleigh drives through the path with us and the big team

And though I love the summer time, with trees and birds that sing,

Oh, give to me the winter woods with good Jack Frost as king!

## A REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE

BY WILHELMINA RANKIN (AGE 12)

LITTLE Mollie watched the great man go by on horseback. She had often seen him pass, and she always had a bright little smile and a graceful curtsey awaiting him. And she was always rewarded, too; for George Washington's smile made her happy for the whole day.

One day, as he was galloping by, the General's hat flew off into the street. Mollie ran at once to pick it up and was soon before the rider who had turned around. She made a curtsey and handed the hat to him, patting the horse lovingly at the same time. The General smiled as he saw this and said kindly, "Do you like horses?" "Oh, yes, sir," was the reply, "I used to have one of my own."

Washington, after putting his hat on, leaned down, and drew her up to the saddle in front of him, and rode off for a fine canter of a mile and back.

And I am sure there was never a prouder or happier girl than Mollie Burton, who never tired of telling her friends about her remarkable experience.

## SPECIAL MENTION

A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted:

## PROSE

Mary H. Stoddard  
Mary C. Hamilton  
Margaret Hellman  
Dorothy Jeanne  
Milla

Florence Beaugrain  
Isabel R. Stafford  
Alyse V. Evans  
Isabel Alexander  
Marie Louise  
Hornshy

Katherine Hays  
Dorothy L. Tripp  
Mary Sterrett  
Charles E. Smith  
Barbara Symon

Geneva K. Mangrum  
Louise Brazen  
Elizabeth Taylor  
Judith Sage Kelly  
Helen Reynolds

Madelaine Carline  
Selma A. Wandell  
Bertha J. Jolly  
Lillian B. ...

Dorothy Hetzel  
Vleanor L. Strom  
Elizabeth Beyer  
Maxine McClean  
Richard Barrow  
Elizabeth Buntin

## VERSE

Margaret  
Mackprang  
Jessica L. McGee  
Ellen D. Gordon

Margaret Humphreys  
Beulah Simon  
Waldo I. Putnam  
Fath Kee  
Chayo Hiroe

Raymond Marshall  
Caroline Rankin  
Raymond M. Ladd  
Elizabeth M.  
Patter M.

Ruth Perce Ford  
Margaret M.  
M. Hugo  
Anna L. Palmer

Aime Fribant  
Mary Ellen Goodnow  
Margaret E. Clifford  
Harriet Warden  
Dorothy L. Wardell  
Mary O. A. Jam

Elizabeth Brainerd  
Elizabeth N. Dale  
Louise Butt

## DRAWINGS

Barbara Knox  
Josie C. B. Carr  
Yvonne Harle  
Barbara Chalmers  
Amy Fair

Arthur Neal Brooker  
J. Rowan Boson  
Mary K. Sage  
Emma L. Liegerot  
Cordelia de la Garza

Kathleen Murray  
Maureen Harrington  
Frances Lee Purcell  
Vincent Jenkins  
Theodore Hall, Jr.

PHOTOGRAPHS

Frances Bolton  
Hallet Gubelman  
Jeanette  
Alexander  
Bellina Parker  
Margaret E. Miller

Malcolm Carr  
Elizabeth J. Bleakie  
John Roedelheim  
Katherine J.  
Russell  
Betty Brainerd  
Irene Tedrow

James H. Allen  
Muriel Packard  
Beth Danziger  
Agnes H. Barnard  
Phoebe Flanagan  
Theodate Johnson  
Ruth Roche

WHAT THE LEAGUE IS

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE is an organization of the readers of the ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE.

THE LEAGUE motto is "Live to learn and learn to live."

THE LEAGUE emblem is the "Stars and Stripes."

THE LEAGUE membership button bears the LEAGUE name and emblem.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE organized in November, 1899, became immediately popular with earnest and enlightened young folks, and is now widely recognized as one of the great artistic educational factors in the life of American boys and girls.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE awards gold and silver badges each month for the best original poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers.

ROLL OF HONOR

A list of those whose contributions were deserving of high praise:

PROSE

Ruth Stuart Banks  
Katherine E.  
Wasserman  
Aase George  
Elizabeth E. Clarke  
Phyllis Harroun  
Margaret Alltimes  
Beryl Osborn  
Margaret T. Gentry  
Claire Fiftoute  
Philena Weller  
Frances Wasse  
Betsy Green  
Marion W. Harlow  
Elizabeth Singer  
Dorothy Hagood  
Elizabeth Harmon  
Floy Jane Norwood  
Dorothy R. Burnett  
Helen E. Waite  
Benjamin Krantzor  
Dorothy Van A.  
Fuller

Goggan De Zavala  
Emily Kingsbery  
Anna Ewell Phillips  
Helen N. Reed  
Mary E. Thayer  
Isabelle T. Ellis  
Elspeth Logeman  
Genora B.  
Goodenow  
Elizabeth Bentley  
Henry J. Day  
Therese Stein  
Benjamin B.  
Eastman  
Charlotte Gowran  
Richard S. Carey  
Grace Rarig  
Kenneth Younger  
Marianne Dean  
Dallas Darrow  
Emily Frazier  
Elizabeth Milliken  
Mary E. Harvey  
Sophie D. James  
Hazel M. Jordan  
Glanville Downey  
Helen C. Furer  
Dorothy Cahill  
Ruth T. Fulton  
Ena L. Hourwich  
Winifred Dysart  
Virginia Reilly

VERSE

De-Losse Smith Jr  
Helen White  
Elizabeth  
Cleveland  
Carol Kantman  
Mary King Loomis  
Kenneth Clair  
Norman R. Hacking  
Merrill Jones  
Barbara Rollins  
Mark Anthony  
Helen R. Noyes  
Bark Campbell  
Sara C. Webster  
Furina Miller  
Edna Marks  
Dorosa Pentreath  
Frederic M.  
Baldwin  
Frances M. Garritt  
Florence H. Laws  
Katherine Eva Root  
Rachel Grant  
Louise H. Baker  
Grett M. Ombert

JANUARY 1921



"A HEADING FOR JANUARY."  
BY ANNE ROBERT WRIGHT, AGE 14

Elizabeth Clark  
Edith Clark  
Marian McLaren  
Gretchen N.  
Behringer  
Marcia Masters  
Kathryn Lissberget  
Jane Reigart  
Kathleen Shepard  
Virginia C.  
Richardson  
Susan R. Kronthal  
Hilda M. Crampton  
Miriam Van Evera  
Harriott B.  
Churchill

Carol G. Bagby  
Isobel Hastings  
Eleanor Farmer  
Edna M. Doss  
Elise Deyerle  
Edith Clark  
Marian McLaren  
Gretchen N.  
Behringer  
Marcia Masters  
Kathryn Lissberget  
Jane Reigart  
Kathleen Shepard  
Virginia C.  
Richardson  
Susan R. Kronthal  
Hilda M. Crampton  
Miriam Van Evera  
Harriott B.  
Churchill

Margaret G. Spence  
Carolyn Sundell  
Georgette Ramsdell  
Ruth Fowler  
Rose Merryweather  
Alice McNical  
Dorothea Paddock  
Margaret E. Smith  
Nancy A. Houghton  
Elizabeth Moss  
Louise E. Baldwin  
Helen Seashore  
Rita Salomon  
Margaret Kip  
Gladys Washburn  
Rita O'Shea  
Anna Rutledge  
Janet Graves  
Jennie Koch  
Thomas R. Birch  
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Alice Sadler  
Jeanette Warmath  
Hope Crouch  
Sarah A.  
Zimmerman  
Margaret Taylor  
Samuel Curtis  
Katherine  
Cholmely  
Elisabet  
Robertson  
Alice W. Grinn  
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Boyd D. Lewis  
Dorothy  
Stephenson  
Martha Everett  
Grace R. Lewis  
Marie Peyré

McMichael  
Lincoln F. Robinson  
Ruth Henderson  
Harriet Huntington  
Esther Engman  
Helen Brooks  
Helen Norton  
Helen E. Faber

PUZZLES

Sustie Cobb  
Elizabeth Freeland  
Anne C. Terwillige  
Patsy Woodhull  
Rhoda Schoenfeld  
Charles Welton  
Adele Goodman  
Enna L. Niescher  
Thomas B. Bentley  
Betty Sargent  
George L.  
Morton, Jr  
Muriel Gannett  
Margaret P.  
Yallalee  
John Mason  
Frances C.  
Kirkpatrick  
Kingsley Kahler  
Peggy Whitehead  
Alice V. Evans

PHOTOGRAPHS

Marjorie Allstrom  
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Lutfield

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 254

Competition No. 254 will close January 31. All contributions intended for it must be mailed on or before that date. Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for May. Badges sent one month later.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "A Song of Spring" or "In Blossom Time."

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "On the Road" or "A Story of the Road."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Young photographers need not print and develop their pictures themselves. Subject, "Reflections."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "Ready!" or "A Heading for May."

Puzzle. Must be accompanied by answer in full. Puzzle Answers. Best and neatest complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be addressed to THE RIDDLE-BOX.

No unused contribution can be returned unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelope of proper size to hold the manuscript or picture.

RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and upon application a League badge and leaflet will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, must bear the name, age, and address of the sender and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt - and must state in writing that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender.

If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write in ink on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month - not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include "competitions" in the advertising pages or "Answers to Puzzles."

Address: The St. Nicholas League,  
The Century Co.  
353 Fourth Avenue, New York.

# THE LETTER-BOX

CHAI RYUNG, KOREA

MY DEAR NEW FRIEND: I enjoy you very much and hope to have you for a long time. I thought that the "Mystery of the Sea-I ark" was very interesting.

We live in a place with many trees, and I think it is very nice to climb them.

I like your puzzles very much and the stories and poetry are nice too. I am sorry that I am so far away, because, you see, it takes so long to get things from here to where you are; besides, by the time my stories or poetry get to where you are, why, you are out here where I am!

This summer I went to a mountain called "Cham Sue San." That means Strong-man Mountain, so my father told me. We lived at a monastery and saw the priest and god. My father, sister, and I would climb the mountains and my mother sit and watch us climb. The reason she did not climb was because she had a shoe of one kind and a shoe of another kind. I mean a shoe of one pair of shoes and a shoe of another pair of shoes. We only stayed there for four days.

Lovingly, your new friend,

MARY B. HUNT (AGE 8.)

WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never written to you before, though for five years you have come to me—always a welcome friend.

Two years ago you were visiting me in the island of St. Kitts, B. W. I. St. Kitts is on the map, just as big as a pin-head, and is one of those beautiful little islands that stud the Caribbean Sea.

The school I went to there was very different from American schools. We had only six weeks' vacation in the summer.

We took some interesting journeys into the country. One of these was to the old citadel on Brimstone Hill, which is called "the Gibraltar of the West Indies."

Sometimes we had cane fires, when some of the natives on the estates set the cane-fields on fire.

We came back during the submarine scare and were eleven days on the way. We were not allowed to have any lights at night.

Your loving reader,

ROBERTA C. STANLEY (AGE 13).

NAPLES, ITALY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A few days ago we went up Mt. Vesuvius. We left our house at eight o'clock. We took a tram to Naples, where we took the electric train to Pughano. There we took the tram up Vesuvius. It was very nice. We saw grape-vines and peach-trees and many other kinds of trees.

The road ran up very high and steep. We saw some lava. Then we changed and took the funicular. There, there are no trees at all. It is all lava. Soon we arrived at the crater. The crater was very big. It could hold 180 *Lusitanias*. It was 800 meters across. There is one little crater inside that sends out all the smoke. It was a very interesting sight. I had a nice time. With best wishes,

ETIENNE CASANO

BRUSSELS, BELGIUM

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have just had a few copies of St. NICHOLAS lent to me, and I like the magazine so much that I have asked my mother if I might have it every month. Mother has consented, I am waiting patiently to have the first magazine of my own.

My father is Belgian and my mother is English. I am half and half. I was in England during the war

with my mother and sisters. One of my sisters was a nurse at Calais. My father was over here all the time. He was unable to come to us. My brothers were soldiers and only came to see us once or twice. It was a very anxious time.

Your new reader,

LENA GILBERT (AGE 13.)

MANAWA, WIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never written you before but I have taken you for nearly a year. I enjoy reading the letters in the LETTER-BOX, and everything else also.

I am the only child in the family, and St. NICHOLAS is very good company. My school-teacher takes you, too, so I can read you at school if I get lonesome for you.

One time, when we gave a program, a girl in the school recited "The Song of the River," from the St. NICHOLAS LEAGUE. It was the one written by Lorna May Kelly, and won a gold badge. I love to read the contributions.

I live on a farm, and a creek runs about twenty rods from the house. One day I saw a mink swim across it.

We raise ducks, but every year a mud-turtle gets between fifteen and twenty, and this year a mink got fifteen. We have five old ones left and they are very pretty in their new feathers.

I hope Samuel Scoville, Jr. and Augusta Huiell Seaman will write some more stories as good as the ones last year. I like mystery and adventure stories.

Your loving reader,

RUTH VAN VORSE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am enclosing the kodak picture of four little brothers in whose home St. NICHOLAS is a welcome guest.

L. L. C.



FOUR ST. NICHOLAS BROTHERS





D. P. RICHARDS

**ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER**

**CONNECTED DIAMONDS AND INCLOSED SQUARE.** 1. I, P, 2. Her, 3. Pecan, 4. Rat, 5. N, II, 1. P, 2. Fer, 3. Pecan, 4. Rat, 5. N, III, 1. N, 2. Ton, 3. Nones, 4. New, 5. S, IV, 1. N, 2. Ton, 3. Nones, 4. Net, 5. S, V, 1. Pecan, 2. Erato, 3. Canon, 4. Alone, 5. Nones.

**DOUBLE BEHEADINGS, Christmas.** 1. In-contact, 2. Be-have, Th-rash, 4. Slings, 5. Beside, 6. In-tact, 7. In-most, 8. Si-able, 9. Un-sate

**QUADRUPLE BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS.** Delaware, 1. Drum-ken-ness, 2. Fibr-of-ment, 3. Lieu-ten-ancy, 4. Aban-don-meat, 5. What-in-gers, 6. A-kin-owl-edge, 7. Rein-car-nate, 8. Eau-tien-ware.

**ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA.** "This day Shall change all grieis and quarrels into love."

**CONNECTED DOUBLE AROSTICS.** I. From 1 to 2, Abel, 3 to 4, Lammle, Cross-words: 1. Abel, 2. Lama, 3. Firm, 4. Room, 5. Evil, 6. Doze, II. From 1 to 5, Edward, 6 to 7,

Dennis, Cross-words: 1. Emd, 2. Dame, 3. When, 4. Anon, 5. Ram, 6. 1, 6. Dons, III. From 7 to 8, Samuel; 9 to 10, Weller, Cross-words: 1. Stew, 2. Ache, 3. Maul, 4. Ural, 5. Edge, 6. Lan.

**ZUZAGA, Jellerson, Cross-words.** 1. Julia, 2. Fetch, 3. Ruffs, 4. Drift, 5. Value, 6. Sorry, 7. Hasty, 8. Month, 9. North.

**WORDS WITHIN WORDS.** Initials, St. Nicholas, 1. Presently, 2. S-tag-nant, 3. S-nov-ball, 4. Dist-ill-er, 5. Scan-dal, 6. Chow-der, 7. Sl-oven-ly, 8. Ever-last-ing, 9. Br-and ish, 10. Pass-sage-s.

**CLASSICAL KING'S MOVE PUZZLE.** Solon of Athens, 8-15-7-16-24-23-30-37-28-19-27-35-44. Cleobulus, 52-61-62-70-60-60-51-58-67. Bias of Priene in Ionia, 75-68-50-50-43-30-20-20-21-22-13-14-6-5-12-1-11-3-2. Chilon of Sparta, 10-1-0-18-17-25-20-34-42-33-41-40-57-95. Thales of Miletus, 66-74-73-81-82-83-84-70-77-85-80-79-71-78-87. Pittacus of Mytilene, 88-80-72-63-54-53-46-45-38-47-39-31-32-40-48-55-50-61.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: To be acknowledged in the magazine, answers must be mailed not later than the 24th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

SOLVERS wishing to compete for prizes must give answers in full, following the plan of those printed above.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES in the October Number were duly received from Doris Blumenthal—Stokes Dickens—Ruth Collins—Helen H. McIver—"Ninety-one"—S. Anna S. Girls.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES in the October Number were duly received from Gladys Skaggs, 10—"Allil and Adi," 10—Spencer and Henry Dormitzer, 10—Ruth M. Willis, 10—Elizabeth Peabody, 10—Doris Howe, 8—Betty Sharp, 10—Mary A. Delaney, 10—Thelma L. Wade, 10—Virginia Ball, 9—Fred Elch, 9—Frances D. Barry, 9—Hortense A. R. Doyle, 4—Stephen Emery, 3—Mary A. Hurd, 3—Edna Chase, 2—Adolph Wiesenberg, 2—Ruth Belden, 1—Katharine Bryan, 1—Jane Kraus, 1—Adele Dunlap, 1—May D. Hsley, 1—Miriam S. Anthony, 1—Laurens Ginsberg, 1—Margaret William, 1—Nellie M. McKinney, 1—Genevieve B. Sullivan, 1—G. L. Morton, Jr., 1.

**POSITIVES AND COMPARATIVES**

(Silver Badge, ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE Competition)

EXAMPLE Positive, to touch gently; comparative, to talk glibly. ANSWER: Pat, patter.

1. Positive, a boy; comparative, a contrivance for mounting.

2. Positive, a packing-box; comparative, a dangerous cavity.

3. Positive, the full amount; comparative, a season.

4. Positive, a measure; comparative, a fraction.

5. Positive, a grain; comparative, an angle.

6. Positive, to shine with warmth; comparative, to glance at in a threatening manner.

7. Positive, tasteless; comparative, to praise unduly.

8. Positive, a flat-bottomed boat, comparative, to rub hard.

9. Positive, a bird; comparative, idle talk.

10. Positive, a very small and close apartment; comparative, a room under a building.

MARGARET C. SCHINDLER (age 14).

**TRIANGLE**

1. To make melody with the voice. 2. A man of distinguished valor. 3. A common verb. 4. A common word of denial. 5. In reconciliation.

BETTY SARGENT (age 13), *League Member*.

**PRIMAL ACROSTIC**

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initial letters will spell the name of a prominent man.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To observe closely. 2. Cerulean. 3. To equip afresh. 4. A raised line or strip. 5. To run away. 6. An indentation. 7. The scale. 8. An

animal. 9. A baser metal mixed with a finer. 10. Impaired by neglect. 11. A mournful piece of music. 12. A simpton. 13. Clamorous. 14. To seize and hold with the fingers.

MILAN DUNHAM (age 15), *League Member*.

**RIDDLE**

I'm round and fat and rather small,  
I'm of silver or of gold,  
If not filled up, I'm a useless cup,  
And but so-so, I am told.  
I may come to you on Christmas Day  
From a friend who loves you well;  
On hand I'll be, yet leave you free,  
What am I? Can you tell?

E. I. KEYSER.

**PROSE CHARADE**

My *first* comes next to being a saint; my *second* is a feminine name; my *third* is part of the body; my *fourth* is part of the body; my *fifth* is a letter of the alphabet. My *whole* is a city.

RUTH E. KOSHLAND (age 8), *League Member*.

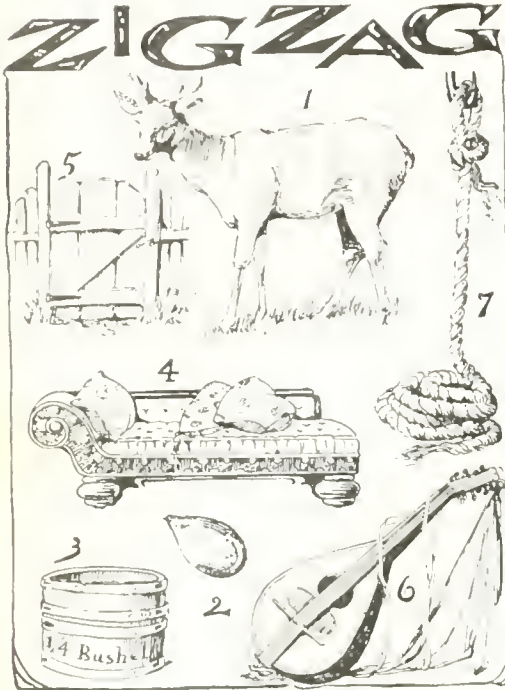
**CUBE**

From 1 to 2, an article of furniture; from 1 to 3, a sloping heap of fragments of rock at the foot of a precipice; from 2 to 4, sends forth; from 3 to 4, passes over lightly or contemptuously; from 5 to 6, very cold; from 5 to 7, an imaginary being; from 6 to 8, one of an order of ancient Celtic priests; from 7 to 8, part of a priestly vestment; from 1 to 5, a label; from 2 to 6, antiquity; from 4 to 8, turf; from 3 to 7, to implore.

JAMES K. BLACKBURN (age 15), *League Member*.

**DIAMOND**

1. In Massachusetts. 2. Encountered. 3. A state.  
4. A color. 5. In Massachusetts.  
EDWARD DELANEY (age 9), *League Member*



All of the seven pictured objects may be described by words of equal length. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the zigzag (beginning at the upper, left-hand letter and ending with the lower, left-hand letter, will spell the surname of an American naval officer who was born in January. He was killed in a duel.

**NUMERICAL ENIGMA**

I am composed of fifty-two letters and form a little quotation that many may bear in mind with profit.  
My 4 11 49 29 48 tacit. My 11 25-39 52 is a silver. My 19 48 34 37 is in this place. My 19 17 17 44 is suffused with a pink color. My 1 41 23 45 is to arrive. My 7 34 49 34 is unsullied. My 28 42 33 50 is a useful substance. My 2 9 42 35 is a division of time. My 31 29-8 43 11 the wool of cloth. My 38 19 5 47 18 a substance that always harbors germs. My 40 14 13 15 is a corporation. My 39 22 11 11 is a letter of the Greek alphabet. My 26 30 6 18 is to cause to fly in disorder.

**WORD SYNCOPATIONS**

EXAMPLE: Take removed from a repetition and leave actual. AN WORD RE-NEW-AL, REAL.

1. Take to gain from merciful, and leave a sailor's beverage.
2. Take a feeling of irritation from a tooth devoted to crocheting, and leave knowledge.
3. Take to soar off from beheading, and leave to utter something foolish.
4. Take to wail, lazily from a small town, and leave the picture.
5. Take a little denizen from merely, and leave our home.

6. Take to request from a wicker object, and leave to waver.
7. Take a human being from merciful, and leave untint.
8. Take to put on from to pardon, and leave the root of the pine.
9. Take to finish from a sinew, and leave a weight.
10. Take a fuss from a grassy plain, and leave the cry of a cat.
11. Take a snare from pertaining to a magnet, and leave enchantment.
12. Take a pronoun from a fruit, and leave to wail.
13. Take a round body from capable of absorbing, and leave not present.
14. Take conflict from recompense, and leave a color.
15. Take to consume from an agreement between nations, and leave to endeavor.
16. Take to loan from mixed, and leave a couch.
17. Take protracted from that which pertains to one, and leave existence.
18. Take amount from to destroy, and leave a geometrical figure.

The initials of the eighteen little words removed will spell the name of the man who was called "the dean of American letters."

EVELA.

**CENTRAL ACROSTIC**

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the central letters, reading downward, will spell a happy day.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A bowel. 2. Haughtiness. 3. A month. 4. To leave. 5. To hate. 6. Finished. 7. To glow with flame. 8. To accord in sound.

JANE FREELAND (age 10), *League Member*

**KING'S MOVE PUZZLE**

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
D	P	A	S	B	S	M	E
9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
A	R	R	I	R	G	E	T
17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
G	R	T	K	R	U	Z	B
25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32
O	E	S	O	O	U	R	L
33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40
E	T	P	Y	N	S	E	S
41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48
D	N	Z	E	W	S	B	E
49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56
C	L	N	N	O	L	L	R
57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64
B	O	E	O	D	N	N	I

Begin at a certain square and move to an adjoining square (as in the king's move in chess) until each square has been entered once. When the moves have been made correctly, the names of ten famous cities may be spelled out. The path from one letter to another is continuous.

J. RENSWICK BOLF (age 11), *League Member*





© Courtesy of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts

"THE FOX HUNT," PAINTED BY WINSLOW HOMER  
(SEE "A CUNNING FELLOW FOILED")

# ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XLVIII

FEBRUARY, 1921

No. 1

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## A CUNNING FELLOW FOILED

By GEORGE A. KING

ALL the day before and well into the night the snow had been falling. Not a creature was stirring. The wood-folks, not caring to venture out in such a storm, snuggled in their comfortable retreats. And except for the muffled booming of the melancholy ocean on the rocks of the distant shore, absolute silence reigned.

But as the long night wore on, the storm gradually abated; and with the coming of the first gray light of dawn, the flakes ceased falling entirely.

Reynard, who had been sleeping the storm through in his warm den far up on the ledgy hillside, now awoke, drowsily got up, stretched and yawned, seeming to know by some mysterious sense that the storm had passed. As he surveyed the cold, dreary, outside world, he yawned again. There was little in the view to arouse enthusiasm in him. No matter in what direction he looked, there seemed nothing but snow to be seen. Each branch of the naked trees was increased to twice its normal size by its chilly burden, while the spruces, draped in white, stood out in the uncertain light like sentinel ghosts; and in the distance the broad expanse of lowland which a few days before lay brown and sear was now deeply buried beneath a blanket of snow.

Prospects for an easily obtained breakfast were not encouraging. Field-mice, the fox knew, were well out of reach in their grassy runways far down under the snow, and probably the rabbits would not be out again before evening.

As he started out, picking his way gingerly

down the slope, thoughts of the old partridge in the piece of swampy woods over toward the shore came to his mind. Many a time had he matched wits with this sly bird, but never with success. He remembered that in very severe weather like this the wise old patriarch, instead of roosting on the low branches of the trees, as usual, had a habit of diving down and burrowing into the soft snow for protection during the night from the biting cold. Maybe the old fellow would be slow about getting up this morning, and there was just a chance of being early enough to surprise him in his snowy bed. True, it was a long and somewhat risky trip; but eat he must, and the venture was surely worth trying.

When Reynard came out of the woods into the open country, the weak winter sun was just breaking through small rifts in the leaden sky, marking a bright pathway of dancing light across the somber-hued water of the bay.

For a moment the cunning rogue hesitated. The great barren expanse, spread out before him, did not look inviting. Traveling in the open in daylight was not to his liking, anyway, and especially distasteful with the going as heavy as it was this morning.

But Reynard was hungry. He thought again of the old partridge and decided to go on. Boldly he struck out. The traveling was bad—even worse than he had expected; often he would sink almost to his shoulders as he plowed through the deep snow. Speed was out of the question under

such conditions, and he had made but little progress when suddenly in the distance over the snow-covered waste a black speck appeared in the sky, then another and another, followed almost immediately by several more in quick succession. Larger and larger they grew. As they came nearer, the alert ears of the fox caught the sound of a chorus of hoarse caws, and, looking up, he saw the noisy horde making directly for him.

Immediately he guessed the whole story and his heart sank. He knew that a dusky sentinel, spying his red coat in the unbroken field of white, had given the signal which brought the whole angry band to investigate. Growing more and more excited, on they came, until now they were wildly circling just above him. With a deafening clamor of irritating caws and a great beating of wings, they flew around him. Every now and then they would swoop threateningly down, but

always manage to keep just out of his reach. A blue-jay over in the cedars took up the alarm, adding his high-pitched scolding to the din.

Reynard stopped. He realized that his hopes were at an end. The whole countryside had been alarmed, and long before he could reach his destination, every little creature in fur or feathers would know of his coming and seek safety. All his cunning could avail him nothing under such conditions, so, with an angry snarl, he turned toward the woods again and, following his own tracks back, was soon lost to sight in the snow-laden thicket on the hillside.

The crows, after wheeling overhead a few times, gave a parting salute of victorious caws and flapped their leisurely way back to the water's edge, where they resumed their search for the breakfast that they hoped the wind and waves might have left for them on the rocky shore.

## BIRD NOTES

By HELEN PECK YOUNG

Though leaves may fade and snowflakes fly  
Hark, to the lively chatter  
Of English sparrows, always nigh.  
"Cheep, cheep, cheep, cheep!" they gaily cry,  
Then look for crumbs which you or I  
On frozen ground may scatter.

Nor will cold tempests drive away  
Our little chickadee  
He, too, a year-round friend, holds sway,  
Delighting near our homes to stay,  
And "Chickadee-dee dee" to say,  
So sociable is he.

What springtime song is this we hear?  
"Pur-ty! Pur-ty!"

Way down the orchard, brown and sere,  
The bluebird warbles, sweet and clear,  
A promise of new life, new cheer,  
Made in sincerity.

"Coo-coo, coo-coo, cheer up!"  
Comes with a merry sound,  
It must be Robin Redbreast's cup  
Of happiness is quite filled up,  
And that on cherries ripe he'll sup,  
With plump worms from the ground

Then, no more flute like music, floats  
"Come to me! Come to me!"  
Entrancing, are the wood thrush notes

From leafy shade-trees. There he dotes  
To tune his voice with other throats  
In liquid melody.

The meadow-lark is full of tear  
A very bashful fellow!  
His plaintive tone belies his cheer;  
He'll sing for you, if you're not near,  
"Spring o' the y-e-a-r! Spring o' the y-e-a-"  
And show a flash of yellow

To the far wood the farmer's boy =  
Though tasks may not allow it—  
Goes forth to seek May-blossoms cov,  
And laughs at the brown thrasher's joy,  
A lively strain without allow,  
"Plove it! Plove it! Plove it!"

The flicker spies him at his ease  
And loudly cries, "Quick! Quick!"  
"It's not you, but myself I'd please,"  
Retorts the plowboy 'neath the trees,  
"You're nothing but a feathered tease:  
Your call is but a trick!"

How many bird friends we hold dear  
In garden, field, and wood!  
They link the seasons, year by year,  
With warble, pipe, and whistle clear,  
A winged choir that charms the ear,  
Proclaiming all things good.



# Washington on Horseback

BY  
H. A. OGDEN

"THE best horseman of his age, and the most graceful figure that could be seen on horseback," was Thomas Jefferson's opinion of his great fellow-Virginian, George Washington. From his early boyhood, a passionate fondness for the horse was a strong and lasting trait of our foremost American.

When a little boy of eight, he was given his first riding-lessons on his pony Hero by Uncle Ben, an old servant (perhaps a slave) of his father's.

On one occasion, when under the paternal eye, he tried over and over again to leap his pony. When he finally succeeded in doing so, both rider and pony fell; but jumping up, the boy was quickly in the saddle again, his father, a masterful man who hated defeat, exclaiming, "That was ill ridden; try it again!" This happening near their home, his mother rushed out, greatly alarmed, and begged them to stop. Finding her entreaties were unheeded, she returned to the house protesting that her boy would "surely be murdered!" And during all of her long life this dread of the dangers her son incurred was one of her striking characteristics.

This early training in riding, however, was greatly to the boy's advantage; for his satisfaction in conquering horses and training them made him a fine horseman and prepared him for the coming years when he was to be so much in the saddle.

A notable instance of early intrepidity in the tall and athletic boy, in his early teens, in mastering a wild, unmanageable colt is related by G. W. P. Custis, Washington's adopted son. The story goes that this colt, a thoroughbred sorrel, was a favorite of Washington's mother, her husband having been much attached to him. Of a vicious nature, no one had thus far ventured to ride him; so before breakfast one morning, George, aided by some of his companions, corralled the animal and succeeded in getting bit and bridle in place.

Leaping on his back, the venturesome youth was soon tearing around the enclosure at break-neck speed, keeping his seat firmly and managing his mount with a skill that surprised and relieved the fears of the other boys. An unlooked-for end to the struggle came, however, when, with a mighty effort, the horse reared and plunged with such violence that he burst a blood-vessel and in a moment was dead.

Looking at the fallen steed, the boys asked "What 's to be done? Who will tell the tale?" The answer soon had to be given; for when they went in to the morning meal, Mrs. Washington asked if they had seen her favorite horse. Noting their embarrassment, the question was repeated; when George spoke up and told the whole story



"THE VENTURESOME YOUTH KEPT HIS SEAT FIRMLY" of the misadventure. "George, I forgive you, because you have had the courage to tell the truth at once," was her characteristic reply.

Upon their father's death, his accomplished brother Lawrence took an active interest in George's education and development. The boy had taken a strong hold on Lawrence's affection, which the younger brother returned by a devoted attachment. Among other accomplishments, George was encouraged to perfect his horsemanship by the promise of a horse, together with some riding clothes from London, especially a red coat and a pair of spurs, sure to appeal to the spirit and daring of the youth.

His first hunting venture, as told by Dr. Weir Mitchell in "The Youth of Washington," occurred on a Saturday morning, a school holiday even in those days, when, there being none to hinder, George having persuaded an old groom to saddle a hunter, he galloped off to a fox-hunting "meet" four miles away. Greatly amused, the assembled huntsmen asked if he could stay on, and if the horse knew he had a rider? To

whip from the overseer's hand, exclaiming that he was to blame and should be whipped first. The man answered that his mother would decide what to do; but the boy never heard of the matter again. The anger he showed on this occasion caused old Sampson to admonish him never to "get angry with a horse."

When about sixteen, George lived a great part of the time at Mount Vernon, Lawrence's home, where he made many friends among the "Old Dominion" gentry, the most prominent of them being Thomas, Lord Fairfax, an eccentric old bachelor residing with his kindred at Belvoir, an adjoining estate on the Potomac. As this had been the home of Anne Fairfax, Lawrence's wife, the brothers were ever welcome guests. Attracted to each other by the fact that both were bold and skilful riders and by their love of horses, a life-long friendship was formed between the tall Virginian, a stripling in his teens, and the elderly

English nobleman, and many a hard ride they took together, with a pack of hounds, over the rough country, chasing the gray foxes of that locality.

Settled at Mount Vernon, in the years following his marriage and up to the beginning of the War for Independence, Washington found great pleasure in his active, out-of-door life, his greatest amusement being the hunt, which gratified to the full his fondness for horses and dogs.

His stables were full, numbering at one time one hundred and forty horses, among them some of the finest animals in Virginia. Magnolia, an Arabian, was a favorite riding-horse; while Chinkling, Valiant, Ajax, and Blue skin were also high bred hunters. His pack of hounds was

splendidly trained, and "meets" were held three times a week in the hunting season.

After breakfasting by candle-light, a start was made at daybreak. Splendidly mounted, and dressed in a blue coat, scarlet vest, buckskin breeches, and velvet cap, and in the lead,—for it was Washington's habit to stay close up with the



BOTH RIDER AND PONY FEEL

which George replied that the big sorrel he rode knew his business; and he was in at the kill of two foxes. On the way back the horse went lame, and on arriving at the home stable he saw an overseer about to punish Sampson, the groom, for letting the boy take a horse that was about to be sold. He quickly dismounted and snatched the





"MANY A HARD RIDE THEY TOOK TOGETHER WITH A PACK OF HOUNDS"

hounds,—the excitement of the chase possessed a strong fascination for him.

These hunting parties are mentioned in many brief entries in his diaries. In 1768, he writes: "Mr. Bryan Fairfax, Mr. Grayson, and Phil Alexander came home by sunrise. Hunted and caught a fox with these: Lord Fairfax, his brother, and Colonel Fairfax and his brother; all of whom with Mr. Fairfax and Mr. Wilson of England dined here." Again, on November 26 and 29: "Hunted again with the same party." 1768.—January 8: "Hunting again with the same company—started a fox and run him four hours." Thus we learn from his own pen how frequently this manly sport, that kept him young and strong, was followed by the boldest rider in all Virginia.

A seven-years absence during the war caused the hunting establishment of Mount Vernon to run down considerably; but on returning in 1783, after peace came, the sport was renewed vigorously for a time.

Blue-skin, an iron-gray horse of great endurance in a long run, was the general's favorite mount during these days. With Billy Lee, the huntsman, blowing the big French horn,—a

present from Lafayette,—the fox was chased at full speed over the rough fields and through such tangled woods and thickets as would greatly astonish the huntsmen of to-day.

What with private affairs, official visits, and the crowd of guests at his home, Washington felt obliged to give up this sport he so loved, for his last hunt with the hounds is said to have been in 1785.

To return to his youthful days. At sixteen he was commissioned to survey Lord Fairfax's vast estates, and soon after was appointed a public surveyor. The three years of rough toil necessitated by his calling were spent continually in the saddle. Those youthful surveys, being made with George's characteristic thoroughness, stand unquestioned to this day.

The beginning of his active military career started with a long, difficult journey of five hundred miles to the French fort on the Ohio, most of which was made in the saddle. It was hard traveling for the young adjutant general of twenty-one accompanied by a small escort. On the return journey, the horses were abandoned, and it was when traveling on foot that hi-

miraculous escape from a shot fired by a treacherous Indian guide and from drowning, occurred.

When, in 1755, the British expedition against



COLONEL HUMPHREYS LANDED IN THE DITCH!  
SEE PAGE 299

the French fort on the Monongahela, commanded by General Braddock, started out from Alexandria, Washington, acting as one of the general's aides, was too ill to start with it, but when the day of action came, the day that the French and Indians ambushed the "red-coats," the young Virginia colonel, although still weak, rode everywhere on the field of slaughter, striving to rally the panic-stricken regulars, and although two horses had been shot under him, he was the only mounted officer left at the end of the fight.

On the occasion of Washington's first visit to Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, in 1756, he rode the whole distance, with two aides and servants, to confer with Governor Shirley of Massachusetts and settle with him the question of his army rank. Appropriately equipped for his mission—the description of the little cavalry company striking Washington, in his full uniform of a Virginia colonel, a white and scarlet cloak, a red knee and red and gold, his London made

holsters and saddle-cloth trimmed with his livery "face" and the Washington arms, his aides also in uniform, with the servants in their white-and-scarlet liveries, their cocked hats edged with silver, bringing up the rear, attracted universal notice. Everywhere he was received with enthusiasm, his fame having gone before him. Dined and feted in Philadelphia and New York, he spent ten days with the hospitable royal governor of Massachusetts. The whole journey was a success, bringing him, as it did, in contact with new scenes and people.

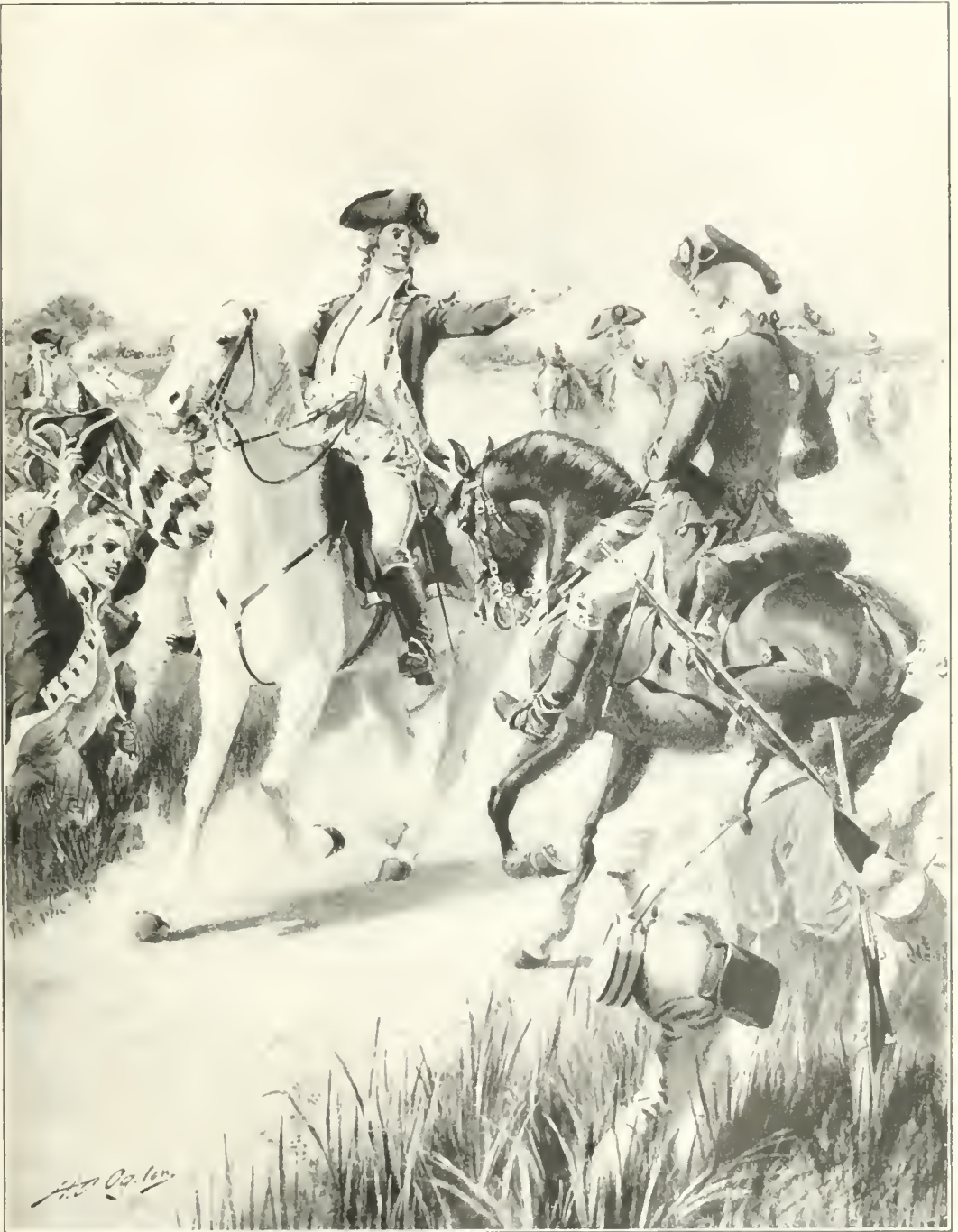
It seems noteworthy that in accounts of the campaigns and battles of the Revolution such frequent mention is made of the commander-in-chief on horseback. From the time he rode from Philadelphia to take command of the army at Cambridge, in 1775, down to the capitulation of Yorktown in 1783, his horses were an important factor in his campaigns. Among many such incidents, a notable one is that which occurred when, after the defeat of the Americans at Brooklyn and their retreat across the river to New York, Washington in his report to Congress wrote: "Our passage across the East River was effected yesterday morning; and for forty-eight hours preceding that I had hardly been off my horse and never closed my eyes." He was, in fact, the last to leave, remaining until all his troops had been safely ferried across.

An all-night ride to Princeton, in bitter cold, over frozen roads, and, when day dawned, riding



NELSON, WASHINGTON'S OLD WAR-HORSE,  
RECEIVES A VISIT FROM HIS MASTER

fearlessly over the field to rally his men, reining in his charger within thirty yards of the enemy, forms another well-known incident.



AT THE BATTLE OF MONMOUTH—GENERAL WASHINGTON, MOUNTED ON A WHITE CHARGER, ORDERED GENERAL LEE TO THE REAR (SEE PAGE 295)

At the battle of Brandywine an old farmer was pressed into service to lead the way to where the battle was raging, and he relates that as his horse took the fences Washington was continually at his

side, saying repeatedly, "Push along, old man; push along!" Shortly after the defeat at Brandywine, General Howe's advance regiments were attacked at Germantown; and here, as at Princeton,

Washington, in spite of the protests of his officers, rode recklessly to the front when things were going wrong.

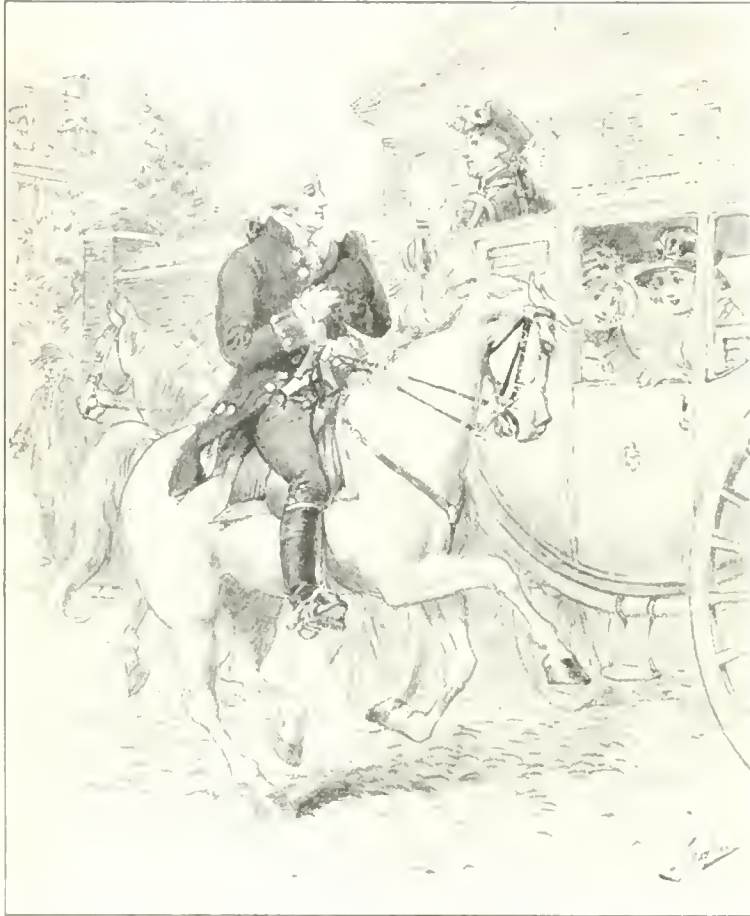
After the hard winter at Valley Forge, and when in June of 1778 the British abandoned Philadelphia and took up the march to Sandy Hook, Washington resolved to attack them on

forth through the fire of the enemy, animating his soldiers, and recalling them to their duty, the lines were reformed and the battle tide was turned by his vigorous measures. From the overpowering heat of the day, and the deep and sandy soil, his spirited white horse sank under him and expired. A chestnut mare, of Arabian stock, was

quickly mounted, this beautiful animal being ridden through the rest of the battle. Lafayette, always an ardent admirer of Washington, told in later years of Monmouth, where he had commanded a division, and how his beloved chief, splendidly mounted, cheered on his men. "I thought then as now," said the enthusiastic Frenchman, "that never had I beheld so superb a man."

Of all his numerous war-horses, the greatest favorite was Nelson—a large, light sorrel, with white face and legs, named after the patriot governor of Virginia. In many battles,—often under fire,—Nelson had carried his great master and was the favored steed at the crowning event of the war—the capitulation of Yorktown.

Living to a good old age, and never ridden after Washington ceased to mount him, the veteran charger was well taken care of, grazing in a paddock through the summers. And often, as the



PRESIDENT WASHINGTON, MOUNTED ON "PRESCOTT," MEETS A COACH

retired general and President made the rounds of his fields, the old war-horse would run neighing to the fence, to be caressed by the hand of his former master.

During the eight years of his Presidency, Washington frequently took exercise on horseback, his stables containing at that time as many as ten coach- and saddle-horses.

When in Philadelphia, then the seat of government, the President owned two pure white saddle-horses, named Prescott and Jackson, the former being a splendid animal, which, while accustomed to cannon-fire, waving flags, or martial music, had a bad habit of dancing about and shy

their route. On crossing the Delaware in pursuit of the enemy, Governor William Livingston of New Jersey presented to the commander-in-chief a splendid white horse, upon which he hastened to the battle field of Monmouth.

Mr. Custis, in his "Recollections of Washington," states that on the morning of the twentieth of June, he rode, and for that time only during the war, a white charger. Galloping forward, he met General Charles Lee, with the advanced guard, falling back in confusion. Indignant at the disobedience of his orders, Washington's wrath was expressed in peremptory language, Lee being ordered to the rear. Riding back and

retired general and President made the rounds of his fields, the old war-horse would run neighing to the fence, to be caressed by the hand of his former master.

ing when a coach, especially one containing ladies, would stop to greet the President. The other white horse, Jackson, was an Arab, with flowing mane and tail, but, being an impetuous and fretful animal, he was not a favorite.

A celebrated riding-teacher used to say that he loved "to see the general ride; his seat is so firm, his management of his mount so easy and graceful, that I, who am a professor of horsemanship, would go to him and *learn to ride*."

Since his early boyhood, the only recorded fall from a horse that Washington had was once on his return to Mount Vernon from Alexandria. His horse on this occasion, while an easy-gaited one, was scary. When about to mount and rise in the stirrup, the animal, alarmed by the glare of a fire by the roadside, sprang from under his rider, who fell heavily to the ground. Fearing that he was hurt, his companions rushed to his assistance, but the vigorous old gentleman, getting quickly on his feet, assured them that, though his tumble was complete, he was unhurt. Having been only poised in his stirrup and not yet in the saddle, it was a fall no horseman could prevent when a scary animal sprang from under him. Vicious propensities in horses never troubled Washington; he only required them to go along.

An amusing anecdote is told of one of Washington's secretaries, Colonel David Humphreys. The colonel was a lively companion and a great favorite, and on one of their rides together he challenged his chief to jump a hedge. Always ready to accept a challenge of this sort, Washington told him to "go ahead," whereupon Humphreys cleared the hedge, but landed in the ditch on the other side up to his saddle-girth. Riding up and smiling at his mud-bespattered friend, Washington observed, "Ah, Colonel, you are too deep for me!"

On the Mount Vernon estates, during the years of retirement from all public office, his rides of inspection were from twelve to fourteen miles a day, usually at a moderate pace; but being the

most punctual of men, he would, if delayed, display the horsemanship of earlier days by a hard



"A LAST GLIMPSE OF WASHINGTON IN THE SADDLE"

gallop so as to be in time for the first dinner-bell at quarter of three.

A last glimpse of this great man in the saddle, is as an old gentleman, in plain drab clothes, a broad-brimmed white hat, carrying a hickory switch, with a long-handled umbrella hung at his saddle-bow—such was the description given of him by Mr. Custis to an elderly inquirer who was in search of the general on a matter of business.

## TOMMY SOLILOQUIZES

OF course, 't was very fine of him  
 To tell the truth, whatever came.  
 And, as Dad says, years cannot dim  
 The shining glory of his name.  
 But still, I often wonder why  
 He picked *that kind!* I cannot see,  
 When I just *think* of cherry *pie*,  
 How *he could* chop a *cherry-tree!*

M. L. J.



OLD FOUR-TOES WEIGHED CLOSE TO A TON

## THE CHRISTENING OF FOUR-TOES

By ALBERT C. ALLEN

IN 1906, there flashed throughout the country a press despatch. It was read by many thousands of people. Some read it with mild interest; many felt a pang of sorrow, as though some great character had passed away; and some there were who felt as if they had lost a friend, even though they had hunted him and desired, above all else, to wear the furs for accomplishing his downfall. The despatch read:

### KING OF GRIZZLY BEARS KILLED IN WYOMING WOODS

FOUR-TOES, WHOSE WEIGHT WAS NEARLY A TON, SLAIN BY A MINING MAN

COLORADO, WYO., Dec. 13.—Old Four-toes, king of the grizzly bears, is dead. He was slain in the woods by Raymond L. Boan, a Cripple Creek mining expert, and a local Chinese, a local article. They trailed the huge bear some five days, and were almost ambushed by the animal. Boan shot the bear first and fired the last shot. It was necessary to kill him. The bear's skull, paws, and claws, which weigh a ton, and the dried hide

measured twelve feet in length and nine feet nine inches from paw to paw. His chest was three feet across, and the oil from the tallow, after a sackful of the best had been removed, amounted to thirty gallons.

Eleven years ago the bear, believed to be the largest ever killed, was trapped, but tore loose, leaving one claw in the trap. This was the source of his name.

It was a beautiful September day—the nineteenth to be exact—in the year 1895 when a long black railway-train wound like a snake through Wyoming. A long blast of the whistle announced the approach to a station, and the train came to a stop at a collection of half a dozen houses built around a water tank and station house.

A porter swung off the platform of a sleeper, at the rear end of the train, and an army officer and a youth followed him to the ground.

"Well, here we are, Dad!" exclaimed the boy. "I wonder if old man Boan is in town to-day. Let 's step over to the post office and see."

At the post-office the boy was welcomed by the postmaster, who was also keeper of the general store and a notary public, and who held various other positions.

"No," he replied in answer to the question, "Boan has n't been over for two weeks."

"Do you know any one who would haul us over to Pine Grove, on Black's Fork? We want to get over to Boan's to-night."

"I saw Bill Harmon over at his house, maybe he would haul you over."

"Thank you; I 'll try him. You wait here, Dad, till I go and find out."

In a few minutes the boy returned saying: "Come on, Dad. He will take us over. We had better get some cheese and crackers for lunch—it 's noon now and I 'm getting hungry."

They made their purchases and went to the station, and in a short time were joined by Bill Harmon, with his wagon and two horses.

"Bill, I want you to meet my father," said the boy, eagerly.

Bill rubbed his right hand on his trousers, and, extending it, said: "Mighty glad to know ye, Captain. So ye 're goin' over to try yore luck, are ye? Some antelope out on the flats, but they ain't many deer come down yet, so I 'm told. Gee, what kind of a rifle is that?"

The captain returned Bill's hearty grasp and replied, "That 's a Krag-Jorgensen—the new army rifle."

Bill took the extended rifle and looked it over. "It 's awful small bored for big game, ain't it? 'Pears to me it would be good for coyotes, but that little pill don't look like it would stop a buck or a bear."

"Oh, yes it would," replied the captain; "its penetration is far greater than a 45-70 and it has wonderful shocking powers. It will kill a bear easy enough—the trouble is to find the bear on which to try it."

"By the great horn spoon!" Bill ejaculated. "I sure would n't want to run up against old Sol with it—he 'd just think a skeeter bit him."

"Old Sol?" questioned the boy. "Who 's he?"

"You mean to say you have n't heard of old Sol? Why, he 's the biggest grizzly that ever was. I heard he was over to the head of Smith's Fork and killed a bunch of sheep t'other night. You ask Boan about him."

They soon had their roll of bedding and "grub box" loaded on the wagon, and started out.

It took nearly three hours to make the nine miles to Pine Grove; and when they arrived, it was only to find that Boan was not there. Mrs. Boan was at the cabin alone with the baby and she welcomed the boy, for they were friends of several seasons.

"Laws a mercy!" she exclaimed, "but it is good to see you agin! An' this is yore father. Glad to make yore acquaint'nce, sir. Step right in an' I 'll git us a bite to eat. No you won't do no sech a thing!" she exclaimed, as the boy said they would get a meal in camp. "You 'll set right here and I 'll have somethin' ready in a jiffy. Yes, Frank 's gone up to headquarters, huntin'. I don't know just when he 'll be back; but if I git a chance, I 'll send him word."

"Well," said the boy, "I guess there is nothing we can do but wait, and maybe he 'll come back in a few days. I wanted to get him to take us up into the mountains for deer."

And so they waited. On the evening of the fourth day they left their camp and walked down to the cabin to see Mrs. Boan. The nights were chilly, as it was past the middle of September, and the cabin was warm and cozy. Mrs. Boan welcomed them cordially and insisted that they eat a piece of pie.

"Have you heard anything from Mr. Boan?" asked the boy.

"No, but I jest hev a feelin' he 'll be here at nine o'clock."

The evening wore on and the two were about ready to depart for their camp when the sound of an approaching team could be heard. All stood listening as it came nearer and stopped.

"It 's him!" exclaimed Mrs. Boan. "What did I tell you?"

In a few moments the door opened and a large, heavily built man, with a heavy brown beard and merry, twinkling eyes, stepped into the room. It was Boan—and just then the little clock on the mantel struck nine. The boy was dazed and the captain exclaimed, "Well, I 'll be blest!"

The boy, recovering himself, rushed up to clasp the hard hand of the big mountaineer. "Gee, I 'm glad to see you!" he exclaimed. "How on earth did you happen to come in just at this time?"

"Well," explained Boan, after he had met the captain and greeted his wife, "Doty came up yesterday and said he had heard that you 'd come in an' was a-lookin' for me—learned it from Bill Harmon over to Piedmont. So I jest nat'rally come right down. Did n't git started till late, so war late gittin' in."

While Boan ate his supper, explanations were made and Boan said: "You came jest in time. I want to go back to-morrow, so 's I can do some huntin' an' see if I can't git a bar afore they hole-up for the winter. If it 's all right with you-all, we 'll leave to-morrow."

"That is what we are here for," answered the captain, "and if we won't be in the way, we should like to go with you."

Next morning Boan drove up to camp and found the captain and the boy ready. The tent was left standing, as they were to use a cabin, so their few other belongings were loaded in a very short time. Boan mounted to the seat, the captain followed, and the boy climbed up on the roll of bedding.

The wagon was a rough, strong one, with a home-made body, and the whole structure was absolutely devoid of paint from its long service in all kinds of weather, while the tires, from contact with rocky roads, were no longer flat. The team consisted of two large, raw-boned horses, well cared for, but shaggy and carrying not a pound of surplus fat. They were powerful animals even now in their old age.

It was too late in the afternoon, when they reached the cabin where Boan was camped, to do anything that day, but in the morning all were up early and breakfast was soon over. The captain decided to try his luck fishing, while the boy went with Boan to the place where he had his bear-trap set.

"Been thar all right?" exclaimed Boan. "He's sprung the trap, but she never ketched him. This is the second time an' I don't quite understand it."

The trap was an eight inch one and had been sprung, while part of the bait—the carcass of a beaver—was eaten.

Boan and the boy looked around for tracks. The boy, strolling down the slope, suddenly called to his companion: "Come down here! I have found a track and it's a monster!"

Boan hurried to where the boy was gazing at a single track left in a small patch of snow. The print was distinct and appeared to have been made within a very short time. It was about fifteen inches long and eight wide.

Boan took one look at it and exclaimed, "Old Sol, by gum!"

"The big grizzly?" asked the boy, incredulously.

"That's him," said Boan. "No wonder that trap would n't catch him! It's like settin' a mouse trap to catch a coyote. You see, he put his old foot flat down on it an' sprung the trap without even pinchin' him."

"What are you going to do now?" asked the boy. "Can't we hide out here to night and wait for him? It's moonlight."

"No," said his companion, "it can't be did. Do you see he's sprang to night or to-morrow, an' he is goin' to bring in another trap for me—maybe he can get the old feller to walk into it, but he's mighty come. We might as well take this 'n' get back to camp."

"Why don't you set it agin?" suggested the boy. "He won't get caught."

"No use. The trap's too small, an' anyway he

won't be back afore three days. You see, when a bar is makin' his rounds, he won't visit the same spot afore three days, an' if he don't come by the fifth, he won't come at all—that's the rule, and I never seen it fail."

That night Doty came in bringing a big bear-trap—the largest procurable. It was a wicked affair, sixteen inches in diameter, and having a row of sharp, heavy, steel teeth on each jaw. The boy did n't like the looks of it and thought it was cruel to use it, but Boan overruled his objections by saying: "Bears don't have the same feelin's that humans do. A woun'd that 'ud put a man out don't even bother them. It ain't comfortable, o' course, but it ain't as bad as you think. Besides, did you ever stop to think that old Sol don't make any bones about how he treats his victims? He has done lots of cruelties in his time. Jest the other night he killed half a dozen sheep—leavin' some little orphan lambs, too—an' badly wounded the dog. He'll mean lots o' money to me, too."

"We have heard something about this bear," said the captain. "Tell us about him?"

"Well," responded Boan, "I don't know so much about him, myself, but I'll tell you what I know. He has been roamin' these hills for several years, killin' sheep an' cattle an' makin' lots o' trouble. Every hunter has been after him, an' a tew has got shots; but nary a one has got him.

"He's a monster, an' the smartest critter I ever heerd tell of. Traps o' all kinds has been set—but he knows too much to get caught."

"Thar war a Swede workin' in the tie camp near here, one year, who had a span o' mules—big 'uns. One evenin' about dusk he missed one o' 'em and went down to the creek to look for him. He heerd a noise off to one side an' went over thar. Purty soon he seen his mule and started to walk up to him sayin', 'Wo, boy! Steady now!' He held out his hand to the mule like he had oats. The mule waited until he got up to about twenty foot, when he stood up on his hind legs—say, that Swede give one look and run like the Old Man hisself war after him! Why did he run? Well, he seed agin' the sky the head an' shoulders of the biggest grizzly bar in the world. The Swede said he war eighteen foot high—I guess he looked it, all right. It war old Sol. No, he had n't harmed the mule—it war just to show you how big he war when he could be mistook for one."

"Old Sam Hamilton—you know him, boy—told me of one time when he war after deer over towards China Lake. He had stopped to rest, leavin' agin a boulder up on the side of the mount'in. Thar war a clearin' down below an' some cattle there—range stock. He see the cows gittin' nervous an' all gazin' down the glade—



they war up-wind an' must 'a' smelled somethin'. A young bull in the herd got the scent, too, an' begin pawin' the dirt an' throwin' it over his back, fightin' mad. Sam watched, an' purty soon seen the willers shake, like as how some animal war a-comin' through them. He just set tight. The young bull moved down to'ards the willer, an' jest then out walked a monster grizzly bar.

"Sam says he war the biggest he 'd ever saw—said he must 'a' weighed a ton. Sam waited until he would walk out to the center o' the glade so he could give him more 'n one shot.

"But it seems like that old bar has a charmed life, 'cause, jest as Sam started to draw a bead on him, that young bull marched into line betwixt 'em. Sam swore, but in a second he saw thar war somethin' goin' to happen an' happen quick. That thar fool bull war too young to have much sense, an' it war probably his first bar. All he knowed war that he war goin' to lick that animal even if he war as big as a barn. You know, some of these young range bulls is about the most dangerous animals goin' they ain't had any experience an' they ain't got much sense.

"So this young critter came rarin' up to old Sol—for it war him—and got right in front, barin' the road. Old Sol stopped an' kind o' looked at him an' moved to one side, but Mr. Bull had a chip on his shoulder an' war a-darin' him to knock it off. Sol seemed like he war in a purty good humor, Sam said, an' jest sat on his hunkers like a giant dog, his tongue hangin' out, his head a rollin', an' him a-swayin' from side to side.

"Mr. Bull pawed the dirt an' roared an' rared, an', when he seen old Sol ain't a-goin' to move, he got braver an' made a pass at the old bar. Sol sorta leaned back, Sam said, an' showed his teeth—looked a yard long, Sam said—an' raised one o' his big paws with his claws all bar' like a mad cat. Sam said he war so durned int'rested he forgot all about shootin', so he jest held his breath an' watched.

"Mr. Bull did n't see nothin' menacin' in Sol, so all to a sudden he made a charge. Sam said he could n't jest tell how it happened, but thar war a sound like the pop of a rifle, or somethin', as Sol smashed that critter squar' on the head. Mr. Bull crumpled up right thar.

"More Sam got his senses back enuff to know that that old bar war his meat, old Sol had disappeared in the brush. Sam knowed that the old feller would hang around until it got good an' dark, an' then he 'd come out an' have a feast. That bein' the case, Sam made up his mind it war no healthy country after dark, an' he pulled out. Yes, he is some big bar."

"How did he get his name?" asked the boy.

"That I don't know. He is known as Sol in

these parts—mebbe he 's called somethin' else in other parts."

In the morning they carried the huge trap down to the spot where the other trap had been set. The half-carass of the beaver still remained as it was left—marauders probably understood that it belonged to Sol and it was "Hands Off."

First the two carried some more dead roots and trees to strengthen the barricade which was piled high behind the bait, between two pines—this to insure against the bear entering from the rear. The two trees were about four feet apart, and from the base of each, Boan had constructed a kind of fence, consisting of some dead logs, one on top of the other. These were fastened with pegs driven into the ground on each side, to prevent them rolling off. These two fences formed a runway just wide enough to allow the bear-trap to be set between them.

It was dangerous work setting the massive contrivance, for great care had to be exercised to prevent its being sprung while handling. The two massive springs were compressed by placing the trap near the curving root of a live tree; under this root was inserted the ends of two dead saplings, and they were brought down across the two springs, so that, when pulled down, they would compress them. They made several attempts before they were successful, as one or the other of the saplings would slip just before the springs were completely compressed. Boan did not possess the regular contrivance used for setting these traps, so he had to improvise one. Finally, they got the springs down and the big jaws fell open. Boan fastened the pan with a couple of sticks, while the boy held the saplings down. When completed, they carried it very carefully and placed it in position, breathing a sigh of relief as they saw it safely set. They cut a number of dead willow twigs which they sharpened on both ends—making pegs about six inches long. These were carefully pushed into the ground for about half their length all around the trap for such a distance on each side as to make it impossible for the bear to step any place except on the steel jaws, when he tried to reach the bait six feet ahead. Light leaves and earth were carefully sprinkled over the trap, concealing it, and a log chain was fastened to it, the other end of which was attached to the bottom log on one side of the runway. The chain was covered with earth, and then everything was ready. The bear could not reach the bait except by going through the runway, and he must step into the trap to avoid the sharpened stakes.

"Won't he know we have been there? I always supposed that a bear would n't go into a trap if he smelled human beings."

"That 's mostly true, but Sol has been thar twice already. He 'll know the trap 's thar an' try to get around it. Mebbe he 'll think he can spring it like he did the little one. You noticed I did n't tech the bait. I think he 's still around, as it 's gittin' late in the season an' he 's layin' up fat afore he holes up."

Boan let two nights pass before visiting the trap, and then everything was as they had left it.

The fifth evening after Sol's former visit came; and the night was a clear, frosty one, the stars sparkling like brilliant diamonds in the patches of sky visible through the trees. There was not a breath of wind, and the silence of the forest was unbroken. It was the crucial time—this night or none. The boy was nervous all the evening, every few minutes going to the door and standing just outside, listening. The trap was a mile away up the cañon, and he knew he could n't hear anything, but he just could n't help it—he *had* to listen.

He tried to be interested in the tales being told about the fire, but his thoughts were on the trap. Every nerve was tense and the strain increased as the evening wore on. It was past ten o'clock when a lull occurred in the conversation and the boy jumped to his feet. "What 's that?" he exclaimed. He rushed outside and listened. Not a sound but the trickling of water down at the spring. He started to turn back when something reached his ears—a sound like distant thunder.

"We 've got him!" he cried, rushing into the cabin and snatching his rifle from the corner. "Come on, let 's go after him!"

Boan rose and put a restraining hand on the boy's arm. "Hold on," he said. "If we have caught him an' he stays in that trap five minutes, he 'll be thar in the mornin'; an' if we went down thar an' he got out, we 'd be scattered all over the state of Wyoming afore daybreak—an' it would take a setter-dog to find our pieces, too."

OLD Sol had risen from his bed in a comfortable spot deep in the center of a heavy clump of willows. He was hungry, and dusk was coming on. He stretched, yawned, and shook his long coat. Slowly he ambled down to the creek and drank, then smelled along the bank for a few yards and lifted his sensitive nose to test the air. Nothing came to him, so he moved on up the stream and visited a beaver-dam. He smelled of the vent at the top of the house. The smell of beaver was there, but he knew that the family was not at home. He left the stream and walked up into the timber, stopping here and there to turn over a log and lick up the few grubs he found.

For four he wandered here and there, and

gradually came near to where the trap was set. A faint puff of wind brought a scent to his nostrils. He raised his muzzle and twisted his nose, testing the air. He smelled the beaver and drew near to the little clump of scattered trees in the clearing. The moon was bright and he could see nothing suspicious. He circled the place where the trap lay and lost the scent. He moved around the trees, drawing closer and closer. Again he caught the scent. He paused thirty feet away and smelled of the air. He approached the two trees at the back, where the roots were piled—he smelled them. Perhaps he could smell the man-scent, but it was old. He went around and found the runway—he had been there before. He took a step into it and paused. There was the carcass of the beaver, just where he had eaten it before. That there was something in the little open space between the sharp sticks he knew, and he hesitated.

Again he smelled that enticing odor. He raised his massive right foot and placed it carefully over to the left, trying to get a foothold on the bottom log which projected a little. He put more weight on his foot—it slipped and dropped into the little open space. There was a loud snap, and something bit deep into the base of his smallest toe. With a terrific roar of rage, he lurched backward, something heavy dragging on his foot.

Back he went, and the thing brought him up with a jerk. With a terrific snarl, he reached down and bit hard upon this thing that dared to hold his foot. Anything less than iron or steel would have been crushed between those massive jaws—but this thing was too hard, and it had that dread smell of steel. His toe was bleeding, and the smell of the blood drove him into a frenzy. With all his magnificent strength, he pulled upon the thing which held him. It moved, and he dragged it back. Then, amid the sound of rending wood and cracking branches, he pulled the heavy log out from under the pile above it. Backward he pulled it for ten feet, this log weighing well over a hundred pounds. It was free now from the mass of other logs and moved more easily. He changed his direction, the chain slackened, and he lifted his foot with the trap hanging from his toe. With the blows of a trip-hammer, he swung the trap and smashed it on a dead, barkless log. Again and again he battered it, the chips flying from the splintered wood. He started off and went around a sapling pine—then the thing on his foot held him. He turned and circled the little tree, and again he was stopped as he reached the end of the chain. With a terrific growl, he fought the chain.

The white froth came from his snapping jaws, and the air was rent with his snarls. A coyote,

which had been near, lured by the smell of the beaver, dropped his brush and silently, cowering in fear, slunk away into the brush.

Again and again the great bear beat the trap, the chain clashing and clanging at every blow. Still this thing hung to him. He made a half-turn about the sapling and pulled, the chain cutting deep into the green wood. He saw the tree bend from his effort, and he turned savagely upon it and ripped the bark with the claws of his free paw. One more mighty pull, and the thing which held him dropped to the ground with a clang—he was free!

He turned and ran, crashing through the brush, down across the stream and through the willows, snarling and snapping at the brush that got in his way. In a little while he began to calm down and he slowed his pace. Far up the cañon he paused and licked his crushed and bleeding toe, then on again.

Many miles he traveled, and then he came to the place he sought. It was a cavern in a wild, almost inaccessible, spot high in the mountains. Into this he crawled and lay down to rest and lick his wounded paw.

The next day he slept fitfully, and as night came on he awoke. His foot was sore and he licked it, but did not go out. He was getting lethargic—the first symptom of his long winter's sleep. He licked his wound and slept, and softly, as he lay, the frost king came out of the north and painted the whole world white. The snow piled up and covered the door of his den, and Sol slept on.

BOAN and the boy were up at dawn the morning after they had heard the bear. After a hasty breakfast, they made all speed to the trap. Nearing the spot, they approached cautiously, their rifles ready. They could see that things were changed at the trap, but could not make out what had happened. They walked closer and closer, and then saw that there was nothing there. They walked up to the place—it was a wreck. The logs were thrown down, the ground torn, and blood was spattered all about.

The trap lay at the foot of a sapling, around which the heavy chain was wrapped so tightly that it had cut deep into the wood beneath the bark. Boan spoke just one word. "Gone!" and sat down on a log, his head in his hands.

The boy gazed speechless at the evidence of such terrific strength, such furious destruction, as met his eyes. Finally, Boan arose and spoke again, "We had him, but he 's gone." He stooped and examined the trap, the logs, and the

ground, then he said, "He tched the pan with his toe—see the scratch here?" and he indicated a mark on the pan. "This tooth caught him by the little toe of his right front foot."

The boy examined the trap with interest. "Gee, just look how he has bent it!" he exclaimed. "The jaws are sprung so they won't meet by a half inch at this end. Here is a piece of bone and some hair. When he pulled out, he must have left his toe. I 'm going to look for it."

For some time he scratched around in the debris and suddenly cried: "I 've found it! Is n't it a big one?" and he held up the claw. It was an inch in diameter at the base and nearly five inches long—and it was the "little" toe!

THE next spring Sol came forth, his wound healed. He was seen and recognized by one of the mountaineers who knew him, and when this man saw



THE MISSING CLAW

the trail, he marveled: "By gum! It 's old Sol all right, but he has only four toes on his right front foot—the little one is gone."

Everywhere the great bear went his trail was noted—and he was called Four-toes.

For many years he roamed the range from Green River to the Yellowstone, defying man and beast. His fame spread and his name became known to thousands, and as he wandered the forests, monarch of all his range, his missing claw was resting in a velvet-lined case in a city dwelling—the baptismal certificate of the christening of Four-toes.



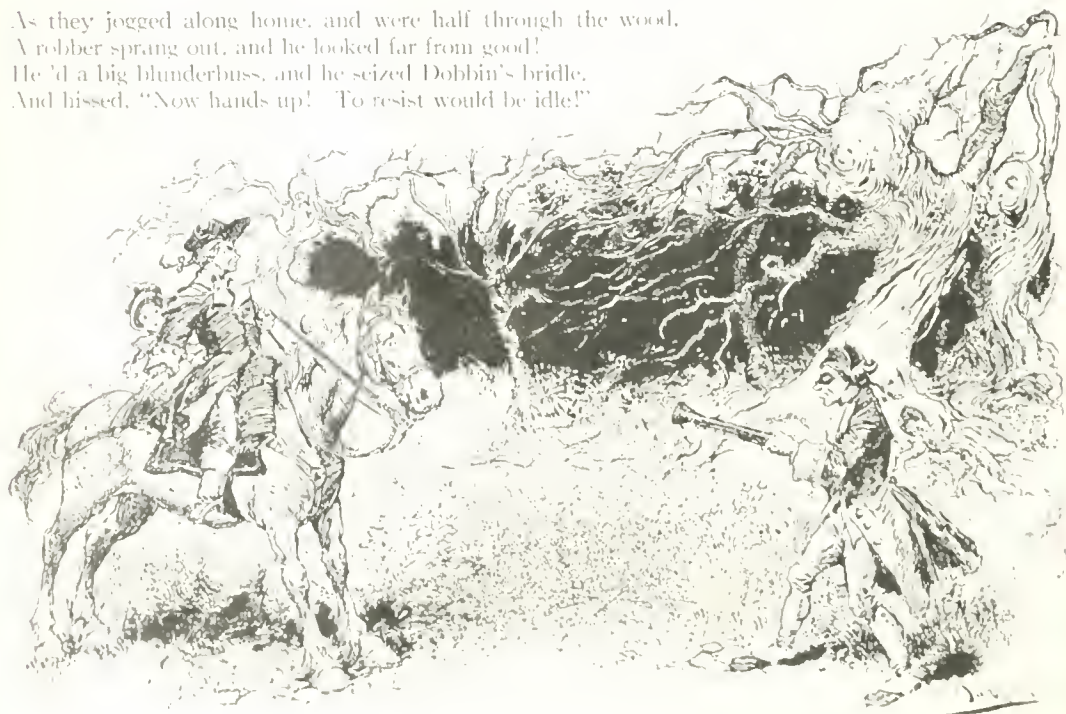
The Adventures of  
Mary Melinda Mchitable Brown  
The Adventure of the PEPPER  
By Minnie Leona Upton.

M

ARY Melinda Mchitable Brown  
Again on the pillion rode gaily to town,  
Her father, in front of her, chattered to Dobbin  
So blithely, he thought 't was his good friend, the robin.

She sought not for ribbons and lace, as before,  
But took a long list to the grocery store,  
For her mother was wishful of all sorts of spices,  
Salt, sugar, and raisins, and each thing that nice is.

As they jogged along home, and were half through the wood,  
A robber sprang out, and he looked far from good!  
He 'd a big blunderbuss, and he seized Dobbin's bridle,  
And hissed, "Now hands up! To resist would be idle!"



But the scamp never thought, 'mid his saucy demands,  
To say to a little girl, "Hold up your hands!"  
He thought that, while purses and gold he was taking,  
*She'd* be just a little heap, shaking and quaking!

As there on the pillion she sat, very still,  
Her curls hid her face, and she looked really ill;  
But while, to his eye, she seemed fit to be tumbling  
Right off, her small hand in her big bag was tumbling;

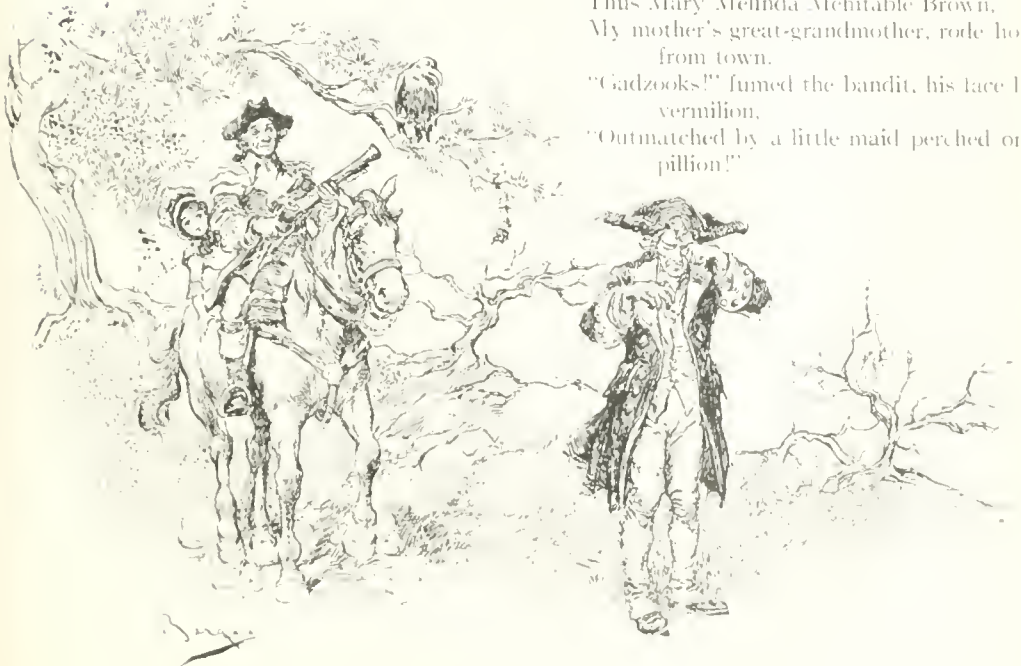
And while she drooped lower, and looked worse and worse,  
And just as he reached for her father's plump purse,  
Right straight at his face, when he thought she was crying,  
A thin-papered package of pepper went flying!



"*Kerchoo! Ah-kerchoo! Ah-kerchoohkerchoo!!!*"  
Dear, dear, how he spluttered, and what a to-do!  
He really believed that he must be "bad-dreaming,"  
As the peppery tears down his cheeks went a-streaming.

Before he could guess what had happened to him,  
Her father reached out, with a look very grim,  
His blunderbuss seized, "Forward, march!" shouted gruffly,  
And ahead trudged that bandit, all teary and snuffly!

Thus Mary Melinda Mehitable Brown,  
My mother's great-grandmother, rode home from town.  
"Gadzooks!" fumed the bandit, his face like vermilion,  
"Outmatched by a little maid perched on a pillion!"



# BOY HUNTERS IN DEMERARA

By GEORGE INNESS HARTLEY

## CHAPTER IX

### THE POWER OF THE JUNGLE

THE boys slept late the next morning. When they awoke, it was to find the sun risen half-way to its zenith, and Jack gone. Wa'na, who, of the Indians, alone remained, reported that Milton had departed soon after sunrise with Walee, Jim, and the Macusi Dick on a hunt for small birds.

Left to themselves, they ate a dry breakfast of bread and canned salmon, and then, gun in hand, leaving Wa'na in charge of camp, set off through the jungle. Their hunt was destined to be barren of result so far as the actual killing of game was concerned, but was not without its thrills for Paul, and a weird surprise for both of them.

They followed the trail of yesterday for a hundred yards, and, taking their bearings with a compass, turned north, parallel to the river. Their advance was slow, but Paul, try as he would, could not avoid the patches of dry leaves and brittle dead twigs which persisted in getting under foot. Fred's progress was more often silent, but even his previous training did not prevent a noisy rustle rising from misplaced footfalls now and then. Once, twice, several times they flushed tinamou, which, if their approach had been silent, they should have seen running on the ground. Two agoutis galloped away grunting, without offering the slightest chance for a shot. A larger animal, hidden beneath a tree still living and green, but uprooted across a shallow gully, sprang from its cover and disappeared in a swirl of bushes—a deer, Fred named it. Discouraged, but not relaxing their attempts at caution, the hunters pressed on.

An hour later, Paul saw toucans in the open for the first time in his life. The boys were passing a spiny palm whose trunk, covered with needles like the back of a hedgehog, rose fifty feet to a cluster of broad fronds at its head. Two heavily laden strings of purple, beadlike fruit hung at the base of the leafy cluster. Fred passed it by, but Paul, to whom all jungle objects were strange and the prickly trunk a new and curious sight, paused to stare. Suddenly, as he gazed, one of the fruit clusters was violently agitated. A shower of purple berries, rattling and spluttering on the leaves at his feet, caused him to dodge back out of harm's way, and he was astounded to see a long, triangular, dark-red piece of wood, apparently acting with no hand to

guide it, hacking and tearing at the fruit in a seemingly desperate effort to dislodge as much as it could. Paul seized his chum by the shoulder and pointed.

"Look, Skinny! What is it?"

But Fred's answer was not necessary. The low tones had been heard by other and keener ears; the threshing ceased. For several seconds the cluster hung as stiff and taut as if manufactured of wire and wax; then came a sudden jerk, a harsh, drawn-out yelp, and from it flew a large, dark-bodied bird.

There could be no mistaking the broad, six-inch-long bill, the jet-black body, and reddish-yellow rump, nor the white upper breast and throat. A day spent at the zoo, a colored drawing in a book-store window on Fifth Avenue, and a stuffed specimen in the glass case which occupied one whole wall of the science room at school, had taught Paul to recognize this bird. It perched on a limb sixty feet above them, as large as a crow and its body as black, staring down, with its queer, paper-cutter head bent first to one side and then to the other in order to bring the boys alternately within the vision of each eye. A second toucan joined it, and the pair made the forest ring with their cries.

"I know those!" Paul cried out loud, forgetting caution, so overjoyed was he that he had recognized the birds without the aid of his friend. "They're toucans! Look at the bills on them, Skinny!"

The two birds took fright at this last outburst, and fled over the tree-tops.

"Sure! They're red-billed toucans, or bill-birds as people call 'em here down." Fred had remained wholly unmoved by the sight. "They're mighty common in the jungle. We've got all kinds in this locality, from the little green toucanet, not bigger than a robin, to those large beggars you just saw. You'll see lots of them after you get used to things. We've collected five species so far, and that one's the largest that grows, except perhaps the *togo*, which lives in the Amazon country. I suppose there are two or three dozen species found altogether in South America, though I don't believe more than five or six live right here. They can make a lot of noise, too, as you heard; but wait until you really hear them yelp! You'll think you're out on a country road filled with ox-carts whose wheels need greasing!"

"But did you see his bill?" the other reiterated.

"It 's bigger than the one on the bird in Mr. O'Neil's case at school! I should think it would get tired to death carrying a thing like that around all the time."

"Nothing like that," Fred declared, his manner perhaps a trifle superior; "it 's hollow, just a thin layer of horn. The biting edges are notched and sharp, so the bird can hang on to a fruit or berry without its slipping out. And they can bite, too, when they 're wounded or shut up in a cage! Nest in holes and generally live high up in trees where—*Jim-in-etty! Did you hear that!*"

Paul was not startled—no, he was purely and monstrously frightened! Half stunned, he threw himself for safety beneath a leaning tree-trunk which had been uprooted recently and fallen against one of its neighbors. Imagine if you can, a thousand watchmen's rattles twirling in unison to the accompaniment of many steam-whistles close at hand, and you will have some idea of the frightful din which struck above the jungle with the suddenness of a cyclone. Of course he was afraid. Its incredible clatter drowned all other sounds, caused his ears to ring, set his teeth on edge by its infernal shrillness, and caused him to quake inwardly by its harshness. Then it passed beyond, gradually grew fainter and fainter, and dwindled to nothing.

"Wha-wha-what?" Paul stammered, but got no farther, so great and sharp had been the shock. He could feel himself trembling as if from ague.

Fred was wiping his eyes, weak from laughing. Fat made such a ridiculous figure, bent half double, jammed tight into the angle between the tree and the ground, his round face dripping with perspiration, its chubby pinkness lost in chalky white, his eyes twice their normal size, and a great split in his pet flannel shirt which had been unable to withstand the strain put upon it by the sudden arching of that well-padded back.

"They certainly are corkers for noise!" Fred chortled at last. "Beat a football game at school all hollow, don't they? Almost scared me to death, *too*, the first time I ever heard them."

"Was n't scared at all!" Paul was standing up now looking sheepish, and his face was resuming its wonted ruddy hue. "But w-what was it?"

"Macaws. A flock of scarlet and blues. Did n't you see them? or were you too busy?"

"I tell you I was n't scared! Just stumbled, and fell under the tree. Of course I did n't see them— Well, perhaps I was a *little* startled."

"So was I the first time," his grinning chum declared. "I crawled between the roots of a mora-tree and hid as close as I could. Jack was with me, and he was almost as scared as I. He started for the mora as quickly as I did, but

thought better of it and stood right where he was, with his gun ready. You ought to have seen his face when he found out what was making the—"

Fred, during his recital, had inadvertently leaned against the trunk of the spiny palm. Several of the brittle thorns adhered to his shirt and punctured his shoulder with their sharp points.

"Ouch! Those things hurt!" he howled, frantically extracting the prickly spines; then catching sight of the face of his companion, indignantly demanded: "What are *you* laughing at?"

"At you, Skinny Shanks! Do it again."

"Don't see anything to laugh at!"

"Do it again, Skinny," Paul implored, bubbling over with glee. "I never saw anybody jump so in my life!" His body shook like a mold of lemon jelly, and the tears coursed down his ample cheeks. He actually wept with joy as he leaned on his gun. This was the first time Fred had been caught napping in the forest!

The other rubbed his shoulder and grunted. A moment later he smiled, then laughed as heartily as his friend. It was funny, after all—but come on, they 'd better be moving.

As they advanced, the jungle grew darker; the trees rose higher, with their tops closer knit together. The ground became void of undergrowth, and bare save for crowded tree-trunks. The sun failed to penetrate, even with a single ray, the dense canopy overhead. Dead silence dogged their steps; no sound, no cry of a bird, no stirring of branches, not even the rustle of a lizard broke the quiet. A cloud passed over the sun, causing the twilight to deepen. The boys walked in a gloomy vault of deathlike stillness.

Paul no longer crowed over his chum. The sultry heat, the darkened shadows, the dead, dead silence of the jungle caused his mind to turn in more mournful directions. His imagination flowed through gloomier ways under the dismal, overpowering influence of his surroundings. What a cheerless, somber place the jungle was, after all! What a vast, inhospitable region it seemed, like the ocean with its limitless miles of never-ending space, yet crowding one in, preying on one, suffocating one by its very magnitude! What a tiny atom he was!

Paul shivered, though dripping from the heat of the sultry atmosphere. Suppose he became lost; what would he do? what *could* he do? He might wander for days and nights, weeks and months, tramping and crawling, or running, growing weaker and weaker, bewildered, insane, until, faint and dying, he fell. What a horrible picture! This was not like home, there was no kindly policeman ready to direct your way; no

tactical rattled and sputtered at the corner, awaiting its fare. Here, if you were lost, you were truly lost, and with nothing but the sun to guide you. Again Paul shuddered at the thought.

An exclamation from Fred broke the oppressive trend of his imagination. He glanced up and realized that they had come to the edge of the forest. The river lay before them, and Fred was speaking:

"Pretty spooky in there, was n't it? That 's the way the jungle gets sometimes, just for a few minutes— all quiet and weird, and makes you feel as small as a fly lost in Madison Square Garden. Ugh, it makes the shivers run down my back! Come on, let 's keep along the river on back to camp."

Paul said nothing and followed his friend. The jungle had changed; rays of sunlight seeped in; there was no longer twilight; a greenheart saki whistled and was answered by a score of rivals; a flock of parrots screeched and chattered over the plumlike fruit of a bullet-tree that overhung the water; several sky-colored morpho butterflies flitted through the sunbeams ahead of them; and a toucan yelped far off in the forest. But Paul could not rid himself of the fit of oppression which had overtaken him. What if they were lost now?

Fred was not obsessed by any such fears, or, if he was, put them from him. At the present moment he was peering intently at the parrots in the fruit-tree.

"Sh-h-h!" he whispered, holding up his hand for silence, though his chum had not spoken. "I 'm going to take a crack at those parrots. I think they 're duskys, and we have n't collected any of those yet. Watch where they fall. Wait a minute till I sneak up a little closer to their tree."

At the report of his little gun, the parrots flew away shrieking all but three which tumbled squarely into the river. Both boys hurried down the bank, but discovered their game drifting out of reach, twenty feet from shore.

"That 's too bad!" Fred consoled with himself; he was hugely disappointed. "Just my luck! And they *are* dusky parrots, too! Would n't that make a baby cry!"

"Certainly 's tough," the other commented, aroused temporarily from his harrowing dreams by the sight of action. "It 's a shame to lose them that way. Can't we get after 'em somehow?" Then, weighed down by a sudden recurrence of his fears: "Say, Skinny, are you sure you know how to get back to camp?" He admitted to himself that *he* was lost.

"Sure! it 's just a couple of hundred yards up stream. Why?" was the careless response. Fred's mind was centered on his drifting parrots.

"Oh, I don't know. I—I 'd just hate to get lost, that 's all."

"Pshaw, no chance of that! I can always find the way. After you 've been in the jungle a while you 'll be able to do it as well as anybody—" He broke off and stared at the dead birds. "Hey, look at those parrots, will you?"

Paul drew a great sigh of relief. Though he knew his chum at times was slightly given to boasting, he felt, nevertheless, a thousand per cent. relieved by his assurance. The parrots assumed a greater importance in his outlook on life than they had a moment before.

"Look here, Skinny, I 'll go in after them," he volunteered. "An old porpoise like me can't sink, and I guess I 'm a pretty good swimmer. Hey, what 's the matter with them? They 've come to life!" The dark bodies were no longer drifting quietly, but were being jerked about by some unseen agency.

"That 's just what I told you a minute ago. Better wait before you go in. Things don't come to life again when they 're once dead, and those sure were dead a while ago. Something 's wrong. It 's working at 'em from below. Look at that fellow bounce, will you?"

Paul shivered for the twentieth time that morning. What was it to be now? What horrible thing could be hidden beneath that brown water? Ugh, he was glad he had n't plunged in!

"There goes one under! What do you know about that!"

"There go the others!" echoed the fat boy, as the water closed with a splash over the two birds. The terrible monster had dragged them under. "Is it an octopus?" he demanded in an awed voice.

"No!" exploded Fred, contemptuously; "octopuses don't live in fresh water, or," qualifying "up this river at any rate."

"What was it then? alligators? crocodiles?"

"Dunno. Perhaps."

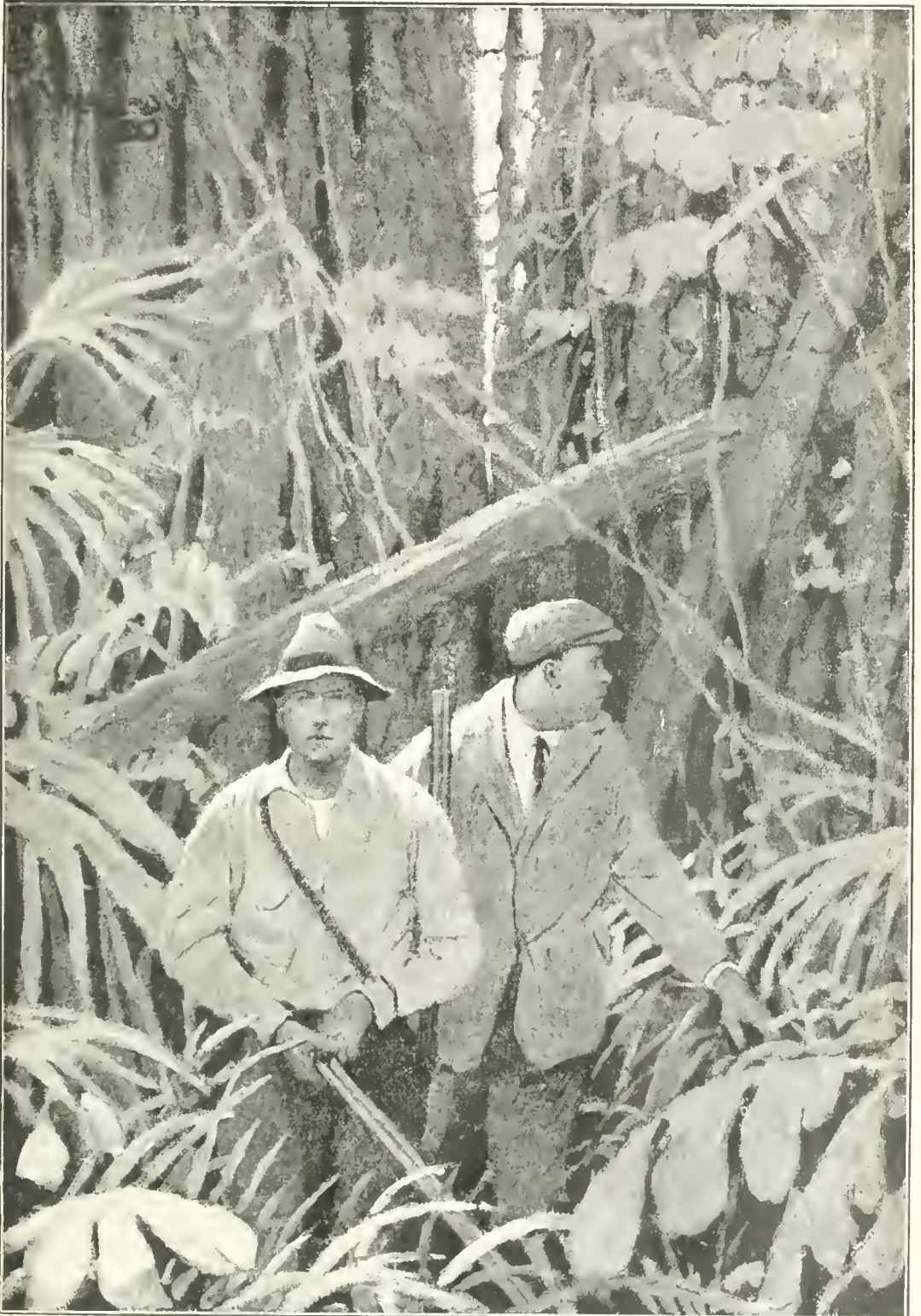
Fred scratched his head. He was almost as puzzled at the proceeding as his less experienced chum, but hated to admit it. There were strange fish in that river, so he had heard. Perai? Cannibal-fish? Could it be they?

"It 's probably a fish. Maybe the cannibal-fish. Anyway, we 'll get after whatever it is this afternoon."

"What! Are you coming back here to catch *that* thing? Nothing doing!" Paul retreated up the sloping bank. What if it should shoot a tentacled arm out of the water at that moment! "You 'll not catch me fooling with anything like that!"

"I tell you it 's only a fish. Come on, let 's go back to camp."





"WHAT A CHEERLESS, SOMBER PLACE THE JUNGLE WAS, AFTER ALL!"

## CHAPTER X

## CANNIBAL-FISH—AND SOMETHING ELSE

THE elder Milton had returned to camp before the boys arrived. His had been a fruitful morning, and Paul discovered the rough table in the living-tent to be strewn with the acquisitions of his trip. Jack was seated on a box sorting the specimens when they entered.

Twenty-nine birds, ranging from tiny humming-birds no larger than bumblebees to a giant cassique as big as a toucan, had been placed in four neatly arranged rows over which Jack was working. Such a combination of colors Paul had never before seen, but on closer examination he discovered they belonged to relatively few individuals. The majority were dull grays and browns.

There were antbirds in profusion, mostly dark hued, but a few brightly striped with black and white; and eight or nine various-sized wood-hewers, brown above and plain gray or streaks or spots below, with long spiny tails, and lengthened bills, short bills, bills that were wedge shaped, and others that curved downward like a sickle. He saw olive-colored flycatchers, a tiny scaly-marked woodpecker, two small green manikins, another jet black with a white crown, a fourth—also black—with a bright orange head, three cotingas, a white-throated thrush, and several humming-birds. Of the cotingas, one was the famous green-heart saki, or gold-bird; another, large and black with a broad crescent of purple on its upper breast, called the purple fruit-crow; and the third—the wonderful red chatterer.

Red chatterer? What a misnomer! Rose madder, madder lake above and below, bright, sparkling—a sun-ray in the dull green foliage of the tree-top; snow-white wing-feathers half dipped in claret, fringed with dark maroon coverts polished with wax, as small as a robin—that was the red chatterer.

The dainty beauty of the half-dozen humming-birds eludes description. Opals, amethysts, topazes, sapphires, rubies—the whole gamut of precious stones shone in their iridescence. There were the common Cayenne hermit, the little red-vented hermit, the violet-tailed mango, with its breast deeply marked with black, and the large crimson topaz, carrying all the jewels mingled into one, with its two longest tail-feathers curved and crossing one another four inches behind the body.

Alongside the birds lay two small, dark-brown squirrels,—the often-met-with jungle species,—and a tiny opossum no larger than a mouse. The latter also was a common forest inhabitant, living in hollow logs and rotten stumps, and raising families of six or eight children which it

carried about on its back until, nearly full grown, they undertook to shift for themselves.

Three bottles contained chloroformed insects, just as they had been taken from beneath a crumbling piece of bark, from the blossoms, or from the leaves which were their home. Several lizards, green, blue, or brown, or a combination of all three, lay at one side, waiting to be placed in alcohol. Some were speckled with many-colored spots; others were striped on the back. A dozen butterflies reposed in a box where they had been dumped from a chloroform jar. Among them Paul discovered one which was entirely transparent, so devoid of opaque colored scales that he could read print clearly through its wings.

At sight of this imposing array of material, Fred heaved a sigh. There would be no fishing for *him* that afternoon. Twenty-nine birds is a large number for two men to skin in five hours, to say nothing of the squirrels and opossum, and the insects which had to be pinned, and the butterflies to be folded. No, Paul would have to entertain himself for the remaining hours of daylight.

When the boys had narrated their adventures of the morning, the affair of the macaws being embellished and enlarged upon by Fred, and the experience of Fred with the spiny palm related with great relish by Paul, Fred spoke of the strange actions of the dead parrots. "What do you think pulled them under, Jack? Cannibal-fish?"

"Undoubtedly. Here 's a good idea, Paul—why don't you see if you can get some this afternoon, while we 're busy?"

"What! *me?*" the fat boy demanded in much the same tone he had used on the river-bank an hour before.

"Surely, you. We 've enough work here to last us all day, but you can keep the pot boiling by collecting stuff while we 're at it in the tent. The museum needs a lot of those perai."

"But what are they like, anyway?" Paul was a bit shaken at the thought of angling for the monsters.

"They 're just what they 're called, cannibal-fish. It 's a small fish, seldom weighing over four pounds, shaped something like a porgy, and I suppose the most savage, bloodthirsty beast that ever grew fins. They live in fresh water, generally in river pools, and probably swim in small schools. A taint of blood in the water is enough to turn them into savage demons, and they 'll attack the beast, no matter what it is, from which the blood flows. Their jaws are armed with a row of intensely sharp, triangular teeth, which enable them to clip off a mouthful of flesh as easily as if it were snipped with scissors. They sound dangerous and they are, if you happen to be in the water with a bleeding wound on your body.

But if you're careful about that, it's perfectly safe to bathe among them. Just don't go in with a fresh cut, that's all, and don't make a terrible splashing while you swim. I know a man who had his finger bitten off by one. He was trailing his hand over the side of the canoe—"

"Don't you want any help with your specimens?" Paul interrupted eagerly. He had heard enough of cannibal-fish! "I'll pin these bugs for you." He shivered inwardly; they were almost as bad as the perai! "It's time I was getting used to them. Hey, Skinny, show me how to fix this elephant of a beetle, will you?"

After lunch all three commenced work in earnest. The Milton brothers assembled their knives and forceps, their arsenic and cotton wool, and quickly were buried in the labor of skinning, stuffing, and labeling their specimens. Paul, learning rapidly, pinned the insects into their boxes with a deftness remarkable for such chubby fingers.

Once begun, the business progressed with speed, and soon, almost before Paul realized it, it was finished. The last "bug," a big horned carrion-beetle, was placed in its receptacle.

Now what should he do? Go for a walk in the jungle? Alone? Never! Take an Indian with him? No, they were all busy. Well, what *was* there to do? He felt sleepy. Take a nap? Better not; they'd laugh at him for sleeping too much. Fishing? He liked that. One could sit with a long pole in the shade and drowse. But, ough! those cannibal-fish. Still, what harm could they do on land? And Jack had said crocodiles would n't bother him. Suppose he took a try at it.

"What kind of bait do you use, Jack?" he demanded suddenly.

"Bait for what? What are you talking about, Fat?"

"Those—those cannibal-fish you were telling me of."

"Oh, surely! What am I thinking about! I was so busy on this cotinga that I did n't understand. Why, here, use some of these birds that we've skinned. That's the best bait I know of for perai. And there's a piece of line, with a hook and a wire leader attached, hanging over that box in the corner. Cut a pole down by the river and you'll be fixed all right."

Paul sauntered down to the river-bank to select a place for his quiet afternoon of fishing. Twenty feet from the canoes a small point of land jutted several yards into the water, and was shaded by a gnarled and knotted cakeralli tree in full bloom. The great, irregular dome of blossoms, each flower like a beautiful pink orchid, and every twig fringed with them, reminded him

of a giant peach-tree in the spring. A bush of light wood furnished a pole, and he seated himself with his back against the broad trunk.

The hook had been in the water but a short while when Paul felt a violent tug on the line. With a whoop he heaved upward, and an instant later the fish struggled on the bank. Cannibal-fish he pronounced it, and he was right.

Then followed an exciting moment while he extracted the hook. The perai had swallowed the enticing bait, and the hook was embedded deep in its gullet. When Paul advanced a stout finger toward the evil-looking mouth, the savage jaws closed with a snap, and the razor teeth met with a click. "That's not the way to do it," he decided; "he'll have my finger off in a jiffy if I don't look out." Then, being a boy of resource, he thrust a stick between the gaping jaws and soon had the barb loosened.

"That's the way to do it. Just use a little common sense and a fellow can do anything. Look at him chew that stick!" The little piece of wood was being ground to splinters. "Whew, a flock of those *could* chew a fellow up pretty quick!"

Paul rebaited his hook, and five minutes later had a second perai strenuously flopping beside the first one. A dead branch in the hands of the fisherman prevented it from casting itself back into the water. Disappointed in this, the struggling fish turned upon its companion and, to Paul's disgust, bit a mouthful of flesh from its feebly moving body just in front of the tail. As if satisfied with that, it ceased its floundering, and lay on the bank quietly gasping its life away.

During the next half-hour the boy caught two more; then the sport slackened. He grew bored and fell into a doze. After another half-hour of blissful repose, he awakened refreshed and with the thought of action on his mind.

There were the canoes—why not try fishing from one of them? He would like to show those fellows a good catch, just to let them know he *was* a fisherman. He had n't liked the way Fred had snickered when he had decided to pin bugs rather than go after the perai. He'd show 'em!

The two canoes were fastened to a stake driven in the bank. Their paddles lay ready for use.

Paul eyed the craft dubiously. They looked very long, and very narrow, and very tipsy; too round-bottomed for safety. He had been in a dugout, of course, so why hesitate now? But that was different; he'd never handled one alone before. Wait a moment! An anchor was needed, or he'd drift too far out. That big chunk of rock sticking out of the bank would do if tied to the painter.

The embarkation was accomplished with no untoward accident. By a clever feat of balancing,

by cautiously edging forward step by step, using the pole in the same manner that a Japanese tight-rope walker handles his umbrella, with body contortions and frantic waving of arms, Paul managed to reach the stern seat of the ticklish craft. A relieved sigh accompanied this achievement; and, gingerly drawing a paddle from the bottom, he pushed off.

Although no master of the art of paddling, Paul had little difficulty in reaching the spot he had selected as the most promising—though actually one was as good as another—fifty feet out from shore. He carefully eased the anchor over the side, baited the hook, and waited.

He had not long to wait. If all the cannibalish in the Mazaruni had been crowded together under that canoe, they could not have bitten more rapidly. Before his sinker had sunk a foot below the surface, came a strike. A jerk, and the perai flopped in the boat.

Paul inserted his fingers in its gills, released the hook from its snapping jaws, and carelessly flung the fish to the far end of the canoe. The sudden movement came near proving his undoing. The craft, a mere round-bottomed shell, rocked perilously from side to side. He grasped desperately at the gunwales and fought to regain his equilibrium. Presently the crazy vessel steadied itself, and the boy drew a deep breath of thankfulness. What if he had gone over? Ugh, those cannibalish!

The next fifteen minutes were filled with excitement for the stout fisherman. At the end of that period a dozen silvery, oval-shaped perai struggled in the bow of the canoe. As fast as he caught one, it was cautiously, now tossed in the direction of the bow.

As the number of fish accumulated, their desperate pounding and jumping increased. With the addition of each new member to the gasping coterie, came a renewal of the threshing about. Freshly caught fish, unless placed in a box, do not remain long in one spot, but flop this way and that, until exhausted, toward the water if it is near, or, in a boat, from the bow to stern or stern to bow. This then was the sight that greeted Paul as he tossed forward his thirteenth catch: an advancing horde of snapping, gritting, razor-toothed demons, coming with short, spasmodic leaps which carried them toward him at every bound!

Paul drew himself into as small a heap as his big proportions allowed. With his pole he stabbed at one, sending it sliding to the other end of the canoe, where it immediately commenced flopping toward again. The others came on. Discarding the pole, afraid to stir lest he upset the craft, he seized the paddle and pushed the others back.

One broke through his guard and wriggled against his foot. At touch of the hard sole, it automatically snapped, and tore loose a chunk of leather. Another flopped by it.

Paul's feet came up under his body with a jerk. There was no room for them; he backed off the low seat and wriggled toward the stern as far as the narrow dimensions of the canoe and his great expanse of body would let him. Then, jammed in the stern, he stood, or rather lay stuck, at bay.

As the hundred-and-eighty or more pounds crept toward the rear end of the tiny vessel, the bow rose higher and higher in the air. A steeper slide was created for the perai with every inch he retreated, and down they came in a body. Paul felt a tug at his still bright and new, highly polished puttees. A gap appeared in one of the pigskin coverings!

He lurched back violently; the canoe lurched with him. An instant later the waters of the Mazaruni closed over his head!

Paul's sensations as he went down and down are hard to describe. Death, torture, his mother, Fred, the feel of slimy things striking his body, the tearing of flesh, the camp, all were mixed in a conglomerate confusion of mental panic. Down he went—it was all over! But no! His head popped up; that big body could not stay down!

He was not dead yet! With the realization of this, he commenced a frantic attempt to reach shore. Suddenly it came to him: "Be careful to make as little splash as you can when you swim," Jack had said. He ceased his panic-stricken efforts and struck out with a bold stroke. How he wanted to hurl himself through the water! but he dare not. How distant the bank seemed! how slow his progress! Would he never reach it?

Fifteen seconds later— it had seemed fifteen minutes—the fat boy drew himself up safe and sound on the narrow sandy shelf. He was exhausted, not by the effort, but by the bodily weakness which follows sudden fright. He was alive! He sank down dripping, wet, with his back against the muddy bank, regardless of ruining his new clothes with the clinging clay, but filled with thanksgiving at his miraculous escape.

Why had he not been attacked in the water? Perhaps Jack was wrong after all, perhaps they would not attack a man. But that man's finger? What would they say at camp when they heard he had upset? He certainly could never tell them that. And the canoe? Jiminy, he could n't leave that there, floating bottom upward, a dead giveaway! Should he get Wa'na to fetch it for him? No, the Indian might tell.

Paul was made of good material, and, when he had recovered from his fright, determined to retrieve the tell-tale vessel himself. But it was



"PAUL'S ADVENTURE WITH THE CANNIBAL-FISH"

not without tear and trembling that he pushed out in the second craft. No accidents occurred, and presently both tiny dugouts were again tied to their stake, showing no signs of having been used. His pole had been recovered, floating beside the upturned canoe.

As it would be impossible to return to the tent before his clothes were dry, Paul seated himself again on the bank. His clothes were in a terrible mess! his shoes torn by the savage fish! his puttees ruined! What an untidy place the tropics were for a well-dressed boy to live in! However, no use crying over spilled milk. Might as well fish some more while he was drying out. Then perhaps he could sneak into the tent without any one noticing him and change his clothes. *Then* things would be all right.

He found his old place under the cakeralli tree. This time he used for bait a piece from one of the cannibal-fish which had been left dead on the bank and were now covered with a swarm of ants. Anything would do for bait to catch those beasts, he decided.

Time passed rapidly. The afternoon was growing late; soon he would have to leave whether he was dry or not. No more fish took the lure, and his apparel, though it had lost its dripping appearance, felt soggy against his body. He was not having a pleasant time. In five minutes more he would have to return to the tent, and trust to luck that they would not notice his forlorn appearance.

Suddenly he felt a tug at his pole, a steady downward pull. He struck violently, upheaving with all his strength. The pole gave a trifle, then more easily, then suddenly, and something flashed wriggling from the water to be flung high into the air by the mighty cast. The line struck an overhanging limb, wrapped twice around it, and the writhing object attached to it hung suspended over the water out of Paul's reach.

That startled individual scrambled behind the tree. What *was* that thing, anyway? A snake? no; a large eel! Phew, he hated them as much as snakes! Just to look at one, all crawly and slimy, was enough to give a fellow the shivers! How was he going to get the squirming beast down? He knew — cut the line!

His train of thought was interrupted by a voice from the path which led to camp:

"Hello, Fat; have any luck? We finished up sooner than we thought, and I came down to see how you were coming on."

Paul growled inwardly. All was lost now. Skinny would see his wet clothes all covered with mud, and then

"No!" he growled shortly, then added: "have

it caught much of anything. Go on back to the tent and I'll meet you there in a minute."

This hint was a false move on his part, as he quickly discovered. Fred, his curiosity aroused by the remark, descended the bank. What had got into Fat? he wondered. A glance showed him the trouble.

"Why, you great big old porpoise, you've gone and fallen in!" He burst into a peal of laughter — this was too good to miss.

Fat glared at him.

"What happened?" the new-comer demanded. "Slip? Get dragged in by a crocodile? Ha! ha!"

"No laughin' matter!" Paul snorted. "Wish it had been you!" He would gladly have seen his chum ducked on the spot.

"What 's that you've got hangin' there?" cried Fred, catching sight of the dangling eel, and ignoring the last remark. "An eel? Why don't you get him down?"

"Get him down yourself, if you want him; I don't," was the sullen retort.

"You bet I'll get him! Here, give me a boost."

With ill grace Paul lent his chum a hand up the tree. Once in the branches, which fortunately grew close to the ground, Fred was as agile as a monkey. In a few seconds he was astride the limb which held the eel and skillfully working his way along it.

"Here goes!" he shouted when he had reached his goal. "Get a stick to club it with when I throw it down or it'll squirm back into the river. I'm going to cut the line. All ready?—*Ho!*"

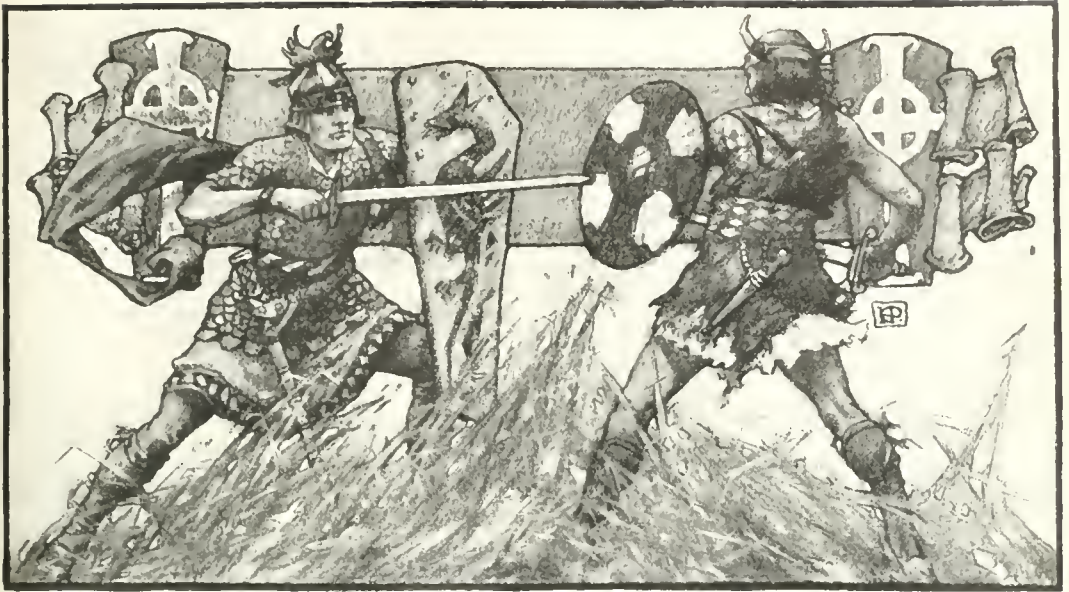
He had grasped the eel preparatory to severing the line. At his touch the fish had given a convulsive jerk; a strong electric shock was the result. Fred uttered a howl, lost his balance, and plunged head foremost into the river.

Gone was Paul's animosity, his false pride; his fear of cannibal-fish was forgotten! His chum Fred was in danger! Without hesitating a second, he plunged in, eager to help and save if he could.

But there was little need of his attempt. The other boy was already crawling out, grinning broadly. A wetting mattered little to him. Paul had a harder time, but, with the aid of his friend, soon dragged himself to safety.

"Whew, that was a narrow escape!" he gasped, when he was on dry land once more. "Too many perai around here to suit me."

"You're not cut, are you?" demanded Fred. "Then there 's no danger. You can swim all your life without one touching you if you're not bleeding. But if you thought they would tackle you, when you jumped in, all I can say is that you're a man, you old lovable bunch of fat! Now let's get that electric eel."



## HAVELOK THE DANE

By GEORGE PHILIP KRAPP

*Professor of English, Columbia University*

MANY years ago, in the days of the Angles and Saxons, there was once a king of England whose name was Athelwold. In that time a traveler might bear fifty pounds of good red gold on his back throughout the length and breadth of England, and no one would dare molest him. Robbers and thieves were afraid to ply their calling, and all wrong-doers were careful to keep out of the way of King Athelwold's officers. That was a king worth while!

Now this good King Athelwold had no heir to his throne but one young daughter, and Goldborough was her name. Unhappily, when she was just old enough to walk, a heavy sickness fell upon King Athelwold, and he saw that his days were numbered. He grieved greatly that his daughter was not old enough to rule and to become queen of England after him, and called all the lords and barons of England to come to him at Winchester to consult concerning the welfare of his kingdom and of his daughter.

Finally it was decided that Godrich, Earl of Cornwall, who was one of the bravest, and, everybody said, one of the truest, men in all England, should take charge of the child Goldborough and rule the kingdom for her until she was old enough to be made queen. On the Holy Book, Earl Godrich swore to be true to this trust which he had undertaken, and he also swore, as the king com-

manded, that when Goldborough reached the proper age, he would marry her to the highest, the fairest, and the strongest man in the kingdom. When all this was done, the king's mind was at rest, for he had the greatest faith in the honor of Earl Godrich. It was not long thereafter that the end came. There was great grief at the death of the good king, but Godrich ruled in his stead and was the richest and most powerful of all the earls in England. We shall say no more about him while Goldborough is growing older, and in the end we shall see whether Earl Godrich was true to his trust and to the promises he had given to Goldborough's father.

Now it happened, at this same time, that there was a king in Denmark whose name was Birkabeyn. Three children he had, who were as dear to him as life itself. One of these was a son of five years, and he was called Havelok. The other two were daughters, and one was named Swanborough and the other Ethlad. Now when King Birkabeyn most wished to live, the hand of death was suddenly laid upon him. As soon as he realized that his days in this life were over, he looked about for some one to take care of his three young children, and no one seemed so fit for this office as the Earl Godard. To Godard, therefore, he intrusted the care of his three children, and Godard faithfully promised to guard them until

the boy Havelok was old enough to become King of Denmark.

Scarcely, however, was the body of King Birkabeyn laid away in the grave, before the faithless Godard began to plot evil, and he determined to be himself king of Denmark. So he took Havelok and his two sisters and cast them into prison in a great stone castle.

In this prison the poor little children almost perished from cold and hunger, but they little knew that still worse misfortune was in store for them. For one day Earl Godard went to the castle where they were imprisoned, and Havelok and his sisters fell on their knees before him and begged for mercy. "What do you want?" said Godard. "Why all this weeping and howling?" And the children said they were very hungry. "No one comes to give us of food and drink the half part that we need. We are so hungry that we are well nigh dead."

When Godard heard this, his heart was not touched, but, on the contrary, it grew harder within him. He led the two little girls away with him, and took away the lives of these innocent children; and he intended to do the same with young Havelok. But the terrified boy again fell on his knees before Godard and cried: "Have pity upon me, Earl Godard! Here I offer homage to you. All Denmark I will give to you if you will but let me live. I will be your man, and against you never raise spear nor shield."

Now when Godard heard this and when he looked down at young Havelok, the rightful heir to the throne of Denmark, his arm grew weak, though his heart was as hard as ever. He knew that if he was ever to become king, Havelok must die; but he could not bring himself to the point of taking the life of his lawful sovereign.

So he cast about in his mind for some other way to get rid of him. He sent for a poor fisherman whose name was Grim. Now Grim was Godard's thrall, or slave, and was bound to do whatever Godard asked of him. When Grim had come to him, Godard said: "Thou knowest, Grim, thou art my thrall, and must do whatever I bid thee. To-morrow thou shalt be free and a rich man if thou wilt take this boy that I give thee and sink him to-night deep down in the sea. All the sin I will take upon myself."

Grim was not a bad man, but the promise of his freedom was a sore temptation, and besides, Godard, his master, had said that he would be responsible for the deed. So Grim took Havelok, not knowing, of course, who he was, and put him in a sack, and carried him off to his little cottage by the sea-shore, intending that night to row out to deep water and throw him overboard.

Now, when it came midnight, Grim got up from

his bed, and bade his wife, Dame Leve, bring a light for he must go out and keep his promise to Earl Godard. But when Leve went into the other room, where Havelok was lying bound and gagged, what was her surprise to see that there was already a light in the room. Right over Havelok's head it seemed to stand; but where it came from, she could not guess.

"Stir up, Grim," she cried, "and see what this light is here in our cot!"

And Grim came running in, and he too saw the strange light and was as surprised as Leve had been. Then he uncovered Havelok, and there on his right shoulder he saw a birthmark, bright and fair, and knew from this, right away, that this boy was Havelok, the son of King Birkabeyn. When Grim realized this, he fell on his knees before Havelok and said, "Have mercy on me and on Leve, my wife, here by me! For thou art our rightful king and therefore in everything we should serve thee." Then when Grim had unbound him and had taken the gag out of his mouth, Havelok was a happy boy again; and the first thing he asked for was something to eat. And Dame Leve brought bread and cheese, and butter and milk and cookies and cakes, and for the first time in many a long day Havelok had all he wanted to eat. Then when Havelok had satisfied his hunger, Grim made a good bed for him and told him to go to sleep and to fear nothing.

Now the next morning, Grim went to the wicked traitor Godard and claimed his reward. But little he knew the faithlessness of Godard.

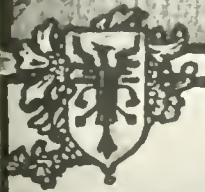
"What?" cried Godard, "wilt thou now be an earl? Go home, and be as thou wert before, a thrall and a churl. If I ever hear of this again, I will have thee led to the gallows, for thou hast done a wicked deed. Home with you, and keep out of my way, if you know what is good for you!"

When Grim saw this new proof of the wickedness of Earl Godard, he ran home as fast as he could. He knew that his life was not safe in Godard's hands, especially if the earl should ever find out that Havelok was still alive. Grim had hoped to get money from Earl Godard with which to escape to some other country, but now he saw that he would have to depend on his own means. Secretly he sold all that he had and when he had got the ready money for it, he bought him a ship and painted it with tar and pitch, and fitted it out with cables and oars and a mast and sail. Not a nail was lacking that a good ship should have. Last of all Grim put in this ship his good wife Dame Leve, and his three sons and two daughters and Havelok, and off they sailed to the open ocean. They had not been sailing very long, however, before a wind came out of the north





*"Havelok had all  
he wanted to eat"*



and drove them toward England. At the river Humber they finally reached land, and there on the sand near Lindsey, Grim drew his ship up on the shore. A little cot he straightway built for his family; and since this was Grim's home, the town that gradually grew up there in later days came to be named Grimsby, and if you will look on the map, you will find that so it is called to this very day.

Now Grim was a very good fisherman, and he decided to make his living here in England by fishing. Many a good fish he took from the sea, with net and spear and hook. He had four large baskets made, one for himself and one for each of his three sons, and when they had caught their fish, off they carried them to the people in the towns and country, to sell them. Sometimes they went as far inland as the good town of Lincoln.

Thus they lived peacefully and happily for ten years or more, and by this time Havelok was become a youth full grown. But Grim never told Havelok who he was, nor did he tell any of his three sons or two daughters. And Havelok soon entirely forgot all about what had happened to him in Denmark. And so he grew up, happy as the days were long, and astonishingly healthy and strong. He was big of bone and broad of shoulder and the equal of a man in strength.

Now after a time, Havelok began to think to himself that Grim was working very hard to make a living, while he was amusing himself in ease and idleness. "Surely," said he to himself, "I am no longer a boy. I am big and strong, and alone I eat more than Grim and his five children. It's high time for me to bear baskets and work for my living. No longer will I stay at home, but to-morrow I too shall go forth and sell fish." And so in the morning, as soon as it was light of day, he put a basket on his back, as the others did, piled high with fish, as much as a good strong man might carry. But Havelok bore the burden well, and he sold the fish well, and the money he brought back home to Grim, every penny of it. Thus Havelok became a fisherman; he went forth every day with his basket on his back and sold fish, and was the tallest and strongest monger of them all.

Now it happened after a time that Grim fared not so well with his fishing. The fish would not come to his nets, and with no fish in the nets, there was none for the baskets and for market. To make matters worse, at this same time there was a great famine in the land, and poor people suffered greatly from lack of food to eat. These were hard times for Grim and his household of children. Yet less for his own did Grim grieve than for the sturdy Havelok. Moreover, Grim

had long thought that this work of fishing and fish-selling, though good enough for himself and his three sons, was hardly the right life for Havelok, who, though he knew nothing about it, was nevertheless a king's son.

"Havelok, my boy," said he, at length, "it is not well for thee to dwell here too long with us. Though it will grieve us sorely to have thee go, out into the world thou must venture, and perhaps there thou shalt make thy fortune. Here thou seest we are but miserable fisher-folk; but at Lincoln, the fine city, there thou mayst find some great man whom thou canst serve. But, alas!" he added, "so poor are we that thou hast not even a coat wherein to go."

Then Grim took down the shears from the nail and made Havelok a coat out of the sail to his boat, and this was Grim's last gift to Havelok. No hose and no shoes had Havelok to wear, but barefoot and naked, except for his long coat of sail-cloth, he left his good friends Grim and Dame Leve and their five children and set out for the town of Lincoln.

When Havelok reached Lincoln, he wandered about bewildered in the streets of the city. But nobody seemed to have any use for him; nobody wanted to exchange the strength of his powerful arms for food to eat. As he wandered from one street to another, Havelok grew hungrier and hungrier. By great good chance, however, he passed by the bridge where the market was, and there stood a great earl's cook, who was buying fish and meat and other food for the earl's table. Now he had just finished buying when Havelok happened along, and the cook shouted, "Porter, porter!" for somebody to come to carry his marketing home. Instantly ten or a dozen jumped for the chance, for there were plenty of men looking for work in Lincoln. But Havelok got ahead of them all; he pushed them this way and that and sent them sprawling head over heels, and seized hold of the cook's baskets, without so much as a "By your leave." Rough and ready was the young Havelok, as strong as a bear and as hungry as a savage. He made quick time of the journey to the cook's kitchen, and there he was well fed as pay for his labor.

By the next day, however, Havelok's stomach was again empty. But he knew the time at which the earl's cook came to the market, and he waited there for him. Again when the cook had finished buying, he called out "Porter, porter!" and again the husky Havelok shoved the rest right and left and carried off the cook's baskets. He spared neither toes nor heels until he came to the earl's castle and had put down his burden in the kitchen.

Then the cook, whose name was Bertram, stood there and looked at Havelok and laughed. "This

is certainly a stalwart fellow enough," he thought. "Will you stay with me?" he said finally to Havelok. "I will feed you well, and well you seem to be able to pay for your feeding."

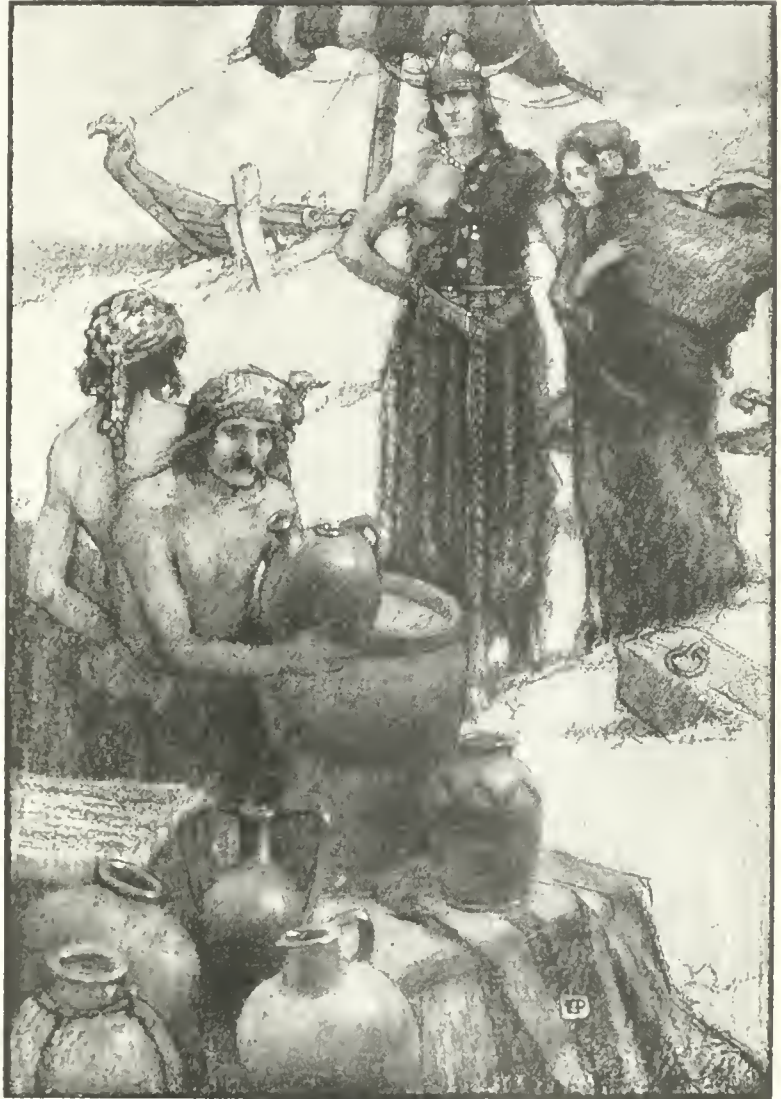
And Havelok was glad enough to take the offer. "Give me but enough to eat," he answered, "and I will build your fires and carry your water, and I can make split sticks to skin eels with, and cut wood and wash dishes, and do anything you want me to do."

The cook told Havelok to sit down and eat as much as he wanted, and you can be sure Havelok was not slow in accepting this invitation. When he had satisfied his hunger, Havelok went out and filled a large tub of water for the kitchen, and, to the cook's great astonishment, he carried it in, without any help, in his own two hands. Such a cook's knave had never been seen in that kitchen before!

So Havelok became a kitchen-boy in a great earl's castle. He was always gay and laughing, blithe of speech and obliging, for he was young and thoughtless and healthy, and happy so long as he had something to put into his stomach. He played with the children and they all loved him, for, with all his great strength and stature, he was as gentle as the gentlest child among them. And Bertram, the cook, seeing that Havelok had nothing to wear except his old sail-cloth coat that Grim had made for him, bought Havelok a brand-new coat and hose and shoes; and when Havelok was dressed up in his new clothes, there was not a finer fellow in the whole country. He stood head and shoulders above the rest when the youths came together for their games at Lincoln, and no one ever tried a round at wrestling with Havelok without being thrown almost before he

knew it. He was the tallest and strongest man in all that region, and, what was better, he was as good and gentle as he was strong.

Now, as it happened, the earl in whose kitchen Havelok served as kitchen-boy to Bertram the



THEY GOT A GOOD SHIP READY — SEE PAGE 321

cook was that very Earl Godrich to whom old King Athelwold had entrusted his daughter, Goldborough, for protection. Goldborough was now a beautiful young princess, and Godrich realized that something must soon be done for her. But Godrich had become the strongest baron in all England; and though he had not forgotten his promises to Athelwold, little did he think to let the power, to which he had grown so accustomed,

pass into the hands of another. For though the beautiful Goldborough was now old enough to be made queen, the traitorous Godrich had decided in his heart that queen she should never be, but that when he died, his son should be made king after him.

Just about this time it happened that Earl Godrich summoned a great parliament of all the nobles of England to meet at Lincoln. When the parliament met, there was a great throng of people there from all over England, and the bustling city was very gay and lively. Many young men came thither with their elders, bent on having a good time, strong lads fond of wrestling and other such games. Now these young men were amusing themselves one day in one way and another, and finally they began to "put the stone." The stone was big and heavy, and it was not every man who could lift it even as high as his knees. But these strong fellows who had come to Lincoln in the train of the mighty barons could lift it up and put it a dozen or more feet in front of them; and the one who put it the farthest, if it was only an inch ahead of the rest, he was counted the champion at putting the stone.

Now these stout lads were standing around and boasting about the best throws, and Havelok stood by listening. He knew nothing about putting the stone, for he had never done it or seen it done before. But his master, Bertram the cook, was also there, and he insisted that Havelok should have a try at it. So Havelok took up the great stone, and at the first throw, he put it a foot and more beyond the best throw of the others.

The news of Havelok's record throw in some way spread abroad, how he had beaten all these strong lads, and how tall and powerful he was. And finally the knights in the great hall of the castle began speaking of it, and Earl Godrich listened, for he had suddenly thought of a way to keep his promise. In a word, it was this: King Athelwold had made him swear on the Holy Book that he would give his daughter in marriage to the highest and strongest in the realm of England. Now where could he find a higher and stronger than this Havelok? He would marry the king's daughter to this kitchen-boy, and thus, though in a way that the old king never dreamed of, he would keep his promise and still leave the road free for his self and his son after him.

Godrich straightway sent for Goldborough, and told her that he had found a husband for her, the tallest and fairest man in all England. And Goldborough answered that no man should wed her unless he was a king or a king's heir.

At this Godrich grew very angry. "Thou shalt marry whom I please," he commanded. "Dost thou think thou shalt be queen and lady over me?"

"I will choose a husband for thee. To-morrow shalt thou wed my cook's kitchen-boy and none other, and he shall be lord over thee."

Goldborough wept and prayed; but she could not turn Godrich from his shameful purpose.

Then Godrich sent for Havelok, and when he had come before him, he said, "Fellow, do you want a wife?"

"Nay, truly," said Havelok, "no wife for me! What should I do with a wife? I have neither clothing nor shoes nor food for her, neither house nor home to put her in. I own not a stick in the world, and even the coat I bear on my back belongs to Bertram the cook."

But Godrich told Havelok he must marry the wife he had chosen for him, willy-nilly, or he should suffer for it. And finally Havelok, for fear of his life, consented, and Goldborough was sent for, and the Archbishop of York came, and soon they were married, one as unwilling as the other.

But when the wedding was over, and gifts had been given to Goldborough, rich and plenty, Havelok was perplexed. He beheld the beauty of Goldborough and was afraid to remain at Godrich's castle for fear of treachery that might befall her. For Goldborough now had only Havelok to protect her, since the kitchen-boy had become her lord and master, and Havelok, with a man's courage, determined to defend her to the best of his ability. The first thing to do, as it seemed to him, was to go back to Grim's cottage, there to think over the matter carefully before acting further. And straightway, in company with Goldborough, he set out secretly for the little cot by the seashore.

When Havelok and Goldborough came to Grim's house, he found that there had been many sad changes during the time he had been living in Lincoln. In the first place, the good Grim had died, and also his wife, Dame Eve. But the three sons of Grim and his two daughters were still living at Grimsby, and they still caught the fish of the sea and carried them about in baskets to sell them. The oldest of these sons was called Robert the Red, and, of the remaining two, one was named William Wendout, and Hugh the Raven the other. They were filled with joy when they found that their foster-brother, Havelok, had come back to them, and they prepared a fine dinner for him and Goldborough. And Robert the Red begged Havelok now to stay with them at Grimsby and be their chief and leader. They promised to serve him faithfully, and their two sisters were eager to care for all the needs of Goldborough, his wife. But for the time being, Havelok put them off, for he had not yet decided what would be the best course for him to follow.

Now that night, as Goldborough lay awake, sad and sorrowful, she was suddenly aware of a bright light, surrounding, as it seemed, the head of the sleeping Havelok. Then at the same time, there came a voice, she could not tell whence, which said to her: "Goldborough, be no longer sorrowful, for Havelok, who hath wedded thee, is a king's son and heir. Upon his shoulder he bears a royal birthmark to prove it. The day shall come when he will be king both in Denmark and in England, and thou shalt be of both realms queen and lady."

Now just at this same time, Havelok dreamed a strange dream; and when he awoke, he told his dream to Goldborough. He dreamed that he was sitting on a high hill in Denmark, and when he stretched out his arms, they were so long that they reached to the farthest limits of the land; and when he drew his arms together to his breast, everything in Denmark, all the towns, and the country, and the lordly castles, all cleaved to his arms and were drawn into his embrace. Then he dreamed that he passed over the salt sea with a great host of Danish warriors to England, and that all England likewise came into his power.

When Goldborough heard this dream, she thought straightway of the strange light she had seen over Havelok's head and the voice that she had heard, and she interpreted it to mean that Havelok should be king over Denmark and afterward over England.

She knew not how this should come to pass, but unhesitatingly advised Havelok to prepare to set sail for Denmark. Her plan was this: that they

should buy a ship, and take Grim's three sons, Robert the Red, William Wendout, and Hugh the Raven, with them, and, when they came to Denmark, pretend that they were merchants



"GODARD A HELPLESS PRISONER IN THE HANDS OF ROBERT" (SEE PAGE 325)

until they could find out what course to follow. And when this plan was told to the three sons of Grim, they immediately agreed to it, for they were ready to follow Havelok wherever he went. And now, also, Havelok for the first time learned who his father was, and that he was really heir

to the throne of Denmark. For Grim, before he left Denmark, had told all of Havelok's story to a cousin of his, and she now, for she was still alive and had come to stay with Grim's family at Grimsby, told Havelok all about Earl Godard's treachery. Happy indeed was Goldborough when she heard this story, and they were all more anxious than ever to set out for Denmark. They got a good ship ready, and it was not long before all were well on their way.

When the ship reached Denmark, they all went up on land and journeyed forth until they came to the castle of the great Danish baron, Earl Ubbe. Now Ubbe had been a good friend of Havelok's father, the former King Birkabeyn, and a good man and true was he. When they reached Ubbe's castle, Havelok sent word that they were merchants, come to trade in Ubbe's country, and, as a present, he sent in to Ubbe a gold ring with a precious stone in the setting.

When Ubbe had received this generous gift, he sent for Havelok to come to see him. When the young man came, Ubbe was greatly struck by Havelok's broad shoulders and sturdy frame, and he said to himself: "What a pity that this chapman is not a knight! He seems better fitted to wear a helmet on his head and bear a shield and spear than to buy and sell wares." But he said nothing of this to Havelok, and only invited him to come and dine in the castle and to bring his wife, Goldborough, with him. And Ubbe promised that no dishonor should be done either to one or the other, and pledged himself as their protector. And when the dinner was over, Ubbe, who had taken a great liking to both Havelok and Goldborough, entrusted them to the safe-keeping of one of his retainers, a stout and doughty warrior whose name was Bernard the Brown. To Bernard's house, therefore, Havelok and Goldborough went, and there too were lodged Robert the Red and William Wendout and Hugh the Raven.

Now when they had reached Bernard's house, and Bernard and Havelok and Goldborough were sitting there peacefully at supper, the house was suddenly attacked by a band of fierce robbers. Travelers were not as safe in Denmark as they were in England in the days of the strong King Athelwold, and these robbers, thinking that Havelok must be a very rich man, since he had given so valuable a ring to the Earl Ubbe, were come now, a greedy gang, to see if they could get hold of some of his treasure. Before Bernard and his guests were aware of them, the robbers had reached the door, and they shouted to Bernard to get them in or they would kill him. But the valiant Bernard recalled that his guests were in his safe-keeping, and, shouting back that the robbers would first to get in before they could kill him, he

jumped up and put on his coat of mail and seized an ax and leaped to the doorway. Already the robbers were battering at the door, and they took a huge boulder and let it fly against the door, so that it shivered to splinters. Then Havelok mixed in the fray. He seized the heavy wooden door-tree, which was used to bar the door, and when the robbers tried to break through the door, he laid on right and left. It was not long before Robert and William and Hugh, in the other part of the house, heard the din and came rushing up; and then the fight was on, fast and furious. Robert seized an oar and William and Hugh had great clubs, and these, with Bernard's ax and Havelok's door tree, made it lively enough for the robbers. But especially Havelok and his door-tree made themselves felt there. The robbers, for all they were well armed with shields and good long swords, were compelled to give way before the flail-like strokes of Havelok's door-tree. When they saw their comrades falling right and left, those that were still able to do so took to their legs and ran away. Some harm they did, however, while the fray lasted, for Havelok had a severe sword-wound in his side, and from several other gashes the blood was flowing freely.

In the morning, when Bernard the Brown told Ubbe of the attacks of the robbers, Ubbe swore that he would bring them to punishment; and he also took further measures to protect Havelok. When he heard that Havelok was wounded, he had him brought to his own castle and gave him a room right next to his own.

Now that night, when Havelok lay asleep in his room and Ubbe in the room next to it, about the middle of the night Ubbe was awakened, and thought he saw a light on the other side of the door. "What 's this?" he said to himself. "What mischief are they up to in there?" And he got up to see if everything was all right with his new friend the chapman.

Now when Ubbe peeped through a crack in the door, he saw a strange sight. For there was Havelok peacefully sleeping, and over his head there gleamed the miraculous light that Goldborough had seen and that had caused Grim to spare his life when he was a little child. And looking closer, Ubbe saw something more. For the cover was thrown back, and he saw on Havelok's shoulder the royal birthmark, and he knew immediately that this was the son of his old friend and King, Birkabeyn, and the rightful heir to the throne of Denmark. Eagerly he broke open the door and ran in and fell on his knees beside Havelok, acknowledging him as his lawful lord.

As soon as Havelok realized that he was not dreaming, he saw that good fortune had at last put him in the way of winning back his rights.

And it had indeed, for Ubbe immediately set to work getting together an army for Havelok. It was not long before Havelok had a fine body of fighters ready to follow wherever he led them, and then he thought it was time to seek out his old enemy, Earl Godard. Before this, however, there was another thing to be done, and that was to make knights of Robert and William and Hugh. They were given the stroke on the shoulder with the flat of the sword by Earl Ubbe and thus were dubbed knights. They were granted land and other fee, and they became as brave and powerful barons as any in Denmark.

When Havelok had his plans all made, he set out to find Earl Godard. It was Robert the Red who had the good fortune first to meet with him. But Godard was no coward, and was not to be taken without struggle for his freedom. He defended himself as best he could, but his followers soon became frightened and took to their heels, leaving the wretched Godard a helpless prisoner in the hands of Robert. Havelok was glad enough to have Godard in his power at last, but he made no effort to punish Godard for the injuries he had done to him personally. It was as a traitor to his king and his country that Godard was now held prisoner. When the time of the trial came, by the judgment of his peers, Godard was convicted of treason and sentence of death was passed upon him.

When peace had again been restored throughout Denmark, then the people all joyfully accepted Havelok as their king and the beautiful Goldborough as their queen.

One thing still remained for Havelok to do in England after affairs had all been settled in Denmark—there still remained an accounting with Earl Godrich. And so, as soon as he had got his army together, Havelok and Goldborough went on board ship and sailed over the sea, and soon they were again back at Grimsby. The earl was ready for him, too, for he had heard of Havelok's arrival in England, and he thought he could make quick work of his former kitchen-boy. But Havelok the man, with a Danish army at his back, was a quite different person from Havelok the boy, who carried the cook's baskets from market and distinguished himself only by his record at putting the stone. And this difference Earl Godrich was soon to discover.

It was Ubbe, this time, who had the first meeting with Godrich. Ubbe claimed Godrich as his prisoner, but Godrich immediately drew his sword in self-defense. They fought long and fiercely, and Godrich was decidedly getting the better of it, when Havelok fortunately appeared upon the scene. Havelok demanded that Godrich should yield himself as his prisoner, but for answer Godrich only rushed at Havelok all the

more fiercely with his drawn sword, and so violent was his attack, that he succeeded in wounding Havelok. At this, Havelok's patience gave out, and exerting all his powerful strength, in a short time he overcame Godrich and disarmed him and bound him hand and foot. Then Havelok had Godrich carried before a jury of his peers in England, where he was made to answer to the charge of treason, just as Godard had been made to do in Denmark.

All the English barons acknowledged that Goldborough was their true queen, and that Godrich was a tyrant and usurper. And since not only plain justice, but also the welfare of the kingdom, demanded it, the barons passed the sentence of death upon the traitorous Earl Godrich. With much feasting and celebration, Havelok and Goldborough were taken in triumph to London, and there were crowned king and queen of England. Thus Goldborough's dream had come to pass, for she was now queen and lady and Havelok was lord and king over both Denmark and England.

But since Havelok could not be in both countries at one time, and since his Danish friends were eager to get back again to Denmark, now that their work in England was finished, Havelok made Ubbe ruler over Denmark in his place, and he remained in England. Moreover there were other old friends who were also richly deserving of reward. Of these, one was Bertram the cook, Havelok's former master, who had fed him when he was starving. Bertram was made a rich baron, and he was married to one of Grim's daughters, who were still living at Grimsby, but who, of course had now become great ladies. The other daughter was married to Revnes, Earl of Chester, who was a brave young bachelor and glad enough to get so beautiful and so highly favored a wife as Havelok gave to him. Robert the Red and William Wendout and Hugh the Raven all remained in England, where they married rich and beautiful wives, and became Havelok's right-hand men in the good government of the country.

And you can be sure the country was now again well governed. As in the days of the good King Athelwold, a traveler might bear a bag full of red gold on his shoulder from one end of England to the other, and be as safe as though he were guarded by an army of soldiers. Loved by their subjects and feared by their enemies, thus in peace and contentment King Havelok and Queen Goldborough dwelt together many a long year in England, and their children grew up around them. They had passed through their trials and tribulations, and at last only good days were in store for them.

This is the end.

# THE DRAGON'S SECRET

By AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN

Author of "The Sapphire Signet," "The Slipper Point Mystery," etc., etc.

## SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS

The empty and closed-for-the-season bungalow, "Curlew's Nest," has a mystery connected with it; this is discovered by the two girls, Leslie Crane, who is staying next door to it with an invalid aunt, and Phyllis Kelym, who, with her father and brother, have a bungalow farther down the beach. Leslie has twice seen a mysterious light at night in a chink of the closed shutters, Rags, her dog, has dug up a queer bronze box, carved in the shape of a dragon, just in front of the house, and they have seen a footprint in the wet sand close to its side door. Phyllis knew a way to open that door, so they have explored the place, and been discovered there by Phyllis's brother, Ted.

But the only thing they found that seemed unusual was a brick in the living room fireplace that seemed to have been partially dug up, a broken knife blade lying near, and a string of small green beads, evidently torn from the fringe of a dress. Leslie has taken away one of the beads. Phyllis, who has had in her keeping the bronze box, brings it to Leslie, fearing her brother will discover it, and they hide it on a kitchen shelf in Leslie's bungalow, behind some discarded cooking utensils. Phyllis also tells Leslie that Curlew's Nest was last rented to an elderly gentleman, rather an invalid, who stayed there alone with one man-servant and never had much to do with any of the neighbors. They explore the bungalow again, and Leslie finds, in a book that the last tenant had evidently left there, an envelop addressed to the Honorable Arthur Ramsay at Peking. She thinks this must be the name of the tenant, but Phyllis assures her that his name was Mr. Horatio Games. At the same time, they discover that the broken penknife blade and the string of beads are no longer where Leslie saw them, showing that somebody must again have entered the bungalow.

That same day, they walk to the village, and in a small shop encounter a young girl, a stranger, who treats them very ungraciously, but who, Leslie notices, wears a girdle trimmed with beads identical with those which have disappeared from Curlew's Nest. Later, they return to the store to inquire about her, and find that she is a young English stranger boarding at "Aunt Sally Blake's" in the village and that her name is said to be *Miss Ramsay*.

## CHAPTER IX

### AUNT SALLY ADDS TO THE MYSTIFICATION

THE two girls walked home in a state bordering on stupefaction. Every little while Phyllis would stop to ejaculate: "Who would have thought it! The horrid little snob! I really can't believe yet that it is she, Leslie—our 'mysterious she'! I'm sure there must be some mistake."

"Well, of course, it *may* not be so," Leslie admitted, "but you must see how many things point to it. The beads are identical. I stood so near her that I had a fine chance to see them closely. Her name is the same as the one on the envelop in the book—"

"Yes, but that is n't the name of the man who hired the bungalow," objected Phyllis.

"That's quite true, but even so, you can't tell what connection there may be with the other name. It is n't exactly a common one, and that makes it all the more likely that we may be right. And then, there's the fact of her being so near here—right in the village. I have always imagined that whoever it was had to come from quite a distance, and I've always wondered how she managed it, so late at night."

"But Leslie, why on earth should she come to that bungalow in the dead of night, in a storm, and hide that 'Dragon's Secret'? What mysterious affair can she be mixed up with, anyway?"

Leslie, however, had no solution to offer to this question, but she did have a sudden idea that made her repeat the words of an old adage:

"Do you realize, Phyllis Kelym, that we are doing a very questionable—yes, a *very* queer thing in keeping the 'Dragon's Secret,' when it evidently belongs to this girl?"

"How do you *know* it belongs to this girl?" countered Phyllis. "You only *guess* that it may, when all's said and done. You did n't see her hide it there—you did n't even see *her* at the bungalow. We may be way off the track, for all you know, and we'd be a pretty pair of geese to go and meekly hand it to her, should n't we? And do you know, even if I was simply *positive* it was hers, I just would n't give it to her, anyway, for a while. I'd let her stew and fret for it for a good long spell—after such hatredfulness!"

Phyllis's manner was so vindictive that Leslie had to smile in spite of herself.

"But oh, see here!" Phyllis went on. "I have an idea—a glorious idea! It may help to clear up a lot of things. I know Aunt Sally Blake very well, and we'll go and see her—this very afternoon! Perhaps she can give us more light on the subject."

"But would n't that seem too plainly like tracking down this 'Miss Ramsay'?" objected Leslie, "especially as she does n't appear to care for our acquaintance?"

"Not a bit!" declared Phyllis, positively. "You don't realize how well *I* know Aunt Sally. Why, she's a regular village institution—everybody knows her and thinks the world of her. She's a plump, jolly, delightful old lady who lives in a delightful old house full of dear, old



fashioned furniture. She keeps a lot of chickens and often sells them and the fresh eggs, and she does a little sewing, and sometimes takes a boarder or two, and goes out nursing occasionally—and oh, I don't know what all! But I know that we could n't get along at all around here without Aunt Sally. We'll go down to her house this afternoon and call (I really have n't been to see her since I came here this time), and I'll ask her if she has a nice roasting chicken that I can have. That'll be a perfectly good excuse. And if our polite young lady is n't around, I'll try and get her to talk. Aunt Sally loves to talk, but she is n't a gossip like old Mrs. Selby, and we'll have to go at it a little more carefully."

They solaced themselves with this thought, and awaited with more than a little impatience the visit that afternoon. Surely Aunt Sally, if any one, would be able to solve some of their mysteries!

By afternoon, the weather had turned warm, almost sultry, and they found Aunt Sally sitting on her front porch, rocking gently and humming to herself over her sewing. She was delighted to see Phyllis again and to make the acquaintance of Leslie, whom Phyllis introduced as her neighbor and very dear friend. When they had chatted about topics of common interest for a while, Phyllis introduced the subject of the chicken.

"Bless your heart, dear!" cried Aunt Sally. "I'm so sorry, but I have n't a roasting chicken just now in the whole yard—nothing but fowls. But I can give you a couple of nice young broilers—and I've plenty of fresh eggs."

Phyllis straightway arranged to have two broilers ready for her when she called for them next day, and skilfully changed the subject.

"Oh, Aunt Sally! do show Leslie those begonias you've been raising all summer. I do think they are the most wonderful things! You certainly are very successful at making things grow!"

Highly flattered, Aunt Sally rose to lead the girls indoors to the sunny room where she kept her plants. While they were admiring them, she asked them to sit down and rest a while and talk—an invitation they accepted with great alacrity. At length, after a detailed account of the health and affairs of her entire family, Phyllis craftily led the conversation back to Aunt Sally herself.

"And are you alone now, Aunt Sally, or is your sister still with you? I heard she was going back to Ohio."

"Yes, she's gone and I'm alone," sighed Aunt Sally; "at least,—I'm not quite alone. I have a boarder at present."

"Oh, *have* you!" exclaimed Phyllis, guilefully, as if it were all news to her. "Why, that's very nice. I hope the boarder will stay a long while. It will be some company for you."

"Well, I dunno how long she'll stay, and she ain't much company for *me*, I must confess!" admitted Aunt Sally, with a somewhat worried air. "The truth is, I can't exactly make her out."

This was precisely the line that Phyllis wished her to take, yet even now caution must be observed or Aunt Sally might shy away from it.

"Oh, it's a lady then!" remarked the artful Phyllis.

"Well, no, it ain't exactly a lady—it's a young girl 'bout the age of you two, I should guess."

"Still, I don't see why she should n't be company for you, even so," argued Phyllis, quite as if she were still completely in the dark as to this new boarder.

"The reason she ain't much company," went on Aunt Sally, "is because—well, I don't know as I ought to say it, but I guess she thinks she's too sort of—high-toned to 'sociate with the person who keeps her boarding-house!" Aunt Sally laughed, an amused, throaty little chuckle at this, and then the worried frown came back.

"Why, she must be rather horrid, I think," commented Phyllis, with more heartfelt reason than Aunt Sally could guess!

"No, I don't think she means to be horrid—she's just been brought up that way, I guess. I wish she could be more friendly. I sort of feel a responsibility about her. You see, she's here all alone. She was staying at the hotel with her grandfather, and he suddenly took awful sick and had to be taken to the hospital up at Branchville. She stayed on at the hotel so 's to be near him (she runs up there every day in her car), and then the hotel had to close down for the season. The manager come to me and asked me if I could take her in, 'cause he was kind of sorry for her, her grandfather bein' so ill, an' she could n't seem to find no other place. So I did, but she worries me a lot, somehow. I don't like to see a young girl like that with no one to look after her, and she running around loose in that auto all the time. Why, she even took it out one rainy night last week at ten o'clock. Said she was worried about her grandfather, but I did n't approve of her running all the way up there to Branchville in the rain."

Here Phyllis glanced significantly at Leslie and interjected a question. "Did she and her grandfather have one of the bungalows on the beach this summer, do you know, Aunt Sally?"

"Why, not that I know of. She said she'd been visiting some friends somewhere in Maine, and then came on here to join her grandfather just a few days before he was taken sick. I don't think it likely she ever stayed in one of the bungalows. She did n't seem to know anything about this region at first. And I'd likely have

heard of it if she had. But, laws! I got biscuits in the oven and I'm clean forgetting them!" And with a whisk of skirts, Aunt Sally vanished for a moment into the kitchen.

"What did I tell you!" whispered Leslie. "Went out in the rain one night last week about ten o'clock! I warrant she did n't go to the hospital, or, if she did, it was after she'd visited Curlew's Nest!"

But Aunt Sally was back almost immediately, bearing some hot biscuits and jam which she hospitably invited her guests to try. And while they were partaking of this refreshment she sighed:

"My, how I have been gossiping about that poor girl! I sort of feel conscience-stricken, for I could like her real well if she'd only let me. She's a sort of lovable-looking child! I wish she knew you two girls. I believe it would do her a lot of good to be around with you. There she is now!" she cried, as a car flashed past the window and up the driveway toward the barn. "Just wait till she comes in and I'll introduce you—"

"No, no!" exclaimed Phyllis, hastily springing up. "Better not, Aunt Sally. If she does n't care for you, I'm sure she would n't for us. Besides, we must go right away. Remember, we're both the *cooks* in our families, and even as it is, we won't be back very early. It's a long walk. Good-by, and thank you, and I'll send for the broilers to-morrow!" And with Leslie in tow, she hurried away, leaving a somewhat bewildered Aunt Sally gazing after them.

"Well, I guess not! The idea of trying to get acquainted a second time with that difficult young person!" Phyllis exploded, when they were out of ear shot.

"And yet," mused Leslie as they swung along, "unpleasant as the thought of it is, I wonder if it would n't be the best thing to get acquainted?"

## CHAPTER X

### AT DAWN

"How do you mean—it might be the best thing to get acquainted with her?" demanded Phyllis indignantly.

"Why, if we could do so in some way that was n't like toring ourselves on her, it might lead to a good many things—solving our mystery, mainly. And then, who knows? she *may* be pleasant when you come to know her better."

"No chance!" declared Phyllis, and dismissed that subject. Well, Aunt Sally did n't do much toward clearing up things, did she? he went on. "I was in hopes she'd be able to give us a good many more ideas. One thing's certain though. That girl evidently came here in the

car that rainy night, but— Look here!" Something strange has just occurred to me— Aunt Sally did n't say *which* rainy night, and there have been two in the past ten days. I judge that the girl must have been with her for at least a couple of weeks, for the hotel closed up more than two weeks ago."

"I've been thinking of that, too," replied Leslie. "And, do you know, I'm almost certain Aunt Sally must have meant the *last* one, because she only said '*rainy*' night. If she'd meant that other, would n't she have said 'the night of the hard storm,' or something like that? Because it really *was* unusual, and if this Miss Ramsay had gone out *that* night, I believe Aunt Sally would have been considerably more shocked and would have said so. What do you make of it?"

"The only thing I can make out of it is that she did n't go out that first night. But if she *did* n't visit Curlew's Nest that night, then who in the world *did*?"

This certainly was a poser, and neither of the two girls could find an adequate conjecture that would answer.

"Then, this Horatio Gaines who hired the bungalow must be her grandfather. Of course, the *name* is different, but he may be the grandfather on her mother's side. But if that is the case, who is the 'Hon. Arthur Ramsay'?" questioned Phyllis.

"Perhaps her father or her other grandfather," ventured Leslie.

"That's possible; but I wish I had found out from Aunt Sally if she knew the name of the grandfather who is ill. That might explain something. I believe I'll go for the broilers myself to-morrow and see if I can find out any more in some way that won't make her suspect," decided Phyllis.

The next morning Phyllis was as good as her word. She went down to the village alone, as Leslie had matters that kept her at home that day. But she came flying back breathless, to impart her news.

"I managed to lead the conversation around— to that grandfather business— again," panted Phyllis, to Leslie, when she had induced her chum to come down to the beach for a moment, "and what do you think she said? That his name was '*Ramsay*'! Now what do you make of *that*? If his name is Ramsay, he can't be the man who hired that bungalow— and we're all on the wrong track!"

"No, it does n't prove that at all," insisted Leslie. "The one who rented the bungalow, no matter what his name was, certainly had an envelop in his possession addressed to *Ramsay*. So you see there's a connection somewhere!"

Phyllis had to admit that this was so. "But here 's something else stranger than that—what do you think of my having been introduced to and becoming acquainted with our 'exclusive young friend'?"

Leslie certainly opened her eyes in astonishment. "You 're surely joking!" she exclaimed.

"No, positive truth! It happened this way: I was just about to leave, with my chickens under my arm, when in walks this precious Miss Ramsay,

It was still dark the next morning when Leslie awoke from a dreamless sleep—awoke suddenly, with the distinct impression that something unusual was happening. She lay perfectly still for several moments, trying to localize the sensation more definitely. In her room were two windows—a small one facing Curlew's Nest and a large, broad one facing the sea. Leslie always had this window wide open, and her bed was so placed that she could easily look out of it.



"WITH A DISCOURAGED SHRUG OF THE SHOULDERS THE FIGURE TURNED AND WALKED AWAY" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

right into the room. I could see she was prepared to turn on that cold stare effect again, but I never so much as noticed her existence. And then Aunt Sally bustled in,—she 'd been upstairs a minute,—and blest if she did n't introduce us after all! Said the most complimentary things about yours truly, and how I was staying at my bungalow on the beach; and then she mentioned you, too, and told about you being in the Rest Haven bungalow. It struck me that our young lady sort of pricked up her ears at that (though it *may* have been only imagination). But she just said 'How-de-do,' rather carelessly—did n't offer to shake hands or anything.

"I muttered something about it being a pleasant day and hoping she was enjoying the place. But she only replied, 'Oh, ya-as,—thanks!' with that awfully English accent, and walked out of the room. Well, anyhow, we 're formally acquainted now (whether either one of us enjoys it or not!), and that may be a useful thing later, perhaps."

She did so now, and noticed the first light streak of dawn along the east, and a brilliant star so close to the horizon that it seemed to be resting on the edge of the tossing ocean. Then her heart leaped and felt as if it almost turned over—for between her and the light, at the window, she descried the shape of a dark head!

Involuntarily, Leslie sprang up to a sitting position. Then the tension relaxed and she drew a deep breath of relief. It was only Rags, standing on his hind legs at the window, his great, shaggy head silhouetted against the light. In another instant he had uttered his low, rumbling growl of uneasiness.

"What is it, Rags? What do you see?" she called softly to him. He forsook the window for a moment and trotted over to nuzzle his head on her pillow, but almost immediately hurried back to his post at the window.

"There 's something worrying him!" she thought. "Now I wonder what it can be. Suppose—suppose it were some one around that

other bungalow again. "I'd better get up and see." So she rose softly, slipped on a warm dressing-gown and slippers, and peered first out of the side window at Curlew's Nest. But the darkness was still intense on this side, there was no tell-tale light in the chinks of the shutters, and she was forced, after watching for several moments, to conclude that nothing was amiss in this region.

Then she went to the window facing the ocean, pushed Rags aside a trifle, and cuddled down beside him on the window seat. The dawn was growing every moment brighter. The streak of gray along the horizon had grown to a broad belt of pink, and very faintly the objects on the beach were beginning to be visible. Rags still rumbled his uneasy growl at intervals, and stared intently at something Leslie's eyes could not yet discern.

It was only by following the direction of his gaze that she presently realized there was something moving on the beach somewhere in front of Curlew's Nest. Then her heart actually did seem to stop beating an instant, for in the growing light she at last could distinguish a dark form moving stealthily about by the old log where Rags had dug up the "Dragon's Secret!"

"Oh! who can it be? And what are they doing there?" she whispered distractedly to Rags. The dog's only reply was to growl a little louder, and she promptly silenced him.

"Be a good dog, Rags! Don't make a sound! It will rouse Aunt Marcia, and besides I *must* see who is there, if possible!" Rags settled down again to a quieter watch with evident reluctance.

With every passing moment, day was approaching nearer, and the scene out over the ocean was one of surprising beauty, had Leslie only been less occupied and had time to observe it. The band of pink had melted into gold, and a thousand rosy little clouds dimpled the sky above. It was now so light that the dark shape on the beach stood out with comparative clearness. It had been bending down and rising up at intervals, and it took little guessing on Leslie's part to conjecture what was happening. Some one was digging in the spot where the "Dragon's Secret" had been hidden!

"What if it is Miss Ramsay?" thought Leslie. "Oh, it *must* be she! Who else could it be? She's looking for that box, and she can't find it because we've taken it away. Oh, what ought I do about it? If only Phyllis were here!"

At that moment she realized from the actions of the unknown person that the search was evidently abandoned. The figure stood upright, took its hands together, and threw away some implement like a board, with which the digging had been done. Then, with a discouraged shrug of the shoulders, it slouched back to the

two cottages, it turned and walked away down the beach and was shortly out of sight.

And it was then that Leslie sank back on the window-seat with a little gasp of sheer astonishment.

The figure was not—*could* not have been that of Miss Ramsay! It was a *man*—a tall, burly man; and as he walked away, his gait gave evidence of a decided limp!

## CHAPTER XI

### AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR

So anxious was Leslie to impart this newest development to Phyllis that morning, that she ate no breakfast at all, a proceeding which worried Miss Marcia not a little. But Leslie was out of the house and off the moment she had finished washing the dishes.

It was some time before she could locate her companion, as the Kelvins had gone off early on a fishing expedition a short way up the inlet, having persuaded Phyllis to join them, a thing she had done but little of late. After a long walk and much halloo-ing, however, Leslie sighted their boat. And it took considerable time before she could persuade Phyllis to come ashore, as she could not very well impart to her, standing on the bank, that she had news of vital importance concerning their secret.

When Phyllis had at last been lured ashore and the two had walked away out of sight, she told the tale of her curious experience at dawn.

"And now, Phyllis, what do you make of it?" she demanded, wide eyed.

"There's only one thing to make of it," returned Phyllis, gravely, "and that is—there's some one else mixed up in this—some one we have n't known about or counted on at all! I thought Miss Ramsay, all along, was the only one concerned in it. Now we can only guess that that is n't so. But how to make head or tail of the whole thing is beyond me. What kind of a man did you say he was?"

Leslie described him again. "Of course, it was still hardly light and I could n't see him plainly at all," she ended. "I never even got a glimpse of his face, nor how he was dressed. But he was tall and broad-shouldered, and I think stooped a little and walked with quite a decided limp."

"That last fact ought to help to identify him, if nothing else," mused Phyllis. "But I confess I'm more at sea than ever about the whole thing. I was beginning to think I'd reduced things to some kind of a theory, but this upsets everything. And it annoys me so to think I'm always out of it, being so far away from Curlew's Nest. I do believe I'll have to come and spend my nights



"MISS RAMSAY AND I HAVE BEEN GETTING ACQUAINTED" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

with you or I'll never be on the scene of action at the most interesting time!"

"Oh, I *do* wish you would!" urged Leslie, earnestly. "I'm really beginning to be quite nervous about all this. It's so uncanny, not being able to say a word about it to Aunt Marcia or any one—being all alone there, or as good as alone, when these queer things happen. Don't you suppose we could arrange it somehow that you could come over and stay with me—without having it seem odd or out of the way to the others?"

They both thought hard over the problem for a moment. Suddenly Phyllis cried: "I have it! I think! I heard Father and Ted planning to-day to be off fishing to-night, and as many nights after as the conditions are good. They just adore that kind of thing and have done very little of it this time. As a rule, I don't mind a bit staying alone at the bungalow if I don't happen to go with them. But I've never before had the excuse of having you here to be with. It will seem perfectly natural for me to say that, as they're to be away, I'll spend the night with you. How's that?"

"Oh, just the thing!" exclaimed Leslie, enthusiastically. "And now let's go back and take a swim. It's fairly mild and the best time of day for it. You left your suit at our house last time, so it's very convenient. You won't have to walk all the way back to your place."

They strolled back to Rest Haven in a leisurely fashion and had just turned the corner of the house and come in sight of the front veranda, when what they saw there almost took them off

their feet. On the veranda sat Aunt Marcia, rocking comfortably back and forth, and opposite her, in another rocker sat—could their eyes have deceived them?—who but the redoubtable *Miss Ramsay*!

She was dressed as they had seen her in the village store, and she was chatting, with an appearance of the greatest affability, with Miss Marcia. The two girls stared at her in ill-concealed amazement—so ill-concealed, in fact, that even Miss Marcia noticed it.

"Miss Ramsay and I have been getting acquainted while we waited for you to come back," she remarked, somewhat bewildered by their speechless consternation. "She says she made your acquaintance at Aunt Sally Blake's in the village, where she is boarding."

"Oh—er, yes!" stammered Phyllis, remembering her manners. "It's very pleasant to see you here, Miss Ramsay. I see you are acquainted with Miss Crane. This is Miss Leslie Crane, her niece."

Leslie bowed and murmured something inarticulate, but Miss Ramsay was affable to a degree. "I drove over to your cottage first, Miss Kelvin," she chatted on, after her introduction, "with some eggs Aunt Sally promised you. She was going to send them by the butcher boy, but he did not stop this morning, so, as I was going out, I offered to take them. But I found no one at your place, so I came on here, introduced myself to Miss Crane, and we've been having a nice time together."

(To be continued)

## THE "MAYFLOWER" PILGRIMS IN SWITZERLAND

By C. FRENCH BOULTON

"IMPOSSIBLE!" you exclaim. "Of course we know that they were in Holland for about ten years, and some of them were even in France, but Switzerland, never! That title must be either a mistake or a misprint!"

But wait a moment! Come with me to Geneva and let us walk over to the citadel, and there, stretching in front of it for three hundred feet, rises the "Wall of the Reformers," as it is called, the international monument to freedom of conscience, unveiled in July, 1917. First planned in 1902, the corner-stone was laid in 1909 on the four hundredth anniversary of the birth of John Calvin. Financed chiefly by the Swiss Government, with obligatory contribution from all nations in

stands—in the form purposely chosen for its symbolic meaning—a wall or bulwark of religious thought for all time.

Approaching from the street by gently descending stone steps, we see at the foot of the wall, and extending its entire length, a limpid pool reflecting the blue Swiss sky and bordered by a gay flower-bed. In the center and of colossal height are the four austere figures of Calvin, Bèze, Farel, and Knox, clad uniformly in their Geneva robes; below them, the Swiss coat of arms, and over their heads, in antique lettering, "*Post Tenebras Lux.*" To the right of this central group stand William the Silent, for Holland, the Elector of Brandenburg, Frederick William, for Germany, and the

great Admiral Gaspard de Coligny, representing the French Huguenots; while on the left, in the illustrious company of Cromwell, for England, and Boeskey, the head of religious reform in Hungary,

reached the desired haven, "they had now no friends to welcome them, nor inns to entertain or refreshe their weather-beaten bodies; no houses, or much less townes to repair to, to seek for suc-



Courtesy of La Patrie Suisse  
GENERAL VIEW OF THE WALL OF THE REFORMERS. ROGER WILLIAMS IS THE THIRD FIGURE FROM THE RIGHT

whom do we see but our own beloved Roger Williams, forming a striking contrast to the figures of warriors and statesmen as, in his wide hat and Puritan dress, he benignly stands guard over the *Mayflower* Pilgrims.

Yes! there they are! for although never in Switzerland in the body, they now stand there forever in stone bas-relief, chosen to perpetuate that brave adventure in behalf of liberty of conscience and to illustrate the moral bond between the city of the Reformation and our own American Republic.

About one hundred souls, in their rickety little boat, having, as Governor Bradford says, "passed through manye difficulties in boisterous storms, winds so fierce and waves so high, dangerous shoals and roaring breakers, being thus arrived in a goode harbour, they fell on their knees and blessed the God of Heavene." Though they had

cour; and as for the season, it was winter, subject to cruel and fierce storms and the whole countrie full of woods and thickets representing a wilde and savage hue." But forgetting their privation and anxiety, rising above the illness caused by crowding, dis-comfort, and foul air, before landing and preparing shelters for the fast approaching winter, they drew up that remarkable document, the *Mayflower Compact*, combining themselves "into a civil body politick . . . to enacte, constitute, and frame such just and equall lawes . . . as shall be thought most meeete and convenient for the generall good of the Colonie."<sup>8</sup>

This was signed by forty-one of the seventy-three male passengers. Of the remaining thirty-two, twelve were men-servants or sailors, five of these being half-grown boys, and twenty were the young sons of the forty-one signers, whose allegiance was, of course, covered by their fathers' signatures.

<sup>8</sup>The document reads: In the Name of God, Amen. We, whose names are underwritten, the loyal subjects of our dread sovereign lord, King James, by the Grace of God of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, defender of the Faith, etc., having undertaken, for the Glory of God and advancement of the Christian Faith, and honor of our King and country, a voyage to plant the first colony in the northern parts of Virginia, do by these presents solemnly and mutually, in the presence of God and one another, covenant and combine ourselves into a civil body politic, for our better ordering and preservation and furtherance of the ends aforesaid; and by virtue hereof to enact, constitute, and frame such just and equal laws, ordinances, acts, constitutions, and offices, from time to time, as shall be thought most meet and convenient for the general good of the Colony, unto which we promise all due submission and obedience. In witness whereof, we have hereunder subscribed our names at Cape Cod the 11th of November, in the reign of our sovereign lord King James, of England, France, and Ireland, the eighteenth, and of Scotland the fifty-fourth. Anno Dom. 1620.

IN THE NAME OF GOD AMEN WE...DOE BY THESE PRESENTS SOLEMNLY AND MUTVALLY IN THE PRESENCE OF GOD, AND ONE OF ANOTHER COVENANT AND COMBINE OVRSELVES TOGEATHER INTO A CIVILL BODY POLITICK.. AND BY VERTVE HEAROF TO ENACTE CONSTITVTTE, AND FRAME SVCH JVST AND EQVALL LAWES...AS SHALL BE THOUGHT MOST MEETE AND CONVENIENT FOR THE GENERALL GOOD OF THE COLONIE. ANNO DOMINI 1620 - THE MAYFLOW COMPACT-

LE 11 NOVEMBRE 1620, LES PURITAINS ANGLAIS PARTIS DE PLIMOUTH, AVANT DE QUITTER LE VASSEAU QUI LES



AMENAIT A LA CÔTÉ DV RÉFUGE, SIGNERENT LE PACÉ DV MAYFLOWER, PRÉCURSEVR DES CONSTITUTIONS DE LA DEMOCRATIE AMERICAINE.

LES PERES PELLRINS FONDENT LA PREMIERE COLONIE DE LA NOUVELLE-ANGLETERRE.

Courtesy of Le Patric Suisse

BAS-RELIEF OF THE "MAYFLOWER" PILGRIMS, WITH INSCRIPTION FROM THE COMPACT

The sculptor, Paul Landowski, has chosen the moment of the signing of this compact for his bas-relief, and in spite of the difficult medium of stone, has managed to seize and convey the individuality of each pilgrim. At the base of a mast, and at one side of a little table, improvised from a water-cask, are kneeling William Brewster and John Carver, back of whom stand Bradford and Winslow, and grouped around them, some kneeling, some standing, are the women and children. On the other side of the cask kneels Standish, and back of him, in close proximity to the queer little cannon, are grouped the sailors, the "hired men," and the cooper John Alden—"a hopefull young

man and much desired." Brave little band! How unconscious were they, as they humbly knelt in the bleak November wind, that they would be ranked by posterity with the glorious company of martyrs and reformers, and that their idea of "general good" would become the very corner-stone of our great American democracy!

So let us, their descendants, see to it, that not only acclaimed by the world, and perpetuated in stone as in Switzerland, but in our hearts forever, the *Mayflower* Pilgrims' high ideal of "just and equal laws" for the "general good" may not be forgotten, but carried on and developed to its highest degree.



Courtesy of Le Patric Suisse

THE PILGRIM FATHERS SIGNING THE COMPACT ON THE DECK OF THE "MAYFLOWER"



# SCOUT WOLF-FIGHTER

By LADD PLUMLEY

GLEN OPDYCKE was in the bow of the canoe which was a half-mile behind that which held his uncle. Obie, a young Indian guide, a youth about the age of Glen, had been given charge of the canoe at the rear. With his paddle he was skilfully directing a course through one of the most dangerous of the rapids of the Matisgum, a large river which flows toward Hudson Bay in the province of Quebec, Canada.

Before the canoe and on both sides stretched seething water, with sharp rocks here and there amid the boiling rapids. Just as the young Indian was using his utmost strength in keeping the canoe away from the white water and in the channel, suddenly the paddle-blade broke short off, leaving in Obie's hand but a three-foot bit of splintered spruce.

Glen saw the accident, instantly reaching for the second paddle, which lay in the bottom of the canoe, intending to pass it to Obie; but he was not quick enough. With a side lurch, the craft swung out of the channel and shot her nose fairly into a sharp, projecting rock, the canoe splitting into two sections backward for several feet from the bow, as if the tough birch-bark had been paper and were slit by a hunting-knife.

For the next twenty minutes Glen knew only a confused medley of frenzied thoughts, which surged through his mind as he attempted to save his life, battling in the grip of the fierce current. Under ordinary circumstances he was a good swimmer; but amid the icy, watery tumult, and in the grasp of the many cross-currents, his swimming powers, without the aid of another, would have been of no avail. He was tossed here and there like a drowning insect in a mill-slucice. In the midst of the spume of an eddy, as he was sucked under the surface, he would close his mouth, and it would seem to him that his lungs were bursting. A few moments later his head would be tossed upward, and, fighting desperately, he would gain a little air. But once more he was sucked downward, with a grip on his body that was impossible to withstand, and another seemingly endless period passed before he was flung upward and could once more gulp another breath of air.

Then, as if he heard the words from an immense distance, over the rush and boom of the rapids came, "Grab hold and hold fast!" and he became conscious he had something within his grasp, something which he found later was the handle of Obie's broken paddle.

After he had seized the bit of spruce, it seemed that another endless time passed before he knew he was in smooth water near the shore and that Obie was shouting something in French, which he could not understand. Some minutes later he lay stretched out on the rocks of the shore. The voice of the booming rapids seemed to be booming within his head, but the sunshine was so warm, so warm! And it was so good to breathe the air and breathe easily—so good! And he knew Obie was looking down at him with a smile on his face, and the Indian was not given to smiling.

In excellent English, for Obie has been to school in Quebec, he exclaimed: "Good! The wicked red river-devils—the red river-devils, they did not get you! They wanted you bad, the red river-devils, but they did not get you this time!"

"If it had n't been for you!" gasped Glen. "If it had n't been for you!" He shuddered, turning his eyes aside from the tossing rapids in front of him.

"We should make a fire!" growled Obie, turning away, Indianlike hating praise. "A fire! But—how?"

Glen fumbled in his khakis, producing a waterproof match-safe, which he held out. "I always carry dry matches," he said. "Before my uncle brought me along on the fishing-trip, I tried out that match-safe in a pail of water. It 's all right!"

"Good!" grunted the Indian. "My bottle of matches is out somewhere in the river!"

Soon both were drying themselves beside a hot fire, the Indian keeping well away from his young master, and now as silent as he had always been since the fishing-party had left civilization behind them. But Glen talked. It seemed so good to be sitting beside a fire and listening to the angry voice of the river, but knowing you were safe. Yes, Glen talked. He thanked the young Indian; he praised his presence of mind in keeping his grip on the bit of spruce to which Glen owed his life—or, rather, the bit of spruce with which the Indian had saved him. He heaped praises on silent Obie, who from time to time shrugged his shoulders as if throwing off the thanks of the young American. "I 'm a boy scout," went on Glen. "Do you know what a scout is?"

"In the school in Quebec I have heard talk of boy scouts," grunted the Indian. "They live in

cities, but they make fire as my people once did. That is a fine thing. People should not forget forest ways. That is what my father says: 'Forget not the forest ways,' he says. 'Many moons ago all men of the earth were like the Indians—they were all forest men and knew forest ways, and it is good to remember forest ways even when men live in big cities.'"

"Boy scouts" went on Glen, "they do good turns when they can; but your good turn—I can never repay you—never!"

The Indian shrugged his shoulders once more. "We must dry ourselves before we try to find your uncle and my father. And while we dry ourselves I will talk a little. And we in Canada, many of us are guides, guides and hunters and trappers. My father in winter is a trapper for the Hudson's Bay Company, and he is a guide in summer. All my folks are guides and trappers. A guide is different from other men. And our fathers teach us when we are kids, as you Americans call little boys. Long ago my father tells me a story—a story of his father, my grandfather. We must get dry, and while we wait I will tell you the story.

"My grandfather is in the spirit land," went on Obie. "But when he was here, everybody, in Quebec and in cities in the States, those who came hunting and fishing, they knew he was a fine brave guide.

"Once my grandfather was guiding some Englishmen on a salmon river, a river down on the Labrador coast; and there was another guide; and my grandfather thought bad of the other guide. The other guide was very proud and he was very foolish and his name was Tamon.

"Get out the canoe, Tamon!" said one of the Englishmen. "I go and fish the river!" But my grandfather tells how dangerous the river is, for it is high with rain and flood. But the Englishman, he laughs. "You are afraid" he says to my grandfather. "Not to go out on the river alone," says my grandfather. "No, I am not afraid of that! But I am afraid to take another. For if the canoe is overturned, then I must not leave my man, for I am a guide, and to-day the red river-devils would get us both!"

"But out into the river the Englishman and Tamon, they go. And the canoe is upset, and Tamon, he is a fine swimmer—he leaves his man and he swims toward the shore. But my grandfather, he runs and he gets his rifle and he houts to Tamon to go back to his man. But Tamon keeps on right toward the shore, and the rib goes off, and Tamon is shot! But the Englishman, his man, he sinks already and nothing can be done. So the red river devils got the Englishman and the fool and Tamon. This is a true

story of my grandfather and the bad guide. And maybe it is not only once that things like that have come to bad guides. And when I was a little boy, my father tells me what a wicked thing is it not to stay by your man. And it is our life here—to take care of those who come to fish and hunt. And if we did not learn that we must never leave our man, then we should be like Tamon and be bad guides and deserve to be shot."

The other and much larger canoe, which carried the provisions and Glen's uncle and Obie's father, the well known guide and trapper Samson, as he is called, was far in advance, and, of course, the accident to the following canoe was not known. But Obie believed there would be no great difficulty in following the river-bank and overtaking the others of the party. And Obie knew that when the following canoe did not appear, Samson would make a landing and together with Glen's uncle would begin a search for the missing boys.

Obie led the way down the river, but the route proved far more difficult than he had supposed. The river was new to him, and, indeed, he was acting as a guide for the first time in his life. At times, and very frequently, it was necessary to make wide detours from the water, for precipitous rocks overhung the river in places, over which the shore-line could not be followed.

As was learned much later, Obie's father waited for his son at the bottom of a particularly dangerous series of rapids. Not seeing the other canoe, Samson made a landing and at once a search began. Unfortunately, however, the landing was made on the opposite side of the river from that on which Glen and Obie were meeting the difficulties of their journey. And it must have been when one of the necessary detours was made that the two parties passed each other on opposite sides of the river. Unfortunately, too, the crushed canoe swung to the other side, where it was seen by Samson, overturned and circling in an eddy. Hence, Obie's father and Glen's uncle believed that son and nephew lost their lives in the heavy rapids just above where the crushed canoe was seen. And upstream—not searching for the living, but for bodies of the dead—Mr. Opdycke and Samson continued their sad hunt.

On the opposite side, worn with scrambling over ledges and following the rock-encumbered shore, the travelers at sundown came to rest at the base of one of the walls of rock which overhung the river.

"You stay here!" grunted Obie. "I will climb the side of the rock, go around, and see if I can find the camping-place. I think my father would go thi—far. You are tired—*you* stay here.

If I find the camp, I will get food and come back. I go alone. You are what the Americans say, 'all in.'"

"I am pretty much all in," replied Glen. "I'll be glad to sit down. And hungry! Say, I think I could eat a raw trout!"

Glen sank upon a bit of sand, so completely exhausted that shortly he was fast asleep. But he did not sleep long, his desire to know if Obie had found the camp awakening him. He rose and paced back and forth on the bit of beach, waiting impatiently for Obie's return. As he continued to move about restlessly, he was conscious that over the booming of the rapids he heard a distant shout.

By this time it was night, but the sky was clear and the stars gave considerable light. In reply to the distant shout, Glen shouted again and again, thinking that Obie had found the camp and was shouting the news on his return trip. But the shouts were constantly repeated; and as they did not increase in loudness, it seemed evident that, if Obie were shouting, he was staying in the same place.

"This is a frightfully rough country to tramp over," said Glen, to himself. "Perhaps Obie has hurt himself. Guess I'd better hunt him up."

He scrambled over the rough broken ledges and away from the river and, guided by the shouts, which were constantly repeated, and which he as constantly answered, his progress was at length stopped by the route he was following seeming to drop over a considerable precipice, which, in the starlight, looked like a gulf of blackness.

"Go around—to the south!" came up a quivering yell from below.

Carefully Glen edged along the lip of the precipice until he found a kind of natural rock

stairway, which, using great care, he managed to descend. Before long he was standing at the side of Obie, a dim figure sitting on the ground, just at the base of the rocky wall.



"I WAS TAUGHT BY A DOCTOR HOW TO SET A BROKEN LEG." (SEE NEXT PAGE)

"You are hurt?" gasped Glen.

"Very bad!" grunted the Indian. "That is always the way! My people, they say, 'Bad things, they ever travel like the geese, always in flocks!' And I am to blame—very careless! I think I come down that rock all right, but it 's rotten rock. A piece fell, and I fell. My leg! Ugh! It is very bad. The bone is smashed!"

At once Glen turned his attention to making a fire, for he wanted light to see how badly Obie was hurt. When he had thrown dry twigs on the

fire and the glow lighted up the place, an examination proved that Obie was correct and that one of the bones of the left leg was broken between the ankle and the knee.

"If I don't do something to that leg, Obie, very likely you will always be lame, even if worse does n't happen," said Glen. "I was taught by a doctor in Chicago how to set a broken leg. We scouts learn all sorts of things. I'm afraid I'll hurt you a lot, but I'll be as careful as I can. First I've got to have some splints—thin pieces of strong wood, you know!"

Obie pulled from his belt a hunting-knife. "I always keep my knife sharp," he said. "Beyond the fire is a little spruce, winter killed. You can break it down and split it with my knife. A stone makes a good hammer for splitting wood with a knife. The spruce will make fine strong splinters."

When Glen had split out several stout splints and shaped them with the knife, Obie removed his cotton shirt and Glen slit it into strips. Then he cautiously handled the wounded leg, running his fingers back and forth until he found the place of the fracture.

"Now I must hurt you and hurt you bad," warned Glen. "I've got to pull out the leg so that the ends of the broken bone will slip into place."

"Go ahead," growled Obie.

And although he must have suffered much while Glen was completing his work, he did not utter more than low groans. Glen had been taught by the doctor to stretch the leg until he felt that the bone had been pulled into position. This was his first job as a surgeon, and he found it very trying to his nerves. But at last the leg was wrapped in the splints, and a little later the Indian seemed more comfortable. "And now sleep!" said Obie.

Glen stretched himself beside Obie, and almost the next moment he was fast asleep; but the groans of his companion awakened him long before morning. The fire had burned down, and from far away in the forest came a howling—very distant and very faint, but clearly to be heard.

"What kind of animals make those howls?" asked Glen.

"Wolves!" replied Obie. "You'd better put wood on the fire. The wolves will not come near if we have a good fire."

Glen groped about in the darkness, succeeding in finding some fallen branches, which he put on the coals. For some time he continued to listen to the distant howls, then he knew nothing until morning had come and the sunlight was streaming in brightly.

The first thing was to get Obie some water, for

fever had set in and he was thirsty. High ledges of rock were between the boys and the shore, but at a little distance Glen found a trickle of spring water. Obie told him how to peel a young canoe-birch, and, with the bark, Obie constructed a rough but serviceable pail with which Glen brought water.

"What is best for me to do, Obie?" asked Glen, when his companion had satisfied his thirst.

"I did not sleep much and I have been thinking of that," replied the Indian. "Your uncle and my father, they will find the broken canoe and they will think the red river-devils got us. But they will not be sure, and they will hunt for us. So you must go to the river and make a big fire, and perhaps they will see the smoke. And you must tie something white to a pole, so it can be seen. But the river is wide and this is a big country. Many high rocks. They may go along the other side and never see those things. And, you see, they cannot get the canoe back up the rapids. And if they were on this side, they might never find us. We have no food. Soon we will be weak, and the leg makes me feel sick. So you must not wait. You must travel down the river. The settlements begin below. If you keep near the river, you will not get lost and you will make the settlements before you are too weak to walk. That is what you must do."

"And leave you here by your lonesome?"

"Yes."

"But the wolves might get you."

"You will pile up a pile of wood. And you will come back, or my father will see the smoke or the white on the pole and he will find me."

"Say, suppose I were you? Had a broken leg? What would you do?"

"That is different. I am your guide."

"But what would you do?"

For some moments the Indian considered the matter, then he growled: "That is most different; but if you had the broken leg, this would I do: I would make the fire and tie the rag on the pole, and I would lay branches on the ground—spruce branches, with the little ends pointing down the river. If my father found them, he would know how we traveled. Then I should cut sapling crutches; and where I could not carry you, then you would use the crutches."

"You would n't leave me?"

"Never!" grunted the Indian.

"And do you really suppose that after you've saved me from your 'red river-devils' I'd leave you and get to the settlements alone? Say, what do you take me for?"

The Indian broke into a tirade of expostulations, but Glen silenced him with a grunt: "Cut it out! We'll be hungry together, and if you get so

weak you cannot use crutches, I shall carry you. If the wolves have a feast, they'll have a double feast! I'm through talking. I'll get busy with the fire, the rag, and the crutches."

It was most unfortunate that the accident to Obie happened at the place where it did, for, in their search, Mr. Opdycke and Samson, back in

to dissuade him from these efforts, urging Glen to leave him and gain the settlements before it was too late. But Glen would clench his teeth, and, in a nightmare of effort, struggle onward, gasping, "Leave you, old fellow? You've got another guess coming!"

Then came a night when a storm was brewing



OBIE WAS NOT A LIGHT WEIGHT, BUT GLEN AT TIMES FOUND IT NECESSARY TO CARRY HIM."

the forest, must have been circling the place where the boys were at the time this conversation took place. At least that is the only way to explain that the boys were left behind and that the signals were never seen. For after an up-river search, Mr. Opdycke and Samson returned to their canoe, crossed the river, and, after a search on that side, —which was difficult because of gulches and rocks, —started for the settlements below for helpers, intending to return in the hope of recovering the bodies.

Beyond the middle of the second day, Glen has never been able to recall with distinctness all the details of that terrible journey. In many places precipitous banks were found. Constantly detours had to be made, and a mile of progress meant sometimes three miles or more of difficult travel.

Obie was not a light weight, but, weakened as he was and ill with the fever brought on by his injury, Glen at times found it necessary to carry him, and to make the trip twice in order to return for the sapling crutches. Constantly Obie tried

and it was very dark. Wolves were now constantly trailing the boys; perhaps their acute animal wits told them that the time for an attack would soon come. Glen had become so weak that, although he exerted himself to his limit, on this night he could gather but a paltry heap of fallen branches and drift from near the river. He used his fuel sparingly, but long before morning only a few dry spruce branches were left.

The night before, the wolves had come close to the camping-place, and on this night growlings and snappings were heard in the darkness, just beyond the circle of light made by the fire. Glen would sit on ground, dozing, for he was exhausted almost to insensibility, and lack of food had reduced his strength so that on the day's march he had been able to aid his companion but little. Weakened by his fever and lack of nourishment, the Indian was oblivious to the peril which growled in the brush or at times broke out into yelpings. He lay upon the ground near the fire and knew nothing.

As the flames sank lower, the circle of white-

forced death in the blackness closed in on the boy. Dimple Glen recognized that this night the wolves intended an actual attack, and he restrained himself from using his last vital re-

source. Waving the lighted branch, he turned to face, in the glow of his torch, a gaunt, grim creature, its lips curled back, its mouth dripping white froth, and its red eyes glinting fury.

With a gasping yell, Glen staggered toward the gray terror. But the wolf did not retreat until the lighted branch actually touched its shaggy head, then it slipped back into the darkness; but its red eyes—and other red eyes—told that the retreat was only a feint and that soon another attack would be made.

The bit of dry spruce branch has scarcely burned out to blackness, when it came. And again and again, as the brand flickered out, a new attack would be made, either by the leader of the pack or by one of the other wolves. The hours of frenzied fighting reduced Glen almost to actual madness. And no wonder! Gasping his cries, he would grope in the dark for another bit of branch. Then, in the gleam of his petty torch, he would stagger between Obie and an attacking wolf. On and on wore the night, and he never knew when, at length, the faint white light of a dull dawn came over the forest to the east, and the disappointed leader of the pack gave growling orders for a retreat.



"WAVING THE LIGHTED BRANCH HE TURNED TO FACE A GAUNT, GRIM CREATURE"

or he it against the moment of greatest need. At five he relapsed into unconsciousness, then he awoke and found himself awake, and from the brush around him the footfalls of paddled feet, the snapping of twigs, and low growls.

Suddenly came a savage yelp, as one of the wolf-packs. The leader of the pack leaped upon the boy, and was almost upon him when he saw the glimmer of light from one of his eyes. He turned to the right, and there he saw the

leader of the pack, a creature of a round top

The light trembled downward amid the trees; the wolves were far away; but the gasping protector of the unconscious Indian still staggered here and there with a charred and extinguished bit of spruce in his blackened and burned hand. Then he dropped to the ground, and, hours later, awakened to know that Obie was shaking him.

"The wolves! They are coming again! I hear them! See their eyes!" gasped Glen.

"It is day," said the Indian. "The wolves have gone. Last night I knew nothing. But

there are tracks—an arm's stretch from where I was; and burned bits of brush all about. I know! But for you, the gray wood-devils would have made their kill!" After a moment he added: "I am weak, so weak I cannot go farther. But even yet you can get near the settlements where the wolves never go. Yes, that is the way. You must go!"

For some time Glen did not reply. Gradually he was overcoming the horror of his fight. But he heard Obie, and at last he answered: "To-night the wolves will get us. I can never do what I did last night. Yes, the wolves will get us!" He shuddered and closed his eyes.

"No, you cannot fight the gray devils more," grunted the Indian. "But you have strength and you must go. You must travel fast."

Slowly Glen staggered to his feet. For a long time he looked his companion in the eyes. Then he spoke, pointing toward the river. "I don't know how you Indians would say what I want to say, but here 's my way of putting it: if your father or my uncle does n't get here in time and find us,—and, as you say, you cannot go any farther,—yes, the wolves will get us—to-night. Well, I shall leave you; leave the fellow who saved my life in the rapids! Yes, of course, I shall leave him to die alone! But that, Obie,—and listen to me, listen!—that will only be when all the water out there in the river has run away and the bottom rocks are dry everywhere. That 's my answer, old fellow!"

The Indian seemed to have been scarcely listening. He was gazing back into the forest, where the first light of a gloomy day obscured everything at a little distance. "You are young, but you are brave!" he said. "And as you have been talking your brave words, something back there in the mist, I know not what, but something has been talking, too; very low, but there are times when my people hear the forest voice, and I hear the forest voice. It is talking now, and it

says that the gray devils of sharp teeth, the gray devils will not make their kill. This is what I hear! The voice tells me more. It says that you and I shall live for many years, and that the beasts and river-devils, they shall never have us. This is what I hear, and you shall find it is a true word!"

In his half-delirium from weakness and fever had the Indian been granted the tongue of prophecy? It would really seem so. That noon, and in heavy rain, for a storm had begun, sitting at the side of Obie, who had not been able to rise, Glen heard a distant shout. Both the Indian and Glen weakly replied, and a half-hour later Obie's father and Glen's uncle emerged from behind a mass of willows at the edge of the river.

A little later Glen found himself sitting beside a good fire, with a blanket wrapped around him, eating some hot soup. And never will soup taste to Glen as it did that day.

When the party arrived at the settlement, Obie received the attention of a doctor, who said that the young Indian would not be even slightly lame and that the broken bone had been set almost as neatly as a surgeon could have done it.

And when Glen returns to his home and his scout-patrol in Chicago, his fellow scouts will doubtless call him by a name different from the name by which they have known him hitherto, for in the village were five Indians, guides and winter trappers for the Hudson's Bay Company. The five represented the tribe of which Samson and Obie are the hereditary chieftains, and, at a solemn meeting, Glen was made one of the tribe's warriors, with all the ancient ceremonies usual on such an occasion. His ordinary American name was written on a sheet of bark and burned over a fire. Then the ashes were strewn to the four winds, and his Indian name, as a youthful chieftain of the tribe, was given to him: "Wolf-Fighter—the chieftain who, while the river runs, leaves not alone his red brother."

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## FOR ME

By BENJAMIN OGDEN WILKINS

TEN thousand men have labored, digging coal both night and day,  
While other thousands searched the proper metals, in a way  
That seemed like magic; and the goal they finally could see:  
It was to make a lighter world, a brighter world—for me.

The wire spun, they placed it in its bed beneath the street,  
Then brought the ends up through our house, so speedily and neat;  
And the whole thing seemed like magic. Now I come in from the gloom,  
And merely press a button—and there 's sunlight in my room!



The snow-covered rocks in the stream  
The evergreen trees in the winter forest  
The snow-covered rocks in the stream  
The evergreen trees in the winter forest



# IN THE REALM OF THE FROST KING

By MARY WOODBURY CASWELL

DIAMONDS and pearls against the blue.  
Flashing bright as the sun strikes through;  
Traceries of the rarest lace  
Worn by the trees with stately grace.

Look through the jeweled boughs to the stream  
Frozen clear in the morning's gleam.  
Bind the skates on our flying feet.  
Pulses tingle, and life is sweet!

Elfin palace of fairy lore  
Never glowed like this dazzling shore—  
Slender poplars are pillars rare;  
Elms are arches that span the air;

All be-gemmed like Aladdin's hoard,  
Where the wealth of the world was stored.  
On we glide through the glittering hall,  
Decked by night at the Frost King's call.

Palms that droop in a waste of sand—  
Flowers and fruit in a drowsy land—  
Naught can give like the thrill we feel,  
Floating light on our wings of steel.

Care-free courtiers in throne-room pearled,  
Here on the shining top o' the world!  
Youth and Happiness hand in hand  
In this magical northern land.



# THE PURITAN ANCESTRY OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

At least for more than twenty years the fact of the Puritan ancestry of Abraham Lincoln has been proved, knowledge of this historical point is not so widespread as it should be. It takes a long time for such information to filter through the consciousness of minds steeped in picturesque tradition. Readers interested in looking into the details of this matter are referred to the preface to Ida Tarbell's "Life of Lincoln," and to Lea and Hutchinson's "Ancestry of Abraham Lincoln."

In the former work are clearly set forth the achievements of the eight Lincolns in the Puritan bands coming from Old Hingham, England, to Massachusetts' New England, naming their transplanted settlement, "Ye tree Plantation of New Hingham." Among these sturdy Puritan bands was one Samuel Lincoln, the great-great-great-grandfather of President Abraham Lincoln. The descendants of this youth achieved signal distinction in the history of New England, becoming minute-men, Revolutionary officers, governors, justices of the Supreme Court, heads of the Massachusetts bar, and cabinet officers under Jefferson and Madison.

After selling the Lincoln Mills, Massachusetts, one of Samuel Lincoln's grandchildren, named Mordecai, migrated to New Jersey, and thence to Pennsylvania, where the family owned forges and turnaces, held responsible positions, and were well-to-do people. Influenced by their kinsman, Daniel Boone, John Lincoln and his sons moved to Virginia.

Some years later (1780), John Lincoln's son Abraham (grandfather of the President, who was named for him) sold his patrimony in the Shenandoah Valley for \$25,000, commissioning Boone to invest the amount in 3200

acres of land on the Wilderne Road, in Kentucky. Had not this Abraham Lincoln been shot by an ambushed Indian shortly after his arrival there, his descendants would doubtless have been as renowned for their unbroken prosperity as for their sudden, accidental poverty. The straitened circumstances of the President's father, Thomas,—a mere baby when his father was killed,—were the first in a family history extending over two hundred years; and at its worst, this voluntary poverty was cheerily borne as a stepping-stone to better things.

In Lea and Hutchinson's scholarly book, the English lineage is plainly proved from legal records, centuries old; and eleven generations of liberty-loving ancestry are clearly traced in regular genealogical form, together with much interesting data regarding the English and American Lincolns.

Tradition dies hard, and the world loves vivid contrasts in penury and power; but since the matter of Lincoln's Puritan descent has long since been indisputably proved and recently ratified by the homeland,—at the ceremonies celebrating the erection of a memorial tablet and bust of our greatest American in the English church where his ancestors were baptized and recorded,—the log-cabin (invaluable as it was in shaping the character of its illustrious occupant) should now take its true place as an incident, rather than as an initial point, in the history of the prosperous, honorable and honored family of Abraham Lincoln, sixteenth President of our United States of America—the culminating flower of generations of brain power, as well as brawn.

CHARLOTTE BREWSTER JORDAN.

## THE UNVEILING OF THE LINCOLN BUST AT HINGHAM, ENGLAND

(As reported October 15, 1910, in the "Eastern Daily Press," of Norwich, England.)

"THE American ambassador, Mr. John Davis, visited Hingham yesterday, and was the leading participant in a well-organized ceremonial rendered to the honor of Abraham Lincoln. A band of patriotic Americans in the United States, including members of the Lincoln family, had combined to erect in the parish church a bronze bust of the famous Liberator President. Vigorous and appealing as a work of art, it occupies a niche on the north wall of the nave, and underneath is a stone bearing in white lettering the following inscription:

In the parish for many generations lived the Lincoln, ancestors of the American Abraham Lincoln. To him, greatest of that lineage, many citizens of the United States have erected this memorial, in the hope that for all ages—between that land and this land and all lands—there shall be malice toward none with charity for all.

The ambassador, in company with Mrs. Davis, arrived by motor-car at Hingham Rectory about fifteen minutes. They found themselves at once in an atmosphere of the most obvious re-

joicing. The bells of the fine old church of the parish were pealing merrily. "Bunting" was freely displayed, with the Stars and Stripes prominent everywhere. The Boy Scouts and Girl Guides had been mobilized for guard-of-honor purposes. The school-children were out in procession, carrying hundreds of little flags, and motor-car parties were arriving from all ends of the country."

### THE AMBASSADOR'S TRIBUTE

HAVING unveiled the bust, which was done immediately after the singing of the hymn, "All people that on earth do dwell," the ambassador, speaking from a small dais erected for him in the north aisle, delivered an address. He said:

"The whole earth is a sepulcher of famous men; and their story is not graven only on stone over their native earth, but lives on far away, without visible symbol, woven into the stuff of other men's lives." The stately words of the great Athenian echo down through the centuries. They come to us unbidden to-day, when we meet



CANON A. C. W. UPCHER, OF HINGHAM CHURCH, AND AMBASSADOR JOHN W. DAVIS ON THEIR WAY TO THE UNVEILING OF THE LINCOLN BUST

to unveil the sculptured presentment of a great and famous man. His native earth lies far away across the seas and mountains, and his body is sepulchered in the valley of the Mississippi, at the capital of the State in whose citizenship he was enrolled; but the inspiration of his life and labors extends around the globe, and this is but one of the many monuments which testify to the universality of his influence. The features upon which we gaze are so well known that they would be recognized throughout the civilized world; but there is a local significance in this ceremony which must not be overlooked. It was from this village that his progenitors set out almost three hundred years ago, to taste the great adventure of the New World, and to join with those bold and hardy pioneers who were carving a new home out of the trans-Atlantic wilderness. Samuel Lincoln, the Norfolk weaver, left Hingham, according to tradition, in the year 1637; Abraham Lincoln, his remote descendant, returns to-day in this memorial. It would be quite useless, if indeed it were not impossible, to attempt to trace from the one man to the other those qualities which shone at last in such enduring splendor. Those who puzzle over the mysterious laws of heredity pur-

sue a trackless path. But whether to an Englishman or to an American, there is cause for pride in the fact that this stock finally brought forth that rare and precious thing which men call genius.

"You will not expect me at this time to repeat the familiar story of Lincoln's career, unsurpassed in its contrasts of penury and power, of insignificance and fame, of utter failure and sweeping success, of final victory and swift martyrdom. The tale of the boy born in the remote cabin who grew to be the leader of his people and the peer of kings; of the illiterate frontier-man who became one of the greatest masters that the English tongue has known; of the village lawyer whom history acclaims as the savior of the Union and the emancipator of the slaves, has filled countless volumes and been the theme of tongues more eloquent than mine. In this place and to this audience I offer no apology for saying that it has never been better told than by an Englishman, Lord Charnwood; and that no summary of this character is more complete and accurate than that of another Englishman, John Bright. Three days after the news of Lincoln's death had stirred and shocked him, Bright wrote in his

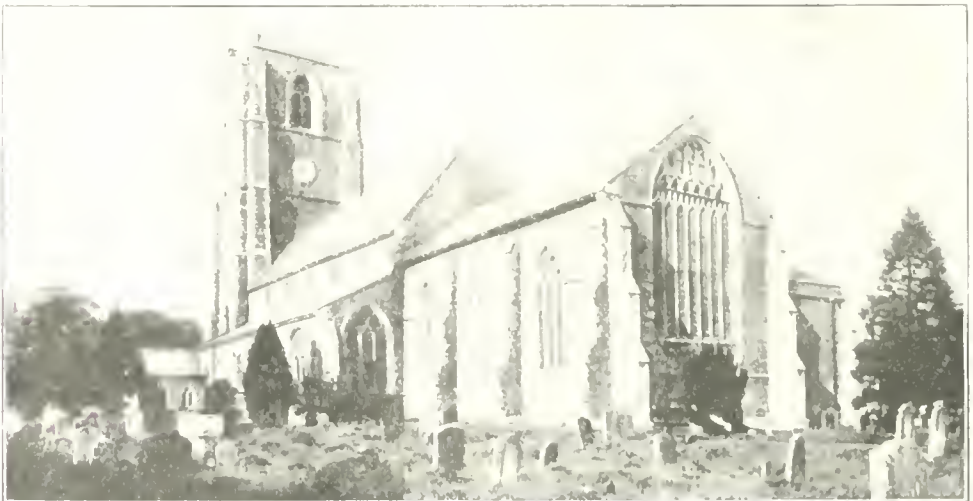
Journal. In him I have observed a singular resolution honestly to do his duty; a great courage—shown in the fact that in his speeches and writings no word of passion or of panic or of ill-will has ever escaped him; a great gentleness of temper and nobleness of soul, proved by the absence of irritation and menace under circumstances of the most desperate provocation; and a pity and mercifulness to his enemies which seemed drawn as from the very fount of Christian charity and love. His simplicity for a time did much to hide his greatness, but all good men everywhere will mourn for him, and history will place him high among the best and noblest of men."

"Honesty, courage, gentleness, nobility, charity, and simplicity—these are, indeed, the qualities which made Lincoln what he was, and which explain in part, at least, his lasting hold upon the imagination and affection of mankind. During his stormy life, he was reviled as have been few men of woman born—not excepting those who have preceded and followed him in his great, but tempestuous, office; but from the hour of his departure, history and the universal verdict of mankind have made John Bright's summary their own.

"And now, amid these sacred surroundings, we place this bust as a gift from America, as the likeness of one whose career we claim, not without pride, as typical of those things which make our country what it is. You receive it as the image of a great man of the Anglo-Saxon race, whose stock is rooted in this very soil, and in whom you have, with us, an equal ground for pride. But this monument would be out of place, even here in the home of his ancestors, if this were less truly a land where opportunity stretches out her hand to raise the humblest to the seats of might and

power; where high and low, rich and poor, weak and strong, stand in equal right before an equal law; and where liberty counts and has counted her thousands and her tens of thousands ready to fight, and if need be to fall, in her defense. For those who come to look upon this figure will remember that their lot, no matter how lowly, can be no more humble than was his; and that no handicaps which fate has fastened upon them can be heavier than those which he overcame. They will recall the shackles which he struck from the bondsman's limbs, and will be reminded that in his day, as in ours, liberty and democracy proved their power as they earned their right to rule in the affairs of men; and so reminded, they will be ready, as was he, to struggle and to die in the cause of human freedom and equality.

"It is the service of monuments, however, not only to allure the memory, but to inspire the will. We erect the statues of the great not that we may admire, but that we may imitate them. If we will but listen, they speak to us with no faltering or uncertain tongue. Can we doubt what message it is that falls from these sculptured lips to-day? Cannot we hear on both sides of the Atlantic, above the Babel of contending cries, the shouts of victor and of vanquished, above the clash of national ambitions and strivings, and the turmoil of domestic unrest, the familiar and deathless words of the second inaugural: 'With malice toward none, with charity for all; with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and for his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.'"



CHURCH OF THE SEVEN SISTERS, THE HOME OF THE FIVE GENERATION OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S PURITAN ANCESTOR, WERE BIRTHED, MARRIED, AND BURIED

# THE LINCOLN CYCLE

*A series of tableaux, songs, and recitations for Lyricists By a group*

By CHARLOTTE BREWSTER JORDAN

## PROLOGUE

*(Read or recited by the Chorople)*

Good morning, to-night we trace the trail  
Blazed by the Lincoln pioneer,  
And show their deeds and I warrant bring  
For near three hundred year.

Fight Lincolns joined the Purit of New  
Which left Old Hingham— their  
And for religious liberty  
Sailed to New England's shore.

New Hingham soon they tumbled there,  
Young Samuel Lincoln's name  
An ancestor of Abraham  
Has earned a right to fame.

Behold them landing with their goods,  
Their Bibles hid in leather boots,  
And greeted by the Indians,  
Chief Chickatabut at their head.

*(Missing tableau I.)*

Still friendly with the native tribes  
They smoke the pipe of peace,  
And with the sachem and his braves  
Sign purchase and release.

*(Missing tableau II.)*

As years passed by, unfriendly tribes  
Their just relations marred,  
So to their log-stocked church  
They went with gun and guard.

*(Missing tableau III.)*

Soon Samuel's sons and relatives  
Were numbered with the great,  
As minute-men and governors,  
One Secretary of State.

The Boston Tea-party engaged  
A grandson—emerge,  
Who, with his Mohawk Indians,  
Dumped tea-chests in the sea.

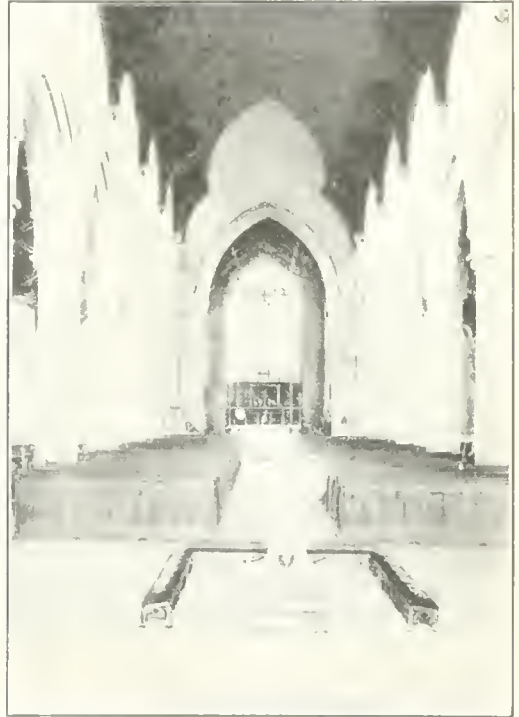
*(Missing tableau IV.)*

Another Lincoln, Hingham born,  
Though not of line direct,  
Compelled the British fleet to sail  
From Boston Harbor, decked  
With flags we would not tolerate,  
As general in the War  
Of Independence he, with zeal,  
Such active service saw,  
That Washington, his friend and chief,  
At Yorktown's grim surrender  
Deputed him to take the sword  
The conquered foe did tender.

*(Missing tableau V.)*

When Samuel's son left Hingham town, he soon  
A prosperous man became, proprietor  
Of iron works and of the Lincoln Mills.  
His wealth bequeathed to sons and grandsons.

Enabled them to buy rich farms, at first  
In Jersey, then in Pennsylvania  
Where one owned turnaces and forges famed,  
And his descendants, well-to-do always,  
Have prominent positions held; ofttime,  
Foreshadowing both in face and quaint diction speech



INTERIOR OF ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH, SHOWING THE NEW FONT. THE ORIGINAL ONE WAS PRESENTED TO THE CHURCH NEAR HINGHAM, MASSACHUSETTS.

Their great descendant's salient traits. Like him  
They showed that high trustworthiness which wins  
Implicit confidence from neighbors all—  
A priceless moral heritage. Alert  
For new adventuring, invited by the tales  
Of Daniel Boone, his Quaker kinsman bold,  
Whose daring thrilled the country-side  
And ever gained recruits. John Lincoln then  
Moved on into Virginia with his sons,  
One Abraham—for whom our President  
Was named, his grandson bold, a captain brave  
Who in the Revolution fought, soon sold  
His patrimony, bought Kentucky lands  
More than a thousand acres, and then trekked  
Boone's Wilderness Road. While clearing ground one  
day,

This man by ambushed Indian was shot dead.  
Two stalwart sons ran to the fort—Alone  
The youngest, covered by his father's side,  
An arrow lay on the ground to hit him up.

A babe born in frontier tent, sent through  
The Indian heart and saved the frightened child  
(Moving tableau VI.)

The spell cast by brave Daniel Boone,—  
The picture que bold scout  
Who hewed his way through trackless wilds  
And led the settlers on  
To those broad lands Kentucky claims,—  
Deserves our special note;  
His steadfast spirit blazed for us  
The wilderness remote.  
(Tableau VII. Boone and his dog.)

#### LINCOLN'S EARLIEST YEARS

(Recited by a young girl)

Had not the savage arrow fleet  
And low the pioneer,  
A very different history,  
A different atmosphere,  
Would have surrounded Lincoln's youth.  
We come now to the first  
Real poverty and tragedy—  
Prosperity reversed

The five-year-old, from Indian save I,  
Passed through life's struggles stern,  
And owned a farm at twenty-five  
Which he alone did earn.  
His youth was Thomas Lincoln, who  
When up to manhood grown,  
Married his playmate, Nancy Hanks,  
And built a cabin home.

Now Nancy was the frontier belle,  
Red-checked, with spirits high,  
A natter hand at loom and wheel,  
A housewife blithe and spry,  
To her intelligence and will  
Her children owed their schooling—  
An education first of all  
Was the maternal ruling.

With little Abra'm on her lap,  
Wee Nancy at her knee,  
She led them down the mystic path—  
Of fairy minstrelsy,  
And while she rocked young baby Tom,  
She taught them how to read,  
And, by the light of spice wood benches,  
Told them her simple creed.

All that she knew of legends old,  
Of tale and Bible lore,  
She poured into their eager minds,  
Flung open learning's door.  
No wonder that, in after years,  
Recalling that time's glow,  
Her son with reverence exclaimed;  
"The fact I only know—  
All that I am or hope to be,  
I to my mother owe!"

(Moving tableau VIII.)

(Sofa scene—a lady,—flashing during a storm.)

(To Character reference)

Kept the cabin seat behind  
And the hearth's chimney  
The simple woodman's household  
Of the frontier town

Behind the noted Lincoln brawn,  
There was a Lincoln brain,  
Surmounting rudest poverty  
Its man end to attain.  
Sixth generation in descent  
On the country's honor-roll,  
He shaped his mind to take its part,  
Kept clean and true his soul.  
Backwoodsman? Yes, but far above  
In mind and aspiration,  
The "homespun" comrades of his youth—  
The backbone of the nation  
Then straits were not ignoble—no,  
But cheerfully were borne,  
Were deprivations for a time,  
Of all self-pity shorn,  
Worn with the conscious dignity  
That grasped the situation,  
Filled acres in Virginia tan  
They'd freely left behind,  
Perchance here in the wilderness  
Still richer ones to find,  
'T was not belittling poverty  
But self-reliance fit  
Alert to brave the wilderness  
And wrest new life from it

The Lincolns had reached their place  
When Abra'm came of age  
And there he split the tannin rails  
Described on history's page,  
Enough were hewn by his broad ax  
Neatly to fence around  
The new log-cabin, strongly built  
Upon the new-ploughed ground,  
Four hundred rails for every yard  
Of jean, dyed walnut brown,  
To make the giant's trousers long—  
The longest in the town,  
And thus he did the work of three,  
Sunk deepest in the wood  
Was his fast-flashing, biting ax  
The rail-splitter made good  
(Tableau IX. Flash picture of a log-cabin scene)

All honor to this cabin tale  
The child it cradled here  
A world-deliverer became  
With the vision of the seer

He knew the sweeping prairie wide  
The wooded, vast expanse,  
The lying plain, the thinking deep,  
The life of rude romance.

By cabin hearth his eager mind  
Its first enlargement found  
For here he read the worth while book  
From fifty miles around.

Hearing a neighbor law books had,  
Though twenty miles away,  
He walked those miles to borrow them,  
And read till break of day.

Hereafter he was often heard  
Repeating low or loud,  
The points of the last pages read,  
His head in deep thought bowed.

Almost for more he once obtained  
A barrel bought by chance,

Which held some law-books, sheepskin bound—  
He knew them at a glance.

"Ne'er was my mind so deeply stirred  
By what I read," said he;  
"That set of Blackstone hidden there  
Unlocked the law for me."

So by the pine-knot's flaming glow,  
The household all in bed,  
His "five-foot shell" of well-thumbed books  
He studied and re-read.

(Moving tableau X.)

'T was thus he gained the Lincoln force, the clear  
And instantaneous vision, seeing true  
And acting swiftly on the mastered point,  
Intensifying thus his heritage  
From Attorney-general Lincoln, famed  
And honored head of Massachusetts' bar.  
This, with his honesty and kindly traits,  
Both humorous and human, won for him  
The nation's steady trust when came the great,  
The culminating, crisis of his life.  
Yet war ground down his stalwart soul, and oft  
The midnight found him wrestling in a lone  
Gethsemane within the garden's gloom.

(Moving tableau XI.)

While the following poem is recited by a soldier in knickerbockers,  
throw on the screen the Borglum "Seated Lincoln," after the  
original at Newark, N. J., showing the President in the  
White House gardens, against a background of tree-boughs.

Alone, upon the broad low bench he sits,  
From carping foes and friends alike withdrawn;  
With tragic patience, for the spirit dawn  
He waits; yet through the deep-set eyes, hope flits  
As he the back unto the burden fits.  
Within this rugged man of brains and brawn  
The quivering nation's high-power'd currents drawn,  
As waves of love and kindness he transmits.

O prairie poet, prophet, children's friend!  
Great-brained, great-willed, great-hearted man and  
true,

May we, like thee, in prayerful patience plod  
With courage toward the wished-for, peaceful end!  
May we thy helpful friendliness renew,  
Thou war-worn soul communing with thy God!\*

(The soldier, at side of stage, then recites "Lincoln and  
the Sleeping Sentinel.")

When visiting the camps one night,  
Distributing kind words of hope and cheer,  
He strolled off by himself, and found asleep  
A sentry, who as Lincoln later learned  
Had volunteered to take a sick friend's place.  
The President looked down upon the sleeping youth,  
Kept watch a while that he might rest, and then  
Arousing him, said to the trighted lad  
"None knows of this, my boy, but you and me.  
Take now your watch till daybreak, and forget  
The lapse you've made to-night, resolved to pledge  
Redoubled zeal unto your country's cause.  
Such strapping lads as you, I've found,  
Far better serve above than under ground."

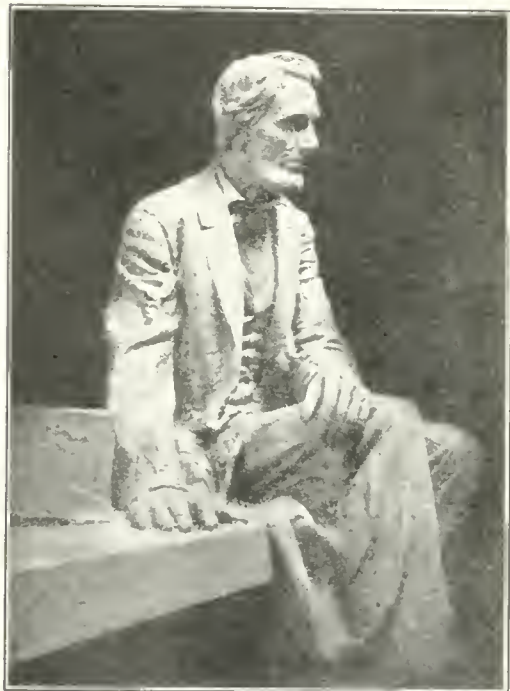
(Moving tableau XII, on darkened stage, Lincoln in  
shawl and high hat. Invisibly chorus, meanwhile, chant-  
ing low, "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground.")

\* Borglum's "Seated Lincoln" by Charlotte Brewster Jorlan, by courtesy of the New York "Sun." Copyright, 1909.  
By courteous permission of the author.

Recitation, by a young girl in Red Cross Uniform, of  
the Gettysburg Address, preceded by the following stanza:

The words that Abra'm Lincoln spoke  
Above our country's dead,  
Bear repetition at this hour  
When those whose blood was shed  
Abroad, speak to the country's heart.  
Hear what he nobly said:

(Recitation by a youth dressed as one of the boys in our  
navy, "O Captain! My Captain!" by Walt Whitman.)



ABRAHAM LINCOLN. FROM THE CLAY MODEL OF  
THE STATUE BY GUIZON BORGUM

(Recitation by a boy dressed as a lumberjack from  
"Lincoln, the Man of the People," † by Edwin Markham.)

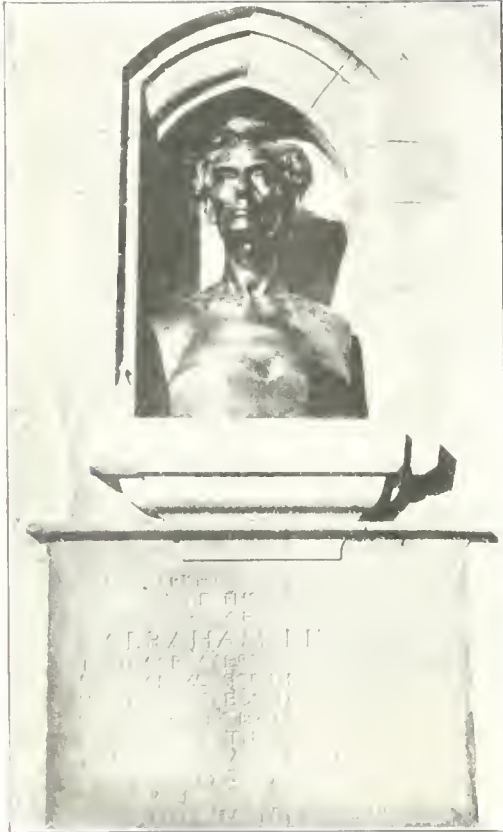
Up from log-cabin to the Capitol,  
One fire was on his spirit, one resolve—  
To send the keen ax to the root of wrong,  
Clearing a tree way for the feet of God,  
The eyes of conscience testing every stroke,  
To make his deed the measure of a man  
He built the rail-pile and he built the State,  
Pouring his splendid strength through every blow;  
The grip that swung the ax in Illinois  
Was on the pen that set a people free.

So came the Captain with the mighty heart;  
And when the judgment thunders split the house,  
Wrenching the rafters from their ancient rest,  
He held the ridge-pole up, and spiked again  
The rafters of the Home. He held his place—  
Held the long purpose like a growing tree  
Held on through blame and faltered not at praise  
And when he fell in whirlwind he went down  
As when a lordly cedar, green with boughs

And cast a lone, lone place upon the sky.

*The Chronology of the Tomb*

At the same time going down the years,  
Remembrance long to crystallize its tear  
In some memorial fit, whose permanence  
Shall tell the story generations hence  
Among the many monuments of stone  
And bronze, none does more fittingly outdone  
The loving veneration of both lands—  
Than that erected by compatriots' hand.



LINCOLN, BEST, BY DOUGLAS VOLK, AND MEMORIAL  
TABLET IN ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH,  
BIRMINGHAM ENGLAND

And recently set up on the north wall  
of St. Andrew's church, whose tall, square tower  
rises above the quaint old English scene  
of the hamlet, nothing on the village side  
is more home-like than the Lincoln tablet's claim.  
Where all day, in his ornaments and name,  
and past their reverent homage at the hour  
of prayer, who touched the extremes of penury and power.

*The 1861-62, among the Guard of Honor mobilized  
in the funeral party, the two lines waving small flags and  
singing "The Star-spangled Banner." When the curtain  
closed upon the scene, the head of the steps forward and*

The young men of the Boy Scouts on one side  
and the girls of the other, forming the  
line of honor, their hands held there close.

In stately line, official groups which marched  
Into the church where he was near his veil.  
They never, never can forget that day!  
The bells were pealing, bands were playing, car  
From 'round the country-side were rolling in,  
Bright bunting festooned every nook, and flags  
Of both lands flung united welcome forth.  
Each Guard of Honor had our starry flag  
To wave when the unveiling party passed  
A thousand folk were gathered in the church  
And waiting there to see and hear it all—  
The singing of the anthems of both lands;  
The bishop pleading for the Nations' League,  
And then—and then came our ambassador,  
Removed the veil from off the marble face  
Of their great kinsman, back from overseas.

They had been waiting three long years to see  
What could be in that heavy box which came  
In war times and was hid beneath the church  
That the grim Zeppelins, flashing by, might not  
Destroy their treasure hidden there. He said  
The American ambassador—that need  
Three hundred years ago, this wonder-man's  
Great-great-great-great-grandfather was a lad,  
A village chap like them, and played in game  
Upon the farlands; then to the New World  
He sailed with neighbors, friends, and kinsmen there  
His children and their children's sons did we  
Then parts, in war, in law, in church and state  
And this one—poorest of them all—became  
The greatest, truest, tenderest friend to man.  
We're glad he has come back to them! Some day  
We hope to see this gray old church, where years  
And years ago his grandfathers were baptized,  
And read the words imprinted there beneath  
His sad and kindly, understanding face,  
It helps one try to do the humble things  
He did till called to do the splendid things.

Now that his birthday's here again, we form  
In double lines, rehearse the glorious day,  
And say once more these words, deep graven on  
The tablet 'neath our hero's monument:

In This Parish for Many Generations  
LIVED THE LINCOLNS  
Ancestors of the American  
ABRAHAM LINCOLN  
To him, Greatest of that Lineage,  
Many Citizens of the United States  
Have Erected this Memorial  
In the Hope that for All Ages between That  
Land and This Land and All Lands  
Here Shall Be  
Mahee Toward None  
With Charity For All

EPHODUE

*Spoken by the Chronicler*

He—Lincoln—comes into his own!—Complete  
The cycle which the centuries have wrought.  
The long, long trail leads surely back into  
The homeland church which now receives its child,  
Re-welds the chain which links our countries dear,  
Loved leader of leaders,  
Brave captain of men,  
From homeland to homeland,  
We greet thee again!

*In a stately choir chant softly "The Battle Hymn of the  
Republic" as the organ plays a tall*



## SUGGESTIONS

## TABLEAU I

A PROCESSION of emigrants, carrying their household goods and children with them, greeted by Indians, as shown in the illustrations of United States histories. A contemporary record describes the dress of these Puritan settlers of Hingham as follows: "Men in tall-crowned, broad-brimmed hats, short coats, close-belted, with broad buckle in front, knee-breeches, long stockings and buckled shoes, and long capes hanging gracefully from the shoulders. The women wore becoming hoods, faced with fur, straight, rather short, skirts, and long, enveloping coats." Their costumes were much like those of their neighbors in the near-by colony of Plymouth.

## TABLEAU II

Four Indians make their mark on the deed of purchase, 1668, and smoke the pipe of peace.

## TABLEAU III

From Boughton's famous picture, "Puritans going to Church." This can be found in any library, with the assistance of the librarian, and also in the Perry prints.

## TABLEAU IV

From illustrations in United States histories of the Boston Tea-Party.

## TABLEAU V

From illustration in United States histories. The surrender of Cornwallis is thus described:

"The scene of the surrender was most imposing. The army was drawn up in two lines, extending over a mile—the Americans on one side, with General Washington at the head, and the French at the other, with Count Rochambeau. The captive army, about seven thousand in number, with slow step, shouldered arms, and eased colors, marched between them. A prodigious crowd, anxious to see Cornwallis, had assembled, but the haughty general, vexed and mortified at his defeat, teigned illness, and sent his sword by General O'Hara. With a fine delicacy of feeling, Washington directed it to be given to General Lincoln who, eighteen months before, had surrendered at Charleston."

(*Barnes' History.*)

## TABLEAU VI

"One morning in the early summer of 1785, going out to his daily task of clearing the woods, with his two elder sons and the child Thomas, Abraham Lincoln was shot dead by an Indian from an ambush in the forest. The two young men, aged twenty-one and nineteen respectively, fled—the elder to the cabin and the younger to the nearest stockade, leaving the helpless infant of five years to his fate beside his father. As the savage stooped to lift the terrified child from the ground, Mordecai, who had secured his rifle, shot the Indian through the heart, and little Thomas, thus released, escaped to the cabin, where his brother held the enemy at bay until Josiah returned from the fort with assistance, and the assailants fled." (*The Ancestry of Lincoln*) by Lea & Hutchins.

## TABLEAU VII

Picture of Daniel Boone the pioneer, with his dog—may be found on page 25 of McClure's "Early Life of Abraham Lincoln" (Library Number, 1896—in any library), or in Tarbell's "Life of Abraham Lincoln."

## TABLEAU VIII

Cabin room with spinning wheel, baby in cradle, which Nancy Hanks, Abraham Lincoln's pretty young mother, rocks with her foot; soon she stops her spinning, breaks up brush and throws it on the fire, takes five-year-old Abraham on her lap, and with seven-year-old Nancy at her knee, teaches them to read from an old Bible. Soft lullaby during tableau.

## TABLEAU IX

Flash picture of log-cabin on sheet, or have a rude model, with a background of trees. Large branches will serve for trees.

## TABLEAU X

In all representations of Abraham Lincoln, arrange the tableau so that his face is hidden. In his early days, his clothing consisted of "trousers of roughly tanned deerskin; his foot covering, home-made moccasins; his cap, a coon skin; his open-throated shirt of homespun linsey-woolsey."

Curtain goes up, showing Lincoln lying, face downward, on the floor. He throws on a pine knot, making extracts from his reading with "a turkey-buzzard pen and briar-root ink. When he had no paper he would write on a board, and thus preserve his selections till he procured a copy-book. The wooden fire-shovel was his usual slate, and on its back he ciphered with a charred stick, shaving it off when covered. The legs and boards near by he filled with figures and quotations. He kept his books in the cracks of the logs."

## TABLEAU XI

Lincoln in the dusk of the White House garden at midnight—background of tree branches. He is seated, sunk in thought, on a low bench without a back, his high hat on the seat beside him, after the Borglum "Seated Lincoln," at Newark, New Jersey.

## TABLEAU XII

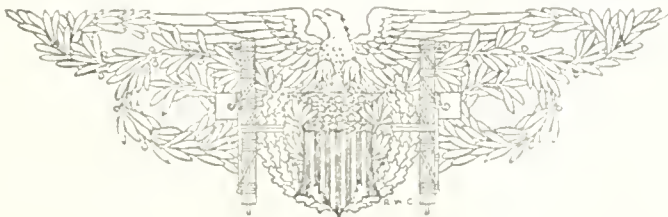
Dim figure of recumbent soldiers and white tent. Lincoln, in his high hat and hanging shawl, comes, and discovers the sentinel asleep; invisible chorus chanting softly, "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground."

## TABLEAU XIII

The Guard of Honor, as described on preceding page.

All these scenes may be represented as tableaux, perfectly motionless, but many of them will be more interesting if acted like a motion picture. The music will be more effective, if invisible. If necessary, some of these tableaux may be omitted, or other well-known scenes from Lincoln's life may be substituted, if preferred.

The narrative poems, between the recitations, may be read by a good reader, but will be more acceptable if spoken by a chronicler, dressed in medieval costume.



# THE LUCK OF DENEWOOD

By EMILIE BENSON KNIPE and ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

Author of "The Lucky Sixpence," "Beatrice of Denewood," "Vive la France!" etc.

## SYNOPSIS OF THE PREVIOUS INSTALLMENTS

PROFESSORS, joint her with her brother Jack to the estate of Denewood, in Germantown, which they are too poor to keep up and have rented as a school for girls, receives a letter from her brother, an officer with the A. E. F., saying that a relative of the family, a French girl named Beatrice de Soulange, has come to him asking for assistance, and he has thought it best to send her to America. Her brother, Louis de Soulange, an officer in the French army, in an aeroplane flight over the lines, has disappeared and is "missing." Peg, who lives with her aunt in the lodge at Denewood, is talking this news over with her cousin, Betty Powell, when the French girl unexpectedly arrives—a girl of their own age, deeply interested in the Denewood books and the history of their house. Her first desire is to see the lucky sixpence, then Tanny Tadsman, and when she is told that it has been lost for a century she is astounded at the girls' indifference and declares her belief that with it was lost the luck of Denewood. Full of gratitude for their whole-hearted hospitality, she determines to find the sixpence and restore the luck of the house. Beatrice plans to hunt for it, and, to that end, is anxious to become a pupil at Maple Hall, as the school at Denewood is called. Miss Maple reserves her for a day, to whether or not she will admit Beatrice to the school, because the girl is not fitted for any one of the regular forms.

## CHAPTER VII

### THE SEARCH BEGINS

THERE could have been very little doubt in Mrs. Powell's mind about Miss Maple's final decision in regard to Béatrice's admission to the school, for on Monday morning, when the other girls were at their lessons, she drove over from Chestnut Hill with the announcement that she had decided upon a shopping expedition. This was pleasing news to Aunt Polly, who twittered with delight, and Béatrice also grew excited at the prospect. The latter was quick to appreciate the practical interest this capable cousin took in her, and responded to it with a winning frankness.

"The first thing we must do is to buy your school uniforms, my dear," Mrs. Powell said to Bé, when they were well started.

"Then you think Miss Maple will 'ave me, eh?" asked Bé, with her ready smile.

"I'm almost sure of it," Mrs. Powell rejoined; "but at any rate, you'll need clothes."

"Yes," murmured Bé, her face sobering, "all I've got are those so 'orrid black ones. Indeed, Cousine Elizabeth, I cannot put them on myself."

"Of course you can't, dear," Aunt Polly hastened to assure her. "The gentle little wren could not bear to see the shadows gather in this new world's eyes."

"I should n't think of letting you wear them," Mrs. Powell asserted, giving Bé's hand an affectionate pat. "You shall have everything just as you want it."

And Mrs. Powell kept her promise well. Béatrice, with shining eyes, went through the big store, coveting valiantly and comparing them with the cheap Paris with which she seemed to have become so familiar. It was not because in such matters she was more experienced than American

girls of her age, and Mrs. Powell discovered that she might safely leave many decisions to her, as she showed excellent taste and sensible judgment in her selections.

The older woman watched Bé's attempts at bargaining with amusement and interest, and noted her dismay when, after translating dollars into francs, she realized how much more she would have to spend here than in France for the same things.

"Oh, but it is dreadful how everything it is so costly!" She exclaimed more than once. And then, catching a smile on Mrs. Powell's face, she hastened to explain: "It is not, *ma cousine*, that my brother Louis would regret that I spend the money. No, no! But it is not as it should be that any one is cheated. What then becomes of the poor, who must squeeze each franc? They suffer because the rich do not care what they pay. In France we think that is not right."

"Nor is it, my dear," Mrs. Powell agreed; "but each country has its customs. America might learn many lessons from France."

In spite of the high prices, Béatrice spent a wonderful morning, and Aunt Polly took as much joy in the shopping as the girl herself. They drove home, at last, with the roomy car piled high with bundles, and Mrs. Powell felt well repaid for her trouble in the pleasure she had given.

"How is it that I can thank you?" Béatrice asked, looking up into Mrs. Powell's face wistfully. "I cannot say, even in French, what I feel here in my heart."

When they arrived at the lodge and all the packages were taken in, Mrs. Powell said good-by for the time being.

"No, I must go back to my babies," she answered in response to Aunt Polly's invitation to luncheon.

"But you will keep a list of all the dollars you spend for me?" Bé said, putting her head into the car at the final parting.

"Don't worry about that, Bé, my child," the older woman rejoined lightly, and would have changed the subject at once had not Béatrice persisted.

"Please, you will write it all down," she begged, "because when my brother he 'ave arrive here, he will want very much to know. If I cannot tell him, he will scold. You would not want that I should be scold?"

"No, dear, I should n't," Mrs. Powell laughed back.

"Oh, it is not to laugh," Bé insisted. "Me, I think never of money; but Louis, he is very proud, you understand, and he would not like that his sister owe a debt."

"But, my child, it is such a small matter!" Mrs. Powell protested gently.

"But yes, that is so," Béatrice agreed, "therefore that small matter you will let us pay. For the goodness," she went on earnestly, "for all the kindnesses, for the *homeness* you 'ave made me feel—all that I can never pay." Tears came into the girl's eyes, and Mrs. Powell leaned forward and kissed her.

"My dear," she said softly, "you are one of us. There must be no talk of pay. But don't worry your head about the money; I 'll keep track of that, if it will make you happier. For the debt of kindness you speak of, remember you have a double claim upon us, because Denewood was the home of one of your ancestors; but you have changed the claim into a pleasure by making us all love you."

"Ah, *ma chère cousine*," murmured Béatrice, happily, "you 'ave a so dear way of saying things, and it is nize to be love'."

A FEW days later Miss Maple sent for Béatrice, and, after an inquiry into what she had studied at home, arranged classes for her, and the girl was formally admitted into the school. Even before this she had taken her place in the little household at the lodge, and Aunt Polly was heard to say, now and then, that she did n't know how they had ever got along without Bé; while Selma, who rarely smiled and went about her work with a face of grim resignation, seemed to wear a more cheerful countenance when Bé was in the house. Peg and her French cousin were together constantly, and their sincere affection for each other grew apace. In addition, Betty and her sister Horatia, who was several years younger than the other girls, were both devoted to Bé, particularly the latter, who insisted that Cousin Béatrice was the only girl she knew who did n't treat her "like a kid."

And, as Mrs. Powell had predicted, the pupils at Miss Maple's school welcomed the stranger cordially. It was quite impossible to be distant with a girl who proclaimed aloud that everybody in America was "so nize!" and took for granted that a reflection of her own generous friendliness was to be expected from all with whom she came in contact. She was always sweet-tempered, always ready to help with a bit of difficult French translation, or to play the piano for the others to dance. So that, all in all, there were many good reasons why Bé should be popular with the girls. Then, too, she worked hard at her lessons, laughing gaily at her own inevitable mistakes; and her instructors soon realized that she had the quick intelligence that makes an interesting pupil.

Nor did Peg, who was most popular herself, and who "adored" Bé more and more every day, neglect any opportunity to emphasize her cousin's attractions. She recounted Bé's adventures in France during the war and spoke of her lost brother, with a strict warning to her auditors that no breath of doubt of his ultimate return should be expressed in Bé's hearing. She enlarged upon the importance of the Soulange family in France, and did not fail to point out the romantic fact that the head of the house was a marquis.

There was, however, just one person at Maple Hall who, if she had spoken her mind, would have said that she disliked Béatrice de Soulange heartily, and that was the principal of the establishment. Miss Maple herself was Bé's failure. She could not win that lady's friendship, try as she might. Perhaps, indeed, she tried too hard; but it is more likely that, having in a measure been forced to admit this French girl into her school, Miss Maple could not quite overcome her resentment. But, doubtless, the chief cause of her antipathy was the fact that Béatrice was a resident of Denewood Lodge, which circumstance made a barrier that no amount of charm could overcome.

It cannot be said that Miss Maple let her feelings overcome her sense of justice, and neither Peg nor Béatrice could point to any flagrant exhibition of the antagonism they knew existed; but Miss Maple could not hide her animosity. Never, in her rather narrow life, had she wanted anything so much as she had wanted Denewood. From the time when she had started her first school of five little girls in a tiny house with a leaky roof, she had gazed at the great mansion longingly, and had planned what she could do if it were hers. She had worked hard, and her school had prospered exceedingly, until that "if" had changed to "when."

Indeed, it had been freely predicted in German town that, sooner or later, the Travers would be obliged to sell; but after a most generous offer for

the place had been refused, Miss Maple was forced to conclude that Denewood would never belong to her, and she developed a personal and rather unjust dislike for all the Travers, as if they had deliberately planned to thwart her dearest wish.

Even in renting the place, there had been restrictions in the lease that were galling to Miss Maple, and the prohibition against calling her establishment "The Denewood School" necessitated her adoption of the name "Maple Hall," which title was a constant reminder of her greatest disappointment.

But to Bé, her failure to win Miss Maple's confidence was a blow she felt keenly, for it was in the schoolmistress's rooms that she hoped to find some trace of the lost sixpence. Despite all her new interests, the girl had never for a moment forgotten that. She meant to find the broken coin again. She was convinced that all the Denewood troubles had, in some unexplainable way, been caused by its disappearance, and that fate had brought her to America to recover it. Moreover, in her mind, her brother's return seemed to depend upon the accomplishment of the task she had set herself.

The difficulties, however, grew more and more formidable as she and Peg considered the matter. When she had first gone to Maple Hall, the two had looked about in secret; but after weeks of fruitless effort, they took other girls into their confidence, and presently most of the school was on the hunt whenever an opportunity offered.

Soon Miss Maple became aware of a certain vague excitement throughout the place. It did not, apparently, interfere with lessons. The classes continued as before; but there was much whispering and secret arguing going on among animated groups, for finally neither Miss Maple nor her assistants could find any explanation.

It was some time before Miss Maple's curiosity was gratified. There came a rainy day, and, the girls being forced to stay indoors during the afternoon recess, some of them called loudly for Bé to play the piano for them so that they might dance in the spacious hall. Finally, one of the younger girls, Horatia Powell as it happened, thrust her head over the stair-rail and called down.

"Can't you be quiet? Bé's busy!"

"Busy! What's she doing?" was the not unusual return.

And Horatia replied importantly:

"Hush! She's searching for it, you know! She thinks she has a clue!"

At that there was a general rush for the staircase. At one end of the old house was a large room which had once been the nursery, and was now used as a dormitory. Its present legitimate proprietors were all seated on the beds, with their

feet tucked up under them, in defiance of all rules, while, armed with large reading-glasses, Bé and Peg, on their hands and knees, were crawling over the floor, examining each crack with extreme care. Coming to the base-board, they separated and went around the edges of the walls, scrutinizing the joints of the wood, tapping here and there to make sure no hidden hollow lay behind, and leaving no spot until they were satisfied there was nothing to be found there.

The new-comers crowded through the doorway, calling out for information.

"Oh, 't is nothings," said Bé, straightening up, and pushing her hair back from her forehead! "only this was once the nursery, and we think Little John might have hided it here."

"So we're Sherlock-Holmesing around," said Peg; adding, "I wish you young things would go away and allow the master minds to concentrate."

"May I ask what childish pastime demands such undignified attitudes?" Miss Maple's voice struck on the ear with a clang like metal. In a moment each girl in the room had jumped to her feet and returned to normal. Most of them looked more or less scared, although just what their crime was they did not know.

Of all of them, Peg alone felt a great desire to laugh. After all, they were on such a wild-goose chase. Searching for something that had been lost for a century! Miss Maple would surely think they were idiots.

But Béatrice, her eyes shining, advanced to meet the principal.

"We search—you will be so interest'," she said with entire naturalness, "for a sixpence of this house which was los' a hundred years ago by the little grandson of Béatrice of the picture. But we do not fin' it yet," she added rather sadly.

Miss Maple could hardly believe her ears.

"But this is nonsense!" she said sharply. "A waste of time!"

"No, no!" Bé assured her sweetly. "It would be so useful, this sixpence. It has all the luck of the house in it. If we fin' it, then cousin Jack and Paig, they come back here to live. That is sure!"

Miss Maple laughed a little discordantly.

"Don't be foolish, Béatrice, my child," she said, scarcely troubling to hide her contempt. "You must know that one sixpence would hardly start your cousins on the road to affluence."

"Ah, but this is not *one* sixpence; it is *the* sixpence!" Bé urged. "It is their lucky sixpence! It is magics!"

Miss Maple shook her head. "That is a superstition that the world has outgrown long ago," she said. "It can't be *this* that has kept the whole school in an hysterical flutter for the last month?"

You girls are really too old to believe such nonsense."

Béatrice did not answer, but one of the older girls plucked up courage to reply. "We thought there was no harm in it, Miss Maple," she said, "and it made a most exciting game—to hunt for something that no one had laid eyes on for a hundred years. Of course, I see now that it was silly. We were all thinking of that sixpence as if it were Aladdin's lamp and that, once it was found, all Peg Traversers would have to do was to rub it and have everything she wanted."

"It is a sheer waste of time that might be better employed," Miss Maple said gravely. "I cannot let the school be turned upside down for any such quixotic nonsense."

"But we overturn nothing, Miss Maple!" Bé clasped her hands nervously. "We hunt so carefully."

"You cause a great deal of excitement and unnecessary confusion," Miss Maple rejoined. "Here are all these girls, who should be dancing or amusing themselves healthfully, crowded into one room. It confirms my intention of making a new rule. Béatrice, Margaret, and all the other day-scholars, go down at once to the ground floor and do not come up again. So much

clattering on the stairs is very disturbing and, from now on, I forbid all except boarding-scholars to go above the first landing of the staircase."

## CHAPTER VIII

### A PRIVATE COMMUNICATION

Miss Maple's edict was not to be gainsaid. Her decisions upon matters of school discipline were final; but while the new rule affected fully half of the scholars, Peg and Bé felt it was aimed at them.

"Come on home," Peg said crossly; "we can talk things over there. We don't have to stay if we don't want to."

But Bé demurred.

"It 's better that we stay," she insisted. "See



"MAY I ASK WHAT CHILDISH PASTIME DEMANDS SUCH UNDIGNIFIED ATTITUDES? MISS MAPLE'S VOICE STRUCK ON THE EAR"

your so great grandmother over there? She smile at us to give us courage. Let us not run away."

So the two girls joined the others in the hall, and Bé played the piano until late in the afternoon, when she and Peg started for the lodge under one umbrella.

"Of course," Bé began, as soon as they left the house, her thoughts still centered upon the lost sixpence, "we 'ave already looked such a good deal upstairs."

"But there 's lots of it we have n't been over." Peg replied hopelessly. She was ready to confess, if any one had asked her, that she had not the faith of her cousin and that the difficulties piling up seemed to make the task impossible.

"Yes, I know," Bé answered thoughtfully; "and there 's still Miss Maple's chamber—"

"We can never get in there now," Peg interrupted.

"And the two pieces might both be upstairs or both downstairs," Bé went on musingly. "Then there are the cellars."

"Oh, goodness!" cried Peg. "There are miles of cellars. Little Jack could n't have gone down there."

"We cannot know," Bé argued. "Those boys—they might think it fine to dig for their pirate treasure."

"We 'll never find it if it 's buried," Peg said despairingly.

"But yes, we will," cried Bé, "because we mus'. Always you can do things if you mus'."

But, in spite of Bé's faith, the days lengthened into weeks, until an early spring started the sap running in the old trees at Denewood, and still the girl was no nearer her heart's desire. She talked less about it, too; but still Peg knew that the hope of finding the broken coin was never long out of her thoughts.

Meanwhile, letters came from Jack—always delayed, but with fair regularity. A cheerful message for Béatrice was never forgotten, nor a warning to guard the girl against hope lest her subsequent disappointment would be greater than she could bear. It occurred to Peg more than once that her brother seemed greatly interested in Bé's affairs. Poor Bé, who held her breath at each visit of the old postman, hoping against hope that he might have brought her, this time, some word of her missing brother, while with each disappointment, the conviction grew within her that she would hear nothing until the sixpence was found.

But she did not speak of this even to Peg. The two events were too remotely associated to bear any relation to each other. What influence the Denewood sixpence could have upon the life or death of Louis de Soulange, Béatrice herself could not have answered.

Jack Travers had written Mr. Powell that the most diligent search had failed to disclose anything to lead him to suppose that Louis de Soulange was alive. He was not a German prisoner, nor had he ever been. His brother officers in the aviation corps, of which the young Frenchman had been a most popular member, had done their utmost to find a trace of him, without result. This Jack had written to his cousin in detail and

that the young man, knowing how serious any doubt that her brother lived might prove to Béatrice, decided, after a talk with Mrs. Powell, that they would keep the matter to themselves. They had all grown to love the girl dearly, and so she failed to note the added tenderness they unconsciously showed toward her at this time.

Then one day, after school, Betty and Horatia Powell arrived at the lodge to make an indefinite visit. The Powells had just congratulated themselves that the family had escaped the epidemic, when Marjory came down with influenza, and Mrs. Powell at once sent the older girls to Aunt Polly in order that they might continue at school. So all four of the girls were crowded into the little house, and Miss Travers was in a constant flutter of delight at having her nest full of fledglings.

Late one afternoon, as it was growing dark, Peg, returning alone from Maple Hall, met Mr. Lynch making his last trip with the mail. He hailed her, holding aloft a letter and crossing the driveway to her side.

"It 's yourself who 'll be savin' me a trip back," he explained, handing her an envelop. "I 'm growing old, and that 's a fact. My thick head 's sparing me no steps these days. I walked past the lodge and clean forgot this. You 'll note 't is tied up with red, white, and blue, though it 's all alone it is."

It was a letter for Peg from across the seas, and old Mr. Lynch understood and forgave the girl for her absent response to his hearty good night. She opened the letter at once; but as she unfolded the thin sheets, there fell out a separate inclosure marked "Private" in large printed capitals.

Peg stooped and picked it up with a feeling of wondering curiosity, and stopped where she was, in order to read it immediately.

"I 'm writing this on a separate sheet, because no one else must see it, especially Beatrice. Something has happened; but there may not be anything in it at all, so I don't want the child stirred up for nothing. I have n't time to write you much now, but please look up for me the description of the Soulange ring in the Denewood book that tells about it. I forget which one it is, but you 'll know. Do this right away. It 's important, and there 's no time to lose. I 'm enclosing this in a general letter to the family. Get a move on you, and maybe my next letter will tell you more about it. But don't let Beatrice get any false hopes, no matter what happens. She had one most unfortunate experience over here. A French officer came along saying he was sure he knew where Louis was, and then it turned out to be somebody else and the poor child went all to pieces. Our doctor says she can't stand that sort of thing again. Any sudden news of Louis, good or bad, might have a very bad effect upon her, and that was my chief reason for sending her to you. So the less said about Louis to Bé, the better. I know you 'll be careful. If anything turned up again, seeming to confirm her belief that her brother is alive, and then we found out that it was n't true, it might be very serious. Good by." JACK

Peg danced a little with excitement as she stowed the mysterious note in the pocket of her sweater and started on a run toward the lodge. Between curiosity as to what it all meant, and the novelty of having a secret of her brother's to keep, she felt very important indeed.

She burst into the house, calling that she had a letter from Jack, and presently they were all gathered in the living-room to hear it; but there was no reference in it to the subject referred to in Peg's note, and the girl did not find this long communication so interesting as her brother's letters usually were, perhaps because she was conscious of that private message secreted in her pocket, which she could n't put out of her mind.

During dinner and all the evening Peg kept puzzling over the matter, till Betty remarked upon her vague and unsatisfactory replies to all questions addressed to her.

"What on earth have you on that brilliant mind of yours?" she demanded once or twice.

"Oh, nothing," Peg answered; but the reply was scarcely satisfactory.

It was not only wondering why Jack wanted a description of the Soulange ring that kept Peg's thoughts busy; she was at her wit's end to know how she was going to send the information to him without the other girls discovering what she was doing. She was sharing her room with Betty, but Horatia, being a very practical young person with a system of her own for her studies, was at that moment hard at work at Peg's desk. Peg could hardly disturb her without some explanation, while she certainly could not copy the needed description in the living-room without being asked why, and what for, and to whom it was to be sent?

Of course, the letter must be mailed the first thing in the morning. That was settled, even if it should be necessary to get up in the middle of the night and sneak downstairs alone to do it. But Peg hoped against hope that they might all go to bed early and leave her alone for the few minutes that would be required.

About nine o'clock, Aunt Polly and Betty *did* go up to investigate a new pill that the old lady had just discovered; but Bé remained in a corner, quietly reading. The two girls sat silent for a time, and then Béatrice let the book drop into her lap with an involuntary sigh. Peg watched her for a moment and felt more than the usual sympathy for her brave cousin, guessing what was going on in her mind.

"Thinking of that sixpence, old dear?" she remarked, with assumed cheerfulness, rising and going to the sofa. "Come over here and tell your Peg all about it."

"Is it that you make fun?" Bé asked, as the two sat down side by side. "For me it is such

earnestness. I mus' fin' that sixpence! I mus'! I mus'!"

Peg put her arm about her cousin. She had realized for some time that the first few hours after a letter came from Jack were hard for Béatrice to bear. Sitting thus, of a sudden she thought she caught a glimpse of a solution of the meaning of the mysterious little note her brother had sent. Perhaps he had heard something that had set him on the track of Louis de Soulange, and the ring might be the proof of it? Perhaps he already had the ring and wanted to make sure it was the right one?

Peg seized upon this idea, which set her heart glowing with hope. It was on the tip of her tongue to tell Béatrice what was in her mind; but she knew that it was for fear of this very thing that Jack had been so careful to inclose his communication privately. Clearly she must keep all such speculations to herself.

"I want to find that sixpence as much as you do," she answered soberly.

"Sometimes I think to fin' it will bring me word of Louis," Bé whispered timidly, her heart too full to keep this growing conviction hidden any longer.

"Perhaps," said Peg; "but I'm sure our brothers will come home together, anyway."

Béatrice turned to her with eyes wide with joy.

"Oh, Paig! Paig!" she cried. "is it that you, too, really believe that? That you mean it? That you do not say it jus' to please me?"

"Of course I mean it," Peg insisted; and in view of the interpretation she had put upon Jack's note to her, there was a tone of deep sincerity in her voice that went straight to Béatrice's heart.

"Oh, but it is 'appy you 'ave made me, Paig!" Bé exclaimed. "If we two believe so sure, then indeed mus' they come back to us."

"Of course they will!" Peg asserted positively. "They 'll come walking in some day when we least expect them, safe and sound. Don't you worry."

"Oh, but *how* you are a comfort," Bé murmured, nestling close to Peg. "If you knew how it is good to hear such words! Now I can talk to you of my Louis, because you too believe he is alive. And indeed he is wonderful. You will say 'yes' to that when you have see' him. But how could I speak of him when all say, 'Be resign', mademoiselle. He die for France'? But to that I 'ave reply', '*Non! non! non!*' Better Louis *live* for France! She 'ave need of men! I say that over and over to myself, and his name it hum' in my heart till sometimes I think it mus' burst! But now I can tell you of him and not feel that you are thinking, 'But nowhere in this world is there a Louis de Soulange.'"

Peg pressed her cousin close, the mingled pain

and joy in Bé's voice moving her almost to tears.

"And now I'm going to bed to sleep," Bé said, jumping up. "I thought I should lie awake thinking, thinking, thinking! When a letter come' from France, I am, what you say, 'all broke up' for a little while, because I am expect' that which has not come—a word from Louis. But now I know that some day that message will come."

She leaned down and kissed Peg on both cheeks, whispering in her ear, "Good night, Paig! Sleep well! You 'ave made your Béatrice, oh, so 'appy!"

She ran off, and Peg, in a moment more, was seated at the desk with an open volume of "Peg o' the Ring" before her, writing madly to her brother.

Dear old Jack:

Here 's the description you wanted, copied exactly: "It is a very massy ring of the bigness of my thumb. Around it are five triangular diamonds, and the great bezel holds a sapphire stone which hath on it, deeply cut,

the figure of a youth with a bow. This seal I took to be an Indian when I was a child; but now I know that it is Cupid, the god of love."

That 's the first Peg's description, and is what you want, I think. This letter is written in an awful hurry because Betty and Horatia are here and I 've only a minute to myself. Marjory has the flu; that 's the reason.

Is it true that you are going to find Louis de Soulange? I'm wild to know, and I catch myself wanting to talk about it, but I sha'n't. Jack dear, do bring him home with you, and Béatrice will be crazy with joy. She 's such a dear! Good night.

Your

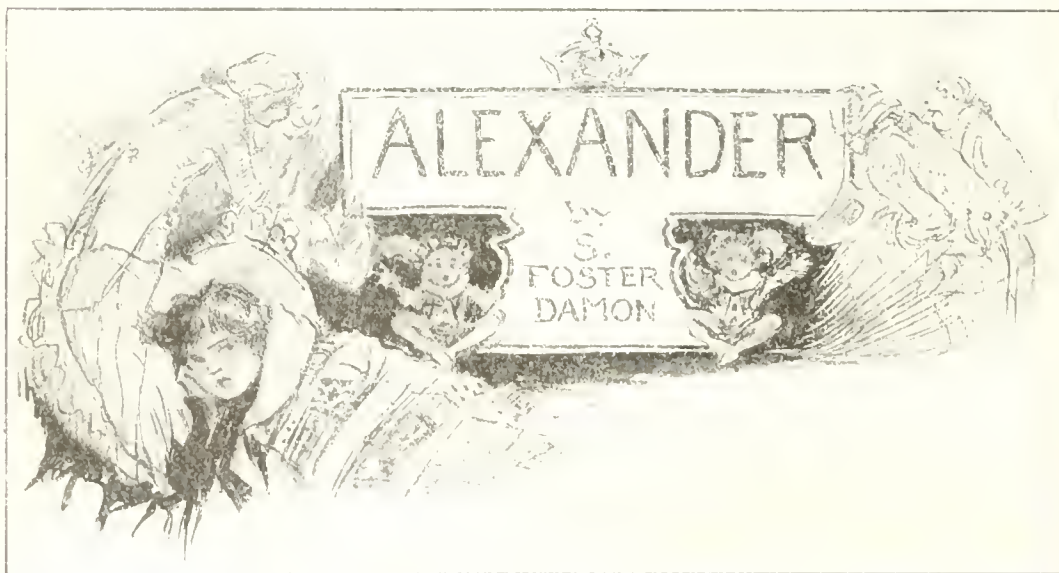
PEG.

She addressed the envelop, folded the sheet, and sealed the letter.

"Peg, my child," Miss Travers called from the top of the stairs, "put out the light and come to bed. I know you're trying your eyes."

"I'm coming, Aunt Polly," Peg answered; and with a deep sigh of relief at the accomplishment of her task, she ran upstairs.

(To be continued)



SMALL Alexander, being sent to bed,  
Cried for a while, and rolled his heated head  
Over the pillow, salty with his tears;  
But then, worn out, gazed forward through the  
years

To that great day, a day of autumn cold,  
When down the street would roll a coach of gold  
And stop before their house. His humble  
mother

Would hurry from her house-dress to another.  
Then bow and ask their Highnesses' desire.  
Would they not "warm themselves by our poor  
fire.

And taste a glass of milk or a mince-pie—  
Home-made, and better far than one could buy?"  
But then the Queen, a lady in a crown,  
Would say, with the suspicion of a frown:  
"Thank you, they really could n't stop to-day.





"DOWN THE STREET WOULD ROLL A COACH OF GOLD AND STOP BEFORE HIS HOUSE"

They 'd only come to find and take away  
 The son that they had left there long ago."  
 "What! Alexander?" Mother's tears would  
 flow,  
 But she would bring him out, kiss him good-by;  
 And even brother might begin to cry.  
 But *he* would be extremely cold and proud.  
 Not noticing the people in the crowd;  
 No, he would climb into the golden coach

And kiss the Queen, and dally with her brooch.  
 Then, *crack!* they 'd ride away. That would  
 convince

His friends for sure he was a *real* prince.  
 If it were only true,—but it might be,—  
*How sorry they 'd be then!*

And, wearily,  
 Small Alexander did not plan his reign,  
 As it was too much work to think again!



# The Royal Carnival

## A Ballad of ye merrie Wintertime

By Charles F. Lester

Come, Tom, Dick, Alice, Henry, Jane, Maud, Peter, Horace, May,  
John, Kate—in short, if you 've a name at all, come hear my lay!  
(Unless your name be Xerxes Woofe Pistratus McGrue,  
In which case, run along—because this ballad 's not for you.)

"HEY for the merry winter-time!" trolled stout Sir Dingledong;  
("Hay for the summer-time," I 'd say;—but there! I may be wrong).  
"The Carnival is on; I 'm off!"—and then his trusty skees  
Got tangled, and he plumped into a snow-drift to his knees.

(Oh, by the way, he plumped head first.) It seems a trifle queer  
That the fall came in the winter—but that 's neither there nor here.  
It so fell out that he fell in—of that there 's not a doubt.  
(And—to ease your minds—Sir Doodad came along and dug him out.)

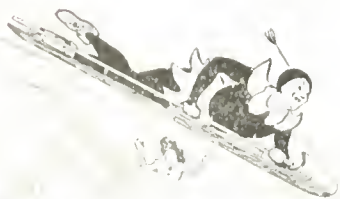


And now, let 's move! We 've hung about here in the cold so long  
My nose is froze (it rhymes that way, you see). Let 's join the throng  
That is (or "are"? This grammar is a most perplexing thing!)  
Assembling from all quarters, at the bidding of the king.

Each year the king (I 'll skip his name; it 's quite too long, in short).  
Held in the royal park this Winter Carnival of Sport.  
On that day his preserves were jammed, for everybody went;  
On skates, on sleds, on skees, on foot—but all on pleasure bent.



Sir Woldb rode in his dog-sledge—till they came across a cat;  
Count Ziff used his toboggan; Prince Hokusse proudly sat  
His prancing steed; three feet of snow had puzzled him, of course,  
Till he struck the bright idea of putting snow-shoes on his horse.





Ziz, the wizard, came by magic; he was a wise old soul!  
 His home was in a cave (in fact, his quarters were a hole).  
 Sir Whiff-whaff came by ice-boat, for fear that he 'd be late;  
 Count Kim came by himself, and Prince Bazoo by half-past eight.



The hockey teams were led by Prince Bazoo and Count Kerpoppo;  
 The score was half a goal apiece, when they were forced to stop.  
 You see, the count had brought along his goat, Alphonse, for luck.  
 And in the final period the mascot ate the puck!



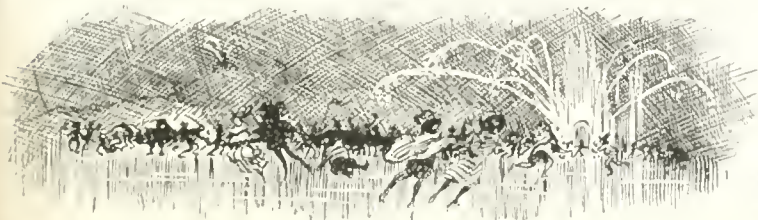
Count Ziff won the toboggan race—the prize, a new silk hat;  
 The time, I think, was half-past three; I 'm not sure as to that.  
 For the skating race, the Lady Angeline had made the prize,  
 And Lord Bink, her sweetheart, won it; 't was a dozen pumpkin pies.

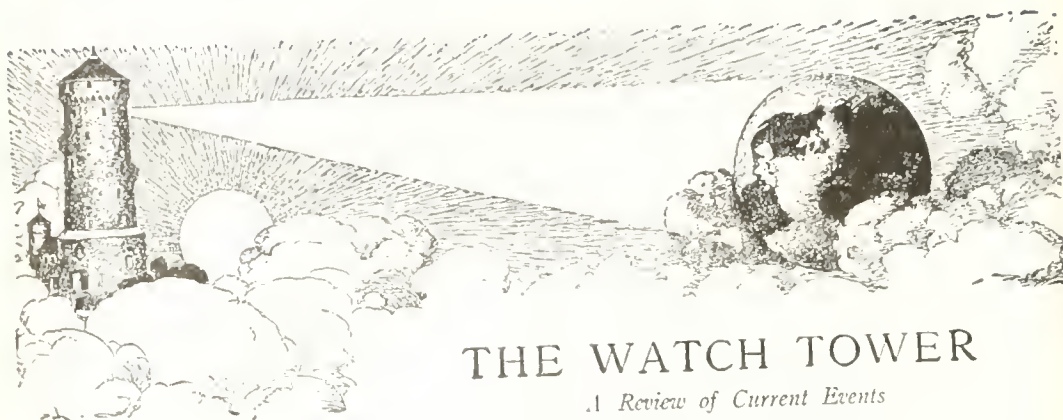
(Somehow, they never married!) . . . Well—in cutting figures neat  
 And nice on ice there were a score quite handy with their feet,  
 But when Sir Azzaleno Bwoff Epaminondas Gupp  
 Wrote his name on one foot, backward—well, the others just gave up!



*Azzaleno Bwoff Epaminondas Gupp*

I might describe the evening celebration in the park,  
 But as it came at night, perhaps I 'd better keep it dark.  
 I think I 'll stop;—and if this ending seems a trifle flat,  
 At least there is no *moral*,—and I 'm sure you 're glad of *that!*





## THE WATCH TOWER

*A Review of Current Events*

By EDWARD N. TEALL

### CROPS GOOD, PRICES POOR

IF I remember right, the first article I wrote for THE WATCH TOWER was about a big corn-crop and the lusciousness of cornmeal mush, "Injun puddin'," and Johnny-cake. In 1920, this country produced a record crop not only in corn, but also in wheat and other cereals, in potatoes — altogether in twelve of our crops. We raised more than three billion bushels of corn, more than a billion and a half bushels of oats, 112,368,000 bushels of sweet potatoes, and 430,458,000 of white potatoes; more than two billion pounds of beet sugar, more than 240 million barrels of apples, and nearly 36 million bushels of peanuts.

The area under cultivation was, however, smaller than in preceding years. Also, the market value of those huge crops was nearly five billion dollars less than in 1919. The average production of corn per acre, 30.9 bushels, was the greatest ever scored. Only in one other year, 1906, had the average yield per acre been more than 30 bushels. But although the 1920 corn-crop was 374,000,000 bushels larger than that of 1919, its value was less by more than one and a half billion dollars. In December of 1919 corn was bringing \$1.35 a bushel, whereas in December of 1920 the price was \$.68.

These splendid crops in America may be the means of saving Europe. It is to be hoped that these interesting figures will attract more people to live on the land, and check the tendency to concentrate in the cities for industrial pursuits.

### CHAPTER I OF THE LEAGUE

As a rule, matters of interest to WATCH TOWER readers fail to take complete form in the course of a month and are just beginning to be really interesting about the twentieth, when THE WATCH TOWER man has to stop. But the League

of Nations set a good example by bringing its session to a close in time to be noticed complete in our February instalment.

The League asked President Wilson to mediate in Armenia. He replied that he would be glad to do so through a representative whom he would appoint, if assured of support by the principal Powers. Spain and Brazil were also invited by the League to work in behalf of Armenia.

The Council invited the United States to have a representative on the committee on disarmament, but Mr. Wilson declined, because the United States was not in the League.

Permanent rules for the Assembly were adopted. Austria and Bulgaria were admitted. Also Finland, Luxembourg, Costa Rica, and Albania, making a total membership of forty-seven countries.

The League asked Denmark to send troops to Vilna to guard the plebiscite in which the population was to vote for affiliation with Lithuania and Poland. Denmark replied that she could not send troops without the approval of her Parliament. This answer was satisfactory to the League.

Lithuania opposed the voting in Vilna, distrusting the League's ability to conduct the contest fairly.

The Argentine delegates left because they could not get certain amendments considered.

The session took up the matter of a campaign against typhus and cholera.

Decision as to participation in the economic blockade, when called for, should, it was voted, be left to each country. This decision was regarded by the smaller powers as a weakness.

Mr. Ishii said that Japan could not disarm if America was to increase its armament.

The Assembly voted for an international court to be held at The Hague. The United States

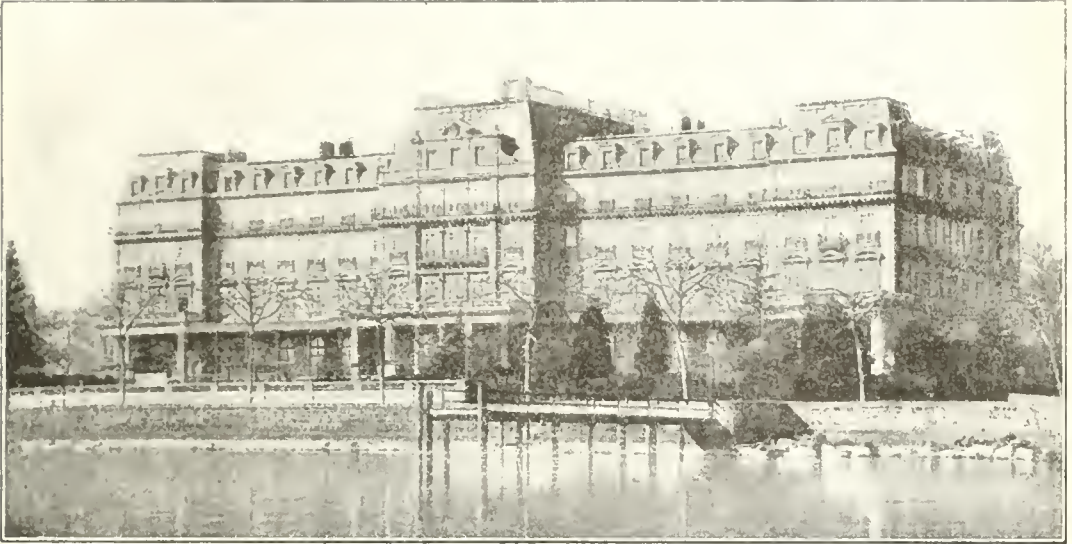
would be eligible, but the court would have no compulsory jurisdiction—that is to say, it would take care only of disputes voluntarily submitted to it by the nations in disagreement.

The Council voted to submit the matter of disarmament to the various Governments. It began the organization of an international credit system, to make it easier for countries to carry on commerce with each other at times when money is scarce.

Some of these items were encouraging and

The President said that "The Old World is just now suffering from a wanton rejection of the principles of democracy."

In the "idealistic" part of his message, the President quoted Abraham Lincoln's immortal sentence, "Let us have faith that right makes might and in that faith let us dare do our duty as we understand it." "By this faith and by nothing else," the President said, "the world can be lifted out of its present confusion." This faith conquered the might of Germany and must be the



Wide World Photo

THE NEW HOME OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS AT GENEVA, SWITZERLAND

some were not. The League had not been a miraculous success, solving all the world's problems in a month, but it had not been, either, a complete failure. It was unfortunate that the session should end with a clash between the Assembly and the Council on the matter of mandates.—Great Britain, France, and Japan being unwilling to have their plans made known,—but was not the really significant fact, rather, the achievement of a session's work without a much more serious ruction?

### "AN EXAMPLE TO THE WORLD"

EARLY in December, President Wilson sent to Congress his last annual message. In it he indulged in some of those sentences which his friends admire and his political opponents detest. He said, for example: "This is the time of all others when democracy should prove its purity and its spiritual power to prevail. It is surely the manifest destiny of the United States to lead in the attempt to make this spirit prevail."

guiding force of those who direct the processes of re-adjustment. And—would n't it be a good idea to back it up with some genuine hard work?

"Democracy," the President said, "is an assertion of the right of the individual to live and to be treated justly as against any attempt on the part of any combinations of individuals to make laws which will overburden him or which will destroy his equality among his fellows in the matter of right and privilege."

"There are," said the President, "two ways in which the United States can help restore democracy in a world suffering from an excess of autocratic ambition: First, by setting in her own government an example which all nations may follow; and second, by standing for right and justice between nations."

President Wilson's suggestions of a practical nature included an argument in favor of a bill for a budget system for the Government, "to prove that a great democracy can keep house as successfully and in as businesslike a fashion as any government." It is supposed that, with a budget

system, estimates and expenditures would be managed more economically than they are now. A budget bill had been passed by the last session, but the President had vetoed it because of a constitutional objection. He expressed in his message the hope that the session about to open would pass a new and revised bill for him to sign.

The President also urged revision of the income tax and other tax laws. He urged that the dye and other chemical industries be encouraged; that improvements in rural life be effected; that Congress authorize a loan to Armenia; and that independence be granted to the people of the Philippine Islands.

The message was perhaps interesting more because of the circumstances in which it was made than for anything that was actually said in it. The four months between the election and the inauguration of the new administration are an awkward period. The president in office has little opportunity to start any new governmental enterprise, and the whole machinery of government is apt to mark time.

Representative McArthur of Oregon offered in mid-December a constitutional amendment which would make the terms of senators and representatives begin the first Monday in December after a national election, and the new President's inauguration occur on the second Monday in December instead of March 4. The idea is to cut out the short session of Congress and take away from members defeated in their campaign for reelection the opportunity to make further laws.

In one way, it seems as though such an arrangement would be welcome, both to the outgoing and to the incoming administrations; but it is quite possible that the gentlemen who made our Constitution in the first place acted as wisely in this matter as in most others. The gain to the new administration in having plenty of time after the election in which to organize may be worth the delay.

### THE CENSUS

THE final revised official figures for the census of 1920 were sent to the speaker of the House of Representatives in December for the use of Congress in apportionment. They give the population of continental United States as 105,708,771 and that of our outlying possessions as 12,148,738. The total of Uncle Sam's large family is therefore nearly 118,000,000 as compared with 101,146,530 ten years ago.

From 1900 to 1910 the growth was 24 per cent. From 1910 to 1920 the increase was only 14.0 per cent. This decrease in rate of growth is accounted for by the slackening of immigration

during the war years and by deaths from influenza epidemics and in the war.

California, New York, and Pennsylvania all showed increases of more than a million over the figures of 1910. Ohio's gain was 992,273 and that of Illinois, 846,689. Three states—Mississippi, Nevada, and Vermont—show losses in population since the last census was taken.

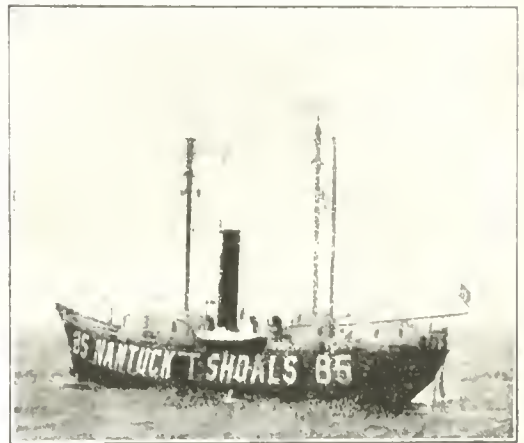
The population of our outlying possessions is distributed as follows: Philippine Islands, something more than 10,000,000; Porto Rico, 1,300,000; Hawaii, 255,912; Alaska, 54,899; Guam, 13,275; Virgin Islands, 26,051; American Samoa, 8,056. The population of the Panama Canal Zone is 22,858; and 117,238 Americans are in military, naval, and governmental service abroad.

### WINTER GALES ON NANTUCKET SHOALS

SOUTH of Cape Cod lie the islands of Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket, and in between are the dangerous Nantucket Shoals. The lightship that marks the shoals is an important guide for vessels coming in from the Atlantic for New York.

In winter, icy gales driving in from the ocean whip these waters to a fury, and navigators give them as wide a berth as possible. The lightship's signal is eagerly looked for amid the smashing seas, and the boldest of mariners is glad when its warning flash has been picked up and a safe course can be surely laid.

In December, the lightship was blown and



World Photo

THE NANTUCKET LIGHTSHIP

battered from her moorings, and a number of incoming vessels were endangered. The ocean freighter *Glennie* reported her missing. Rockets were sent up, but drew no answer. Wireless calls brought no response, and it began to be

feared that the lightship might have met the fate of her predecessor on the station, which four years ago was carried out to sea and lost. But after thirty-six hours of bucking the billows, the ship came into New Bedford to be fitted with new mooring-gear and go back to her station.

The sturdy fellows in the coast-guard and lighthouse service would not like to be called heroes, but it's a great temptation to a safely sheltered landlubber!

### FRANCE REVIVED

AN official statement issued in December by the French Commission in the United States gave a most pleasing report on the progress of France toward recovery from the damage done by the war. In agriculture, trade, and industry, the country has taken long steps on the road to recovery.

Where in 1919 the excess of imports over exports was more than seventeen billion francs, in 1926 it was only ten billion. Does this mean anything to you? It will, if you look at it this way: imports cost money; exports earn money. Imports mean money going out to pay for your purchases; exports mean money coming in to pay for goods you have sold. If you import more than you export, you are piling up an unfavorable balance of trade. If your exports exceed your imports, the balance is in your favor. This is a crude way to express it, but perhaps it will do for a starter.

With wide areas of farm-land torn up by German shell; with coal-mines wrecked, machinery destroyed, factories razed, and hundreds of thousands of men killed or disabled, France has not been able to produce goods for the world's

markets. She has had to buy food, clothing, machinery, ships,—everything. In 1919 her purchases amounted to seventeen billion francs more than her sales, but in 1920 her sales were only ten billion francs behind, a gain of seven



A STEEL MILL IN NORTHERN FRANCE, DESTROYED BY THE GERMANS IN 1918



Wide World Photo

THE SAME MILL REBUILT TURNING OUT LARGE ORDERS IN 1920

billion. Only a start, to be sure; but a good one. The manufacture of woolen, cotton, and linen goods is now about three quarters of the normal, before-the-war amount. In the Lille region, for example, where there used to be 478 mills, 400 are now running. About half of the wrecked coal-mines are operating again. Several million acres of "restored" farm-land have been culti-

vated. The railroad and shipping systems have made a remarkable recovery. French thrift and French industry have never been more splendidly displayed. The story from France is quite—well, what we of *THE WATCH TOWER* call “happily-ing.”

However, it would be a great mistake to let these pleasing facts obscure in our minds the harsh lessons taught by the war. French courage and French skill may and will make good the material damage done by Germany's genius for destruction; but no skill, courage, or genius can bring back the sons of France who paid with their lives for her freedom from a German yoke.

### IS YOUNG AMERICA AWAKE?

THE Boy Scouts and the Girl Scouts, the Legion, the D. A. R., the Y. M. C. A., and a number of other patriotic and educational organizations were represented at a meeting held in New York in December to discuss ways and means of putting a stop to Red propaganda in city schools. How does that sound to you, in the month that brings the birthdays of Washington and Lincoln?

Red propaganda in the schools? Why, Young America, the schools are yours! Are you awake?

### THROUGH THE WATCH TOWER'S TELESCOPE

To protect unemployed workers against competition in the hunt for work, Canada has increased the amount of money which workmen coming in from other countries are required to have. Formerly fifty dollars was enough, but now two hundred and fifty dollars is the minimum; while a married workman must possess, in addition, enough to pay his family's way to the new home and one hundred and twenty-five dollars besides for each member eighteen years of age or older, and fifty dollars for each child between the ages of five and eighteen.

GENERAL NIVELLE, the defender of Verdun, was reported to have said at Philadelphia that we ought to “watch Japan.” He was said to have expressed the suspicion that Japan was carrying on secret negotiations with Germany, and to have been bothered about her “enormous” war budget. The general denied having made any such remarks. The report may have been “enemy prop-aganda.” Mr. Lenin wants to see the United States and Japan at war. The fact that such statements can be made for such a purpose proves the danger in permitting ourselves to be misled and mis-informed. If the statesmen and people of Japan really were lying awake nights studying how to put Uncle Sam out of business, of course

we would *have* to “watch Japan”! But, when you think it over, it does n't seem likely that Germany and Japan are plotting against us; and the Japanese estimates for army and navy expenses during the year are a good deal smaller than our own. And, really, it is n't friendly to be always expecting the other fellow to fly at you!

PRESIDENT OBREGON of Mexico is in favor of a law limiting the power of his office. The proposed law would call for trial of the president if he withheld their rights from voters—tried to “swing” elections, or influence the congress or the courts, or made wrong use of the Government's money. President Obregon said: “I shall strive to administer my office with due regard to justice for all. With the coöperation of the country at large, I hope to see unbroken peace and prosperity.” And certain it is that, if Mexico can have these two things,—an honest and sensible president and a loyal and busy people,—its worst troubles will be over. It's a big “if,” but not impossible!

CONSTANTINE, former King of Greece, got ninety-eight out of every hundred votes cast in the plebiscite held to decide whether he should return to Greece. The people apparently wanted their king back, but they were in something of a fix, for they also wanted to borrow money from the Allies and the Allies did n't think their money would be safe in a country ruled by Germany's former friend.

At the end of 1920 the Pension Bureau reported no survivors of the war of 1812 on the list, but seventy-one widows of men who fought in that war still alive. There were 148 veterans of the Mexican War, and 2423 widows. Of the Civil War veterans 243,520 were still alive, and 290,100 Civil War widows.

CALLING upon the American people, in December, to work with the national committee he had named to collect funds for the relief of famine sufferers in China, President Wilson said: “The case of China I regard as especially worthy of the earnest attention of our citizens. To an unusual degree, the Chinese people look to us for counsel and for effective friendship. Our churches and our philanthropic foundations have rendered China an incalculable benefit, which her people recognize with gratitude and devotion to the United States.” Seems as if they all need us, does n't it? Stop—look—“loosen up,” is the word!

CHRISTMAS mails were said to have been the heaviest since 1913.



# NATURE AND SCIENCE FOR YOUNG FOLK

## SENDING PHOTOGRAPHS BY WIRE

A SLEEPING volcano in the Malay Peninsula suddenly comes to life, blows its head off, and overwhelms a village with a rain of hot ashes; the next morning we read about it at the breakfast table. A boy chess-player defeats the masters of Europe; in a few hours the news has reached the four corners of the earth. Whenever anything of importance happens anywhere on earth, the news is instantly flashed by telegraph, cable, telephone, or radio to every civilized city, and even to vessels ploughing their course over the ocean.

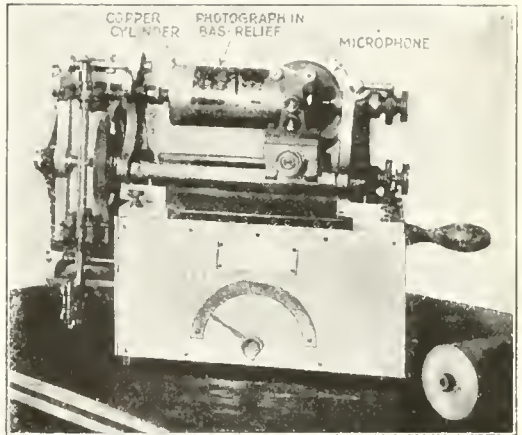
It is a wonderful system, this, of gathering and distributing news, but it has one serious handicap—all that can be sent is words, from which the reader must conjure up his own picture of the event, if he has enough imagination. For actual photographs of the events, he must wait days and weeks.

But if words can be sent on the wings of lighting, why may not pictures be sent by the same means?

The question is one that inventors have been trying to answer for years. Away back in 1842, in the very first days of telegraphy, there was a chemical telegraph invented by Bain, with which drawings could have been telegraphed from one place to another; but the inventor confined himself instead to printed characters. Later, a system something like Bain's was actually used for sending pictures. About twelve years ago, Professor Korn invented a fairly successful meth-

instrument, which looked very promising at first, did not prove entirely reliable.

Recently, some photographs were sent over a telephone-line between St. Louis and New York, with sending and receiving instruments of a new type that does away with some of the troublesome



© Keystone View Co

THE APPARATUS BY WHICH PHOTOGRAPHS ARE SENT BY WIRE

parts of Professor Korn's instruments, and it looks as if the problem of transmitting photographs by wire had at last been solved. The inventor of the new system, Edward Belin, of Paris, France, has been working on his invention ever since Professor Korn first exhibited his machine.

In one of the accompanying photographs, Mr. Belin may be seen operating his transmitting instrument; and another illustration shows a photograph actually sent over a telephone-line from Chicago to New York.

A complete description of Mr. Belin's instruments would be somewhat too formidable an undertaking

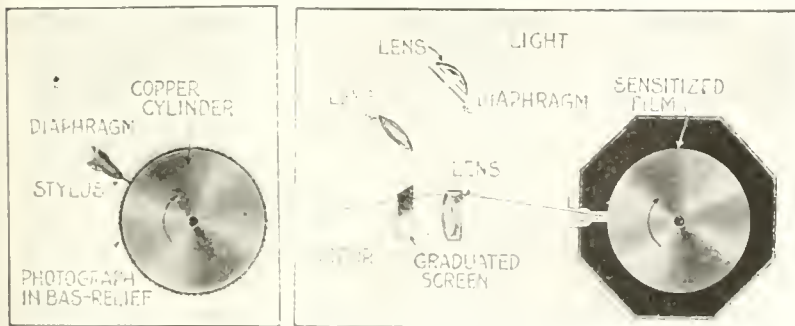


FIG. 1. END VIEW OF THE SENDING CYLINDER AND STYLUS. FIG. 2. DIAGRAM OF THE RECEIVING APPARATUS. THE FULL AND DOTTED LINES SHOW THE PLAY OF THE BEAM OF LIGHT AS THE MIRROR TWISTS

od of sending photographs by electricity. We are not going to stop to describe all the different inventions along this line, as not one of them proved an unqualified success. Professor Korn's

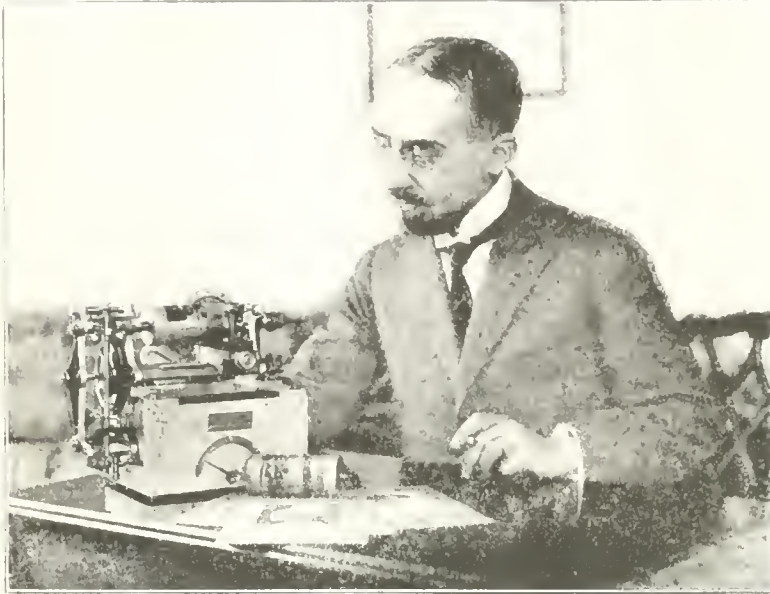
for these pages, but the main principles on which it is based are not difficult to understand.

The sending instrument is something like one of the old Edison phonographs. It has a copper

cylinder that revolves, while a needle and microphone diaphragm, something like a phonograph sound box, slides slowly along the length of the

the same rate as the transmitting cylinder, and there is a stylus that bears upon it; but in this case, the stylus is a fine point of light. The

electrical impulses that come from the transmitter operate a very sensitive galvanometer. In this galvanometer there is a fine quartz thread which carries a tiny mirror. The feeble electric impulses twist the mirror very slightly this way and that, exactly in accordance with the movements of the transmitting microphone. The more the diaphragm moves, the further is the mirror twisted. To one side of the mirror there is a lamp from which a fine pencil of light is focussed upon the mirror. As the mirror twists, this beam of light is shifted to one side or the other, but a lens



© Keystone View Co.  
THE INVENTOR OPERATING HIS TRANSMITTING INSTRUMENT

cylinder. The cylinder carries the picture that is to be sent, and the photograph is applied to the cylinder in a special way. First, the copper cylinder surface is shellacked and the picture is placed face down on it. Then the cylinder is placed in hot water and the paper is washed off, leaving the gelatine film of the print on the cylinder. Some of the gelatine is also dissolved, but in proportion to its color. The darker parts of the picture resist the dissolving action of the water more than the light parts, so that the picture stands out in relief on the cylinder. The cylinder is then placed in the machine and the machine is started. The needle, or stylus, of the microphone bears against the uneven picture surface and moves in and out as it traces its course over the hills and dales of the gelatine print. (See Fig. 1.) This makes the microphone diaphragm move in and out. The microphone is exactly like the transmitter of a telephone, except that, instead of moving the diaphragm by sound-waves, it is moved mechanically by the stylus. As the diaphragm moves, it sends impulses of electricity over the telephone-line, just as the telephone transmitter does. As the cylinder revolves and the stylus moves along its face, it traces a spiral path which covers the whole surface of the picture.

At the receiving end, conditions are reversed. Here we have a cylinder that revolves at exactly



A PHOTOGRAPH TRANSMITTED FROM CHICAGO TO NEW YORK



"THE THICKNESS OF THE LAYER OF PEAT VARIES FROM A FEW INCHES TO A GOOD MANY FEET"

catches the light ray and bends it back always to the same point of focus. Between this lens and the mirror, there is a screen which is perfectly transparent at one end and shades down to a very dark tone at the other. As the light ray plays back and forth through the screen, more or less of its light is cut off, and its final brightness at the point of focus on the revolving cylinder is in this way varied exactly in accordance with the vibrations of the transmitting diaphragm. About the receiving cylinder is wrapped an unexposed sensitive film, and the pencil of light makes a fine photographic line on the film, and this line is light or dark in accordance with the swing of the mirror. The cylinder moves endwise as it revolves, so that the line is a continuous spiral from one end to the other of the cylinder, and the shaded line of light builds up a picture. So fine is the line and so close the spiral, that one would never suppose that it could have been made up of a single line thread of varying light.

Of course, the receiving apparatus must be protected from outside light, and there is a special hood around the sensitive film with a small opening in it through which the fine ray of light passes. When the film has been completely exposed, it is removed and developed, and a print is made from it in the usual way.

The receiving and the transmitting cylinders must revolve at precisely the same speed, or the picture would be distorted. A. RUSSELL BOND.

#### WHAT IS PEAT?

THOUGH the surface covered by peat is very large indeed, especially in the north-temperate regions, a great many people would be puzzled if they were asked to say exactly of what this substance is composed. As a matter of fact, peat is formed by the decomposition of plants amid much moisture. Chief of all the vegetation that goes to the making



CUTTING PEAT IN RUSSIA

of peat are the different species of sphagnum or bog-moss. Mosses of this group always grow in very wet situations. They are continually

throwing out new shoots in their upper parts, while the lower portions decay and are slowly converted into peat. The nature of peat varies enormously, according to the length of time over



RUSSIAN PEASANT WOMEN STACKING PEAT

which the process of decomposition has been continued. First, it is a brown color; then it steadily becomes blacker; and it may eventually become lignite or brown coal. On the eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains, for instance, lignite is widely distributed, though the layers are often too shallow to be of much economic impor-

tance. Long before peat is sufficiently mineralized to become lignite, it is of great service to mankind as fuel. By pressure, peat is greatly improved, and in this way it can be treated so that it will have almost the specific gravity of coal.

The curious part about a peat-bog is that it "grows upward," as one may say. This is easily understood when we remember the way in which the material is formed by the sphagnum mosses. Thus, in Lancashire, England, a very famous peat-bog has, within living memory, risen more than a foot after the clearing away of the substance. The thickness of the layer of peat varies greatly, from a few inches to a good many feet. In our two larger pictures are shown very fine peat-bogs: that on this page represents one in the far north of Scotland, where the cutters had an almost unlimited supply of the finest quality peat.

Peat is notable on account of its anti-septic qualities, and, when they are completely buried, all kinds of organic substances are preserved in it for an indefinite time. Thus, ancient trees with their leaves and fruits complete are not infrequently discovered, while human remains, perfectly preserved, have been found after the lapse of centuries.

A question that is often asked is why is peat only to be found in the colder parts of the world? The reason is, broadly speaking, that in tropical



"A VERY FINE PEAT-BOG IN THE FAR NORTH OF SCOTLAND"

regions the decay of vegetable substances is so very rapid, that, before the formation of peat can commence, the matter has become quite disintegrated.

S. LEONARD BASTIN.

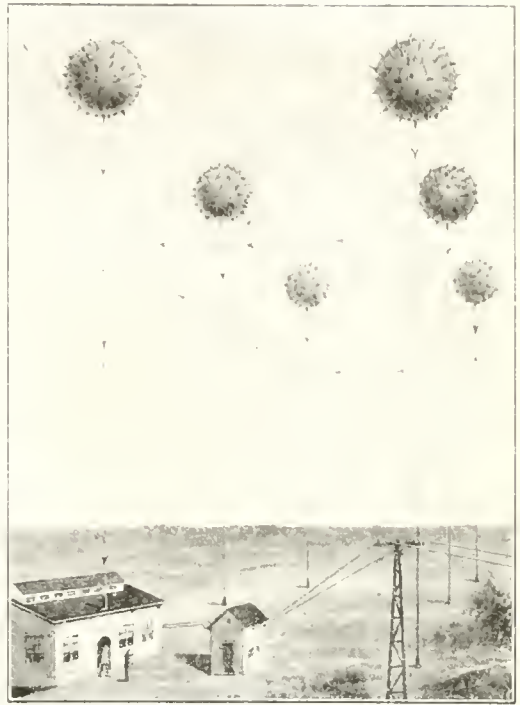
### SETTING THE LIGHTNING TO WORK

It was in 1752 that Benjamin Franklin flew a kite in a thunder-storm and proved that lightning is electricity. The next man who tried to do what Franklin did was killed by a bolt of lightning; and after that, men were not any too anxious to experiment with atmospheric electricity.

It is rather difficult to measure the power of a thunderbolt. Sometimes there are flashes hot enough to melt stone, and we can tell by the amount melted how much horse-power there must have been in that particular flash. The quantity of electricity in different flashes varies greatly, but we know that there must be large stores of electricity in thunder-clouds. It is not so apparent, however, that there is a lot of electricity in the air even in clear weather. How this electricity is gathered and what becomes of it is a matter that scientists have been studying lately.

In Europe, because of the serious shortage of coal, people have been wondering whether they cannot make use of this free electricity. A Hanburg scientist named Plauson has proposed a method of tapping these stores of electricity by means of captive balloons. His plan is to send up a group of balloons which are covered with a metal coating. In order that they may gather electricity more readily, the balloons are studded with points, as shown in the drawing. In order to show the balloons clearly, the artist has pictured them as rising not very high above the earth, but actually they should be at least a thousand feet high. The cables that connect the balloons to earth are electrically insulated from the ground, with the exception of one, which runs down to the power-station. To this cable all the others are connected, as shown, so that all the charges gathered by the battery of balloons pass down one cable. At the power-house the discharge of electricity is not continuous, but takes place at very brief intervals, producing a high-frequency current. This current goes through a transformer which changes its voltage, so that it can be conveniently sent over a transmission line and be used for light and power purposes in distant cities.

The plan is a very bold one and would probably meet with many serious difficulties if actually tried out. A storm would work havoc with such a plant. Some scheme would have to be provided to keep the balloons from being blown to earth in a high wind. They would probably have to be built like the kite-balloons used as observation-posts in the war. However, there is plenty



TAPPING AÉRIAL ELECTRICITY BY USING CAPTIVE BALLOONS

of electric power in the atmosphere, and if a battery of balloons will not capture it, some other method of harnessing it and bringing it to earth will some day be discovered.

A. RUSSELL BOND.

### A PRAIRIE-DOG FEUD

A CURIOUS and rather amusing feud developed late one autumn in the prairie-dog colony at the New York Zoölogical Park, and was thus described in the park "Bulletin":

"The animals occupying the northerly burrows of the village seem to have declared warfare against a group living near the southwestern portion of the inclosure. There is much popping in and out of heads, shaking of black-tipped tails, shrill calls of squatting sentries, and like manœuvres along toward noon on sunny days. Then the clans issue from their respective strongholds. The method of attack consists in rushing at an adversary, chattering taunts, and knocking him over backward. A retreat by any one of the combatants is considered a decisive defeat. If a 'dog' dives into a burrow, the victor joyously fills up the mouth of the hole with loose earth, and vigorously packs it down by butting the ground with the top of his head. The entombed and intimidated animal seems too ashamed to dig his way out for at least an hour or more."

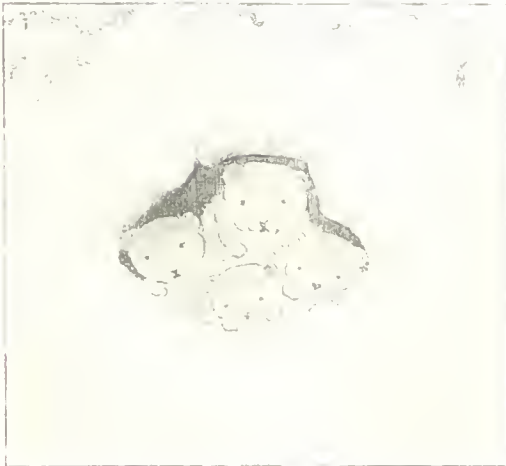
# THE TIPTOE TWINS ON CANDLEMAS DAY



1. THE TIPTOE TWINS AT PLAY



2. SEE TWO BABY BEARS ON CANDLEMAS DAY



3. THE WISE BEARS ASK THE BIG BEARS WHAT



4. PAY A VISIT TO GROUND-HOG UNDER THE HILL



5. THEY WANT TO KNOW



WHERE THE BEARS GO TO FIND OUT ABOUT THE SNOW.

# FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK



7. A COLD, LATE SPRING THE BEARS PREDICT;



8. BUT GROUND-HOG, BY MIMIC SNOW-STORM TRICKED



9. COMES OUT FROM HIS COZY WINTER BED



10. AND SOON REAL SNOW BLOWS ROUND HIS HEAD.



11. THE BEARS IN THEIR DEN GO FAST ASLEEP



12. WHILE THE TIPTOE TWINS IN A SNOW CAVE CREEP.

# ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE



"A HEADING FOR FEBRUARY," BY MARJORIE  
IRENE MILLER, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE)

THERE is a royal good time awaiting you in the verse, prose, and pictures of the LEAGUE pages this month—and a fine spice of humor in some of the little stories. But, alack, the "fewness" of the number we can print, compared with the array to which we should most gladly have accorded a place, if the necessary niches could have been found or made for them! We are inclined to agree with the earnest comments of several ardent young readers that this department ought to contain at least twice as many pages as it does! And we certainly share this feeling every month, as we strive and sigh over our repeated efforts to select the very best eight or ten out of scores and scores that seem so equal in merit that only a microscope could discover the dividing line between them.

Besides the text here printed, for instance, if we could have had our way, you should have read practically all the prose contributions that are represented on the Special Mention list. They present many and varied instances of "Taking a Chance," including three tributes to that well-known chance-taker, Christopher Columbus, and one to our own brave sailor-visitor to the north pole, Admiral Peary; besides a verbal salute to Marshal Foch, who took the chance that had much to do with turning back the Germans at the Marne, and a fine appreciation of France herself and the risks she faced so successfully in the late war. There would be, also, many adventures and misadventures connected with the every-day life of young folk who take chances with motor-cars and motor-boats, and, sad to say, who occasionally hazard some infraction of school discipline—seldom, it must be owned, successfully!

Our young photographers deserve a special word of commendation, also, this month (and it should be explained that the print in the lower left-hand corner of this page was taken from an aeroplane).

## PRIZE COMPETITION No. 251

(In making awards contributors' ages are considered)

**PROSE.** Gold Badges, Elizabeth T. Nelson (age 14), Virginia; Floy Jane Norwood (age 16), Texas. Silver Badges, Alice Roberts (age 13), Missouri; Elinor Welch (age 16), Connecticut; Anna Diller (age 16), Pennsylvania; Winifred Gore (age 10), District Columbia; Catherine N. Nevius (age 16), New York; Gertrude Kraft (age 13), Ohio.

**VERSE.** Gold Badges, Ruth Pierce Fuller (age 12), Arizona. Silver Badges, Josephine Miles (age 9), California; Dorothea Wilder (age 13), California; Mary Helen Swartzel (age 15), Ohio.

**DRAWINGS.** Gold Badge, Otho Blake (age 16), Maine. Silver Badges, Marjorie Irene Miller (age 13), Illinois; Allison Flynn (age 16), Nebraska; Frances Lee Purnell (age 17), California.

**PHOTOGRAPHS.** Gold Badges, Helen E. Perry (age 14), California; Elizabeth Dudley (age 16), New York. Silver Badges, Regenia Putnam (age 13), New Jersey; Alicia Sax (age 16), Montana; Katharine Parr Johnson (age 10), New Jersey; Dorothy Mitchell (age 12), California; Virginia Thomas (age 16), New York.

**PUZZLE-MAKING.** Silver Badges, Ralph D. Patch (age 14), Massachusetts; S. Ward Phelps (age 14), Japan; Lydia A. Cutler (age 15), Minnesota.

**PUZZLE ANSWERS.** Silver Badge, Charlotte R. Cabell (age 13), Rhode Island.



BY DOROTHY COCK, AGE 10. HONOR MENTION



BY EUGENIA EVANS, AGE 12

"MY BEST NEGATIVE"



## THE EVENING STAR

BY MOLLIE L. CRAIG (AGE 13)

*(Honor Member)*

THE sun has sunk in a swirl of cloud,  
 Leaving a mark like a bloody stain;  
 The tossing trees to the wind have bowed.  
 The wind that moans like a thing in pain.  
 I follow the path that the cows have worn  
 Out of the rock-strewn soil of the hill;  
 The locust blossoms have just been born,  
 And all the world is strange and still

The crickets strike up a mournful tune;  
 Aspen leaves shake, but not with cold;  
 The indigo plant that withers so soon  
 Is green, and covered with flowers of gold.  
 The wild rose is gone, but, in the air  
 Floats a perfume, the dusk breeze brings,  
 Sweet-fern and bayberry mingling rare,  
 Making an incense meet for kings.

High in the sky a point of light  
 Over the afterglow shines afar,  
 'T is the fairest thing in the lovely night  
 That wonderful gem—the evening star.

## TAKING A CHANCE

BY ALICE ROBERTS (AGE 13)

*(Silver Badge)*

THE Phœnicians were the boldest sailors of ancient times. Their environment was of a sort to lead to a sea-faring life. Ancient Phœnicia was a narrow strip of land on the coast of the Mediterranean. Before it, lay the sea; behind it, great mountains reared their heads. The cedars of Lebanon furnished lumber for a vast number of vessels, and the Tyrian architects were the most skilled workmen of their time. Thus the ships were provided. And ships were very necessary, for the capital, Tyre, was situated on an island.

The sailors ventured farther and farther out into the sea. They traded with many cities, and were the first people to have an alphabet, and they gave it to other peoples. They were the first to steer their ships at night by the polar star, and the first to venture out of sight of land. By taking great chances and taking them bravely, the Phœnicians sowed the seeds of civilization among the peoples of the world.

## TAKING A CHANCE

*(A True Story)*

BY ELINOR WELCH (AGE 10)

*(Silver Badge)*

ONE evening as the Green family were sitting at the supper-table, Mrs. Green suddenly noticed that Johnny had not eaten anything.

"Are n't you hungry, Johnny?" she asked anxiously, for Johnny generally ate a good deal.

"No," answered Johnny, and Mrs. Green would have let it go at that; but the judge said sternly, "What have you been eating this afternoon?"

"I have n't been eating anything, and I only drank four glasses of water," grumbled Johnny.

"Well, I should call that enough. How do you feel?"

"Not very well, sir."

"Then you can march straight up to bed; do you hear?"

"Yes," replied Johnny, quite meek by this time. And up he went, accompanied by the judge, who, just before he came down said, "If you should want anything during the night, call me and I'll come." Then he went downstairs.

The judge and Mrs. Green passed a quiet evening, and at ten o'clock went up to bed. About two o'clock the judge was awakened by a call, "Father, Father!" "What is it?" he asked.

"I want something to eat. You promised to come."

And so down the judge had to go and make some milk toast for Johnny. When he came up with it, he stayed a minute with him. Just as he was about to leave, Johnny said: "Say, Father, this is great fun! Let's have a party like this every night!"

The next day the judge was very sleepy and tired, while Johnny told his friends all about it. But the judge inwardly resolved that he would never again take a chance like that!



"SOMETHING ROUND." BY ALLISON FLYNN, AGE 16  
*(Silver Badge)*

## TAKING A CHANCE

BY ANNA DILLER (AGE 16)

*(Silver Badge)*

It was that famous winter of 1776. A well-built man in military apparel paced the small room in a poorly made hut. A plan, daring and impossible as it seemed, was forming in his mind. Should he take his tired, discouraged soldiers across the nearly frozen Delaware? Should he "take a chance" and maybe lose a number of his valiant army? Men were getting scarce now, as the Americans had suffered not only from defeats, but from lack of proper food, and clothing. Would his faithful men be willing to take their lives in their hands in this daring plan? None of them had proper clothing, and many did not even have whole shoes. Would they be willing after crossing the ice-blocked river to push their way to the Hessians at Trenton? Finally, Washington decided that his brave men would willingly go.

Orders were given to his most trusted officers only (for fear that in some way his plan might get to the British) to prepare to cross the river on Christmas night. When the time arrived, only a few of this valiant army were able to cross. The blinding snow and the floating cakes of ice made progress very slow and almost impossible. When as many men as were able finally landed, they marched through the stinging hail and snow, many leaving bloody footprints in their wake. The enemy were captured without loss of a single American life.

What would now be the history of the United States, if Washington had not taken the chance against outnumbering foes, the wind, the rain, and the snow, and, last but not least, the frozen Delaware?

THE EVENING STAR

BY ROSAMOND EDDY (AGE 17)

(*Golden Medal*)

Silence, and in the sky,  
One star—ahlight;  
Silence, and loveliness,  
The brooding night.

Thoughts that stretch, in the dark,  
Far and far away—  
Wondering, dimly felt,  
Star-gold and gray;

Faint mist lingers—  
Reaching up the sky,  
Loveliness, evening star,  
Silences, and I.

But thou, art thou standing near,  
Somewhere in the dark?  
I can hear thee close to me  
When I hark.

Silences, beautiful,  
Darkling leaf and bough,  
Misty light, peacefulness,  
Evening star, and thou!

TAKING A CHANCE

BY WINIFRED GORE (AGE 10)

(*Silver Badge*)

UPON approaching Honolulu, among the first things that catch the eye are two mountains. One is covered with ice and snow, and the other is continually spitting out great masses of smoke and cinders. This volcano is called Kilauca.

When the Christian countries discovered Hawaii, it gradually became Christianized. But, among the natives there still lingered a great dread of the goddess Pele, who was supposed to sit on top of Kilauca, and, if there was any one daring enough to climb the great volcano, he would turn him to a cinder. It is no wonder the natives lived in such dread of it. It is the largest and most active of its kind in the world.

There was a woman—a native of Hawaii,—called Kapiolani. She was a Christian and had no faith in Pele. She said: "I will climb Kilauca, and

will climb to the very edge of the tossing foaming sea of red-hot lava. If I return no more, then worship Pele. But if I live, and come down in safety, then Jehovah is your God!"

"There is no hope for her. She is crazy. None can withstand the power of Pele," thought the people.

The brave woman climbed Kilauca safely. She stood on the brink of the burning lava and cried: "There is no Pele, people of Hawaii! Jehovah is your God!"

Then she descended the mountain and went to her home, amid crowds of wondering natives.

THE EVENING STAR

BY JOSEPHINE MILES (AGE 9)

(*Silver Badge*)

THE night owl hoots his latest call  
At the breaking of the day;  
The last star twinkles, then goes out:  
The pale moon sails away.

Then comes the lovely evening,  
So quiet and so still!  
And the golden star of twilight  
Glow's over the purple hill.

TAKING A CHANCE

BY CATHERINE S. NEMIS (AGE 10)

(*Silver Badge*)

It is one hundred years ago. A dark coach rattles over the cobblestones and through the sleeping hamlets of France on the night of June 20, 1791. The curtains are drawn; the coach drives fast and furiously toward the distant Rhine. This is a great mission to-night, for in the coach there travel, all unknown, His Majesty Louis XVI and his queen, Marie Antoinette.

What can be the thoughts of Louis of Bourbon as the galloping horses carry him farther and farther away from his people, from his France? A strange and unfriendly France, it is, too, muses the monarch, where unwritten customs, old-established precedents, even the sacred foundations of life itself are held as nought. Yes, truly an unfamiliar country and unfamiliar times in which a king, "divinely appointed ruler" of his people, is fleeing on a lonely highway. Only too well Louis realizes the utility, the hazardous outcome of his wild chance. "Eh bien!" with a sigh, he cautiously parts the curtains and looks out into the night.



ILLUSTRATION BY MARY W. BROWN

THE EVENING STAR, BY JOSEPHINE MILES, SILVER BADGE, FEBRUARY, 1921

ILLUSTRATION BY MARY W. BROWN



BY ALICIA SAN, AGE 10  
(SILVER BADGE)



BY JEAN WALLACE, AGE 13



BY REGENIA PUTNAM, AGE 13  
(SILVER BADGE)

### "MY BEST NEGATIVE"

"Shall we reach the border?" Perchance it is Marie Antoinette who asks this question with bated breath.

"Perhaps, if there is no delay," some one answers her.

"And shall we succeed in restoring the monarchy?"

"Ah! who knows!" comes the sad reply, as the *cocher* gives a crack to his whip and the tired horses make a vain effort to go faster, faster toward the far-off border.

All history has told the outcome of the wild flight. The famous story is now familiar—how Varennes proved the stumbling-block, how their majesties were captured and restored to terrified France. Yes, Louis of Bourbon had tempted the fates once too often. His chance had failed. Yet, had it succeeded, perchance the glorious Republic of France might not be on the map to-day.

#### TAKING A CHANCE (A True Story)

BY GERTRUDE KRAFT (AGE 13)  
(Silver Badge)

THE hungry employees of the Rail Light Co. were assembled under the trees to eat their lunches. They heard a terrible scream, and soon there was a crowd around the spot from which the yell had come. There lay a boy struggling for his life. He had been struck by a piece of broken machinery and thrown onto a highly charged electric appliance, which meant almost instant death to the unlucky person who touched it.

The foreman dropped his lunch-pail, and ran straight to the boy, while the others calling at the top of their voices. "Stop! Stop!" "You'll be killed!" "Stay away!" But something seemed to tell him to go on. He pulled the boy from the appliance. As he did this, the electricity in the boy's body passed through him, burning him almost fatally, and he fell unconscious to the ground. He, with the boy, were rushed to the hospital. Before they reached there the boy died. The foreman's life was in danger for some time, but what with his courage, wonderful medical aid, and skin-grafting he recovered.

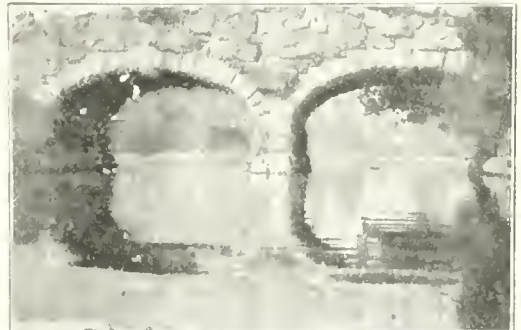
Although he did not save the boy, for which he is very sorry, he is proud of his Carnegie Hero Medal,

which was given him when he came from the hospital. He also received a life position with the Rail Light Co. Not many men could take so great a chance as this.

#### THE EVENING STAR

BY DOROTHEA WILDER (AGE 13)  
(Silver Badge)

At seven o'clock each winter night I have to come into bed,  
And it 's very dark and cold outside while my prayers  
are being said.  
But in summer my mother calls me in before it is even  
dark,  
And while I 'm in bed I can hear the shouts of the  
children in the park.  
Oh, I 'd be terribly lonely then if it were n't for a single  
star  
That Father says is away, 'way off, but does n't seem  
very far.  
It stays in my window all night long, alone in a patch  
of blue;  
I think it is there "for comp'ny" when I 'm lonely at  
night, don't you?



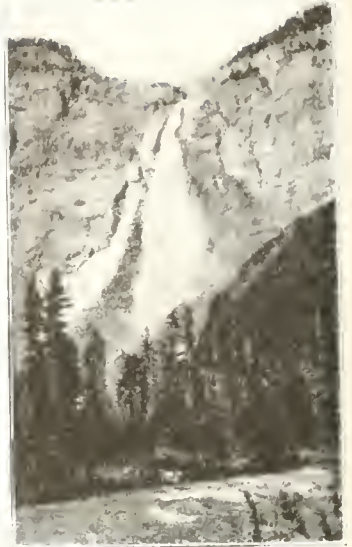
"MY BEST NEGATIVE." BY DOROTHY MITCHELL, AGE 12  
SILVER BADGE



BY KATHARINE P. JOHNSON, AGE 10  
(SILVER BADGE)



BY HELEN E. PERRY, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE  
SILVER BADGE WON MAY, 1920)



BY ELIZABETH DUDLEY, AGE 10. (GOLD  
BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON APRIL, 1920)

"MY BEST NEGATIVE"

THE EVENING STAR

BY WILLIE FAY LINN (AGE 17)

(Honor Member)

THE sky is dark and overcast  
With clouds that gather, black and grim;  
The day that once was bright has passed,  
And shadows make the landscape dim;  
The night of darkness hastens on,  
And every gleam of light is gone.

But see! the clouds now roll away,  
For in their midst a wondrous star  
Sends down its steadfast, silvery ray,  
And sheds its luster from afar.  
No need for grief in heart or voice  
When starlight bids the world rejoice.

This sparkling gem of hope so bright,  
This promise that, beyond the strife  
Are found rewards of pure delight,  
Keeps watch o'er every slumbering life—  
An angel sent into the sky  
To guard the earth till day is nigh.

And now at last the radiant beams  
Have found their way into my heart,  
To lend new brightness to my dreams,  
And check sad thoughts that sometimes start.  
So let me love the things that are,  
And be content, sweet evening star.

TAKING A CHANCE

(A True Story)

BY ELIZABETH T. NELSON (AGE 14)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won June, 1918)

RECENTLY, one of Richmond's retail stores offered fifty dollars in prizes for the best article, not exceeding two hundred words, by a school-girl or boy on the advantages of the "cash-and-carry" plan of buying. Reading the announcement, I resolved to try, then promptly forgot all about it until five o'clock of the afternoon the contest closed. Imagine my consternation! I had so fully intended to send a contribution—and the store closed in an hour! It seemed almost hopeless, but I summoned all my nerve, set the clock before me, and began to write. I scribbled at a furious rate, clutching wildly at ideas, with my eyes on the fast-moving hands of the clock. Twice I nearly gave up, but something urged me on, though the odds were so strongly against me, and at half-past five I had a manuscript ready. I telephoned the store, asking them to keep open until I could get there, and they told me that my article would be considered if I mailed it that night. So I need n't have struggled so desperately, after all; but still, it was lucky I had not given up.

About ten days later the head of the store telephoned, to say my article had won first prize, and I could have cried for joy. Twenty-five dollars—all my own! No future millions can bring the same thrill of possession as that twenty-five-dollar check, the first money I ever earned.

Then, in the midst of all the rejoicing, I remembered how nearly I had abandoned the idea of competing when time seemed so hopelessly against me, how I had struggled against my discouragement and kept on Taking a chance? Yes, a big one—and I had won!

"SOMETHING ROUND." BY LEE OR  
SAMPSON, AGE 13



THE EVENING STAR

BY RUTH PEIRCE FULLER (AGE 12)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won November, 1920)

Up in the western sky,  
As the day slowly fades into night,  
Golden, glowing, and high  
A star is shining bright.  
Like the lamp of the earth below,  
Like an aftermath of the sun.  
As the last rays of daylight go,  
It tells us that night is begun.

Jupiter, king of the gods,  
Jupiter, king of the stars;  
Watching through ages of peace,  
And watching through ages of wars,  
Ever your glittering eye  
Watches the earth go by,  
And you seem to guard it, night by night,  
From your place in the western sky.

A LEGEND OF THE EVENING STAR

BY BIRKBECK WILSON (AGE 16)

(Honor Member)

ONCE in the realms of sunset dwelt a queen  
Beloved by all, who wisely governed them.  
But even those who live in happy lands  
Must die at last, and so her end drew near.  
And in her palace chamber, near the sky,  
She lay and watched the rose light in the east,  
Which told another wondrous day was born—  
Another day, her last upon the earth.  
But as she lay in silence on her couch,  
The great enchanter of the north-lands came.

He, who had been her friend for many years,  
And with him came the wind which blows through space,  
Which at the proud enchanter's calm command  
Did lift her up and bear her form afar,  
Up through the endless leagues of silent space,  
Until, he came unto the evening star,  
A realm unknown to death and lasting pain.  
And there he left her in the sunny fields,  
Where flower-blooms with fragrance filled the air,  
And man and woman welcomed her as queen,  
And ruler of the deathless evening star.

TAKING A CHANCE

BY EVELYN I. PERKINS (AGE 12)

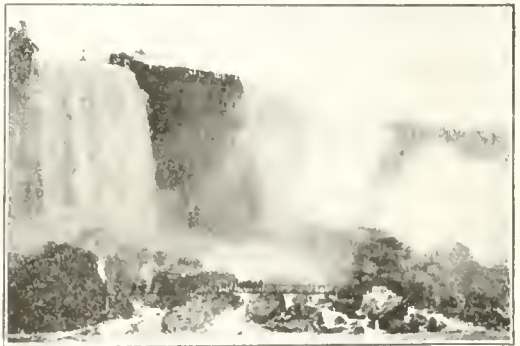
IT was the fourth of July. A large crowd had gathered on the village green, and Jack Lewis, eager to see what was going on, made his way through the mass of people to where a large platform had been put up. Several farmers were raffling off their old belongings. An old buggy, a pair of rabbits, and an old-fashioned wax doll had been raffled off, and now an old white horse was brought forward. Jack found himself near the booth where chances were being sold. "I'll take a chance," he thought, and he bought a ticket numbered 69. The wheel on the platform was set spinning; every one waited in breathless suspense until the wheel had stopped—the pointer was directly at 69!

Now Jack had once had a horse of his own called Prince. Just eight years ago Prince had been stolen, and ever since, Jack had been very fond of horses. He felt sorry for this old horse, so he led him home and gave him some oats and water, threw a blanket over him, and shook some hay into the stall.

The next day Jack bridled him and rode him around the farm. The minute he was in the saddle, the old



BY LOUIS ...



BY DOROTHY BAUMGARTEN, AGE 12



BY MILDRED ...



BY PRIS ...

noise gave a loyal neigh and burst into a canter. Not a bad horse after all," thought Jack; "he canters just like old Prince."

On leading him back to the barn, Jack noticed a thin red scar over the horse's left eye.

Yes! It was Prince! He nestled his great head lovingly on Jack's shoulder as he often had done eight years ago, and whinnied softly. I think Jack was glad he took a chance, don't you?



"A HEADING FOR FEBRUARY." BY FRANCES LEE PURNELL, AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE)

"TAKING A CHANCE"

(A True Story)

BY FLOY LANE NORWOOD (AGE 16)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won June, 1920)

A young boy sat at his desk gazing at an open volume before him. However, his thoughts were not on the contents of the closely printed pages, but on the scholarship that was offered to the boy who could write the best theme on a certain subject. The scholarship was wonderful—three years at Oxford, with all expenses paid, and it would mean so very much to Hal if he could only get it! His parents, with great effort, were able to keep him in school only until the end of the term, and he lacked three years of completing his law course. If he could only finish it, then he could make a place for himself in the world, besides rewarding those who had sacrificed so much for him.

But alas! Hal, although very studious and good in most of his subjects, was not gifted in literature, nor was his penmanship excellent. Nevertheless, he decided to take a chance, but it was with many misgivings and a sinking heart that he dropped the result of many weeks' labor in the box.

About two weeks afterward an assembly was called for the purpose of announcing the result of the contest. Imagine Hal's great surprise and delight, when he was announced as the winner. There had been no other contestants; he was the only one to "take a chance."



"THE HEADING FOR FEBRUARY." BY FRANCES LEE PURNELL, AGE 17.

THE EVENING STAR

BY MARY HELEN SWARTZEL (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

At last the golden sun in splendor great  
Has set, and filled the sky with colors gay,  
Streaming from the wonder book of fate  
Another day!  
And when the last bright rays of rosy glow  
Have faded, in the sky shines from afar,  
Spreading its silvery radiance here below,  
The evening star!

How peacefully serene its lovely face!  
How bright its soft light sparkles on the dew!  
Entrancingly its bright rays shine through space  
From heaven's deep blue.  
How mystical, enchanting are the notes!  
As soft and dainty as a cobweb thin;  
And o'er the dreaming vale the music floats—  
A violin.

TAKING A CHANCE

(A True Story)

BY LUCRETIA GREEN (AGE 7)

MY sister said she could think of lovely pictures to make with the title of "Something Round," but she could not draw well enough.

I said, "Oh, Betty, why don't you take a chance?"

Mother told me I might write a story and perhaps it would be printed in *St. Nicholas*, so you see I am taking a chance too!

THE EVENING STAR

BY BETH C. BUSSEN (AGE 8)

BEDTIME, story-time,

Star-time too,

In the heavens far away

Winking to you;

Evening-time, gloaming-time.

The time that I love best—

I in my little bed,

The birdies in their nest.

SPECIAL MENTION

A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted:

PROSE

- Margaret MackPrang
- Jeannie Nizzardini
- William Toth
- Helen B. Hayes
- Eleanor Hanna
- Dorothea Paddock
- Elizabeth Singer
- Barbara D. Simison
- Marie L. Hornsby
- Minnie Pfeiferberg
- Frances E. Bowers
- Louise Raymond
- Annette Andrews
- Margaret Alltime
- Florence C. Korkus
- William B. Willcox
- Helen Kimball
- Carol Bird
- Philena Weller
- Margaret Durbert
- Caroline Harris
- Alice Retting
- Margorie Cole

VERSE

- Kathleen Cook
- Margaret Harland
- Margaret Humphrey

- Josephine Rankin
- Edith Clark
- Elizabeth E. Clarke
- Katherine Orear
- Marcia L. Stevens
- Virginia
- Haldeman
- Winifred Julien
- Alice Fraubaut
- Louise Stewart
- Helen Rodney

DRAWINGS

- Juba Dean
- Sarah A.
- Zimmerman
- Hope Crouch
- Marguerite C.
- Detweiler
- May Hebelberg
- Frances M. Frost
- Dorothy Von Berg
- Elizabeth Moise
- Helen Symonds
- Jeannette Mbiturn
- Katharine Wolte
- Dorothy Webb
- Eleanor A. Mann
- Jane Cameron
- Nancy Wright

PHOTOGRAPHS

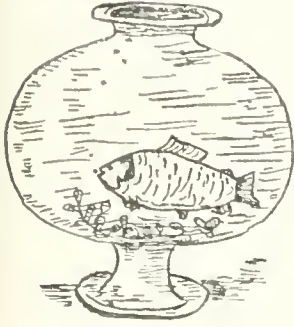
- Louise Brown
- Patterson H.
- French
- Alma M. A. Blake
- Mary E. Johnson
- Florence E. Aston
- Martha C. Dukes
- Mary M. Lewis
- Emma Daniel
- Jessie Hall
- Kathleen H. Guthrie
- Norma Singer
- Louise Host Porter
- Joseph N. Urban,
- Jr.
- Helen Reynolds
- Hortense S. Dwyer
- Mary Amore
- Ethel Phillips
- Felicia B. Clark
- Henrietta Howell
- Lucie Gilligan
- Frances G. Bates
- Emma Webb
- Katherine Everett
- Charlotte Churchill
- Norman M. Kessler
- Margaret Maize
- Dorothy E. Hawtaker

## ROLL OF HONOR

A list of those whose contributions were deserving of high praise:

**PROSE**  
John Sampson  
Maureen Harrington  
Kenneth Clair  
Blanche Lehman  
Carleton Green

Vivian Root  
Dorothy K. Carpenter  
Gertrude Loehel  
Mary A. Hurd  
Elizabeth Brainerd  
Mary K. Loomis



"SOMETHING ROUND." BY DOROTHY G. HAGER, AGE 13

Elvira de la Vega  
Josephine R. Gilmore  
Margaret Durick  
Eva Titman  
Selma Morse  
Irene M. Nicholas  
Alice Buell  
Jane Buell  
Josephine T. Walker  
Harriet M. Gadd  
Elizabeth P. Watson  
Danette Morrow  
Marie L. Burton  
Rose T. Niles  
Elizabeth Barton  
Elizabeth E. Parker  
Charlotte Reynolds  
Elizabeth Woodworth  
Alice R. Nelson  
Dorothy Hetzel  
Beryl Osborne  
Catherine Hard

## VERSE

Elinor G. Gibson  
Helen L. Rummons  
Margaret Van Norden  
Carol Kaufman  
Mary Adams  
Edith Rees  
Winifred P. Wilkie  
Jane Welch  
Pauline Jenking  
Betsey Green  
Florence Frear  
Elizabeth Labaree  
Irma M. Cantius  
Jean Harper  
Peggy Breyer  
Gretchen N. Bchringer  
Elizabeth M. Patterson  
Virginia Weyerhaeuser  
Edward B. Black  
Silvia A. Wunderlich  
Rae M. Verrill  
Virginia Cunningham  
Hope Yates  
Marjorie Neuhof  
Jessica Megaw  
Sally Bogart

## DRAWINGS

Catherine W. Van Schnus  
Muriel Tostevin  
Kathleen Murray  
Elaine Ducas  
Yvonne Harley  
Beatrice Purvin  
Hester Laning  
William Gilligan  
Louise Rexford  
Marion Harris  
Mary Graebing  
Eleanor T. Wood  
Rachel Grant  
Louise Boyle



"A HEADING FOR FEBRUARY." BY JANET BENSON, AGE 13

Helen L. Johnson  
Margaret Westoby  
Anita Kellogg  
Peyton Wirtz  
Eloise White  
Nancy Snow  
Harriet Huntington  
Mary W. Hawke  
Lydia Spitzer  
Beverly Wright  
Julius Slutzken

Katherine Rodgers  
Ellsabeth Freeland  
Virginia Koepfen  
Charlie Reed  
Julia E. Post  
Mary Redmayne  
Nance Borton  
Mary A. Skelding  
Doris Hofheimer  
Jeanie Allen  
Mary Isabel Fry

## WHAT THE LEAGUE IS

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE is an organization of the readers of the ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE.

THE LEAGUE motto is "Live to learn and learn to live."

THE LEAGUE emblem is the "Stars and Stripes." THE LEAGUE membership button bears the LEAGUE name and emblem.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE organized in November, 1899, became immediately popular with earnest and enlightened young folks, and is now widely recognized as one of the great artistic educational factors in the life of American boys and girls.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers.

## PRIZE COMPETITION No. 255

Competition No. 255 will close March 5. All contributions intended for it must be mailed on or before that date. Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for June. Badges sent one month later.

**Verse.** To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "The Rose" or "In a Rose Garden."

**Prose.** Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "Just in Time."

**Photograph.** Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Young photographers need not print and develop their pictures themselves. Subject, "Caught by the Camera."

**Drawing.** India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "My Favorite Sport"; or "A Heading for June."

**Puzzle.** Must be accompanied by answer in full. **Puzzle Answers.** Best and neatest complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be addressed to THE RIDDLE-BOX.

No unused contribution can be returned *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of proper size to hold the manuscript or picture.*

## RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and upon application a League badge and leaflet will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, must bear the name, age, and address of the sender and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt—and must state in writing—that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender.

If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write in ink on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include "competitions" in the advertising pages or "Answers to Puzzles."

Address: The St. Nicholas League,  
The Century Co.  
353 Fourth Avenue, New York.

## EDITORIAL NOTE

### A CORRECTION

By a double oversight, which we regret, the statement was made in our December number that Miss Alcott's story of "Patty's Place" (which was included in the article about the paper edited by five young sisters) had never before appeared in print. But as Messrs. Little, Brown & Co., the publishers of Miss Alcott's works, and several readers of this magazine promptly pointed out, this interesting tale is included in one of the best known of its author's books—"Aunt Jo's Scrap-bag." Under ordinary circumstances, we, of course, verify all such statements in advance, but in this case the magazine neglected to take the usual precaution because Miss Belle Moses, who contributed the article to our December number, is the author of a recent, popular "Life of Louisa May Alcott," and, therefore, was naturally supposed to be familiar with the contents of her various volumes and an authority upon her detached writings.

As ill luck would have it, however, Miss Moses, having read the correspondence between Miss Alcott and the

Lukens girls, in which the gift of the little story was tendered "for love and not for money," was content with the assertion by one of the young editors (now grown up) that she had never seen the story in print, except in their paper. And as our contributor goes on to explain, "It never occurred to me to look for it in the authorized edition of Miss Alcott's works, because it seemed so unlikely, in view of the correspondence that passed between her and her young friends, that she would have included it in one of her volumes without informing the girls to whom it was given, and for whom it was written."

The above is the simple story of the mistake; but quite consoling—with proper apologies to all concerned—is the kindly comment of a young subscriber who stated that she "greatly enjoyed re-reading the story, even if it was not a new one." And, of course, the tale has, besides its own evident merits, an exceptional and additional interest because of the fact that it was written especially for the young girls' paper, as explained in our December contribution.—EDITOR.

## THE LETTER-BOX

SPARTA, WIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You cannot imagine how surprised we were when we read in the December number about "An Old English Christmas," because last year we had a Christmas party, and we five children, together with six of our chums, gave that very same St. George play! We found it in a book of old English Christmas plays, but we changed part of it and took some parts from Chambers' "Book of Days," as well as some of the costumes, and we also drew partly on our imaginations, as every one wanted a speaking part.

We had two rehearsals, and we scrambled the costumes together in one evening. The dragon wore a tan bathing-suit, a mask, and a tail of green cambric with silver-paper scales. He was very ferocious looking, but he had stage-fright, and forgot to roar! *Blunderbore* (the largest girl) was dressed in a pajama suit, sheepskin moccasins, and a fur carriage-robe, and brandished a heavy club; while *Little Jack*, who has red hair, had a yellow tunic and a cap with a long white feather, which he passed around for candy wrapped in gold and silver paper. We afterward found a nickel in it, which went to him, as the youngest actor.

The morris-men and *St. George* also wore tunics (strips of cambric slashed at the ends, and a hole cut in the middle of each), green and red, and the former carried morris sticks, while I, who took the part of *St. George*, had a real sword.

We had no musical accompaniment, so we sang an old Christmas carol as we marched in and ranged ourselves in a semicircle before the audience.

The entrance of the dragon caused a great commotion, the bride fainted realistically, and the giant hid tremblingly behind *Little Jack*, while the rest looked very frightened. They all fought bravely, however, and *Dr. Ball* entered to find them piled upon the ground, trying not to giggle. He was really the star of the whole play, and audience and actors were all convulsed by his

gestures with a great silk handkerchief. When the fighters were all cured, the dragon had roared his last, and *Father Christmas* had said his part, *Little Jack* passed his cap around and we marched out singing, "Hold, men, hold! we are very cold."

It was the first play of that kind we had ever given, but not the last, for we enjoyed it very much. With best wishes, and gratitude for the many pleasant hours that you have given us, I am

Your loving reader,

MARGARET J. HILL (AGE 15).

MANILA, P. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As you see by the address, I live in Manila. I have only been here five months and am going back to the States next month. But I thought I would tell you about our trip to Corrigidor.

It takes two and a half hours to get there, and of course you go by boat. Corrigidor is an island lying just between the two headlands of Manila Bay. The whole island is fortified, and no civilians, except a few Filipino laborers and their families, live there. The island is very pretty and almost entirely covered with forests and thick undergrowth and jungle grass. The car line circles around the hill until it reaches Topside, the last station on the way up. There are many batteries and large barracks here, with residences for the officers and their families. From one of the stations you can see 'way out on the China Sea, and there is a big rock out there that looks like the largest of the Seal Rocks at San Francisco. The names of the principal stations on the car line seemed very funny to me, they were, Topside, Middleside, and Bottomside.

I have only taken you a little over a year, but I love you very much.

Yours affectionately,

LOUISE ATWELL.





### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER

**POSITIVES AND COMPARATIVES.** 1. Lad, ladder. 2. Crate, crater. 3. Sum, summer. 4. Quart, quarter. 5. Corn, corner. 6. Glow, glower. 7. Flat, flatter. 8. Scow, scour. 9. Chat, chatter. 10. Cell, cellar.

**TRIANGLE.** 1. Chant. 2. Hero. 3. Arc. 4. No. 5. T. **PRIMAL ACROSTIC.** Warren G. Harding, 1. Watch. 2. Azure. 3. Refit. 4. Ridge. 5. Elope. 6. Notch. 7. Gamut. 8. Horse. 9. Alloy. 10. Rusty. 11. Dirge. 12. Idiot. 13. Noisy. 14. Grasp.

**RIDDLE.** A thimble. **PROSE CHARADE.** San Antonio. **CUBE.** From 1 to 2, table; 1 to 3, talus; 2 to 4, emits; 3 to 4, slurs; 5 to 6, gelid; 5 to 7, gnome; 6 to 8, Druid; 7 to 8, epod; 1 to 5, tag; 2 to 6, eld; 4 to 8, sod; 3 to 7, sue.

**DIAMOND.** 1. T. 2. Met. 3. Texas. 4. Tan. 5. S. **ZIGZAG.** Decatur. 1. Deer. 2. Seed. 3. Peck. 4. Sofa. 5. Gate. 6. Lute. 7. Rope.

**TO OUR PUZZLERS:** Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine must be mailed not later than the 24th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

**SOLVERS** wishing to compete for prizes must give answers in full, following the plan of those printed above. **ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER** were fully received from Elizabeth Werner—Charlotte R. Cabell—Marion C. Pickard—Ruth M. Willis.

**ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER** were received from Helen A. Moulton, 9—Helen H. McIver, 9—Alice Walsh, 9—Stokes Dickins, 9—Virginia Ball, 9—Frances Curtis, 8—Dorothy N. Teulon, 8—Mary L. Edwards, 8—St. Anna's Girls, 8—Ernst Knoblauch, Jr., 8—Adele Rubenstein, 7—John F. Davis, 7—Ena L. Hourwich, 7—Peggy Whitehead, 7—John H. Wells, 7—Kemper Hall Chapter, 7—"Evanston," 6—Betty Howe, 6—Elizabeth Yungstram, 6—"01," 6—Elsie Wiese, 6—Harriet Rosewater, 5—Peggy Boeckman, 5—B. Le Frois, 5—Thelma Wade, 5—Adolph Wiesenburg, 4—Jane L. Martin, 4—Matthew Hale, Jr., 3—Alice T. Fishel, 3—Dorothy Adler, 3—Emil Dessonneck, 3—Adele Dunlap, 2—Jean Paton, 2—Betty Ballard, 2—Margaret Scott, 2—Kathleen S. Goodman, 2—Louisa Urmeta, 2—Mildred E. Burns, 2—Virginia Munson, 2—Maxine Cushing, 2—Dorothea L. Stockbridge, 2—"Forest St.," 2. One answer: K. J.—V. R. C.—E. L. R.—E. D.—B. M. H.—M. E. S.—E. K.—L. R.—H. P. J.—L. M. C.—B. L.—H. B.—K. H.—K. K.—J. N.—R. C.—F. B.—D. R. B. Jr.—M. M. A.—L. D.—J. P. N.—H. G.—M. J.—L. M. L.—J. O. G. Jr.—G. D.

### GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTIC

(Silver Badge, ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE Competition)

21 3 28 9 . 33 12 **READING ACROSS:** 1. A hier.  
15 6 32 29 . 20 2. Melodious. 3. A loiterer.  
17 35 31 4 23 4 Puts in tune. 5. The aveng-  
37 30 . 22 5 11 26 ing deity of the Greeks. 6.  
25 . 10 19 . 13 1 Menaces. 7. A country.  
8 34 24 . 27 16 Initials, from 21 to 2, will  
2 . 18 . 36 14 7 spell a fine city; the diagonals,  
from 21 to 7, will spell another  
fine city. The letters represented by the figures from 1  
to 8 and from 9 to 16 will spell the names of two more  
cities; from 17 to 19, from 20 to 26, and from 27 to 30  
each spell the name of a county. The letters represented  
by the figures from 31 to 37 spell the name of his state  
in which all these counties and cities are located.

RALPH D. PATCH (age 14).

### TRANSPOSITIONS

**EXAMPLE:** Transpose a fruit and make to harvest.  
**ANSWER:** pear, reap.

1. Transpose anger, and make trappings.
2. Transpose a resting-place, and make a point of the compass.
3. Transpose to roam, and make above.
4. Transpose watchfulness, and make a contest.
5. Transpose part of a book, and make to stare stupidly.
6. Transpose to burn, and make epochs.
7. Transpose to melt, and make an exclamation.
8. Transpose a ditch, and make a tiny particle.
9. Transpose caves, and make to dispatch.

**NUMERICAL ENIGMA.** "Cheer up, for to-day is the to-morrow you worried about yesterday."

**WORD SYNCOPATIONS.** William Dean Howells. 1. Grow-ing. 2. K-itch-en. 3. S-top-ing. 4. Vil-lag-e. 5. S-imp-ly. 6. B-ask-et. 7. Hu-man-e. 8. Con-don-e. 9. T-end-on. 10. Me-ado-w. 11. Mag-net-ic. 12. C-her-ry. 13. Abs-orb-ent. 14. Re-war-d. 15. Tr-eat-y. 16. B-lend-ed. 17. Bel-long-ing. 18. Con-sum-e.

**CENTRAL ACROSTIC.** Birthday. 1. Arbor. 2. Pride. 3. April. 4. Bathe. 5. Abhor. 6. Ended. 7. Blaze. 8. Rhyme.

**KING'S MOVE PUZZLE.** New York: 37-44-45-36-29-21-20. Ostend: 28-27-34-33-42-41. Coblenz: 49-58-57-50-59-51-43. Petrograd: 35-26-19-18-25-17-10-9-1. Paris: 2-3-11-12-4. Bruges: 5-13-22-14-15-6. Metz: 7-8-16-23. Brussels: 24-31-30-38-46-39-32-40. Berlin: 47-48-56-55-64-63. London: 54-53-62-61-60-52.

10. Transpose garden tools, and make articles of clothing.

11. Transpose a small object, and make a paragraph.

12. Transpose part of a window, and make part of the neck.

13. Transpose to utter melodious sounds, and make certain useful machines.

14. Transpose an article of food, and make spiritless.

15. Transpose a geometrical figure, and make a single time.

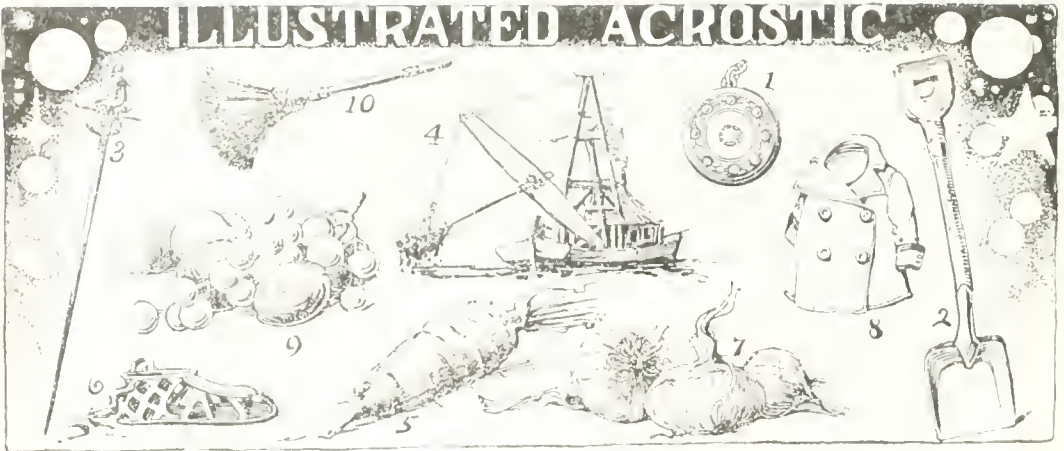
16. Transpose to acquire by labor, and make adjacent. When the foregoing words have been rightly guessed and transposed, the initials of the new words will spell the name of a famous man.

GIOCONDA SAVINI (age 13), League Member.

### CROSS-WORD ENIGMA

My first is in Galveston, but not in Racine;  
My second, in Racine, but not in Los Angeles;  
My third is in Los Angeles, but not in St. Paul;  
My fourth is in St. Paul, but not in Atlanta;  
My fifth is in Atlanta, but not in Dallas;  
My sixth is in Dallas, but not in Birmingham;  
My seventh is in Birmingham, but not in Louisville;  
My eighth is in Louisville, but not in Springfield;  
My ninth is in Springfield, but not in Richmond;  
My tenth is in Richmond, but not in Scranton;  
My eleventh is in Scranton, but not in New York;  
My twelfth is in New York, but not in Chicago.  
My whole is a day in February.

BETH McCARRON (age 14), League Member.



All of the ten objects pictured may be described by words of the same length. When rightly guessed and written one below another, as numbered, one of the rows of letters, reading downward, will spell the name of a very famous man who was born in February, more than five hundred years ago.

**TWO QUINCUNXES**

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

- I. READING ACROSS: 1. Unrestricted, 2. A common little verb, 3. A very narrow fabric, 4. A snare, 5. A heavenly body.
- DIAGONALS (from left to right, upward): 1. In flatter, 2. A sailor, 3. A trap, 4. An Indian habitation, 5. Devoured, 6. In flatter.

II. READING ACROSS: 1. A stringed instrument, 2. To allow, 3. Prostrate, 4. A beverage, 5. Shut up.

DIAGONALS: 1. In flatter, 2. An insect, 3. A woman, 4. In high pipes, 5. To produce of gain as clear profit, 6. In flatter.

INDIA V. CUTLER (age 13).

**NOVEL ACROSTIC**

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, one of the rows of letters will spell the name of a celestial visitor in 1909-10.

- CROSS WORDS: 1. A painted circle of guilt, 2. A distance in universal use, 3. At a distance or apart, 4. Senior, 5. Gladness, 6. A steering person, 7. Part, 8. The fruit of the oak, 9. A river of France, 10. An ant, 11. A tropical fruit, 12. To discolour.
- WARD W. BROWN (age 11), League Member.

**TRIPLE BEHEADINGS**

EXAMPLE: Triply behead a woman who hunt, and would look of him. ANSWER: Huntress.

- 1. Triply behead not generated, and leave perfect.
- 2. Triply behead a bag, a bladder bottle, and leave a word.
- 3. Triply behead to resolve, and leave to be.
- 4. Triply behead certain dramatic souls, and leave at three.
- 5. Triply behead a room, and leave a coal.
- 6. Triply behead mentally, and leave a common verb.
- 7. Triply behead the knee, and leave an arithmetic.
- 8. Triply behead to remove, and leave an extended, and a meter of long for a lake man.

- 9. Triply behead to deprive of heritage, and leave to come into possession of.
- 10. Triply behead to abduct, and leave a short sleep.
- 11. Triply behead to reject, and leave a piece of pasteboard.
- 12. Triply behead plenty, and leave native metal.
- 13. Triply behead to exceed in duration, and leave final.
- 14. Triply behead a short poem and leave a snare.

When the fourteen words have been rightly guessed, and triply beheaded, the initials of the remaining words will spell the name of a famous man.

SIDNEY WHITE (age 13), League Member.

**MYTHOLOGICAL KING'S MOVE PUZZLE**

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
S	L	O	A	T	U	N	M
9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
U	A	C	S	S	U	R	E
17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
E	H	O	O	B	A	R	C
25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32
P	O	N	E	E	R	O	U
33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40
R	P	E	N	R	L	R	Y
41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48
N	E	T	U	N	F	O	I
49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56
A	O	L	I	V	S	U	L
57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64
N	C	D	U	S	E	S	Y

Begin at the top left and move to an adjoining square (as in the king's move in chess) until each square has been entered once. When the moves have been correctly made, the name of eleven personages found in famous old myths may be spelled out. These eleven names may be so arranged that their initial letters will spell the name of a famous Greek statistician, the path from one letter to another is continuous.

WARD PHIPPS (age 14)





AND HAPPILY THEY DANCE, SO GAY OF HEART. SEE PAGE 389

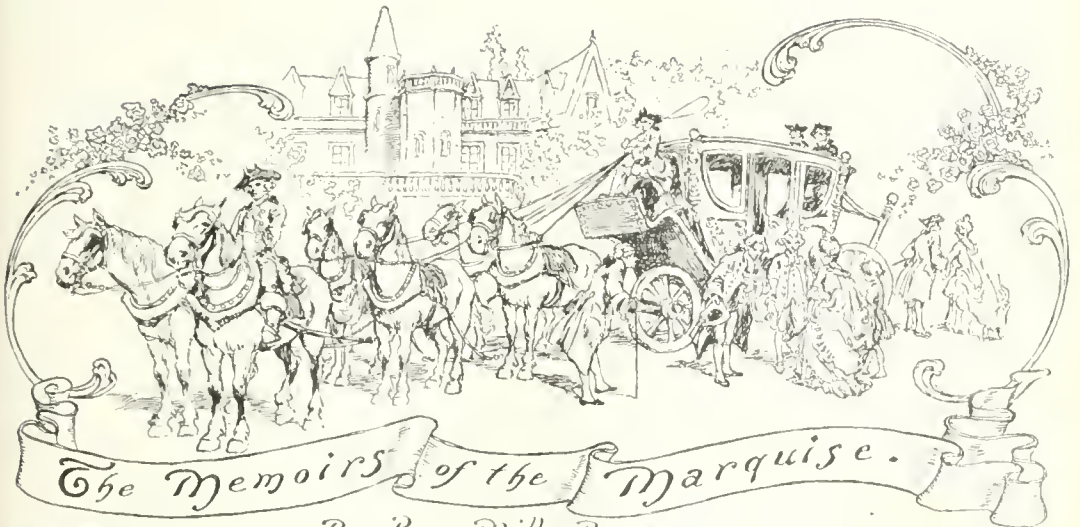
# ST. NICHOLAS

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## The Memoirs of the Marquise.

By Rose Mills Powers.

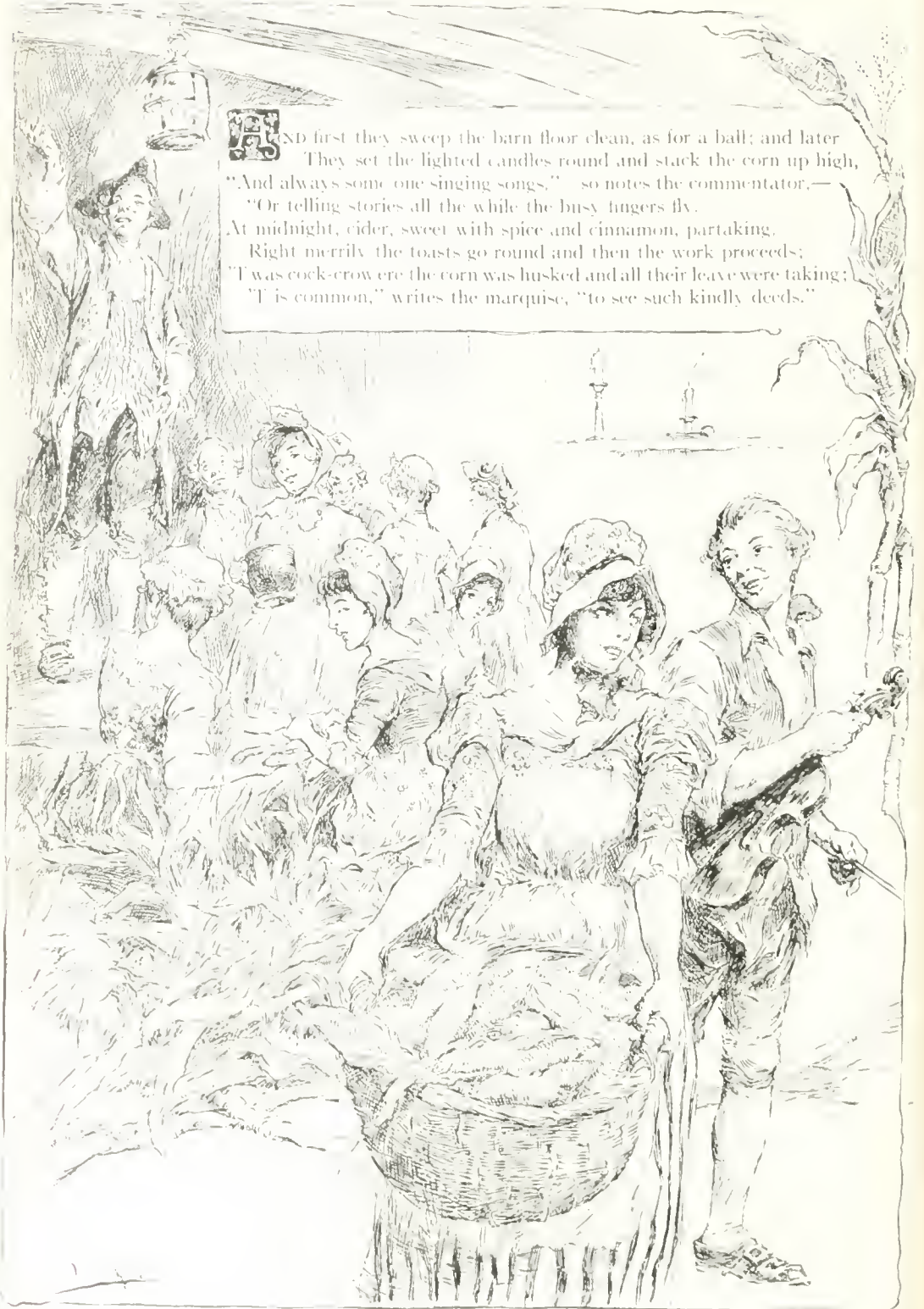


HE Marquise de la Tour du Pin, but lately come from Paris,  
Had settled down near Albany upon a modest farm,  
Although to wealth and fair domains in troubled France an heiress,  
Now fleeing from the guillotine and civil war's alarm;  
Her neighbors on the Hudson shore, Van Rensselaer and Schuyler  
And Livingston (her diary gives record of their names);  
"Such friendly folk; an open door," so writes the fair compiler,  
"They keep for guests—these worthy squires, these hospitable dames."



HE titled emigrants, in need a living to be earning,  
To oversee their laborers were up at early morn;  
The marquise with her own white hands the butter would be churning,  
The marquis following the plow or scattering the corn.  
When autumn comes and harvest-time, appear the kindly neighbors,  
To say a frolic will be held and all will lend a hand  
To husk the corn so golden ripe and ready for their labors,  
"Such friendliness," the marquise writes, "is common in the land."

AND first they sweep the barn floor clean, as for a ball; and later  
 They set the lighted candles round and stack the corn up high,  
 "And always some one singing songs," so notes the commentator. —  
 "Or telling stories all the while the busy fingers fly.  
 At midnight, cider, sweet with spice and cinnamon, partaking,  
 Right merrily the toasts go round and then the work proceeds;  
 'T was cock-crow ere the corn was husked and all their leave were taking;  
 'T is common," writes the marquise, "to see such kindly deeds."





**A**T neighbor Schuyler's near-by home a friendly visit paying,  
 They meet a countryman from France, like them in exile cast,  
 The famous Monsieur Talleyrand, with news from Paris, saying  
 That Robespierre is fallen and the Reign of Terror past.  
 To celebrate their guests' delight, their host, the neighbors calling,  
 A banquet in their honor serves and happily they dance,  
 So gay of heart, the livelong night, for fortune thus befalling,  
 With shouts for the United States and cheers for *la belle France!*

**T**HE marquis and the marquise to France thereafter going,  
 Returning to their former life of ceremonious state,  
 Released their four black negro slaves, their gentle nature showing  
 The kind and generous character that marks the truly great.  
 We like to think that friendly proved the Hudson River gentry,  
 Who gave them hearty welcome and genial good cheer,  
 "Who loved their neighbors as themselves," as shown in every entry  
 The fair young marquise wrote of them that immemorial year.





DEACON JIMMY WADSWORTH was probably the most upright man in Cornwall. It was he who drove five miles one bitter winter night and woke up Silas Smith, who kept the store at Cornwall Bridge, to give him back three cents over-change. Silas's language, as he went back to bed, almost brought on a thaw. The deacon lived on the tip top of the Cobble, one of the twenty-seven named hills of Cornwall, with Aunt Maria his wife, Hen Root his hired man, Nip Root, Hen's yellow dog, and the Ducks. The deacon had ruffled white hair, a serene, clear-cut face, and, even when working, always wore a clean white shirt with a stiff bosom and no collar; while Aunt Maria was one of the salt of the earth. She was spry and short, with a little face all wrinkled with goodwill and good works, and had twinkling eyes of horizon-blue. If any one was suddenly ill or had unexpected company or was getting married or buried, Aunt Maria was always on hand helping. As for Hen, he cared more for his dog than he did for any human. When a drive for the Liberty Loan was started in Cornwall, he bought a bond for himself and one for Nip, and had the latter wear a Liberty Loan burton in his collar. Of course, the farm was cluttered up with horses, cows, chickens, and similar bric-à-brac, but the Ducks were part of the household. It came about in this way: Rashe Howe, who hunted everything except work, had given the deacon a tamed decoy-duck who seemed to have passed her usefulness as a lure. It was evident, however, that she had been trifling with Rashe, for before she had been on the farm a month, somewhere in sky or stream she found a mate. Later, down by the ice pond, she stole a nest, a beautiful basin made of leaves and edged with soft down from her flak-and-bill breast. There she laid ten, blunt-ended brown eggs which she brooded until she was carried off one night by a wandering fox. Her mate went back to the wilds, and Aunt Maria got the eggs under a big, clucking brahma hen, which hatched out four soft yellow ducklings.

They had no more than come out of the shell when, with faint little quackings, they paddled out of the barnyard and started in single file for the pond. Although just hatched, each little duck knew its place in the line, and, from that day on, the order never changed. The old hen, clucking frantically, tried again and again to turn them back. Each time they scattered and, waddling past her, fell into line once more. When at last they reached the bank, their foster-mother scurried back and forth, squawking warnings at the top of her voice; but one after another, each disobedient duckling plunged in with a bob of its turned-up tail, and the procession swam around and around the pond as if it would never stop. This was too much for the old hen. She stood for a long minute watching the ungrateful brood, and then turned away and evidently disinherited them upon the spot. From that moment she gave up the duties of motherhood, stopped setting and clucking, and never again recognized her foster-children, as they found out to their sorrow after their swim. All the rest of that day they plopped sadly after her, only to be received with pecks whenever they came too near. She would neither feed nor brood them, and when night came, they had to huddle in their deserted coop in a soft little heap, shivering and quacking beseechingly until daylight. The next day Aunt Maria was moved by the sight of the four, weary, but still pursuing the indifferent hen, keeping up the while a chorus of soft, sorrowful little quackings which ought to have touched her heart—but did n't. By this time they were so weak that if Aunt Maria had not taken them into the kitchen and fed them and covered them up in a basket of flannel, they would never have lived through the second night. Thereafter, the old kitchen became a nursery. Four human babies could hardly have called for more attention or made more trouble or have been better loved than those four fuzzy, soft, yellow ducklings. In a few days the whole home-life on top of the Cobble centered



around them. They needed so much nursing and petting and soothing that it almost seemed to Aunt Maria as if a half-century had rolled back and that she was once more looking after babies long, long lost to her. Even old Hen became attached to them enough to cuff Nip violently when that pampered animal growled at the new-comers and showed signs of abolishing them. From that moment, Nip joined the brahma hen in ignoring the ducklings completely. If any attention was shown them in his presence, he would stalk away majestically, as if overcome by astonishment that humans would spend their time over four yellow ducks instead of one yellow dog.

During the ducks' first days in the kitchen, some one had to be with them constantly. Otherwise, all four of them would go "Yip! yip! yip!" at the top of their voices. As soon as any one came to their cradle or even spoke to them, they would snuggle down contentedly under the flannel and sing like a lot of little tea-kettles, making the same kind of a sleepy hum that a flock of wild mallards gives when they are sleeping far out on the water. They liked the deacon and Hen, but they loved Aunt Maria. In a few days they followed her everywhere around the house and even out on the farm, paddling along just behind her

she sat in Mrs. Rogers' parlor. When they made up their minds that she had called long enough, they set up such a chorus of quackings and so embarrassed Aunt Maria that she had to come.



THEY FOLLOWED HER EVERYWHERE, PADDLING ALONG JUST BEHIND HER"



in single file and quacking vigorously if she walked too fast. One day she tried to slip out and go down to the sewing circle at Mrs. Miner Rogers' at the foot of the hill, but they were on her trail before she had taken ten steps. They followed her all the way there and stood with their beaks pressed against the bay-window, watching her as

"Those pesky ducks will quack their heads off if I don't leave," she explained shamefacedly.

The road uphill was a long, long trail for the ducklings. Every now and then they would stop and cry, with their pathetic little yipping note, and lie down flat on their backs and hold their soft little paddles straight up in the air to show how sore they were. The last half of the journey they made in Aunt Maria's apron, singing away contentedly as she plodded up the hill. As they grew older they took an interest in every one who came, and, if they did not approve of the visitor,

would quack deateningly until he went. Once Aunt Maria happened to step suddenly around the corner of the house as a load of hay went past. Finding her gone, the ducks started solemnly down the road, following the hay-wagon, evidently convinced that she was hidden somewhere beneath the load. They were almost out of sight when Aunt Maria called to them. At the first sound of her voice they turned and hurried back, flapping their wings and paddling with all their might, quacking joyously as they came.

Aunt Maria and the flock had various little private games of their own. Whenever she sat down they would tug at the neatly tied bows of her shoe-laces until they had loosened them, whereupon she would jump up and rush at them, pretending great wrath, whereat they would scatter on all sides, quacking delightedly. When she turned back they would form a circle around her, snuggling their soft necks against her gown, until she scratched each uplifted head softly. If she wore button shoes, they would pry away at the loose buttons and pretend to swallow them. When she was working in her flower garden they would bother her by swallowing some of the smallest bulbs and snatching up and running away with larger ones. At other times they would hide in dark corners and rush out at her with loud and terrifying quacks, at which Aunt Maria would pretend to be much frightened and scuttle away pursued by the whole flock.

All three of the family were forever grumbling about the flock. To hear them, one would suppose that their whole lives were embittered by the trouble and expense of caring for a lot of useless, greedy ducks. Yet when Hen suggested roast duck for Thanksgiving, Deacon Jimmy and Aunt Maria lectured him so severely for his cruelty that he was glad to explain that he was only joking. Once, when the ducks were sick, he dug angleworms for them all one winter afternoon in the corner of the pig-pen, where the ground still remained unfrozen, and Deacon Jimmy nearly bankrupted himself buying pickled oysters which he fed them as a tonic. It was not long before they outgrew their baby clothes and wore the mottled brown of the mallard duck, with a dark, steel blue bar edged with white on either wing. Blackie, the leader, evidently had a strain of black duck in her blood. She was larger and lacked the trim bearing of the aristocratic mallard. On the other hand, she had all the wariness and sagacity of the black duck, than whom there is no wiser bird. As the winter came on, a coop was fixed up for them not far from the kitchen, where they slept on warm straw in the coldest weather with their heads tucked under their feet, down lined wings up to their round,

bright eyes. The first November snow-storm covered their coop out of sight; but when Aunt Maria called, they quacked a cheery answer back from under the drift.

Then came the drake, a gorgeous mallard with a head of emerald-green and snow-white collar and with black-white-gray-and-violet wings, in all the pride and beauty of his prime. A few days and nights before he had been a part of the far North. Beyond the haunts of men, beyond the farthest forests where the sullen green of the pines gleamed against a silver sky, a great waste-land stretched clear to the tundras, beyond which is the ice of the arctic. In this wilderness, where long leagues of rushes hissed and whispered to the wind, the drake had dwelt. Here and there were pools of green-gray water, and beyond the rushes stretched the bleached brown reeds, deepening in the distance to a dark tan. In the summer, a heavy, sweet scent had hung over the marshland, like the breath of a herd of sleeping cattle. Here had lived uncounted multitudes of water-fowl.

As the summer passed, a bitter wind howled like a wolf from the north, with the hiss of snow in its wings. Sometimes by day, when little flurries of snow whirled over the waving rushes, sometimes by night, when a misty moon struggled through a gray rack of cloud, long lines and crowded masses of water-birds sprang into the air and started on the far journey southward. There were gaggles of wild geese flying in long wedges, with the strongest and the wisest gander leading the converging lines, wisps of snipe and battlings of duck of many kinds. The widgeons flew, with whistling wings, in long black streamers. The scaup came down the sky in dark masses, giving a rippling purr as they flew. Here and there, scattered couples of blue-winged teal shot past the groups of the slower ducks. Then down the sky, in a whizzing parallelogram, came a band of canvasbacks, with long red heads and necks and gray-white backs. Moving at the rate of a hundred and sixty feet a second, they passed pintails, black duck and mergansers as if they had been anchored, grunting as they flew. When the rest of his folk sprang into the air, the mallard drake had refused to leave the cold pools and the whispering rushes. Late that season he had lost his mate; and lonely without her and hoping still for her return, he lingered among the last to leave. As the nights went by, the marshes became more and more deserted. Then there dawned a cold, turquoise day. The winding streams showed sheets of sapphire and pools of molten silver. That afternoon the sun, a vast globe of molten red, sank through an old-rose sky which slowly changed to a faint golden-green.

For a moment it hung on the knife-edge of the world and then dipped down and was gone. Through the violet twilight, five gleaming, misty-white birds of an unearthly beauty, glorious trumpeter swans, flew across the western sky in strong, swift, majestic flight. As the shadows darkened like spilt ink, their clanging notes came down to the lonely drake. When the swans start south it is no time for lesser folk to linger. The night was aflame with its million candles as he sprang into the air, circled once and again, and followed southward the moon-path which lay like a long streamer of gold across the waste-lands. Night and day and day and night and night and day again, he flew, until, as he passed over the northwestern corner of Connecticut, that strange food sense, which a migrating bird has, brought him down from the upper sky into the one stretch of marshland that showed for miles around. It chanced to be close to the base of the Cobble.

All night long he fed full among the pools. Just as the first faint light showed in the eastern sky he climbed upon the top of an old muskrat house that showed above the reeds. At the first step, there was a sharp click, the fierce grip of steel, and he was fast in one of Hen's traps. There the old man found him at sunrise and brought him home wrapped up in his coat, quacking, flapping, and fighting every foot of the way. An examination showed his leg to be unbroken, and Hen held him while Aunt Maria, with a pair of long shears, clipped his beautiful wings. Then, all gleaming green and violet, he was set down among the four ducks who had been watching him admiringly. The second he was loosed he gave his strong wings a flap that should have lifted him high above the hateful earth where tame folk set traps for wild folk. Instead of swooping toward the clouds, the clipped wings beat the air impotently and did not even raise his orange-webbed feet from the ground. Again and again the drake tried in vain to fly, only to realize at last that he was clipped and shamed and earth-bound. Then for the first time he seemed to notice the four who stood by, watching him in silence. To them he fiercely quacked and quacked and quacked, and Aunt Maria had an uneasy feeling that she and her shears were the subject of his remarks. Suddenly he stopped, and all five started toward their winter quarters; and lo and behold, at the head of the procession marched the gleaming drake with the deposed Blackie trailing meekly in second place. From that day forth he was their leader, nor did he forget his wings. The sight of Aunt Maria was always a signal for a burst of impassioned quackings. Soon it became evident that the ducks were reluctantly convinced that the gentle little woman

had been guilty of a great crime, and more and more they began to shun her. There were no more games and walks and caressings. Instead, the four followed the drake's lead in avoiding as far as possible humans who trapped and clipped the people of the air.

At first, the deacon put the whole flock in a great pen where the young calves were kept in spring, fearing lest the drake might wander away. This, of course, was no imprisonment to the ducks, who could fly over the highest fence. The first morning after they had been penned, they all sprang over the fence and started for the pond, quacking to the drake to follow. When he quacked back that he could not, the flock returned and showed him again and again how easy it was to fly over the fence. At last he evidently made them understand that for him flying was impossible. Several times they started for the pond, but each time at a quack from the drake they came back. It was Blackie who finally solved the difficulty. Flying back over the fence, she found a place where a box stood near one of the sides of the pen. Climbing up on top of this she fluttered to the top rail. The drake clambered up on the box and tried to follow. As he was scrambling up the fence, with desperate flappings of his disabled wings, Blackie and the others, who had joined her on the top rail, reached down and pulled him upward with tremendous tugs from their flat bills until he finally scrambled to the top and was safely over. For several days this went on, and the flock would help him out and into the pen every day as they went to and from the pond. When at last Aunt Maria saw this experiment in prison-breaking she threw open the gate wide, and thereafter the drake had the freedom of the farm with the others. As the days went by, he seemed to become more reconciled to his fate and at times would even take food from Aunt Maria's hands, yet certain reserves and withdrawals on the part of the whole flock was always apparent to vex her.

At last and at last, just when it seemed as if winter would never go, spring came. There were flocks of wild geese beating, beating, beating up the sky, never soaring, never resting, thrusting their way north in a great black-and-white wedge, outflying spring, and often finding lakes and marshes still locked against them. Then came the strange wild call from the sky of the killdeer, who wore two black rings around his white breast, and the air was full of robin notes and bluebird calls and the shrill high notes of the hylas. On the sides of the Cobble the bloodroot bloomed, with its snowy petals and heart of gold and root dripping with burning, bitter blood, frail flowers which the wind kisses and kills. Then the beech-

rees turned all lavender-brown and silver, and the fields of April wheat made patches of brilliant velvet-green. At last there came a day blurred with glory, when the grass was a green blaze and the woods dripped green and the new leaves of the apple-trees were like tiny jets of green flame among the pink-and-white blossoms. The sky

long, arrowy curve and shot up through the sky toward the disappearing company—and not alone. Even as he left the ground before Aunt Maria's astonished eyes, faithful, clumsy, wary Blackie sprang into the air after him, and with the strong awkward flight of the black-duck, which plows its way through the air by main strength, she over-



AS THEY THREW OPEN THE DOOR, IN MARCHED A PROCESSION

was full of water-towl going north. All that day the drake had been uneasy. One by one he had molted his clipped wing-leathers, and the long curved quills which had been his glory had come back again. Late in the afternoon, as he was leading his flock toward the kitchen, a great hubbub of calls and cries floated down from the afternoon sky. The whole upper air was black with ducks. There were teal, wood-ducks, bald pates, black-duck, pintails, little blue-bills, whistlers, and suddenly a great mass of mallards, the green heads of the drakes gleaming against the sky. As they flew they quacked down to the little earth-bound group below. Suddenly the great drake seemed to realize that his power was upon him once more. With a great sweep of his lustrous wings he launched himself forth into the air in a

took her leader, and the two were lost in the distant sky.

Aunt Maria took what comfort she could out of the three which remained, but only now they had gone did she realize how dear to her had been Greentop, the beautiful, wild, resentful drake, and Blackie, awkward, wise, resourceful Blackie. The flock, too, was lost without them, and took chances and overlooked dangers which they never would have been allowed to do under the reign of their lost king and queen. At last fate overtook them one dark night when they were sleeping out. That vampire of the darkness, a wandering mink, came upon them. With their passing went something of love and hope, which left the Cobble a very lonely place for the three old people.

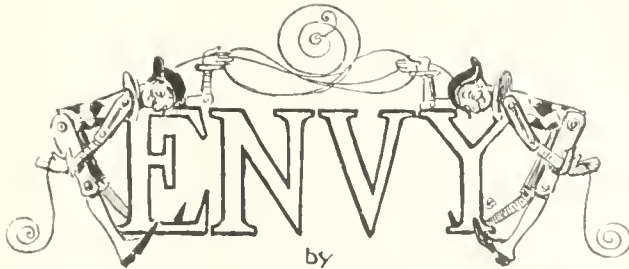
As the nights grew longer, Aunt Maria would often dream that she heard the happy little flock singing like tea-kettles in their basket or that she heard them quack from their coop and would call out to comfort them. Yet always it was only a dream. Then the cold came, and one night a great storm of snow and sleet broke over the Cobble and the wind howled as it did the night before the drake was found. Suddenly Aunt Maria started out of her warm bed and listened. When she was sure she was not dreaming, she awakened the deacon and through the darkness they hurried down to the door, from the other side of which sounded tumultuous and familiar quackings. With trembling hands she lighted the lamp, and, as they threw open the door, in marched a procession. It was headed by Greentop, resentful and reserved no more, but quacking joyously at the sight of light and shelter. Back of him, Blackie's soft, dark head rubbed lovingly against Aunt Maria's trembling knees with the little caressing, crooning note which

Blackie always made when she wanted to be petted. Back of her, quacking embarrassedly, waddled four more ducks, who showed their youth by their size and the newness of their feathering. Greentop and Blackie had come back, bringing their family with them. The tumult and the shoutings aroused old Hen, who hurried down in his night-clothes. These, by the way, were the same as his day-clothes, except for the shoes, for, as Hen said, he could not be bothered with dressing and undressing except during the bathing season, which was long past.

"Durned if it ain't them pesky ducks again!" he said, grinning happily.

"That 's what it be," responded Deacon Jimmy. "I don't suppose now we 'll have a moment's peace."

"Yes, it 's them good-for-nothin'—" began Aunt Maria, but she gulped and something warm and wet trickled down her wrinkled cheeks as she stooped and pulled two dear-loved heads, one green and the other black, into her arms.



by

Arthur Guiterman

I have a yellow jumping-jack  
 And Billy has his brother;  
 My jumping-jack he kicks one leg  
 Before he kicks the other.

But Billy's yellow jumping-jack  
 I think is better fun,  
 Because he kicks the other leg  
 Before he kicks the one!



# INAUGURATION DAYS

By HARRIETTE WILBUR

By "Inauguration" is meant "the act of inducting into office with solemnity," and in reference to the President it means that act by which he promises, as directed in the Constitution, "I do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States."

The Constitution does not specify the date for the inaugural ceremony. The first Wednesday in March, 1789, which fell on the fourth day of the month, was appointed as the date for the assembling of the first Congress, at which time it was intended to inaugurate the President. But there was delay and confusion in getting the untried machinery of the new government into working order, so that Washington did not take the oath of office until nearly two months after the time set.

Nevertheless, the fourth of March has been made the permanent date for the ceremony; should this date happen to fall on Sunday, the fifth is taken instead.

New York City was selected as the first national capital. Philadelphia, Trenton, and Baltimore were also candidates for the honor. At the second session of Congress, the capital was changed to Philadelphia, where it was to remain for ten years, and then, in 1800, he removed permanently to the District of Columbia.

This tract was in the midst of a wilderness, with only a log house here and there. Why was such a place chosen? Because the jealousies of the different States made it necessary to place the seat of government in a spot outside of any State and so free from any such influence. In 1793, President Washington laid the corner stone of the Capitol, and in seven years the north wing was ready for the first sitting of Congress. Since then the building has been burned by the British in 1814, repaired, remodeled, enlarged—in fact, it has never quite left the hands of carpenters and contractors. The same is true of the White House. Early in the days when Washington was nothing but a muddy village, the Portuguese Minister named it, in ridicule, "The City of Magnificent Distances." With the improvements that a century and more have made, the term has become a most appropriate one and is proudly used by the citizens of this great country.

Twenty-seven different men have held the office of President of the United States, but

the number of inauguration ceremonies is larger, since several Presidents have enjoyed a second term of office.

**1. GEORGE WASHINGTON.** The first President was unanimously elected by the people at large for a term of four years from the fourth of March, 1789. It was not until the fourteenth of April that he was notified of his election, however, and two days later he bade good-by to his friends and neighbors in Alexandria and started by carriage for New York. His journey was a continuous ovation. Crowds of gaily dressed people, bearing baskets and garlands of flowers and hailing his appearance with shouts of joy, met him at every village, while ringing of bells and roaring of cannon added to the tumult. On the bridge at Trenton that spanned the Delaware, which he had once crossed in the dead of night, with the river full of floating ice, was a triumphal arch covered with evergreens and laurels—those emblems of victory. As Washington passed beneath the arch and over the bridge, a number of girls dressed in white and crowned with wreaths scattered flowers before the carriage and sang an ode in his honor.

Arriving at New York, he was greeted with bands and flags, salutes of cannon, pealing bells, crowded streets, and houses gay with flowers, flags, and mottoes. After several days' delay, while the wiseacres debated the manner of conducting the ceremonies, on April 30, he took the oath of office standing on the balcony of the old Federal Hall, in full view of the crowds that filled the streets, windows, and house-tops about.

"Long live George Washington, President of the United States!" cried Chancellor Livingston, as soon as the solemn promise had been made, and the cry was echoed throughout the streets, taken up by the bells, and strengthened with the booming of cannon.

Then he returned to the Senate Chamber, and delivered a short address to the immense crowd gathered there. A statue of Washington now stands in Wall Street, on the spot where he took the oath of office.

Four years later, but this time on the fourth of March, he entered upon his second term of office.

**2. JOHN ADAMS.** After serving two terms as Vice-President, John Adams was promoted to the Presidency. A letter written to his wife gives a good description of the inaugural ceremony, which took place in Independence Hall, Philadelphia.

I never had a more trying day than yesterday. A solemn scene it was indeed; and it was made more affecting to me by the presence of the General (Washington), whose countenance was as serene and unclouded as the day. He seemed to me to enjoy a triumph over me. Methought I could almost hear him saying:

"Ay! I am fairly out, and you are fairly in! See which of us will be the happier!"

When the ceremony was over, he came and made me a visit and cordially congratulated me and wished my administration might be successful, happy, and honorable. In the chamber of the House of Representatives was a multitude as great as the space could contain, and, I believe, scarcely a dry eye but Washington's. Chief-Justice Ellsworth administered the oath, and with great energy. Judges Cushing, Wilson, and Iretell were present. Many ladies. I was not well, and did not know whether I should get through or not. I did, however! How the business was received, I know not, only I have been told that Mason, the treaty publisher, said we should lose nothing by the change, for he never heard such a speech in public in his life. All agree that, taken together, it was the sublimest thing ever exhibited in America.

Such is Adams' report of the day. The treaty referred to is Jay's, published on July 2, 1795.

**3. THOMAS JEFFERSON.** There are conflicting reports regarding this inauguration. Jefferson's great-granddaughter, Sarah N. Randolph, thus describes it: "Mr. Jefferson thought it becoming a republican that his inauguration should be as free from display as possible—and such it was."

An English traveler, who was in Washington at the time, wrote, "His dress was of plain cloth, and he rode on horse-back to the Capitol without a single guard or servant, dismounted without assistance, and hitched the bridle of his horse to the palisades."

Another biographer calls this anecdote a "pleasant fiction," invented by an Englishman, John Davis, who was not always careful to verify the stories told him. So here is another version of the

day's ceremonies. "At the time Jefferson was Vice-President, he was living at Conrad's boarding-house, which still stands on New Jersey Avenue, not far from the Capitol. From there he was escorted by a battalion of foot-soldiers. Jefferson himself walked, as well—to the north wing of the Capitol; and surrounded by his political friends, he took the oath of office on the east



GEORGE WASHINGTON TAKING THE OATH AS PRESIDENT

The figures in the front row, from left to right, are: Baron Steuben, Chancellor Robert R. Livingston, George Washington, John Adams, General Knox

porch, where so many of his successors have stood. Chief-Justice Marshall administered the oath. He was then escorted to the room now occupied by the Supreme Court, and there delivered an address only fifteen minutes in length. At the close of these ceremonies, he was escorted back to Conrad's boarding-house, where he received the congratulations of officials and citizens."

Now we know that, as President, he had a fine coach, drawn by four beautiful horses and accompanied by a coachman in livery, in the fashion of the French and English nobility; that he installed a French cook in the White House; that, as Minister to France, he lived luxuriously; and that in later life he was poor because of the great hospitality he had always shown. On the other hand, he was fond of horses and rode daily, but the muddy, ungraded streets of Washington made a carriage often almost useless. In those days it was common for members of Congress to go to the Capitol on horseback, and a shed was erected for the accommodation of the steeds. When he was Vice-President, Jefferson usually took advantage of this convenience and tied his horse to a peg before entering the building. And this might be the foundation of the Englishman's story.

It is interesting to know that Jefferson was the first President to be inaugurated in Washington, though not the first to live in the White House—John Adams and his family have that honor.

**4. JAMES MADISON.** Jefferson named not only his own successor, but his successor's successor as well. Of the three candidates, Madison, Monroe, and Vice-President Clinton, Jefferson selected Madison to serve first, with Clinton again for Vice-President, while Monroe was to wait patiently for his turn. These plans met with the approval of the voters, and on March 4, 1809, James Madison began his first term of office.

The ceremony was attended with far more display than Jefferson's had been—there being salutes of cannon at sunrise, thousands of people gathered along the streets, and Mr. Madison, in a rich carriage, escorted to the Capitol by troops of militia. And all biographers agree that this time Jefferson *did* ride on horseback, going by a roundabout way, accompanied only by his grandson. He wanted Madison to have all the glory.

It is said that Madison wore a suit of American clothes made from the wool of merino sheep bred and reared in this country, setting an example in the patriotic encouragement of home industries, instead of patronizing foreign-made garments, hitherto considered indispensable to people of taste.

When the inaugural ceremonies were ended, Madison reviewed the infantry drawn up to receive him, and then, escorted by cavalry, returned to his home, where Mrs. "Dolly" Madison had prepared for an abundance of good cheer to be set before the crowds who called to pay their respect to the new President. After this, came the inaugural ball, a very brilliant assemblage, which Mrs. Madison graced most charmingly, dressed in a robe of yellow velvet. Among the guests was the ex-President, and never was he

more genial, more ready-witted, more light-hearted. When some one commented on the difference between his gaiety and the careworn aspect of the newly installed President, Jefferson responded:

"Can you wonder at it? My shoulders have just been freed from a heavy burden; his, just laden with it."

It was during Madison's second term that the city of Washington was burned by the English and the White House so damaged that, for the remainder of their stay in Washington, the Madisons lived in the Taylor mansion, generally called, from its peculiar form, "The Octagon." This house still stands on New York Avenue, but it is now dilapidated and hemmed in by business blocks and public buildings.

**5. JAMES MONROE.** With the spring of 1817, Monroe's turn as President came. In the meantime, he had, like all his predecessors, been trained for the position by serving in the President's cabinet as secretary of state, while he himself selected John Quincy Adams, who became the sixth President, as his secretary of state. His inauguration was held out-of-doors, owing to the fact that the Capitol was still in ruins.

He was reelected in 1820, and on March 5, 1821, he was inaugurated for a second term. It was very stormy, rain and snow making it a typical March day. The ceremonies took place within the House of Representatives, instead of on the portico as had been planned. Among the congressmen assembled to hear the speech was young James Buchanan, who perhaps took note of the proper conduct for such occasions.

**6. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.** The campaign of 1824 was very exciting. There were four candidates, Adams, Jackson, Clay, and Crawford, and after the votes were counted, it was found that there had been no choice by the people. So the election devolved on the House of Representatives. The result of that vote showed a greater number for Adams; consequently, on March 4, 1825, he was inaugurated, with ceremonies more brilliant and imposing than any witnessed in Washington up to that time. The son of a President, Washington's minister to the Hague, his father's minister to Prussia, Jefferson's minister to Russia, Madison's envoy to England, a secretary of state under Monroe, he had filled high positions under every President that had preceded him. At the end of four years, however, he failed of reelection, and on retiring from the Presidency entered Congress.

**7. ANDREW JACKSON.** Of the six Presidents who preceded Jackson, four had come from Virginia, and two, the Adamses, from Massachusetts. Now another section of the country was to



furnish the nation an executive, and this was Tennessee, then a veritable "backwoods."

But Jackson's services on the field and in the

enthusiastic friends, who enjoyed the occasion to the fullest and cared not a bit that the citizens of Washington and those from the northern and

middle States thought these new-comers the queerest sort of people, and rather resented their attendance. They accompanied their hero as he marched along Pennsylvania Avenue with the martial stride of the warrior, and the procession took on the appearance of an assault on the Capitol by a crowd of roughly dressed pioneers.

The stanch old warrior-chief not only served two terms, as he had planned, but at their close handed the office on to the man of his choice, his one-time secretary of state, Van Buren.

**8. MARTIN VAN BUREN.** On March 4, 1837, Jackson and Martin Van Buren rode together from the White House to the Capitol in a beautiful phaëton made from timber of the old frigate *Constitution*, the gift to the general from the Democrats of New York City. They were accompanied by a military procession and cheered by the citizens along the way, while twenty thousand persons listened to the inaugural address, read with remarkable distinctness from the historic eastern portico. Van Buren then returned to the private residence he was occupying in Washington, and, with fine deference, insisted that Jackson remain at the White House until



"WASHINGTON WAS THROGGED WITH GENERAL JACKSON'S ENTHUSIASTIC FRIENDS"

his departure for Tennessee a few days later. Van Buren was the first of the new school of Presidents, those who had taken no part in the Revolution; while his predecessor, the last of the old school, was the first ex-President to

his departure for Tennessee a few days later. Van Buren was the first of the new school of Presidents, those who had taken no part in the Revolution; while his predecessor, the last of the old school, was the first ex-President to

leave Washington in a railway carriage. This inauguration established the custom of the outgoing and the incoming President riding together to the Capitol.

tion, Van Buren invited him to the White House as a guest, and entertained him with all that easy courtesy so natural to him.

In the procession, Harrison rode a beautiful white horse, and following him were several log-cabin floats. The ceremonies were unusually elaborate and fatiguing, a cold northeast wind was blowing, and he stood on the east porch to deliver his address. Those near him observed his weakness, but he made light of it and insisted that he was equal to the demands of the occasion. But the exertion and exposure were more than his already enfeebled health could bear, and on April fourth, just one month from his inauguration, he died.

#### 10. JOHN TYLER.

Tyler was the first Vice-President to become President by the death of his chief. He was at his home in Virginia when the news of the death of Harrison was brought to him. He immediately hastened to Washington, arriving there on the morning of April sixth. Thus, for two days, the United States was without a President. When the members of Harrison's cabinet waited on Tyler, he informed them that they were all to retain their posts. He then took the oath of office

and on the following day attended the funeral of his predecessor. His inaugural address was a published one, issued to the people of the United States, setting forth the principles which should guide his administration.

11. JAMES K. POLK. Tyler did not make a very popular President, and so was not even a candidate for reelection. As for Polk, he was a party candidate rather than the people's choice, and had been chosen because Van Buren, the other nominee, was not in favor of the annexation of Texas. Polk was so little known that all



"IN THE PROCESSION HARRISON RODE A BEAUTIFUL WHITE HORSE!

9. WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON. "Tippecanoe and Tyler, too," was the campaign cry of the party that elected Harrison, while log cabins in every conceivable form, even laundresses advertised that they were able to do up shirts in the most approved log-cabin style, popular song—and meetings measured by acres of men, made the year 1840 one of the most demonstrative in the history of election campaigns. It is also noted that Harrison was the first of the Presidential candidates to take up the practice of "stumping politics." Before Harrison's inaugura-

through the campaign, and even on the day of his inauguration, the query, "Who is Polk?" was the derisive cry of the opposition. However, Polk was a man of some renown in Tennessee, having been a state representative, speaker of the house, and governor.

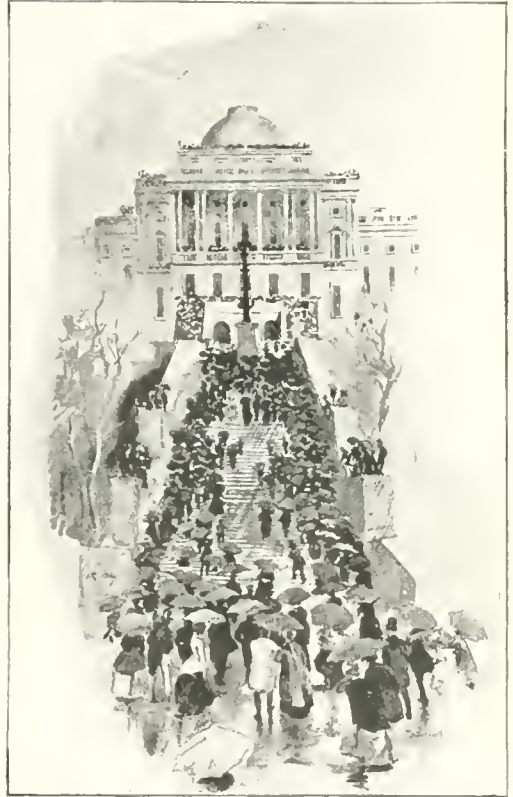
Mr. Polk left his home in Tennessee, on his way to Washington, in the latter part of January. He was accompanied by his wife and several friends. He had a long interview with his venerable friend, Andrew Jackson, and then proceeded to Washington, where he arrived on the thirteenth of February. He was immediately waited on by a committee of the two houses of Congress, who informed him that the returns from the electoral colleges had been opened and the ballots counted on the previous day, and that he had been duly elected President of the United States. On the day of his inauguration, every quarter of the Union was represented in Washington,—perhaps through a desire to learn more of this stranger President, and after the procession, which escorted Mr. Polk from Coleman's Hotel to the Capitol, the ceremonies went off in the usual manner. Though rain fell steadily throughout the day he delivered his address from the portico to a wide, moving sea of umbrellas, with no protection save an umbrella held over his head. Chief-Justice Taney administered the oath of office, and in the evening the Presidential party attended two balls given in its honor.

An interesting contemporary note of Polk's inauguration is the following: Professor Morse brought out his new magnetic telegraph to the portico platform, from which point he could hear everything that went on, having under view all the ceremonies performed, transmitting the results to Baltimore as fast as they transpired.

**12. ZACHARY TAYLOR.** The twelfth President was another whose popularity was due to excellent service on the field of battle, for he was the hero of a successful war, that with Mexico. At the time of his election he was living in Louisiana, though, as he was born in Virginia, that "Mother of Presidents" claimed him as another of her sons to be thus honored. The long journey from this southern State to the capital was somewhat such a triumph as Washington's had been. In all the towns through which he passed he was greeted with gorgeous processions and most enthusiastic acclamations. He was inaugurated on March 5, 1849, amid a vast assemblage of citizens from all parts of the Union.

**13. MILLARD FILLMORE.** According to the provision of the Constitution, Fillmore became President on the death of President Taylor. He was inaugurated on Thursday, July 10, 1850, in the presence of both houses of Congress, and

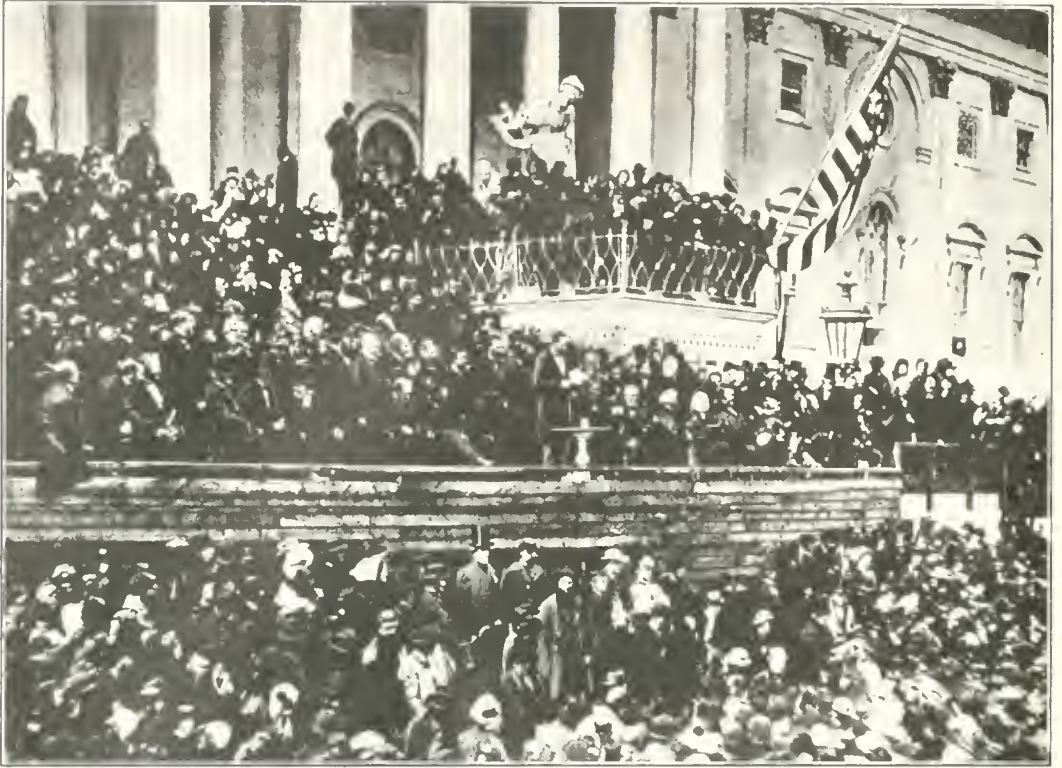
was the second President to come from New York, Van Buren having been the first. Immediately after Fillmore's accession, all the members of the cabinet of General Taylor tendered their resignations. A new cabinet was organized, not without some difficulty, with Daniel Webster as secretary of state. It is interesting to compare the cabinet of 1850, which consisted of seven members, with that of Washington, which had only three, the



POLK'S INAUGURATION—"RAIN FELL THROUGHOUT THE DAY"

secretaries of state, of the treasury, and of war, with an attorney-general, who was not then considered a member of the cabinet, but its advisor.

**14. FRANKLIN PIERCE.** New Hampshire, in 1853, furnished the next President, General Franklin Pierce, a hero of the Mexican War. In his inaugural address, he maintained that slavery was recognized by the Constitution and that the Fugitive Slave Law, being constitutional, should be enforced. On the other hand, a love for the union of the States was conspicuous in this inaugural address, a position he still held upon the outbreak of the Civil War. It was said of President Pierce that he came into office with very little opposition, and went out without any. He met with a good deal of it while in office, however.



Brown & O'Leary, from a contemporary photograph

"PRESIDENT LINCOLN DELIVERING HIS SECOND INAUGURAL ADDRESS"

**15. JAMES BUCHANAN.** On the inauguration of our first bachelor President, in 1857, the procession, which accompanied him to the Capitol from the National Hotel, was planned with more than ordinary care, his carriage being preceded by a liberty car drawn by six horses and surmounted by a high pedestal upon which stood the Goddess herself, magnificently attired and standing beside a liberty pole fifty feet high. Following the carriage in which rode the President and the President-elect, came a float, bearing a large model of a full-rigged ship, made by the mechanics at the Washington Navy Yard, and on which, as the procession moved along, sailors were engaged in various duties in the rigging and on the deck, as if at sea.

Retirements were served to fifteen thousand guests at the inaugural ball. At the head of the table was a pyramid of cake four feet high, with a flag for each State and Territory, each flag bearing the coat of arms of the State it represented.

**16. ABRAHAM LINCOLN.** Rumors of a plan to assassinate Lincoln on his way to the Capitol caused his friends to insist that he pass through Baltimore and slip quietly into Washington. As a further safeguard, when he was inaugurated on March 4, 1861, he was surrounded

by troops under command of General Scott. Since the day of his election, he had not uttered one word concerning the condition of affairs, and over twenty-five thousand strangers were in the city to hear his address. Many of them slept in the Capitol or on the streets, since it was impossible for all to find rooms and beds. The arrangements for the procession were very bad, the throng pressing upon the President's carriage so that it was often necessary to stop for the crowd to fall back. In the procession was a van, labeled "Constitution" on which sat thirty-four young girls dressed in white, representing the States of the Union.

Arriving at the Capitol, the carriage stopped at the private door and the two Presidents entered the Senate Chamber arm in arm. Mr. Buchanan was pale and nervous, but Lincoln's face, though slightly flushed, was as grave and impassive as that of an Indian. The oath of office having been administered by Chief Justice Taney, on the east porch of the Capitol, President Lincoln stepped to the front and delivered his address in a clear, strong voice, which was frequently interrupted by applause. Horace Greeley said of this address: "I sat just behind Lincoln when he read it, on a bright, still, warm March day,

expecting to hear the delivery arrested by the crack of a rifle aimed at his heart; but it pleased God to postpone the deed, though there was forty times the opportunity to shoot him in '61 that there was in '65, and at least forty times as many intent on killing or having him killed."

It was in his second inaugural address that Lincoln used as the closing words: "With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle and for his widow and his orphans—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

**17. ANDREW JOHNSON.** On the morning of the fifteenth of April, 1865, the fearful tidings of Lincoln's assassination were spread abroad. The Attorney-General, James Speed, waited upon Vice-President Johnson with the official communication. At ten o'clock, but little more than two hours after the death of the President, a small assemblage met in Mr. Johnson's private apartments and Chief-Justice Chase administered the oath. The ceremonies were brief, but invested with more than usual solemnity. President Johnson immediately invited the members of Mr. Lincoln's cabinet to retain their places. His administration was a stormy one and he was not re-nominated.

**18. ULYSSES S. GRANT.** Owing his election to national popularity rather than to his party, Grant awakened an unusual enthusiasm among the people. On March 4, 1869, Washington was again crowded with visitors from every part of the Union, all anxious to help install the man of their choice. It was estimated that twenty thousand persons from New York alone went to attend the ceremonies. The procession which accompanied him was a military one, and many an old veteran of the Army of the Potomac was to be seen in the ranks.

On his second inauguration, in 1873, President Grant was tendered the use of the chair occupied by Washington on his first inauguration.

**19. RUTHERFORD B. HAYES.** The campaign of 1876 was so hotly contested and so many irregularities were charged against the election returns in Oregon, South Carolina, Florida, and Louisiana, that both parties claimed the victory. In order to settle the dispute, Congress agreed to refer the contested returns to a joint electoral commission, composed of five senators, five representatives, and five judges of the Supreme Court. This body finally decided that 185 electoral votes had been cast for Hayes and Wheeler, and 184 for Tilden and Hendricks. They came to this

decision on March 2, just two days before Grant's term was to expire, and three days before March 5, the day for the inauguration of the new President. Everything went off apparently with as much enthusiasm as in the case of the more popular inaugurations.

**20. JAMES A. GARFIELD.** The inauguration of the twentieth President, on March 4, 1881, marked the hundredth year after the close of the Revolutionary War, and the twentieth from the beginning of the Civil War. Garfield was the youngest brigadier-general in the army at the time of his service and was now, as President, to become its commander-in-chief. The military procession which preceded him on the way to the Capitol, and again passed in review before him after the inauguration was over, was led by General Sherman, who now saluted, as his superior, his former subordinate in the Union Army. For over two hours, President Garfield stood bare-headed, in a sharp March wind, while the marching troops swept past.

**21. CHESTER A. ARTHUR.** On the death of President Garfield, caused by wounds inflicted by an assassin, on the night of September 19, 1881, the cabinet at once announced the fact to the Vice-President, Mr. Arthur, then in New York City, and at their suggestion, he took the oath of office within an hour. The oath was administered by Justice Brady, at 2:15 A.M., in the presence of eight witnesses, among whom were President Arthur's son and Elihu Root.

On September 22, the oath of office was again administered, this time in the Capitol, by Chief-Justice Waite, ex-Presidents Grant and Hayes occupying prominent positions in the room. It was the first time in the history of the nation that two ex-Presidents were witnesses when a new President took the oath. The solemnity of the occasion was heightened by the consciousness of the fact that a fourth President lay dead in another part of the Capitol building.

**22. GROVER CLEVELAND.** This President was nominated by his party, elected by the people, and inaugurated by everybody. All the world was there in deputy to see the ceremonies. Mr. Cleveland, then governor of New York State, left Albany unobserved and arrived in Washington almost unnoticed, a trip of Jeffersonian simplicity. At ten o'clock on the morning of March 4, 1885, high officers of the army and navy, in full uniform, members of the diplomatic corps, in their gorgeous dress, and privileged guests began to arrive at the Capitol. Then came the Supreme Court and the outgoing cabinet. Soon followed President Arthur, between Senators Sherman and Ransom,—the North and the South,—and a little later Mr. Cleveland entered, escorted by the same gentle-

men. The President and the President elect watched the Vice-President take the oath, and then all proceeded to the portico where Cleveland was to be inaugurated. At the conclusion, his brothers and sisters looking on, he kissed the little Bible his mother had given him, the Chief-Justice extending the book to him. After four years of private life, Cleveland was again invested with the high office of President on March 4, 1893. He used the same little Bible as before, on a fly-leaf of which was the certificate of his first inauguration, signed by Chief-Justice Waite.

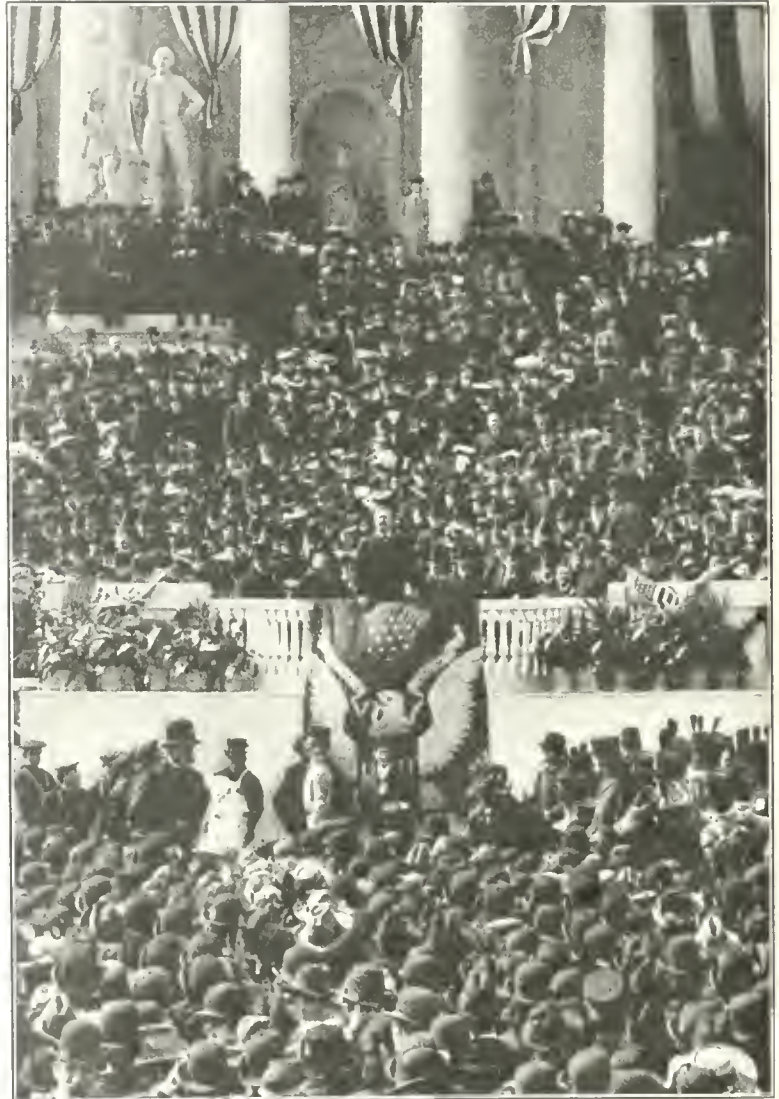
**23. BENJAMIN HARRISON.** A photograph of the inaugural services of the twenty-third President shows a vast convention of umbrellas — even the Chief-Justice is being so sheltered as he holds out the Bible in administering the oath. March 1889 was coming in like a lamb, accompanied, however, on the fourth day, by a soaking rain. Still, this did not interfere with any part of the program except the fireworks and torchlight parade planned for the evening.

Hannibal Hamlin, who himself had been inaugurated as Vice-President just twenty-eight years before, was among the witnesses. Like Cleveland, the new President made a departure from custom that must have filled with sorrow the heart of the chief clerk of the Supreme Court, who has charge of the Bible on which so many Presidents have been sworn. Mr. Harrison brought his family Bible for the ceremony, thus making it a cherished heirloom of the Harrisons of coming generations.

**24. WILLIAM MCKINLEY.** A touch of sentiment was added to the inaugural parade of 1897 by the presence of the survivors of Major

McKinley's old regiment, the Twenty-third Ohio, who followed the President's carriage into the White House grounds.

The second inauguration of President McKinley, March 4, 1901, was the centennial of the first



Photography by Brown Brothers

THE SECOND INAUGURATION OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT

one held in Washington. Exactly one hundred years before, Thomas Jefferson had taken the oath of office in one of the rooms of the unfinished Capitol, around which the buildings of the newly founded village which was to become the seat of government were just being erected. During the century the ceremonies and costumes had changed very much, and now there were no carriages of state; but how the procession had increased in size!

**25. THEODORE ROOSEVELT.** On September 6, 1901, President McKinley was shot while attending the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo, New York, and, after lingering a week, died on September 14. The Vice-President, who had been told the President would recover, was in the Adirondack Mountains with his family. Upon receiving the news, he hurried to Buffalo by special train, arriving there on Sunday, September 14, at 1:34 P.M. At 3:30, in the presence of friends and a number of the officers of the cabinet, Mr. Roosevelt took the oath of office. In a nearby room lay the dead President, the third to suffer martyrdom.

President Roosevelt's inaugural address was not a hundred words long: "I shall take the oath at once in response to your request; and in this hour of deep and terrible national bereavement, I wish to state that it shall be my aim to continue unbroken the policy of President McKinley for the peace and prosperity of our beloved country."

President Roosevelt's second inauguration, in 1905, witnessed the finest parade ever held in Washington. In the procession of thirty-five thousand men, all parts of the country, even to the islands beyond the seas, were represented. Governors, with their staffs, West Point cadets, Rough Riders, cow-boys, Indians, a Filipino band playing "The Star Spangled Banner," political and commercial clubs from all parts of the Union—it was like a panoramic scene showing the wonderful greatness and expanse of the country of which he was to be the chief executive for another term of office, the only Vice-President who had taken the place of a deceased President and then been himself elected to the office.

**26. WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT.** March has shone brightly on some inaugurations, stormed upon others, frozen and frosted a few delegations, and sent several audiences home soaking wet to nurse colds and influenza. But of all the lion-like days which have ushered in new Presidential administrations, the fourth day of March in 1909 was the severest ever known. A parade which was to eclipse all former ones had been planned, but when the day came, many of the would-be participants were stalled in snow-drifts miles from Washington. Those who had arrived in time found Pennsylvania Avenue no place for a procession, and all plans had to be abandoned. But to reward the faithful who had gathered about the historic east portico, President Taft insisted upon taking the oath of office there, though the remainder of the ceremonies were conducted inside the Capitol.

**27. WOODROW WILSON.** President Wilson's desire for Jeffersonian simplicity was dis-

tingly reflected in the plans for his inauguration, though the celebration was sufficiently elaborate. For days before, the streets of Washington were filled with new-comers, anxious to be in time for the event. It was estimated that there were 200,000 strangers in the city, and 30,000 people in the procession. President-elect Wilson left Princeton, New Jersey, on the third of March in a special train, escorted by five hundred students. The train pulled out to the strains of the college song:

"Her sons shall give,  
While they shall live,  
Three cheers for Old Nassau."

A new feature of this inauguration was a parade and pageant, on the third of March, by representatives of the woman-suffrage interests of the country.

Four years later, President Wilson took the oath of office twice, on Sunday at noon, privately, in the executive rooms at the Capitol, and on the following day publicly. In spite of the inclement weather, there was a parade, an innovation being the army tanks that trundled along Pennsylvania Avenue—sinister heralds of the declaration of war against Germany that was to follow just a month and a day later, when the United States cast in her lot with the Allies.

**28. WARREN G. HARDING.** Elected in November, 1920, by the most sweeping majority in our history, at the first Presidential election in which the women of the country exercised the full franchise, Mr. Harding is to be inaugurated with less pomp and circumstance than usually attends the ceremony. At his expressed wish, the Joint Committee on Inauguration, composed of three senators and three representatives, canceled all plans for any elaborate ceremonies on the east portico, for the parade and the inaugural ball. Mr. Harding will drive to the Capitol in an automobile, the first President to go to his inauguration in a motor-car. The President elect will take the oath in the Senate Chamber, in the event of bad weather, after Calvin Coolidge has been sworn in as Vice-President. The cost of the inauguration, it is believed, will not exceed ten thousand dollars, whereas, if the original plans had been carried through, the cost would probably have amounted to several hundred thousand dollars.

An interesting historical touch at the inauguration ceremony, in administering the oath, will be the use of a small stand which was first used at the inauguration of President Lincoln. It has been used in all the inaugurations since then except when Mr. Taft was sworn in, when, owing to the weather, the ceremonies were conducted in the Senate Chamber.

# ADAM BELL, CLIM OF THE CLOUGH, AND WILLIAM OF CLOUDESLEY

By GEORGE PHILIP KRAPP

*Professor of English, Columbia University*

*The one of them hight Adam Bell,  
The other Clim of the Clough,  
The third was William of Cloudesley,  
An archer good enough.*

BOLD archers they were and sworn brothers all three. One of them was called Adam Bell, the other was Clim of the Clough, and the third was William of Cloudesley. For killing the king's deer they were outlawed men, and deep in the forest of Englewood they had found a safe retreat. Many a time did the proud sheriff of Carlisle set out with the intention of capturing these bold outlaws, but each time he came back to the town as empty-handed as he went forth. And Adam Bell, and Clim of the Clough, and William of Cloudesley were as happy as the day was long beneath the merry greenwood tree, and with their bows and arrows they brought down the fat deer of the forest, and laughed defiance at the sheriff and the king and all the law and justice in England.

Now Adam Bell and Clim of the Clough were bachelors, but William of Cloudesley was a married man. And after a time William felt that there was nothing he so longed for in all this world as a glimpse of his wife and his three children; and so he told his comrades one day that he must go back to Carlisle to see Alice his wife and his three little children.

"By my troth," said Adam Bell, "you go not back to Carlisle, if you listen to me. For if once you venture out of this wild-wood and if the sheriff ever gets his hand on you, that will be the end of William of Cloudesley."

But for all they might say, William was determined to go. "If I am not back by this time tomorrow," said he, "you can be sure that I am either taken prisoner or am slain."

William took leave of his two sworn brothers, and straight to the town of Carlisle he came. There he tapped on the window of his own house and called to Alice to let him in. Alice came to the window and frightened enough was she. "Alas," she said, "what do you here? This place has been watched for you this half-year and more." "Well, now that I am here," answered William, "you might let me in. Fetch food and drink, and while we may, let us make good cheer."

So William came into the house, and Alice, like the true wife she was, brought him meat and drink

in great plenty and did all she could to please him. It was great joy to her to see her husband, whom she loved as her life, and William was glad enough, too, to see Alice his wife again and his three little children.

By ill chance it happened that, dwelling in William's house, there was a wretched old woman that William had cared for out of charity for many a long year. Little cause had she to repay his kindness in this way, but nevertheless, in hope of a reward, up she rose and forth she went, and, as fast as she could she came to the justice hall of the town of Carlisle. She told the justice that this night William of Cloudesley had come back to his house, and justice and sheriff both were filled with joy at the news she brought. They gave her a present of a fine scarlet gown, and the false creature took the gift, and hid it away, and home she went and lay down again as though nothing had happened.

But the justice and the sheriff roused up all the town of Carlisle, and in great haste the people came thronging to William's house. They surrounded the house on every side, and within the house that good yeoman heard the noise of folk as they hurried thither. Then Alice opened a back window and looked all around and saw the justice and sheriff and all the great crowd that was with them.

"Alas, treason!" cried Alice, for she saw that her husband had been betrayed. And William took his sword and his buckler and his bow and arrows and his three children and shut himself up in the strongest room of the house. Brave Alice seized an ax in her hand, and standing before the door she cried, "He shall die that comes through this door, as long as I may stand!"

Then William at the chamber window bent his trusty bow and sent an arrow that smote the justice on the breast; but worse luck for William, the arrow shivered to pieces on the coat of mail the justice wore. "If thy coat had been no better than mine," said William, "my arrow had touched thee nearer the bone." "Yield thee, yield thee, William of Cloudesley!" cried out the justice then. "A curse on his heart," the brave Alice answered, "who counsels my husband so!" "Set fire to the house!" commanded the sheriff, angrily; "since nothing else will do, we shall burn therein William and his wife and his children too."



They fired the house in many a place, and soon the flames mounted high. When William saw the flames draw near, then he opened a window in the strong room, and with ropes made of sheets he let down his wife and his three children. "Have here my treasure," shouted William to the sheriff, "my wife and my three children. Do them no harm, but wreak all your wrath upon me."

Arrow after arrow William shot until all his arrows were gone, and nearer and nearer the hot flames came until at last even his bowstring was burnt in two. Thick and fast the sparks fell around him, and a hard-pressed man was William then. "This is a coward's death to die," to himself good William said; "far liever had I charge on all the crowd with my naked sword in hand than cruelly to burn, shut up here by my enemies." And with that he seized his sword and his buckler and rushed out among them, right where the throng was thickest. So fiercely he ran and so fiercely he struck with his good sharp sword, that no man dared stand up in front of him, and many a one was stricken down in the fight. But then, seeing the might of William's stroke, the people ran and got beams and timbers and cast them on him, and so finally they took the good swordsman prisoner. Hand and foot they bound him and cast him in a deep dungeon.

"Now, Cloudesley," said the justice, "you shall be hanged before another sun shall set." "A pair of new gallows shall we make for you," added the sheriff, "and the gates of Carlisle shall be shut fast until the deed is done. Neither Clim of the Clough nor Adam Bell, though they come with a thousand more, shall get in to help you."

Early in the morning the justice arose, and he

went to the gates and gave orders that they should be tightly closed, every one, and opened to let nobody in. And then he went to the market-place and saw to it that strong new gallows should be reared just beside the pillory. And a little boy who



ALAS," SHE SAID, "WHAT DO YOU HERE?"

happened to be there asked the workmen what these gallows were for, and they said, "To hang a good yeoman called William of Cloudesley."

Now this little boy was the town swineherd, and he watched the swine for Alice and William. Many a time had he seen William in the greenwood and had given him food that Alice had sent him. And now he crept out through a crevice in

the wall, for the gates were all locked, and as fast as his legs could carry him, he ran to the wood and sought for Adam Bell and Clim of the Clough. It was not long before he found them, and quickly he told them that William of Cloudesley had been taken prisoner and was condemned to death and everything was ready for hanging him.

"Alas!" then said good Adam Bell, "he had done better if he had stayed with us. He might have dwelt here in peace under the shadows of the green forest, and so would he have kept both himself and us out of harm and trouble." Then Adam bent his good strong bow, and soon a great hart he had slain. "Take that, my lad," said he to the little swineherd; "take that for thy dinner, and bring me my arrow again." "Now must we go hence," said these two bold archers to each other. "We may no longer tarry here, for William must be saved, at whatever cost it may be."

To Carlisle they went, Adam Bell and Clim of the Clough, early on this morning of May, and what there they saw and what there they did, this story must now tell.

When they reached the town of merry Carlisle, they found every gate locked, as though the town were besieged by an enemy. "Mack!" said good Adam Bell; "these gates are shut so fast that I see no way of getting in." But Clim of the Clough soon thought out a plan. "Where brawn will not serve, we must trust to brain," said he; "let us make it appear that we are come straight with messages from the king, for they will not dare to keep the gates shut in the face of the king's messengers." "I have here a letter written long ago, and this I think will do the work," said Adam Bell; "I doubt if the porter is clerk enough to tell one word from another."

Then Adam Bell came up to the gate, and knocked on it loud and bold. "Who 's there?" shouted the porter, as he hurried to the gate, "and what do you mean by all this racket?" "Two messengers are we," answered Clim of the Clough, "open, in the king's name." "Messengers or no messengers," said the porter, "no one comes through this gate until a false thief, William of Cloudesley, is hanged high on a gallows tree." Then Clim of the Clough spoke up, and he swore right roundly that if they were kept standing there any longer, the porter should suffer for it. "Look," said he, "see you not the king's seal? What, thou rogue, art thou mad to deny the king's messengers?" The porter looked wisely at Adam's old letter, and, though he knew not one letter from another, supposed that it really came from the king. He took on his cap respectfully and opened the gate a little, and soon the two bold outlaws were within.

"Well, now we are in," said Adam Bell, to Clim,

"ot that I am right glad; but heaven only knows how we are to get out again." "If we only had the keys," answered Clim to Adam, "then it would be easy enough; for then we could leave as soon as we saw chance or need."

So they called the porter to them and set upon him, and in short order they bound him, hand and foot, and cast him into the dungeon beneath the city gate, and had his keys all safe in their own pockets. "Now I am the porter," said Adam Bell, "the worst porter that merry Carlisle has known these hundred years. And now that all is ready here, we 'll go into the town and see if we can rescue our sworn brother and comrade out of the sheriff's hands."

They hastened forth and soon they came to the market-place, where the justice and the sheriff and a host of squires and other people of the town had come to see the hanging of William of Cloudesley. In a cart beside the gallows good William lay, bound hand and foot, and with the rope already around his neck by which he was to hang. As he lay there, the justice commanded the measure to be taken by which his grave should be made. "Stranger things have happened," said William, at this, "than that he who makes the grave for me, himself shall lie therein." "You speak proudly," the justice answered, "but this time never fear but I shall hang you with my own two hands."

Adam Bell and Clim of the Clough heard quite well what the justice said, for they were standing not far away. And William of Cloudesley, looking out of the corner of his eye, caught a glimpse of his two sworn brothers, come there to help him. "If I only had the use of my hands," said he, to himself, "right little would I care for all the justice says."

Then Adam Bell turned to Clim of the Clough and said to him, "You take the justice for your mark, and at the sheriff I will shoot." They loosed their arrows both at once, and one hit the justice and the other the sheriff, just as Adam had said.

Everybody ran from the spot when they saw the justice and the sheriff fall, and it was but the work of a moment for Adam and Clim to undo the ropes with which William was tied. William rushed at an officer of the town, and from his hands he wrenched the ax which he carried. With his ax he laid on right and left. "This day we live or die!" shouted he to his comrades. "If ever you are in such need as I am in, you shall find me just as true."

Many an arrow sped from the bows of Adam and Clim and many a doughty townsman did they strike. The fray lasted long, and side by side the three sworn brothers fought, like hardy men and bold. And when their arrows were all gone, and the crowd began to press in close, then Adam and

Clim threw their bows away and drew their swords and kept on fighting as before. Now the whole town was up in arms; the watch-horns were blown, the bells were rung backward, and many a woman wrung her hands and cried, "Mas!" Finally, the mayor of Carlisle came forth with a great throng, and Adam and Clim and William

luck to them and to any one else who would prevent a husband from visiting and comforting his wife and his little children.

To the greenwood the three bold archers ran. They laughed and were merry, for their enemies were left far behind; and when they reached Englewood, there they found bows again and a plenti-



LOOK SAID CLIM OF THE CLOUGH SEE YOU NOT THE KING'S SEAL

thought it was time for them to get away if they could. "Treason! treason!" the townsfolk shouted; "keep the gates, so that these traitors do not escape."

But do what they might, all was in vain. The three brothers fought so fiercely that even the mayor and all his troops were held at bay. They fought their way to the gate, and in a moment they were outside, with the gate closed tight and the key turned in the lock. "Have here your keys!" shouted Adam Bell; "if you take my advice, you will appoint a new porter." He threw the keys to them over the wall, and wished all bad

ful supply of arrows. And when they had their new bows in their hands, then Adam Bell and Clim of the Clough wished they were back in Carlisle again before the mayor and his troops. But William said nothing, for he had seen enough of Carlisle to last him many a long day. So they sat them down under the greenwood tree and made good cheer; they ate and drank and took their ease, for they were all safe out of harm's way, and as free as the air they breathed.

Now it happened as they were peacefully sitting in Englewood under the greenwood tree, William

of Cloudesley thought he heard a woman weeping; and stepping a little aside, whom should he find hiding under the bushes but Alice his wife and all his three children! Then was Alice's grief turned into joy, for till that moment she had supposed that her husband was slain, for after he had been taken prisoner she had fled out of Carlisle and had come to Englewood to try to find Adam Bell and Clim of the Clough. But never a glimpse of them did she get, and reason enough, for they had gone to Carlisle to set William free. "Welcome, wife," said William to Alice then, "welcome under this trusty tree! Little I thought yesterday that ever I should see you again. But now that you are here, my heart is out of woe; and that you see me alive, thank these two loyal comrades here by my side." "No need to speak of that," said Adam Bell. "We had better be thinking of our supper, which yet is running on foot."

Then they went down into a meadow, these bold archers all three, and each of them shot a noble hart, the best that he could find. And after that they all sat down to supper, and gave thanks for their good fortune, and all were merry and glad. "Have here the best, Alice my wife," said William of Cloudesley; "for you stood by me boldly and true on the day when I was well nigh slain."

After they had supped, then William spoke out and told of a plan that had come to his mind. In a word, it was this: that they should go to London to the king, and get from him pardon in return for the promise of peace. "Alice shall stay here, in this nunnery near at hand," said William, "and with her my two youngest sons shall bide. But my oldest son shall along with us, and he shall bring back word again how we fare in London before the king."

As William said, so it was done, and these three bold archers hastened to London as fast as they might go. Over field and through forest they tramped, by day and by night, and when they came to the king's court at last, and to the palace gate, of no man would they ask leave to enter, but boldly walked in. The porter came after them and bade them be not quite so free; and the king's usher came up and asked them who they were and what business brought them to the court of the king. "Sir," said they, "we are outlaws from Englewood forest, and hither have come to get the king's pardon and his promise of peace."

When they came before the king, all three knelt down, as the custom was, and sued for the king's pardon because they had slain his fat fallow-deer. "What are your names?" then asked the king; and they answered, "Adam Bell, Clim of the Clough and William of Cloudesley." "What," said the king, "are you those bold thieves that

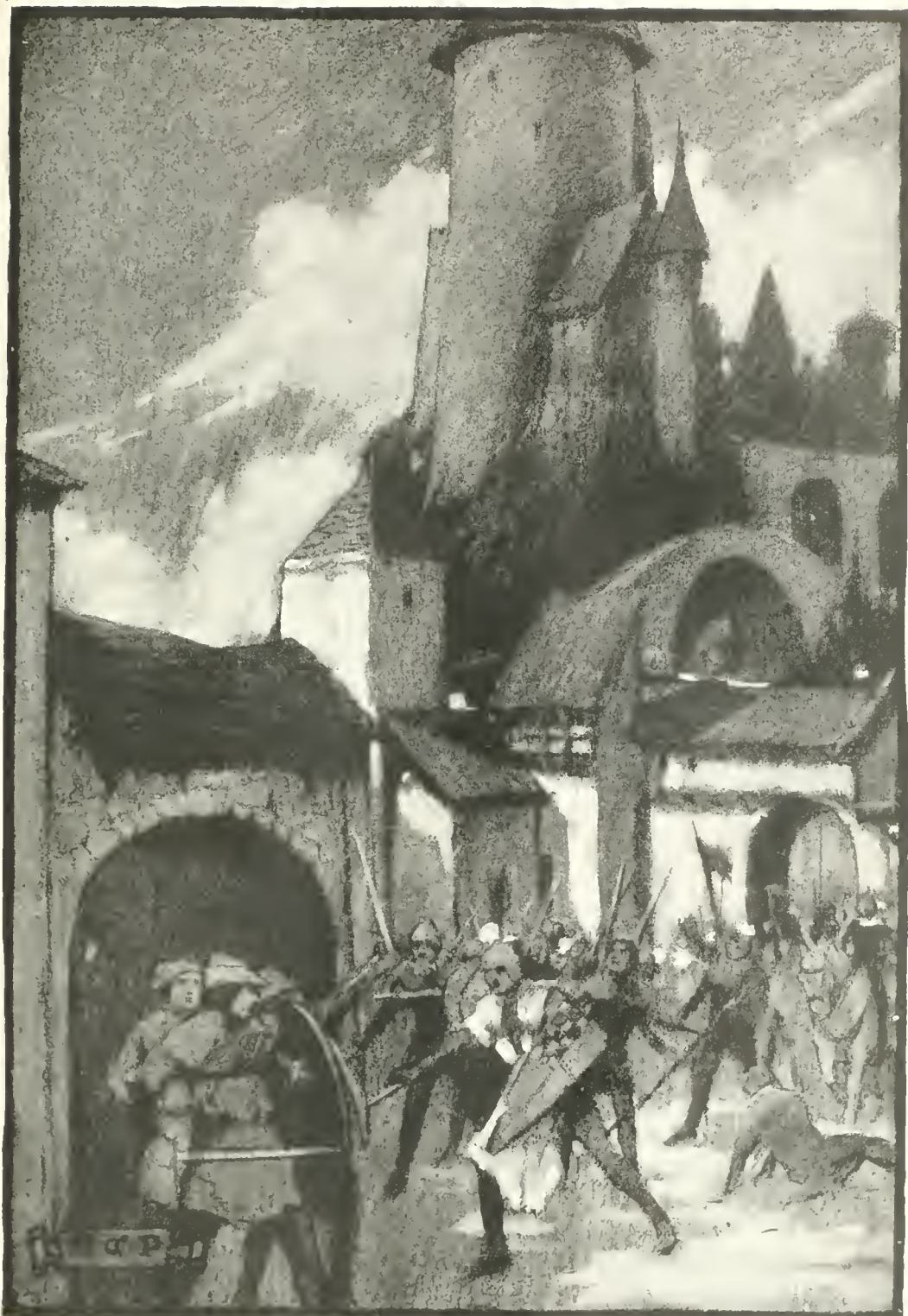
men have told me of? I vow to heaven that straightway you shall be hanged all three."

Then the king sent for his officers and they took these three bold yeomen and arrested them in the king's hall. "In faith, I like not this game," said good Adam Bell, when he saw how their pleas were prospering. "We come begging for grace, O King," said he, "but if you will not show us favor, let us at least go hence as we have come, and I promise, if we live a hundred years, to ask no more favors of thee." "You speak proudly," the king replied; "but for all that, you shall hang upon the gallows, as you long have deserved to do."

Then it would have fared hardly with these bold yeomen, if the queen had not been there. "My lord," said she to the king, "when first I came into this land to be your wedded wife, you promised that whatever boon I asked, it should be granted to me. And never until now have I asked for aught." "Ask what you will," the king replied, "and straightway it shall be granted, whatever it be." "Then grant me, my lord, these three yeomen, who have come to thee for pardon and peace." "Madam," the king replied, "you might have asked a boon many times the worth of this. You might have asked for towers and towns and forests and fields. But since it is your wish, your asking shall be granted, and you may do with these three yeomen as you will." Then the queen was pleased at this and thanked the king and promised that her three yeomen should be faithful and true. "But, good my lord," said she, "speak some word of comfort to them, that they may see your good will." "I grant you grace," then said the king to the three; "wash, fellows, and set you down to eat."

Now they had been sitting but a short time, when in came messengers out of the north with letters for the king and greetings from the king's officers in Carlisle. "How fare my justice and my sheriff, too?" the king then asked the messenger. "Sire, they are slain," the messenger replied, "and many a good man beside." "Who hath slain them?" the king angrily inquired; and the messenger said it was Adam Bell and Clim of the Clough and William of Cloudesley. "Mas!" said the king, "sad news you tell to me. I had rather than a thousand pounds I had known this before, for I have granted them my pardon and grace; but if I had known of this in time, you may be sure they should have been hanged without mercy."

Then the king opened his letters and read how these three outlaws had slain the justice and the sheriff and the mayor of Carlisle and many another good man, and how with their good yew bows they had killed the deer in his preserves and always had chosen the best, and how with bow and arrow in their hands there was no one in all



"THE FRAY LASTED LONG, AND SIDE BY SIDE THE THREE SWORN BROTHERS FOUGHT

the north country to equal them. When the king had read the letter he was sadder than ever at heart. "Take up the tables," he said, "for I may eat no more."

Then the king called all his best archers to try a shooting-match. "I will see these fellows shoot," he said, "who have wrought all this woe in the town of merry Carlisle."

The king's archers came, and the queen's came, too, and these three archers shot against them all. They shot a round or two, and there was no mark which the others set up that the three outlaws could not hit.

"By my faith," said William of Cloudesley, at length, "I hold him no good archer who shoots at such broad marks."

"At what mark would you shoot?" the king inquired.

"At such a mark, Sire, as men use in my country," he replied. Then William went into the field and he set up two hazel rods full twenty score paces away. "I count him an archer," William said then, "who cleaves yonder wand in two."

"There is none such here," answered the king, "or anywhere else who can do that."

But William bent his good strong bow, and let the arrow fly, and at the first shot it cleft the wand in two.

"By my faith," the king exclaimed, "thou art the best archer that ever I have seen!"

"And yet for your love," William replied, "I will do even more than that. I have here a son, seven years old, and dear he is to me. I will tie him to a stake and set an apple on his head, and

at sixscore paces with a broad arrow I will cleave the apple in two."

"Now haste thee," the king then said, "and try what thou canst do. But if thou harm one hair of his head, by all the saints in heaven, thou shalt pay for it, thou and thy comrades as well."

"What I have promised, I will not forsake," William bravely replied. In front of the king he drove a stake in the earth, and bound his son to it, but turned the boy's face away, in order that he might not start when he saw the arrow coming; then he set an apple on the boy's head, and sixscore paces were measured off. William drew out a fair broad arrow and set the arrow in his bow. He begged the people who were there that they should stand still; "for he who shoots at such a mark," said he, "has need of a steady hand." William drew the bowstring back and let the arrow fly, and in an instant it had cut the apple clean in two, as everybody could plainly see. "God forbid," the king then said, "that ever thou shouldst shoot at me."

Thus William made his peace with the king, and Adam and Clim of the Clough as well. The queen took them into her service and they became her yeomen, trusty and true; and the queen likewise sent for Alice, William's brave wife, and made her chief gentlewoman in her court. And never again did William and Adam and Clim of the Clough let fly an arrow at the king's fallow-deer, and never again did they lie in hiding beneath the greenwood tree. But they came to London and dwelt in the king's hall, and all their lives long they bore themselves as brave and loyal subjects should do.

## WHEN BOBBY LEARNED TO WHISTLE

By MARGARET MACGREGOR

When Bobby learned to whistle

He was proud as he could be,

For he had tried to do it

These many months, you see

He had screwed his mouth up round,

And had blown his breath out strong;

But not a whistle came

There was surely something wrong.

He had practised by himself;

He was drilled by other boys;

But his work was done in vain,

For he only made a noise

Then he wondered if his tongue

Was unfitted for the art,

And he worried lest his teeth

Had been placed too far apart.

Till one glad day it happened!

His heart was filled with cheer,

For from his lips there issued

A whistle loud and clear.

He's been whistling ever since,

At morning, night, and noon,

His whistle's never silent

And it's always out of tune!

## THE CAT'S PAWS—A HINDU STORY

FOUR men entered into a business partnership, agreeing to share equally everything they had. They stored their goods in a one-room house, of which each took a fourth. Whatever they bought, whether fruit, cloth, grain, or anything else, they divided into equal parts, and each man put his share in his own corner. When they sold their goods, they shared the profits. These men even shared the cat they kept to kill the mice in the storehouse. Each man owned a quarter of the cat—a leg and the part of the body adjoining it.

One day the cat ran a splinter in her left hind foot; whereupon the owner of that foot pulled out the splinter and bandaged the sore paw with a rag soaked in oil.

That night the cat, while walking around the room, stepped on the small lamp the men owned and upset it. The flame caught the oil-soaked rag on the bandaged paw and away ran the cat in a fright, jumping from one pile of goods to another.

Now it happened that the men had a quantity of raw cotton on hand, which the cat at once set on fire; and in a few minutes the house with the goods was in ashes.

"You are to blame!" shouted the other men to the owner of the injured paw; "we shall sue you for damages." So they haled him into court.

The case was so clear that the judge decided immediately against the fourth man. Since the

latter had not money to pay the damages, he was hurried away to jail. But on the way he was seen by a boy named Raman, a clever young chap whose name was on every one's lips on account of a number of puzzling cases he had brilliantly solved.

"What is the trouble?" asked Raman.

The prisoner related his misfortunes.

"Let us return to the judge," said Raman, "and I shall act as your lawyer."

They went back, and Raman had the case reopened.

After the three plaintiffs had stated their complaint, Raman arose to speak in behalf of the defendant.

"It is true," he said, "that it was the paw belonging to my client that was on fire; and it was that fire that caused the goods to be burnt. But how is that paw to be held responsible? Was it not lame and unable to move? Rather, the blame should be placed on the other paws that were healthy and carried the burning paw where it could not help doing damage."

The court was astounded. "Why I never thought of that!" exclaimed the judge; "I reverse my former decision. The owners of the three sound paws are responsible for the fire, and they must pay damages to the fourth man, whose goods have been destroyed through their negligence."

*W. Norman Brown.*



THE gleam in the sun of a bright red feather,

A carol of song behind the mill,

A tinkle of bells through the shiny weather,

The call of a horn from off the hill—

Hist! 'T is some of the fairy folk,

In cap and shoon and gay green cloak.

Now whither go they, the fairy people—

To the rainbow's foot to bury their gold?

To ring the chimes in the windy steeple?

Or drive the Princess's sheep to the fold?

Oh, blue is the sky and green the grass

And sunny the road where the fairies pass.

# BOY HUNTERS IN DEMERARA

By GEORGE INNESS HARTLEY

## CHAPTER XI

### THE MAKING OF A NATURALIST

THREE fascinating weeks passed for Paul. His fear of the jungle and of the imagined horrors which lurked there, gave way first to a budding love, then to a profound respect for the forest.

On the day of his arrival he had decided to learn all there was to know about the jungle. He did not realize that generations of men had spent their entire years in the attempt which, in their lifetime, had brought only the first glimmerings of what it meant. Unwise in woodcraft, unused to the wilderness, scarcely knowing one bird or beast from another, the jungle held an uncanny fascination for him. His first walk beneath the leafy roof had been like a trip into paradise, tempered only by a few jarring surprises. The second day had been different. The dead solitude had shocked him deeply and he had given free rein to imagination; but that had been temporary, caused more than anything else by the dread, natural to the inexperienced, of getting lost. On the third morning he arose bright, cheerful, and as determined as ever to know all the mysteries of the jungle.

As day followed day, Paul developed in the direction a naturalist should. Brought into contact with living nature on every hand, with it thrust upon him, in whatever direction he turned, with no social attractions to absorb his attention, his interest grew by leaps and bounds. His detestation of all "bugs" rapidly gave way to a liking for the insects. The creepy feeling engendered by the sight of a spider became lost in the study of the methods by which it caught its food, by its exquisite web, or its cleverly contrived trap-nest. He discovered that the bite of a tarantula was not fatal, no more than the sting of a large wasp, and that the local scorpions could not kill a man by their stings.

He became a collector of birds, a budding ornithologist. The jungle no longer seemed devoid of feathered life. On the contrary, it outrivaled the bird-house at Bronx Park. All this came to him one day while he was sitting on an old stump less than a hundred yards from camp. Fred had left him there while he returned to the tent, in answer to a call from his brother.

As Paul awaited the arrival of his friend, with his back against the bole of a tree that grew conveniently beside the stump, he glanced carelessly about. At first sight there seemed to be nothing

but tropical foliage in view. Then he saw that a large, golden, black-streaked spider had spun its web between two bushes ten feet to his right; that the burnished arachnid, gleaming in a spotlight of sunbeam, was that instant descending its spiral ladder of thickened white thread to pounce upon a small insect, which had unwittingly wrapped itself in the entangling web.

While he stared at this bit of jungle tragedy, he became aware of a dull flutter near his head, accompanied by a thin *squeak, squeak*. He looked up, to discover a humming-bird, that same Cayenne hermit he had seen on Jack's table, hovering not three feet from his face. It confronted him dauntlessly, wavering in the air, thrusting its long, curved bill at him with a great show of ferocity, and emitting the angry squeaks which had aroused his attention. The Lilliputian blusterer hung in the same position for several moments; then, as the boy raised a hand, it retreated hurriedly to the safety of twenty feet distant, and again faced him with increased fury. At length, finding the intruder was not to be driven off by its threatening attitude, and satisfied that it could retreat with honor from the presence of such a big animal, after a last gallant rush at the invader, the bird departed into the foliage like a dark streak.

Smiling at the fierceness of the fiery little bunch of feathers, Paul rested his eyes again on the golden spider. The unlucky insect had been caught, and was being hugged tight by a pair of long papillae, while the spider sucked it dry of its life juices.

A second time he was interrupted in his watch. Now it was music, seven or eight flute-like notes, blown sweetly, faintly, but distinctly, in incomparable, silvery tones. It sounded from the bushes to the right, but when he looked in that direction, the music came from the left, then from the rear or ahead. Bewildered, Paul faced this way and that, and finally, to his joy, discovered a tiny brown form flitting from one twig to another, straight ahead twenty feet away, directly in line with the spider's web. Again and again floated the clear, inimitable notes. The watcher was viewing for the first time in his life the necklaced jungle-wren, or the quadrille-bird, as it is called. Barely four inches in length, brown above, rich rufous on face, throat, and breast, with a black collar spangled with white—this is the tiny singer from whose trembling throat arises the song which no man can describe.



So charmed was Paul by the wonderful music, that he failed completely at first to notice two small, orange-headed manakins busily engaged in a hunt for food among the branches of a sapling which grew near by. They appeared to be upside-down most of the time, prying into the bark of the twigs, and delving for insects and tiny cocoons fastened to the under side of the leaves.

A *chuckle-de-dee* aroused him, and he observed, after a minute study of the nearer branches overhead, a very tiny green bird perched on a twig ten feet above. This he recognized, from specimens Jack had obtained, as the golden-crowned manakin, though the yellow crown-spot was hidden. At the same time, a small wood-hewer climbed the tree-trunk against which Paul was leaning. A larger one, one of the chestnut-rumped variety, fluttered to a second tree and hurriedly scrambled behind the trunk at sight of the boy.

He was startled by the shrill whistle of an antbird, richly colored with brown, black, and white, which appeared strutting on the ground close to his feet. Several duller tinted antbirds took exception to his presence, and talked angrily to him from a safe distance. A low-voiced chuckle from the tree-tops caused him again to stare upward, and he caught sight of a red chatterer almost hidden by the leaves. At the same moment an iridescent trogon flashed through an opening in the trees.

A green-and-blue lizard rustled toward him through the leaves. While it advanced by fits and starts, a few steps at a time, timidly, uncertain for its safety, it was attacked by a larger reptile, and the two darted to a pile of dead brush, from which he could hear the rattling of dried twigs caused by their struggles. An agouti astonished him by its sudden appearance from behind the stump. More startled than the boy, it scurried off before Paul could raise a finger to stop it.

No longer would Fred have to entice his large friend into the forest. He would never have to urge Paul to enter its dark shadows again, never have to explain away his dull misgivings; from that day forward Paul had no dread, no nameless fear of the jungle; all it contained were fascinating secrets, and he set out in earnest to discover what they were. He had fallen in love with the people of the jungle.

A gentle rivalry sprang up between the two boys to see which could accomplish the most. As his interest in nature increased, Paul's inclination toward bright dress and easy living waned proportionally. He was in the bush from morning till night; his tendency toward gaudy neckties and startling, striped shirts gave place to a

fondness for dull khaki. Arising from his cot in the morning, he no longer felt a qualm of regret for the flashy wardrobe which must be thrown aside for the soberer hue. He had learned that only by wearing the olive-drabs, which blended so well with the shadows, could he cope with the jungle and learn what was hidden there. From the soft, stout city boy of many pounds over weight, three weeks found him minus twenty pounds of superfluous flesh, with hardened muscles and a growing inclination to live his life outdoors.

Paul had much to learn—more than he dreamed of. Having suddenly lost his fear of the forest, he was prone to underestimate its power. The poison snakes, he discovered, were few or seldom seen, the boa-constrictors and anacondas would not attack a man, the jaguars were not as savage as related by story-tellers, pumas were harmless unless wounded, one was in very little danger of getting lost if he carried a compass,—though this dread he could never quite drive from his mind,—and the rivers were not infested by crocodiles or alligators.

When he had learned all this, partly by observation and partly from tales by the elder Milton and the Indians, he grew careless.

One day while tramping alone with Wa'na, he had shot a peccary. The Indian, as usual, had been leading the way, when he had halted abruptly and whispered:

"*Piinka*—peccary!"

There had been a rustling up ahead and the sound of grunting. Ten seconds later a brown, pig-like animal had emerged from the undergrowth, followed by two others, rooting in the forest mold as they advanced. Their approach had been slow; every inch of the soil had to be nosed over or torn as they came to it.

Paul had felt a thrill pass through his body. Here was something that would make Fred sorry he had not accompanied them that morning. Then he fired, and at the shot the leading peccary had rolled over; the others had fled into the thick underbrush for safety.

With his pride aroused almost to the bursting point, the successful hunter had returned to camp and exhibited his trophy to an admiring, though slightly disconcerted, chum.

It was a full-grown male collared peccary, weighing nearly a hundred and twenty-five pounds. Though not a true pig, it bore all the ear-marks of one, and, Paul later found out, was closely allied to them. A narrow, light band of bristles running over the shoulders at the base of the neck gave it its name.

"Better look out for those fellows, Fat," Fred declared in a bantering tone. "They're liable

to attack you some one of these days if you go shootin' at them promiscuously."

"Haw, Skinny, you can't scare me any more. When I fired and this fellow rolled over, the others ran away as fast as they could. That does n't look as if they 'd bother a fellow much!"

"Sure they will! Ask Jack if they won't."

"Not the collared peccary, Fred," corrected his brother. Then, noticing a smile of superiority on Paul's face, he added: "But the white-lipped variety will. Fortunately, they are scarce in this neighborhood. I don't think we've brought in a specimen yet. Wait until we take our proposed trip up the river after a giant armadillo. Then, perhaps, we'll see some."

But Paul was not to await the giant armadillo expedition—which, had he known it, was to be the father of so many adventures—for an acquaintance with the white-lipped peccaries. That came sooner than he expected.

Several days after he had shot the large boar, he was tramping alone in the forest. Think of it! Paul *alone* in the jungle! He had acquired, and not without reason, a great fund of self-reliance and an ability for taking care of himself which would have put to shame many a boy who had passed his whole life in the woods.

To-day his direction led along a broad gully through which flowed a small stream. On either side of the brook the ground was soft and marshy for a space of fifty feet, and filled with low palms, tall marsh grasses, and tangled shrubs. Beyond, the land rose slightly to a narrow animal-trail which followed the course of the gully.

It was along this faint path that Paul bent his steps; and as he advanced, he broke twigs from the bushes and left them dangling to mark the route back to camp. Wa'na had taught him this trick—for animal-trails are very uncertain quantities, apt to dwindle out, or be joined by a maze of confluent tracks which make a return over the original path next to impossible, unless it has been blazed.

When he had traversed about three miles, he had the good luck to espy an agouti feeding beneath a gigantic greenheart tree. The large rodent was nibbling at one of the hard round seeds which had fallen a few minutes before. It gnawed the tough fruit, which looked like a brown pebble two inches in diameter, first on one side, then the other. Finally, discarding it as no longer palatable, it commenced nosing about for another.

Paul hesitated to shoot. His gun was loaded with small shot for birds and perhaps would not kill at that distance—thirty yards. But they needed the skin at camp, and agouti meat never goes out of the bill of fare.

He fired; the shot went true. The rodent gave a convulsive spring, and, falling, lay without so much as the quiver of a muscle.

Elated by his successful shot, Paul lifted the dead animal by its hind legs, and, with it dangling at his side, prepared to move forward. But it proved too heavy and too clumsy for ease in carrying, continually banging against his legs, causing him to stumble, and wearing heavily on his arm. Presently he tied it with a pliable shred of tough bark to a sapling which leaned over the trail. There he left it, knowing it would remain safe for a few hours, free from ants and carrion beetles, until on his homeward journey he could cut it down.

Freed of his load, the young collector departed. His progress was slow and cautious; each step was taken with care. After another hour of this stealthy going, he paused, still beside the gully, to take stock of his bag for the morning. The spot where he seated himself was bare of all underbrush for a short space from the ravine, filled only with the gaunt trunks of trees.

He emptied the canvas sack, which was carried slung over his shoulders, and bent to examine its contents. The morning hunt had been eminently successful. The game-bag produced a quantity of birds, placed neatly to prevent ruffling the feathers, and with each throat filled with cotton wool. Beside a number of antbirds and wood-hewers, were a small *caica* parrot, a rare black-throated trogon, a small toucan (black-necked aracari), a sparkling white-billed jacamar with a needle beak and bright rufous beneath, a black-spotted puff-bird, several flycatchers, and a small variegated tinamon. There was also a small reddish-brown forest dove which he had frightened from the ground in the darkest shade of the trees.

"I certainly did well this morning!" he congratulated himself. "Besides these specimens, I took all sorts of notes! Well, I guess it's time to be trotting on back to camp. There's that agouti to carry back. Whew, he's going to be a heavy one!"

As he replaced the birds and straightened up preparatory to departure, his ear caught a sound from the ravine. It was repeated, a grunt and a snort. A squeal followed, and another grunt, then a movement of bushes close at hand. "*Peccaries!*" he thought, and grasped his gun tightly. Should he shoot or not? No; he'd better not. He was too far from camp to drag that heavy beast all the way. Besides, his light shot would not penetrate its thick hide.

His reflections were interrupted by the appearance of the "bush hog" at the edge of the thicket not thirty feet away. It did not see the boy, and

commenced to delve into the soft carpet of leaves. An instant later another emerged, and then another, a fourth, and two more. Some were slightly smaller than the leader, with less protruding tusks. All went busily to work uprooting the rich mold, evidently unaware of Paul's presence.

"Here's my chance!" thought Paul, innocently. "I can shoot one of the little ones, and we'll have suckling pig for dinner!"

Poor Paul! Why did he not note their lightish-colored lips? He did not realize in what danger he stood. If only his mouth had not watered for that tender morsel, the peccaries in time would have seen him and fled, leaving him in peace, but—

He fired.

Two o'clock came at camp and no Paul had returned. Jack and Fred Milton felt pangs of anxiety.

"I wish I had n't let him go out by himself," the elder muttered uneasily. "He has n't had enough experience yet to find his way alone."

"Oh, Fat's all right. He's picked up a lot in the last few weeks. And besides, he has a compass. I saw him put it in his pocket before he left. He can take care of himself—don't worry about that. He's just sitting down, taking a rest somewhere."

But in spite of his brave words, Fred was more troubled than his brother. He found it impossible to remain quiet, and with a great show of nonchalance, paced up and down the tent floor. At three o'clock he could stand it no longer.

"I'm going out to hunt for him," he declared at last in desperation.

"Fat would n't miss his lunch if he could help it. I know him too well for that, so something must be the matter. I'm going to find him!"

"So are we all," replied Jack, and, going to the entrance, called: "Wa'na! Jim! Dick! Walee!" When the Indians appeared, he said in broken English: "Mr. Jenkins, he gone. You go find. Where Wa'na?" noticing his absence.



THE BOY GRASPED HIS GUN BY THE BARRELS AND PREPARED FOR THE DEATH STRUGGLE. — SEE PAGE 120

Intensely interested and not at all fearful, Paul watched their movements with pleasure. Here was something worth seeing! Suddenly a plaintive squeak came from the tangle in the gully. One of the smaller peccaries—the watcher could see it was a female—grunted shortly and trotted back into the brush. She emerged again, followed by two quarter-grown young.

"Was he gone him in jungle for tapir. Go early to-day. We go find Marster Fat."

"Now, Fred," continued his brother, when the Indians had departed. "You had better come with me. Which way do you think he went?"

"Don't know," said he might go southeast, but was n't certain."

"All right; we'll try that direction. Come on, let's go; and keep your eyes open for fresh broken twigs."

## CHAPTER XII

### PAUL UP A TREE

PAUL'S shot was echoed by a series of grunts, and the peccaries tore panic-stricken into the thicket, all but one of the sucklings, which lay dead. Once within the swamp, they paused, and he could hear their excited squeals as they watched his movements.

As he bent to examine the baby he had shot, he was startled by a commotion in the bushes and was just able to dodge the onrush of the crazed animal, attacking madly in defense of her young. Paul turned to flee. A crashing of undergrowth and a volley of savage grunts told him that the others were charging.

The unfortunate hunter, stricken with terror and breathing hard, plunged into the depths of the woods. The peccaries closed after him in pursuit. He could hear their bass voices drawing closer and closer to his heels. Fifty yards were covered with a swiftness he had never dreamed he possessed.

Now they were upon him!—No! Thank heaven, here was a mora-tree!

He dodged behind one of its broad roots, and, turning, poured both barrels blindly at the charging beasts. The shots took no effect beyond tearing up the leaves in front of the peccaries, but caused them temporarily to pause. Dropping his useless gun, he half crawled, half shinned, up the coiled root which twisted itself into a sort of rude platform ten feet above him. If he could reach that, he would be safe.

But the bush-hogs recovered themselves and gathered about the tree, leaping and tearing at his ascending body. His hands touched the platform and he drew himself up. Safety at last! A heavy body struck his legs, sending them flying, and tearing loose one puttee; but Paul, filled with the strength of despair, clung to his hold, swinging like a pendulum, while the beasts gnashed their teeth below. He sought to regain a foothold, but his foot slipped and he wing free again.

His case was growing desperate; he felt his grip on the ledge weakening. Presently he would drop among those slobbering demons, and—With

a last desperate effort, he hitched his toe on the root. Pressing hard upon it, he heaved himself up, and the next instant was safe on the platform.

For a few moments he was so weak from his exertions and the terrible strain which he had undergone that he could only gasp for breath. His heart pounded heavily, and the perspiration poured over his face and into his eyes, causing them to smart. He was exhausted.

The enraged peccaries glared up at him with small, blood-shot eyes, and made repeated attempts to reach his perch. Their jaws dripped foam, and their harsh grunts resembled growls. A large boar backed off and rushed at the tree, leaping, with amazing agility for a beast so heavily constructed, into the spreading roots. The assault was futile; it fell back with a gasping grunt when a projecting root struck its stomach. Another assayed the jump, then all six, but with like result. Paul for the moment was safe. They could not reach within three feet of him.

The boy gradually recovered his breath. What a predicament he was in! How long would those beasts stay beneath the tree? What would Fred think when his chum did not arrive at camp? Would Jack organize a hunting party, and, if so, would they ever find him, five miles away in a dense wilderness? They would not miss him for hours yet. Jiminy, what a pickle he was in!

His meditations were cut short by the strange actions of one of the bush-hogs. It was standing digging with its fore limbs at one of the partitions in search of a foothold. At length it desisted, and moved around the tree, where Paul could hear it at work again. It did not appear for some time, and he forgot its existence in watching the efforts of the rest of the small herd.

Presently, he was startled by a grunt at his elbow and, turning, saw a bristling snout projecting from behind the trunk on a level with his resting-place. To his horror he noticed that the platform of roots, on which he was sitting, narrowed down and ran around the tree in the direction of the snout. Doubtless the peccary had discovered a path up the tree from the other side and had mounted the wooden ledge!

Could the clumsy animal obtain a footing on that narrow causeway? The boy faced it with despair in his soul. The snout grew into a fierce head. The beast *was* moving toward him. Soon he could see the whole front of the body not four feet away.

The bush-hog was having no easy time; the twisted root was scarcely six inches wide and extremely smooth. The great bulk crept ahead an inch at a time, feeling its way with utmost care to prevent the slipping of its hooved feet. It was less than a yard distant now.

Paul's thoughts were not of the pleasantest as he watched the advance. If he jumped, he would be torn to pieces in an instant by the waiting jaws below; if he did not jump, the same fate would attend him on the platform. Still, he preferred the single beast to the many.

The ugly snout was little more than a foot from him, but the peccary had halted; it was having troubles of its own with its stubby, cloven feet on the slippery bark.

Now was his only chance! He lunged out with both feet.

The peccary, caught unawares, already tottering on its perch, squealed, lost its balance, and fell. It landed with a thud among the roots ten feet below, and, with all the breath and all the fight driven from its body, trotted sullenly into the bushes.

Paul drew a sigh of relief. There was one accounted for, anyway! From its woe-begone demeanor as it ambled away, he felt certain that it would bother him no more.

The others had now ceased their attempts to reach his refuge and were lying on the ground, patiently watching him.

He drew to him one of the thick lianas, a dozen of which hung from the tree like the rigging of a ship, and, with his knife, cut off a long section. It was a heavy piece of wood, full of sap, and, using it as a club, he felt he could dislodge any peccary which again attempted the scanty bridge. When this was accomplished Paul breathed much easier.

Hours passed.

The white-lipped peccaries remained content among the leaves at the base of the tree. The one which he had kicked returned and lay beside the others. None tried the experiment of tree-climbing again. The one whose suckling he had shot, alone appeared uneasy. She got up several times to wander off through the woods in the direction of her dead one, returning from each trip to crouch and glare at him. Paul was sorry for her, sorry he had killed the little thing, not only on account of the result to him, but because of her evident misery at its loss.

The sun, shining through a rent in the tree-tops, showed that it was long past noon; his watch read a quarter past three. The bush-hogs gave no sign of leaving. By this time the camp must be aroused by his absence. Would they ever find him? How long would those peccaries stay there? Would they take themselves off at sundown, or remain until he starved? Suppose they did leave as it fell dark—he would have to remain all night in the jungle!

This thought did not strike him with terror as it would have done three weeks before. He had

matches; a fire would be an easy matter. But how they would worry at camp!

Suppose Fred should come walking through the jungle now. He would disturb the white-lipped demons below, and they would charge! Horrible thought! He prayed that neither of his friends would find him; he would fight it out by himself.

It was four o'clock.

A troupe of capuchin monkeys had taken possession of the top of his tree. Paul would have laughed at their antics if his predicament had been less serious. Among them were several half-grown individuals, and a few females carried babies on their backs. While the rest were playing among the branches, snatching the reddish-brown fruit from one another, and chattering, the females were busily occupied with their young. They were not feeding their offspring, but, on the contrary, were being fed by them!

Much of the choicest fruit grew on the outermost tips of the branches, which were too frail to bear the weight of a full-grown monkey. Where this was the case, the mother, grasping her child by the tail, urged it forward. Nothing loath, the young one crept out to the desired fruit, and, seizing it, stuffed it into its mouth as fast as its little hands could work. But it was not on the program that the baby should swallow the luscious pulp. No indeed! Young monkeys are not spoiled in that way. When its cheeks were full and bulging, the hard-hearted parent dragged the little one back, and with a long hairy finger extracted the fruit, transferring the crushed pulp to its own mouth with evident relish.

As I have stated, Paul would have been highly delighted, in any other circumstances, to have observed this ludicrous performance; but at that moment his thoughts were on the gun which lay among the roots. If he could only manage to reach that, his difficulty would be solved. An attempt a short while before had been met by a rush of the vigilant guards, and he had hastily pulled himself back to his perch.

How could he get that gun? A careless movement knocked his club to the ground. He grunted with vexation and cut a second length of liana. He had it! Why not use a piece of the vine?

He cut for himself about twenty feet of a thinner growth than that which formed his club, and, looping one end of the pliable "bush-rope" into a slip-noose, cast ineffectually for the gun. No—that would not do; the lasso was too awkwardly constructed for accurate work.

Now he cut a ten-foot section of the thickest liana dangling from the tree and tied a loop of the

thin vine to its end. The contrivance was heavy and elastic, and very hard to direct with accuracy; but by putting forth all his strength, he managed at last to bring the looped end close to the stock of the gun. Then commenced the most ticklish work of all: he must work the loop under the stock and well up toward the grip.

Several tense minutes followed. Paul manipulated his awkward fishing-pole as cautiously as he could, fearing a sudden movement would arouse the suspicions of the peccaries. One even rose, with a muffled grunt of curiosity, and walked over to the waving rod, which it nosed in a distrustful way. The boy held it steady while this performance was going on, and the bush-hog returned to its former position without snatching at the liana. Presently the loop caught, held, then slipped, inch by inch, toward the grip of the stock. Paul twisted the crazy pole several times, and the loop tightened. Then he hauled away.

Barrel downward, the gun rose slowly at first, and more rapidly as the boy became certain the thin vine would hold it. A few seconds later it was in his hands and he was breathing a prayer of thanksgiving.

Slipping a pair of cartridges into the breech, he prepared to work. There was no time to be lost, the sun was sinking fast; and though he had nothing but bird-shot, he must make the attempt to get rid of the white lips before dark. Taking careful aim at the largest, a huge boar scarcely twenty feet away, he pulled the trigger. To his great joy, the beast grunted once, then lay motionless, its head shattered by the concentrated force. The others fled panic-stricken into the forest, followed by a second shot which did little harm.

The hunter was jubilant. After waiting five minutes or so to make sure the peccaries had fled, he dismounted from his perch and approached the fallen animal. It was stone dead. He turned toward camp with happiness in his heart, leaving the body where it lay.

Scarcely had he covered a hundred feet, when the five remaining beasts charged.

There was no kindly mora tree at hand this time, and Paul leaped behind the trunk of a greenheart. The leading brutes were ten feet from him. He fired at the leader, then at the second animal. Both shots at that short range, took effect, and the two peccaries slid forward on their nose. But the others, unheeding the noise and the death of their companions, came on. In desperation the boy grasped his gun by the barrel, and prepared for the death struggle. The red-eyed, snoutable, mad animal, urged

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At the same instant, from behind him, it

seemed, came the snap of two shots fired in rapid succession. A third peccary fell, and a fourth struggled ineffectually on the ground to regain its feet. The fifth beast, the one at whose side ran the remaining suckling, turned and fled into the brush. Weak and shaking, Paul stepped from behind the tree.

"Wa'na!" he cried. "Thank heaven you came when you did!"

The Indian stood before him grinning.

"Marster Fat, he have narrow escape. Wa'na just in time, hev?"

Paul could have hugged the slim Akawai, but slapped him on the back instead.

"You bet you did, Wa'na! I never want to get into a hole like that again. Those things would have had me in another second if you had n't come along. Ugh!"

"*Pakeela* bad animal," stated the Indian simply, then continued: "Me hunt *maipurie*, but no good. Go back to camp when hear *bang bang*. Come look. See Marster Fat run behind tree and *pakeela* chase him. He shot, *bang-bang*, and get ready to fight. Then Wa'na shoot. That all."

"Well, it 's enough, Wa'na. You saved my life, and, believe me, I won't forget it."

The Indian shrugged his shoulders in a deprecating sort of way, as he had done once before when he rescued Fred from the claws of the jaguarundi, and turned toward the wounded peccary to finish it.

"You kill more?" he asked after that had been accomplished.

"Yes, I shot a little pig this morning, and they ran me up a mora root," Paul replied. "I 've been there all day, with them lying around waiting for me to come down. Finally, I got hold of my gun, which I'd dropped, and killed another. The others ran off, so I thought it would be safe to leave. Then they charged again, and you know the rest."

"Huh huh; we go see tree."

Wa'na gazed at the mora tree and then at Paul.

"Marster Fat, he pick good place. His gun drop dar? How he get him? Dat bush hog, he big one." He prodded the dead boar with his toe.

As the boy was relating the method by which he had recovered his weapon, he was interrupted by the sound of approaching footsteps. Shortly afterward, Jack, followed by Fred and Walee, appeared coming toward them.

"*There he is!*" cried Fred, when he caught sight of his chum. "What 've you been doin' with yourself, Fat? Not hurt, are you?"

"No. Just run up a tree by some peccaries."

"Is that all?" Fred was so relieved that he hid his delight under an assumption of indifference.

"We thought you were dead, or at least lost. When you missed your lunch, I knew something was wrong."

As the happy party turned toward camp, Walec with the bear slung over his back and Wa'na carrying the suckling, they passed the scene of the last fray. Fred stopped short when he caught sight of the bodies.

"Jim-in-etty, Fat!" he gasped in amazement. "What is this—a slaughter-house? You must

have had *some* party! We struck our trail along the gully and found an agouti hangin' to a bush a couple of miles back. That 's how we knew it was yours, by the clumsy way the 'guti was tied. Then, a little later, we heard a couple of shots, and then four right in succession. But we did n't know you were starting anything like this. Whew, I wish I'd been here!"

Paul chuckled to himself. He was glad that his chum had not arrived at the wrong moment.

(To be continued)

## HOW THE MONEY WENT TO BEDFORD

By BEULAH AMIDON RATLIFF



"ESTHER VAULTED INTO THE SADDLE AND THE METTLESOME COLT WAS OFF LIKE AN ARROW."  
SEE PAGE 121

"THERE 's no one but you I can trust, Esther," said Mr. Lambert, weakly, turning his bandaged head on the pillow with a little moan of pain. "And the money must be there to-day. I have given my word. Tell me just what you are to do, so I can be sure you understand."

Mr. Lambert lay on his cot in the rude, two-room shack the men at the lumber camp called "headquarters." His right arm was in splints,

and the bandages on his head concealed two dreadful cuts he had received when a tree had fallen the wrong way, pinning "the boss" under one of its branches.

Since her mother's death, thirteen-year-old Esther had been her father's comrade in many out-of-the-way corners of the country, but this was the first time she had been called on to shoulder heavy responsibility alone. Her cheeks

were flushed and her gray eyes dark with excitement, but her voice was clear and steady as she answered promptly:

"I am to drive the little car to Bedford, with your purse hidden under the seat. I am to go to the First National Bank and ask for Mr. Fields. I am to tell him about the accident and give him the purse, and he will give me a paper to bring back to you. I am not to tell my errand to any one except Mr. Fields. Then I'm to leave the car at the hotel garage and take the three-twenty train back to Alexander, and Foster will meet me there with the other car. But, oh, Daddy, Daddy, how can I possibly bear to leave you alone the whole afternoon!"

"You have it well in mind," said Mr. Lambert. "I wish I need n't put such a responsibility on you, daughter, but there 's no one else. This means a great deal to me—explain later—I 'll be all right—you must n't worry—keep your mind on job—Father depends on you—"

Mr. Lambert's voice trailed off into silence, as the sleeping-powder the doctor had given him began to take effect. With sudden tears in her eyes, Esther looked down on the strong father on whom she had always depended so utterly, and who now had to depend on her. But this was no time for tears. There was the thirty-mile ride to Bedford before her, and she must get there before the bank closed at three o'clock.

Esther slipped her hand under her father's pillow and drew out a flat leather purse. She tucked it in her middy blouse and went to the porch, where Will, the cook's boy, was waiting.

"Don't stir a step from the house while I'm gone," she directed him. "Give Mr. Lambert the white powder again if he wakes in pain. If he seems worse, have one of the men ride for the doctor. Keep everything quiet around the house."

"Yes, Miss Esther," said Will, with the hearty respect all the men in camp felt for "the little boss."

Will watched with appreciative eyes the deft way Esther backed the car out from the shed and turned it into the narrow, rough road that led from the lumber-camp to the main highway, nine miles away.

"I 'll take Rex for company," Esther thought to herself as she was about to start up the car. She whistled, and a splendid yellow collie leaped from under the house and flashed to the car.

"In, Rex!" commanded Esther, and her pet jumped over the door and settled himself on the floor of the car.

"You 'll not let me be lonesome," said Esther, affectionately, as she picked her way along the main highway, and the dog looked up at her so

intelligently that Esther felt sure he understood what she said.

It required the closest attention and all Esther's skill to drive the car, and she found the main road little better. The highway was narrow and deeply ditched. A recent rain had left it slippery, with deep ruts and "chuck" holes still full of water. For at least half the way to Bedford the road ran through woods which, like all uncut timber in northern Mississippi, had such densely matted undergrowth that it was impossible to see for more than a few feet on either side. It was not much used. Esther knew that she might pass an occasional negro and a few travelers on horseback, but she doubted whether she would meet more than two or three cars until she came within a few miles of the busy little town of Bedford.

"Hard going, Rexie," said Esther, glancing anxiously at the watch strapped to her wrist. "We 've got to do better than this."

She stepped harder on the accelerator and the car lurched forward, careening wildly as one front wheel struck a rut. Esther set her teeth and righted the car without lessening the speed.

"We 've got to average fifteen to make Bedford by three," she thought to herself, "because I must allow for delays on a road like this."

Mile after tedious mile was covered. Esther's arms ached with the strain of keeping the car to the road, and her eyes were tired with the constant effort to choose the least rough spots, but she began to breathe more easily. Only eight miles more, and just two o'clock!

"We 'll make it easy, Rex," she said.

She was traversing the last stretch of woodland. Five more miles and she would be out in the open, with Bedford in sight.

"Gravel road, too," Esther thought with satisfaction, remembering that the good King's County road began at the end of this woods.

But Esther's peace of mind was premature. She had gone only half a mile farther when there was a report like a pistol-shot. Esther groaned. She stopped the car and sat motionless for a moment, too vexed to stir.

"A blow-out, Rex!" she said, disgustedly; "the new tire, too! Well, we 'll make it anyway," and with a sigh of resignation she opened the door and jumped to the ground.

The tools were under the seat, so Esther slipped the precious purse into her blouse again, rolled up her sleeves, and went to work. A spare tire, inflated and ready for use, was on the back of the car, and Esther knew it would not take her long to change; but the delay was annoying. Rex whined about her feet, trying to show how much he sympathized. Esther jacked up the car, took



off the useless tire, and then, with Rex bounding beside her, went to the back of the car to get the extra. What she saw there would have caused an older heart than Esther's to stand still with fright! Creeping through the weeds in the ditch was the crouching figure of a man, unkempt and with a dirty, evil face. He was not more than

laid on Esther's shoulder. The terror that had held her relaxed. Her mind cleared. She did not feel any more fear, even when the man took a menacing step toward her. It seemed almost as though she felt her father beside her, encouraging her, steadying her, protecting her, and at the same moment a plan flashed through her mind.



"WHAT SHE SAW THERE WOULD HAVE CAUSED AN OLDER HEART THAN ESTHER'S TO STAND STILL WITH FRIGHT"

twenty feet away. For one frozen moment, horrible thoughts of robbers and their crimes flashed through Esther's mind. She glanced up and down the lonely road in search of help, but none was in sight. Then her father's face, white and pain-lined, was before her, and she seemed to hear his voice: "Remember I am depending on you." At that instant the man met her eyes and straightened up. The thought of her father had been like a strong, steadying hand

"Sic 'em, Rex!" she cried sharply.

Without hesitation the brave dog leaped, every muscle taut as steel.

"Five minutes," Esther thought, and the thought was like a prayer. "I must have five minutes—"

She sprang into the woods. Behind her she heard the sounds of a struggle. Keeping the car between herself and the man, as well as she could, Esther tore her way through the undergrowth.

And seemed on each one to trip her. Thorny branches caught at her clothes and scratched her hands and face, but she scarcely felt them. Her throat ached as she panted for breath. But Esther was not in a panic. As she pushed her way through the matted brush, she was thinking, Rex might hold the man for five minutes; that was all she dared count on. Then, she was sure, he would follow her. She felt certain that he was a robber, who knew she was carrying a large sum of money. He would have no trouble in finding the trail she made. She must hide in some way. She ran back a few yards, to where a water-oak flung a branch across her path.

Esther swung herself to the branch, crept along it to the trunk, then climbed higher. How thankful she was for her strong, obedient muscles, and for all the times she had scrambled into the tops of tall trees, in spite of her father's laughing remarks about his "tomboy girl."

Thirty feet from the ground, there was a crotch that made a comfortable seat, and Esther felt sure that the dense foliage screened her hiding-place. It was only by craning and twisting that she could catch a glimpse of the ground below. With swiftly beating heart she waited and listened. She heard nothing from the direction of the road. There was not a breath of air stirring, and Esther was sure that if the man were creeping ever so carefully through the woods, she could hear him.

Suppose he came—suppose he found her—suppose he had a gun—what could she do? Nothing, she thought in despair, except give him the precious purse. He must a-t find her. She waited fifteen minutes. There was no sign of pursuit. Twenty-five minutes past was, and the bank closed at three! Father had given his word, and Father, hurt and helpless, was depending on her to keep it. She could n't stay perched in that tree while the precious minutes slipped away. Rex might have hurt the man badly, or frightened him off. She must take a chance now.

Scarcely daring to breathe, Esther scrambled down from her hiding place, cast one terrified glance back along the way she had come, and plunged deeper into the wood. She would circle through the woods and get back to the road well beyond the car.

It was cruelly hard to make her way. The ground was wet and boggy, and the dense undergrowth threw out a thousand hands to hinder her. Scrambled, panted, aching in every muscle, Esther finally struggled back to the road. As far as she could see, it was empty. Ten minutes to three! She had done her best, but it had been impossible to hurry. With a long breath she started down the road. There was a curve just

ahead, and as she reached it she gave a little cry of relief. A house! Esther fairly ran up the steps to the tiny screened porch, where a man sat smoking.

"Have you a saddle-horse?" she asked breathlessly.

With a deliberation that was maddening, the man took his cigar out of his mouth, leaned forward, and asked,

"What you want, Missy?"

"I'm trying to get to Bedford by three," Esther panted, "but my car broke down. I hurried as fast as I could, but it's almost three—and I have to see Mr. Fields for Father—Father got hurt this morning—if I could borrow your horse and ride in—oh, please hurry!"

At last the man looked interested.

"You Lambert's girl? Big boss o' all these yere lumber camps?"

"Yes."

"Uh-huh. I heard tell 'bout the accident. So you're on business for your pa."

"Oh, please hurry!" begged Esther.

"Ef you're Lambert's girl, I'll sure help you out what I kin," the man promised. "You set an' rest a bit."

Without further words he went to the rear of the house. Esther's host might be slow on occasion, but he could hurry when convinced it was necessary. Sooner than she had dared hope, he came around the corner of the house, leading a horse, saddled and bridled.

"The colt's broke good, but a mite skittish," he said. "I take it you can ride, Missy."

"I'll manage him," said Esther, briefly, "and see he gets back to you safely, Mr. —"

"Barton. Jeff Barton. They know me at the bank in Bedford. Take it easy, Missy. Good gracious."

Esther had vaulted into the saddle, given a little tug to the reins, and the mettlesome colt was off down the road like an arrow. Esther loved to ride, and she would have enjoyed that swift, smooth gallop on the back of the spirited colt if she had not been so anxious. The colt needed no urging. Even when he reached the paved streets of Bedford he scarcely slackened his pace, and Esther clattered down Main Street at a speed that made people stare at her in astonishment. She drew up with a jerk before the First National Bank and threw the reins to a negro lounging there. Her watch showed a quarter past three, but a clerk was just drawing the window shade as Esther flung herself against the door of the bank. The door opened, and Esther would have fallen except for the steadying hand of the surprised clerk, who stared at her in astonishment.

"I want Mr. Fields," she cried sharply. "I



"IT WAS INDEED REX, A THIN, WORN, BRUISED REX" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

said Mr. Fields," she repeated impatiently, as the clerk continued to stare without replying.

A tall, gray-haired gentleman came toward her.

"Are you Mr. Fields?" she asked, breathlessly.

"Why, my child," exclaimed the banker, "you're hurt! There's blood on your face—your clothing is torn—what has happened?"

"Oh, it's nothing. Are you Mr. Fields? Father said no one else would do."

The banker nodded. Esther reached inside her torn middy blouse and took out the precious purse.

"There!" she said, handing it to Mr. Fields, "there it is. I got here, did n't I? Father was hurt. He gave his word—I'm Esther Lambert—"

She was very tired, and the room was dim and queer. Vaguely she felt Mr. Fields help her to a chair and call to some one. Then there was a glass of water at her lips, and a voice, very far away, said, "Poor little girl."

Esther sat up with a start and found herself in a big chair before a big desk, with Mr. Fields bending over her solicitously.

"Feel better? You were faint," he said.

"I must hurry," Esther struggled to her feet, "I must catch the train home—"

"The three twenty has gone, more than ten minutes ago."

"Oh!" cried Esther. "I have to get home—Father's there with no one to take care of him—he'll worry. I'll have to ride the colt back—"

"Now, now, my dear," soothed Mr. Fields, "not so fast, you know. My car can get you home, I think. But first you must have something to eat and we must hear all about this."

Over the lunch which Mr. Fields ordered for her at the hotel, Esther told her story. The banker listened gravely.

"I must telephone the sheriff, and have Barton's horse sent back," he said; "then we'll start."

A little later Mr. Fields' big, easy car was swinging out on the long road to the lumber-camp. It seemed to Esther scarcely a minute before they came to the place in the woods where she had had that disastrous blow-out. At the side of the road lay the jack and the ruined tire. There was no trace of the car or of Rex.

"The sheriff thought the car would be gone," said Mr. Fields; "he and a posse are out looking for it, and for the man driving it. I hoped we'd find that plucky Rex here."

In an hour they reached the lumber-camp. Tired as she was, Esther was out of the car almost before it stopped. Oh, the relief of seeing her father's smile, as she tiptoed into the house, and of hearing his own dear voice, saying heartily

"Thank God you are home, safe and sound, dear—"

Then he saw Mr. Fields.

"Hello!" he said, surprised.

"You've a prize girl there, Lambert," said Mr. Fields, "and it seems to me you're mighty careless about her. You should have known we'd carry the note as long as necessary, under the circumstances."

"I gave my word—"

"I know, you fine old Puritan, and your daughter kept it for you. She's a splendid little soldier. Let me tell you the tale—" And in a few words he did.

"Oh, little girl," said Mr. Lambert, huskily, "such danger—I'm proud of my daughter!"

And the look in his eyes, as he said that, repaid Esther a thousand times for all the terrors and hardships of her journey.

Mr. Fields came back the next day to tell Esther and Mr. Lambert that both the automobile and the man driving it had been found. The man was a thief, trying to escape from the neighborhood after robbing a store near Alexander. He insisted that he had meant no harm, and had intended only to ask Esther to give him a lift as far as Bedford, where he hoped to catch a train and get out of the State.

"What became of that dog?" the man asked, as soon as he was captured. "You'd never have caught me if he had n't done me up so—gave me the nastiest time I ever had." And the bites on his arms and shoulders bore out the statement. It was only by managing to pick up a heavy club from the roadside that the thief had been able to defend himself, and he had had to beat off the brave dog again and again while he fixed the tire.

"Probably fine old Rex crawled into the woods to die," said Mr. Lambert. "Never mind, dear, it was a hero's death. Rex loved you enough to be glad to die for you."

"I don't believe he's dead," Esther insisted; "anyway, I'm not going to give up hope."

A week after her adventure, Esther sat beside her father's cot, reading aloud, when she heard a well-known whine at the door.

"Rex! Rex!" she cried.

It was indeed Rex, a thin, worn, bruised Rex, his beautiful coat full of dirt and burrs, and one fore-leg hanging useless, but a Rex frantically glad to be home again.

"He's had a hard time," said Mr. Lambert, when Esther had bathed and bandaged her pet, "but we'll soon have him as well as ever. He must have been too hurt to travel for a couple of days. Now I have my heroine and my hero both safe at home—and you have a regular hospital ward on your hands, daughter. Let's put up the book. I want a more exciting story. Tell me again how the money went to Bedford."



## “STUBBY” NOSES DOWN.

By HARRY STARKEY ALDRICH

*Formerly Flight-Commander, First Aero Squadron, A. E. F.*

A NUMBER of trig-looking orderlies entrusted with messages were hurrying here and there through the great American aviation instruction center, which covered many acres of French soil just south of the Loire. But the orderly who interests us is the one who hurried up the narrow duck-board leading to Barracks 30.

Barracks 30 was occupied by those fortunate young pilots who had completed their training in battle tactics and were impatiently awaiting assignment to squadrons at the front. Inside, lounging in various postures on their cots, were several fliers. They were in the midst of a heated discussion of the proper method of throwing an airplane into a side-slip. Our orderly entered with a knock and saluted.

“Is Lieutenant Perry Robinson here?” he inquired.

“Present,” responded a gray-eyed young chap, with hair as black as night.

“Major Gilbert wishes to see you at headquarters as soon as possible, sir,” the orderly reported. Saluting, he hurried out and down the duck-board walk, and that is the last we see of him.

“I reckon that means twenty-four hours as officer of the guard for you, Stubby,” prophesied the grinning occupant of the cot nearest the door. (Because Perry Robinson stood but five feet six in his stocking-feet, his friends invariably called him “Stubby.”)

“If it is, Gloomy Gus,” answered Stubby, “it will be the third time for me since I finished at Field Eight; and that was three weeks ago,” he added, buckling on his Sam Browne belt and reaching for his cap.

“It’s probably to inform you that you are to be sent to Tours to be an instructor, instead of to the front to be an ace,” cheerfully suggested a

voice at the far end of the room. It was Stubby’s devoted friend, Bill Anthony. Not only had these two boys trained together in the same camps in America, but they had also crossed to France on the same transport, and had finished their advanced training in the same class there at the center.

“That may be, lad,” was the retort, “but if Old Gilbert ever saw you attempting a side-slip in the way you were just telling us to do them, you would n’t even reach Tours. He ’d send you back home to drill the Girl Scouts in the grand-right-and-left.”

A carefully aimed field-boot hit the door with a thud as Stubby disappeared behind it.

SOME hours later found Stubby packing his battered army-locker and at the same time trying to answer the questions hurled at him by his rather wistful “bunkies.”

“Did Old Gilbert tell you which kind of squadron you were being sent to?” asked one.

“He did n’t say *which* squadron, but he did say that I was to report to the Third Observation Group. That means an observation squadron in any case. I should rather have gone into pursuit work, though.”

“Don’t be a crab,” said Anthony, who was feeling a bit blue at the thought of being separated from his pal. “I ’d give my right eye to be in your boots!”

“I heard that the Third Group has just moved into a pretty active sector,” contributed another. “As for observation work being tame, think of what Taylor and Duncan have done. Each of them has four Huns to his credit. You have to know what you are doing when you bag one of those waspy little Fokkers from a two-seater.”

"Team work is the secret of their success," stated Stubby, forgetting his packing for a moment. "They have been flying together ever since they were first sent to the front." Of all the war heroes to whose exploits the newspapers devoted columns, Stubby admired Taylor, the observer, most.

"I wonder which squadron they belong to," said one.

"When even we don't know, it shows that the censor is right on the job," remarked another. "They're probably with the First Group, though, for that's been on the front the longest."

"Hey, Stubby!" called a flier standing at the open door. "The motor-cycle is waiting for you out here. You'll have to hit it up if you want to catch the Paris Express. There's a ten-kilometer ride ahead of you, remember."

Two of his companions snapped the lock of Stubby's trunk and carried it out to the chugging motor cycle, followed by the others. Stubby hurriedly pulled on his short leather coat and caught up his Boston bag. Bill Anthony was waiting at the door. The hands of the two boys met in a warm clasp. They looked at each other soberly.

"Good-by, Bill. See you at the front."

"You bet, Stubby. Good by and good luck!"

The motor cycle, with his beloved friend in the side-car, shot away from the walk and was quickly lost to sight in the growing darkness. Stubby, no less sad at the thought of leaving Bill behind, turned his face toward the darkness ahead of him. The great game of life and death lay there before him. He was ready to enter it.

The friendly adjutant of the now famous "Grizzly Bear" squadron led the way to the second of three long, low buildings, known to the A. F. U. as Swiss huts. They nestled snugly against the side of a hill in a thick growth of firs that provided protection from the hot rays of the sun as well as from the keen eyes of a chance enemy plane.

"You will find your locker at the foot of the hill, not to the left," the adjutant told Stubby. "After you stow away your things, you had better report to Lieutenant Fulton, who is the officer in charge of the field to-day. That is the way to the field." He pointed to a steep path leading up the hill from the huts.

Stubby took his helmet and goggles from his locker, deciding to report on the field before unpacking the remainder of his equipment. On the way out of the hut he half-curiously read the names printed on the dozen or more locker assignments of the other occupants. Spotted, he noticed one scratched, scratched by the name

J. B. Duncan in bright letters on a trunk near the door. His face flushed with excitement. His eyes eagerly sought the next locker. A close examination of the scratched, half-obliterated letters on it revealed that well-known name, Norman Taylor.

In the midst of his elation a thought occurred to him that effaced the quick smile from his lips. Could he make good in a squadron like this, with such fliers as Taylor and Duncan setting the standard? He squared his shoulders abruptly. At any rate he intended to try mighty hard.

The hill proved to be a low plateau whose flat stretch of a mile or more in diameter served as an excellent flying-field. At the far edge stood three large canvas hangars. The irregular daubs of paint, gray-green and dust-brown, that covered their sides and rounding tops, made their outlines indistinct even at that distance. To his left, a two-seater of unfamiliar make taxied to one edge of the field, where it headed into the wind and took off with a roar.

When he reached the hangars he saw several fliers with the usual paraphernalia—map-cases, goggles, helmets, muffers, and leather coats. A tall, fine-looking chap came toward him.

"I reckon you must be Lieutenant Robinson," he said, holding out his hand. "We have been expecting you. My name's Fulton."

He introduced Stubby to the other fliers. Two of them, he learned, had joined the squadron but the day before, and it was with relief that he found he was to have company as inexperienced as himself in flying at the front.

"You are just in time to enter our contest here," said Fulton, with a smile. "Owing to a recent run of bad luck we are short of ships just now. We have only one Salmson for you four new pilots. McCall, the man you just saw take off, is a new pilot also," he explained for Stubby's benefit. "Each man is to make three hops around the hill. To the one making the best landings will be assigned the ship. The other three will have to wait until we receive some more Salmsons from the aero depot at Colombes les Belles. Your turn will come after McCall's, Robinson. You will need to watch your step, for every one so far has made at least two good landings."

McCall glided in, just then, for a landing. He was evidently very nervous, for he badly misjudged his distance, and was forced to switch on his motor near the ground and fly around again without landing. Stubby felt that this eliminated one man from the contest.

When McCall landed the last time and rolled to a stop, Stubby took his place in the fore cockpit, feeling a trace of nervousness in spite of himself. This was reflected in his first effort, for it

resulted in a "porpoise" landing. He bounded several feet into the air, and, settling to the ground again with a jolt, bumped along until the plane came to a stop near the group by the hangars. Stubby was filled with mortification and chagrin. He was about to switch on his motor for another try when he heard Bliss, one of the new pilots, give a low, contemptuous laugh. Stubby characteristically squared his shoulders. That that laugh was going to cost Bliss the coveted ship was what those sturdy shoulders said to any one who knew their owner.

His second and third landings were perfect. They showed to the interested group looking on that the man at the "stick" knew how to touch the tail-skid of his plane to the ground simultaneously with the two wheels. It was more important to Stubby, however, that they won for him the new, trim two-seater. Before going to the mess-hall, he took time to walk admiringly about his prize. On each side of its silky fuselage were painted the big numerals "15" and the squadron insignia—a rearing, pawing, grizzly bear.

The following day was a strenuous one. A great deal depended upon the successful accomplishment of every mission turned over to the squadron by corps headquarters. For that reason the new men were held in reserve while the seasoned fliers of the squadron were utilized. Stubby's *No. 15*, with Bulward as observer, had been designated as the reserve "plane of command" for the day. The crew of a reserve plane of command is expected to be ready at a moment's notice to perform any emergency mission that might be telephoned in by the corps. Just how important their duties were, depended, therefore, upon the day's events. More often than not the entire day passed without developing a single emergency mission.

As Bulward and Stubby sat on the field, protected from the hot afternoon sun by the shade of their ready airplane, they saw Duncan and Taylor rapidly making their way across the field toward the hangars. The squadron was very proud of its leading fliers, both of whom were splendidly built fellows, representing the finest type of young Americans.

"I heard about their mission when I was at mess this noon," said Bulward, indicating the two; "photographs nearly twenty miles in and much lower than the usual seventeen or eighteen thousand feet."

Stubby whistled. "Then they must be taking a strong protection along," he said, with an admiring eye on Taylor.

"Only seven," replied Bulward, "but the best fighters that the pursuit group has. If they reach

home with their skins, much less any photos, they will be going some."

"With the Huns flying in circuses of twenty and thirty planes, that 's a good guess," remarked Stubby, dryly. "It 's a crime that we have n't more ships," he added, with an anxious frown. "Four of the missions that left right after mess had to go over the lines without any protection at all."

"They volunteered for the work this noon," continued the observer, still referring to Taylor and Duncan. "The corps commander sent for them and personally gave them the dope on the mission, so you may know it 's a *real* one. The photos will be in the hands of the commanding officer by evening if it 's possible to get them. If those two can't get them, no one can."

By that time Taylor was in the rear cockpit of Duncan's plane, adjusting the straps of his life-belt and arranging his extra machine-gun magazines and his map-cases to the best advantage. As the two boys watched the preparations they saw a sergeant from the photo section carry over three large, black cases and hand them up to him.

"They are taking three plate-holders—thirty-six plates," remarked Bulward, adding gloomily. "They 'll be lucky if they bring back twelve exposed ones."

Stubby did not answer. Instead, he sprang to his feet and raced toward Duncan's plane, his companion at his heels.

A mechanic, while oiling the motor a few minutes before, had spilled castor oil on one of the wheels. As Duncan placed his foot on the greasy tire to climb into his seat he slipped and fell to the ground in a heap. Stubby reached his side simultaneously with Taylor. As they carefully rolled the injured boy over they saw that his leg lay twisted under him. Though they straightened it as gently as possible, he groaned and lost consciousness.

"I can't tell yet how seriously he is hurt," said the medical officer of the squadron a few minutes later, "but I can promise that he won't do any flying for a few days."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Fulton, who was the officer in charge of the field that day, "there are only four pilots here now and all of them are grass-green."

Taylor looked at his watch.

"We shall have to use one of them," he said, with a frown. "This mission must get off while the light is good. At best, we have n't much time to get our altitude and meet our protection over Jouarre."

Fulton's eye fell on Stubby Robinson. The showing that had won him his ship yesterday,

now won for him his great opportunity, one beyond his most ambitious dreams.

"Robinson," said Fulton, after a moment's hesitation, "do you think that you can take Duncan's place on this mission?"

Stubby nodded his head, too overcome to speak.

"You understand that it is a voluntary trip and sure to be stiff going?"

Again Stubby nodded his head dumbly.

"All right, go to it!"

Stubby thought that his heart would burst with joy. Not only was he given a voluntary mission, but he was also sharing it with Norman Taylor, probably the greatest observer in the United States Air Service. While the excited Bulward ran to get Stubby's maps, goggles, and fur-lined flying suit, Taylor quickly explained the plan of the mission to him.

"We are to meet our protection, seven scout planes from the pursuit group, over Jouarre at fifteen thousand feet. Then we proceed to the front, crossing the lines eighteen thousand feet above Villers-le-Vas, the town with the large white chateau on its outskirts; that is, if you can reach eighteen thousand in that time. We take our pictures here," he said, pointing on his map to a place far within the enemy's lines. "The bombing group is going to bomb the great depots and ammunition dumps there, and these photos will be studied to make every bomb tell. After we cross the lines we had best be guided by the railroad running north from Le Bocage, maintaining our altitude until we arrive over our objective, on the chance that the Huns won't notice us. However, with eight planes, we shall make a lot of noise. Once there, we'll dive to within ten thousand feet, the protection staying pretty well above us. We want to expose the entire thirty-six plates if we can. Each time I change a magazine of plates, you can dodge about a bit, if the archies are coming too close. Watch for my signal that I am ready to photograph again. Then quickly range the ship, through the opening at your feet, so that the lense of the camera is on the line of the objective again. Be sure you keep it there, no matter how close they come to hitting us. We shall have to work fast, of course. The corps commander ordered that we put for home without delay if the Huns begin to make it too hot for us, and make another try at it to-morrow as soon as it is light enough. As long as he looks at it that way, I think we shall do well to obey. That's all. We must be on our way."

Stubby set his ignition switch and motioned the waiting mechanic. With a puff of gases from the exhausts and a sudden roar, the great propeller became a whirling, transparent disk.

Then a few anxious moments testing the motor; a lessening of the din as the engine, giving satisfaction, was slowed down; a sign to the alert mechanics to pull the blocks from under the wheels; a slow pull of the throttle, and the airplane moved off over the dry stubble of the field.

As the earth began to fall rapidly away, Stubby glanced into the small mirror at his right, fastened to the edge of the cockpit. Reflected there, he could see Taylor carefully swinging his two parallel Lewis guns on their *tourelle*, as if to assure himself of their easy movement. As they flew over the wood to the east of the field, Stubby pressed the firing button on his stick. Three muffled reports, with three accompanying, momentary flashes, told him that the gun mounted just in front of him was ready for instant action. Taylor did likewise. With a last look down at the field, where the men on it appeared no larger than the miniature tin soldiers he had played with not so many years ago, Stubby set the nose of his plane at a steeper angle and began to climb for altitude.

The large plane mounted slowly, its load of men, camera, machine-guns, radio, and extra ammunition making it rather unwieldy and heavy. Its progress was much too slow to suit its pilot, but he did not dare to point the nose more steeply lest the plane lose too much speed and roll over into a nose-spin. The minutes crept by. His legs and right arm began to feel cramped and numb from the pressure they exerted upon the controls. His nerves were more on edge than he cared to admit, even to himself. Within him, he felt the struggle just as he had the day he waited to try his first tail-spin—the struggle between the icy feeling about his heart which tempted him to turn back, and the desire to accomplish, which urged him forward. It was a struggle that more than one flier at the front felt at one time or another. Probably there were absolutely fearless fliers like Frank Luke, who never felt it. That icy feeling never has a chance to win out unless the flier is downright yellow, but it does, nevertheless, give him an uncomfortable time of it until it is forgotten in the excitement of battle.

At ten thousand feet, the air had become noticeably cooler. Stubby fastened the fur collar across his throat. Now and then the plane passed small, fleecy, isolated clouds. With a glance at the clock in the cockpit, he steered for the rendezvous, Jouarre. Climbing in wide circles above that tiny village, he had nearly reached his fifteen thousand feet when the leader of the seven swift scout-planes appeared. He flew in front of Stubby's ship and signaled that the protection had arrived and was ready to start north.

Stubby swung his plane in the direction of Vil



lers-le-Vas, climbing steadily, followed by the sky-wasps in battle formation above. Glancing into the mirror, he saw Taylor speaking into his telephone. Although he listened carefully, no sound came from his own receiver. With the aid of the mirror and some gesturing, he made Taylor understand that the telephone was not working. The latter made a grimace and motioned Stubby to read his lips in the mirror.

"When-you-want-my-at-ten-tion," he mouthed each syllable slowly, "rock-ship-from-side-to-side. When I want-your-at-ten-tion-I-shall-jump-up-and-down-like-this."

He suited the action to the word and Stubby, easily feeling the quiver of the plane, nodded his head in comprehension.

"Sig-nal-with-your-arms-when-you-can," said he, into the mirror. "It-is-quick-er."

Taylor nodded assent.

South of Villers-le-Vas they passed the balloon line, where far, far beneath they could just make out the great gray bags swaying on their cables. Not far ahead lay the front lines, indistinct and vague. They were indicated, in a general way, by the balloon line and by shells bursting here and there.

Stubby looked at his altimeter. They were three and one half miles above the earth. He caught Taylor's eye in the mirror, signaled that he was ready to cross the lines, and straightway leveled the nose of the ship. It immediately responded with a spurt. He took a look downward. The ground, from that height, had taken on a slightly misty appearance. Just below, a large white cloud floated past, momentarily obstructing his view of the tiny winding railroad which was his guide.

They were now three, four, five miles within the enemy's lines. As yet, no archies had directed their fire at them. Several thousand feet below, to the east, could be seen a small formation of scouts winging their way south, closely followed by dark, expanding puffs of smoke from well-timed shells of the enemy anti-aircraft guns. Evidently, they themselves, higher up, had not been observed as they had slipped over the front line. In the mirror he could see Taylor standing up, his hands shading his eyes, scanning the sky for hostile planes. Stubby consulted his map, hanging in front of his cockpit, and decided that their own lines must be nearly seventeen miles behind them. They were well toward the objective of the mission now. Gradually his nervousness left him. He even chuckled to himself as he thought of the Huns below, unsuspecting their presence there above them.

He opened the square shutter and looked through the hole cut in the floor of the cockpit a

few inches behind the rudder-bar. Human forms were too small to be distinguished, but he easily made out, directly below, a train puffing along the railroad.

"Probably it 's loaded with shells for those archie batteries that are firing down there," he thought to himself. "I wish I had a fat little bomb to drop just in front of it!"

They were nearing their objective. Taylor had disappeared into his cockpit, evidently busy-ing himself with the mechanism on his camera. Stubby took up the look-out for enemy planes. Suddenly his heart seemed to stop beating. Three miles or more ahead, to the right, flew six Fokkers. After watching them for a few seconds, he realized that they intended to keep their distance. As was their practice, when outnumbered, the Huns were not going to risk a fight with the protecting scouts which still held to their battle formation above. Stubby rocked the plane from side to side. Taylor's head popped up instantly, his hands instinctively reaching for the firing-button on his Lewis guns. He looked in the direction his companion was pointing, and nodded.

"I-had-bet-ter-be-gin-my-dive," said Stubby, into the glass.

Again Taylor nodded. "Avoid-that-cloud-un-der-us-if-pos-si-ble," he replied, indicating a large cloud some distance below.

The plane dipped earthward and the dive began.

*Pouff!* A high-explosive shell from an archie below exploded fifty yards to the left. Its thick black smoke curled and expanded, revealing for a moment the angry red flame at its center. The report was greatly muffled by the tremendous roar of the motor. It seemed to Stubby to make the same sound as a red-hot piece of iron when it plunges to the bottom of a pail of water. A second and a third black puff appeared some distance ahead, a little higher.

"Change-course-a-lit-tle," communicated Taylor, in the mirror, with a slight shake of the head.

Stubby swung a few degrees from his course. For a while the gunners below lost the range and the shells burst high and wide of their target. He skirted the edge of the cloud that Taylor had pointed out, and at ten thousand feet brought the ship out of the dive with a sharp *virage* to the right. Thinking that he must be about on the line of the objective, he opened the shutter at his feet and peered earthward. But it was not the earth that he saw. Below, completely hiding from view the strip of territory to be photographed, was another, larger, flat cloud!

Stubby was at a loss as to a course of action. To dive below the cloud would bring them well within a mile of the guns, which were already



"FROM THE REAR, THE METTLED SOUND OF TAYLOR'S GUNS DID NOT FLAG, AND THE CRACK OF THE HOSTILE GUNS KEPT IT COMPANY. SEE PAGE 133.

gauging their fire too accurately for comfort. Inexperienced as he was, Stubby knew that such an attempt would be suicidal. Evidently the fog was up. Recalling the order of the corps commander, he looked into the glass for Taylor's signal to return to their lines. The latter signaled with his hand. Stubby gasped and went white.

"He wants to dive below it!" he exclaimed aloud, but no one heard him, not even himself, for the motor's roar destroyed the sound. The icy hand of fear clutched him about the heart; but only for a moment. His pride reasserted itself. He squared his shoulders abruptly—the familiar sign that Stubby Robinson was about to do or die.

Down went the nose of the plane, headed straight for the center of the cloud. Its speed became so great that the strut wires began to creak. The sudden maneuver of the aircraft had been subtly observed by the gunners and the

shells directed at it were now exploding too high. Down, down they sped. The cloud was even lower than Stubby had thought, but he did not hesitate.

In a few more seconds it enveloped the ship, and they flew in a world of cold, wet mist. Stubby had often heard of the danger of entering a cloud while being "archied," but they were so completely wrapped in the clammy fog that he felt almost safe for the moment.

In another second the ground began to appear, though indistinctly. In still another, they were clear of the cloud and almost over their objective. Stubby shoved his fogged goggles up over his helmet and cleared the face of the mirror with his hand. Taylor, tense of face, indicated with his arm the course to follow. Then he disappeared within his cockpit and began to take the photographs.

Again the archies quickly picked up the range, an easy one now, and soon they were bracketing the airplane right and left, fore and aft, above and below. Evidently, a six-gun battery was firing at them fast and furiously, for six shells exploded simultaneously about them time after time.

"If I could swing about or dodge a bit, it would n't be quite so bad," muttered Stubby, the strain beginning to tell. "Taylor seems to be taking a long time with those first twelve pictures."

The air seemed filled with black smoke from the snarling shells. Often one would burst so close that the plane quivered from tip to tail. Then, as though by an unseen hand, he saw a long slit appear in the fabric of the upper right wing. A bullet! And on the instant, he heard the muffled bark of the rear guns. In the mirror he saw Taylor, his back toward him, shooting rapidly into a gaudy red-and-yellow Fokker, bearing the black cross, which was rapidly returning the fire. Stubby turned his head as far around as he could and saw a formation of ten or twelve Fokkers some distance behind the first, headed for the Salmson. In vain did he look for his protecting planes. They were not in sight!

Wisely deciding to make a run for it, he swung south. A stay-wire snapped free, cut by a bullet. Splinters flying back into his face told him that a blade of the propeller had been hit. The motor began to vibrate badly as the result. Two more long rips appeared magically in the wings. From the rear, the muffled sound of Taylor's guns did not flag, and the slightly more muffled crack of the hostile guns kept it company.

Feeling that they could not get away and wishing to relieve Taylor by getting his own gun into action, Stubby began to turn. Half-way around, he saw a welcome sight. Hard upon the Fokkers were diving the tardy protection planes, and with them, bearing the French *cocarde*, a formation of Spads, which had been attracted to the scene by the firing. Immediately a "dog" fight ensued. Stubby drew his crippled two-seater, with its precious pictures, out of the field of fire and limped homeward. He heaved a sigh of relief.

"All-right-here," he grinned into the glass. "How-about-you?"

Taylor pointed to a thin, livid line across one cheek where a bullet had grazed it, and also grinned.

"That 's-all," he answered.

Fifteen minutes later they glided down to their home field and smoothly rolled to a stop in front of the hangars. A group of fliers and mechanics quickly surrounded the bullet-riddled ship. Far more bullets and shell-fragments had left their marks on it than Stubby had thought possible. He climbed to the ground, Taylor following.

Stubby noticed that he had adjusted his helmet so that it concealed the wound on his cheek.

"How 's Duncan?" asked Taylor.

"Hip broken," answered Fulton, soberly. "Did you get any photos?"

"Twenty-four," replied Taylor, "and the credit for getting them belongs entirely to Robinson. I'll turn in my report this evening." There was a peculiar look in his eye and he did not smile.

Stubby went over to Fulton and whispered: "A bullet struck him on the cheek, cutting a nasty flesh-wound. It 's probably not serious, but you had better send for the medico." Then he hurried after Taylor, somewhat puzzled.

"The reason I did n't signal you that I was changing that first plate-holder," said Taylor to Stubby, as the latter reached his side, "was that I felt there was n't time."

They walked along in silence for a moment and then Taylor spoke again.

"Robinson, I don't think that any one has ever thought me a coward, or found me unwilling to take any sporting chance. But with that formation of Huns coming straight at us from one side and the six to the right keeping off only because of our protection, the chance you took was n't even sporting. If it had n't been for the Frenchmen, I don't believe that our seven scouts, and incidentally, ourselves, could ever have reached our lines again. Had it been the last chance to get the photos, it would have been worth such a risk. But as you knew, we could have tried again in the morning, when the odds certainly would not have been any greater. However, you got away with it, and, after all, that 's everything. You have nerve, and if you use it wisely, you will accomplish some good work here with the squadron."

"Say, Taylor!" burst out Stubby, completely bewildered, "I am not the one who has the nerve! I did n't see that second bunch of Huns, and I was scared to death when you signaled for me to dive below that cloud!"

It was Taylor's turn to stare. "And I thought you were just a reckless fool," he said. "Stubby, you're right there with the pluck! Will you take Duncan's place and team up with me? With the beginning we have made together, we should be able to turn a few more good tricks for the 'Grizzlies' in the future."

"There 's nothing I'd like better," stammered Stubby, wondering if the experience of the afternoon had unbalanced his mind, "but I don't understand what you are driving at."

"Stubby," said Taylor with a chuckle, "I did n't signal you to go down. I signaled you to go *home*!"

And just at that moment the "medico" came up to dress Taylor's cheek.

# THE DRAGON'S SECRET

By AUGUSTA HUELL SEAMAN

Author of "The Sapphire Signet," "The Slipper Point Mystery," etc., etc.

## SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS

THERE was one strange mystery about the closed-up and empty bungalow, "Curlew's Nest." So had discovered Leslie Crane, who occupied the one next to it on the ocean beach, and her friend Phyllis Kelvin, who was staying at another half a mile away. Leslie had seen strange lights behind its shutters at night; her dog, Rags, had unearthed from the sand in front of it a curious bronze, carved box, which the girls were unable to open and had hidden on an unused kitchen shelf in Leslie's bungalow. They had explored Curlew's Nest twice, but found nothing in it of interest save a string of beads torn from a dress, a broken knife-blade, and an old envelop with the name "Hon. Arthur Ramsay" on it, which was not, however, the name of the old gentleman who had last occupied the place. Then, in a little store in the village, they encounter a young English girl, a stranger in the village, whose dress, Leslie discovers, is trimmed with beads similar to those they have found. On inquiry, they learn that she is stopping at "Aunt Sally Blake's" in the village and that her name is "Miss Ramsay."

That same afternoon they go to call on Aunt Sally, whom Phyllis knows very well, and get her to talk about her boarder. She tells them that Miss Ramsay has a grandfather who is very ill in a hospital at the large town of Branchville a few miles away and that she goes every day to see him, driving there in her car; that she and her grandfather had been staying at the big summer hotel on the beach until it closed. Aunt Sally thinks the young girl rather "stand-offish" and not inclined to get acquainted or be friendly. The girls later ascertain that the grandfather's name is also Ramsay.

Next morning, about dawn, Leslie looks out of her window toward the ocean and sees the figure of some one digging in the sand by the old log where her dog had to dig the buried box. The figure finally gives up the quest and walks away. Leslie does not see his face, but realizes that it is a large, burly man and that he walks with a limp! After breakfast she hurries to communicate her discovery to Phyllis, who decides to spend her nights at Leslie's after this, so that she shall not miss these strange occurrences. On strolling back to Rest Haven, the Crane's bungalow, what is their amazement to behold Miss Ramsay sitting on the veranda, chatting with Leslie's invalid aunt!

## CHAPTER XII

### A NEW FRIEND

THE astonishment of the girls at this amazing change of front in the difficult Miss Ramsay was beyond all expression. Her intonation was slightly English, her manner charming. They had not dreamed that she could be so attractive. And so fresh and pretty was she that she was a real delight to look upon.

"What delightful little cottages these are!" she went on. "They look so attractive from the outside. I'm sure they must be equally so from the inside. We have nothing quite on this style in England, where I come from."

"Would n't you like to go through ours?" asked Miss Marcia, hospitably. "Leslie, take Miss Ramsay through. Perhaps she will be interested to see the interior."

"Oh, I'll be delighted!" exclaimed Miss Ramsay, and rose to accompany Leslie.

It did not take them long to make the round of Rest Haven. Rather to her hostess's astonishment, the girl seemed more enthusiastic over Leslie's room than any of the others and lingered there the longest, though it was by no means the most attractive.

"What a wonderful view you have of the sea!" she said. And then she strolled to the other end of the garden and looked out long and curiously at that most interesting little cottage next door.

she remarked presently. "Is it—is it just like this one?"

"Why, no. It's larger and differently arranged and furnished more elaborately, too, I believe," faltered Leslie, hoping she had not appeared to know too much about it.

"I wonder if we could go through it?" went on the visitor. "I—I just love to see what these little seashore places look like. They're so different from ours."

"Oh, I hardly think so!" cried Leslie. "You see it's all locked up for the winter, and Mrs. Dunforth, who owns it, has the key."

The girl looked at her intently. "And there's no other way, I suppose, besides the front door?"

"How should I know?" countered Leslie, suddenly on her guard. "If there *were*, would it be right to try it, do you think? Would n't it be too much like trespassing?"

"Oh, of course!" laughed Miss Ramsay. "I only meant that it would be fun to look it over, if there were any proper way of doing so. You see, Grandfather and I might be here another summer and I'd just love to rent a little cottage like either one of these two."

She turned away from the window and they sauntered out of the room and back to the veranda.

"And now that you've seen Leslie's bungalow, you must run over and see ours, especially as it was at ours you at first intended to call!" said

Phyllis. "Come along, Leslie, and we'll show Miss Ramsay over Fisherman's Luck!"

It struck the girls that Miss Ramsay showed a trifle less enthusiasm about returning to the other cottage. Still, she agreed, with a fair assumption of polite interest, and they tramped back along the beach, chatting agreeably.

But she showed very genuine pleasure in the entirely different appearance of Phyllis's abode, and a large surprise at the presence of a grand piano in so unusual a place. And when Leslie had informed her of Phyllis's talent she eagerly demanded that they be given an immediate concert.

And it was Phyllis's sudden whim to render a very charming and touching program, ending with the Chopin "*Berceuse*." The music died away in a hushed chord, and Leslie, who had been gazing out at the ocean during its rendering, was astonished, when she looked around, to see their visitor furtively wiping away a few tears.

"I'm a perfect goose about some kinds of music!" she muttered apologetically; and then, abruptly, "Won't you two girls please call me Eileen? I'm so lonely here and I have n't any friends and—and I'd like to see you often."

And then the impulsive Phyllis put a comradely arm about her shoulder. "Just come as often as you like. We'll always be delighted to see you. I'm sure we three can have a jolly time together. And be sure to call us by our first names, too."

"Thank you, Phyllis and Leslie," she said simply. "You are more than kind to me. But I must be getting back now. It's 'most time for me to go to the hospital to see Grandfather. He's so ill, and I'm so worried about him!"

Again the tears came into her eyes. "But good-by! I'm coming over to-morrow with the car to take you all out for a spin!"

And with that she was gone, running down the path to where she had parked the car.



THE MUSIC DIED AWAY IN A HUSHED CHORD.

When they were alone, the two girls looked at one another.

"It's the most amazing thing I ever heard of—this change in her!" marveled Phyllis. "Have you the slightest idea what has caused it?"

"I think I have," answered Leslie, and she told of the girl's curious conduct when she was being shown through Rest Haven. "I believe she had a purpose in coming here—she may have thought

we could find out something from us. And she certainly thought she might get into Curlew's Nest, though I don't believe for a minute the reason she gave was the only one. I think she did n't particularly want to go to see your place, either, but when she got here she liked it."

"Yes, and I like her—strange as you may think it!" declared Phyllis. "I've quite changed my mind about her. Do you know, I think that girl is having a whole lot of trouble, somehow or other—trouble she can't tell us about. What the mystery is and how it is connected with that cottage, I don't see. But I do believe that she likes us, and if we're ever going to solve this mystery at all, it will probably be through her."

"Shall we—do you think we ought to—give her the 'Dragon's Secret'?" faltered Leslie.

"I certainly do *not*—at least not yet! I'll wait till I know a few things more before I make a move like that!" declared the emphatic Phyllis. "And now come along and let's have our swim."

## CHAPTER XIII

### THE CURIOUS BEHAVIOR OF TED

TRUE to their previous arrangement, Phyllis spent the night with Leslie at Rest Haven. They read together till a very late hour and then sat up even later, in the dark, watching from Leslie's window to see if there were any further developments at Curlew's Nest. But nothing unusual happened.

"Is n't that exactly my luck!" complained Phyllis. "If I were n't here, I suppose there'd be half a dozen spooky visitors!"

"Oh, no!" laughed Leslie. "Probably nothing will happen again for some time. Remember how very few times it *has* happened, anyway. But it is provoking—just when we're all ready for it!"

"Do you know," exclaimed Phyllis, suddenly, "this is the time when I'd just love to go through that place again! What do you say if we get out of this window and try it?"

"Oh, no, no!" cried Leslie. "You must n't think of such a thing! Can't you see how awfully dangerous it would be? Just suppose some one should take it into their heads to visit the place again to-night—and find us in there! It would be a terrible position for us!"

"I would n't be afraid of Eileen!" stoutly declared Phyllis. "I'd rather enjoy meeting her than not. It would give her something to ex-

plain. There's some one else you might meet to-night that'd be so amusing—the man with the bag!" Leslie reminded her.

Phyllis had no knowledge that this was

and the subject was dropped, much to Leslie's relief.

Next afternoon Eileen came over with her car and invited the girls and Miss Marcia to go for a long ride. They all accepted with alacrity, enjoying the prospect of a change. Eileen insisted that Miss Marcia sit by her while she drove, and as she did this with remarkable ease she was able to converse pleasantly with her guests most of the time. She took them for a very long drive, and they were all astonished at her familiarity with the roads in that part of the country. She assured them that she had grown to know them well, during the long days lately when she had little else to do than to explore them with the car.

It was dusk when they returned at last to the beach, and, having deposited Phyllis first at her bungalow, Eileen drove the others to theirs. They bade her good night at the foot of the wooden path that led up the slope to their cottage, and she sat and watched them, without starting the car, till they had disappeared indoors. But it so happened that Leslie turned around, opened the door, and came out again almost at once to get an armful of wood for the fire from the bin on the back veranda. And in so doing, it happened also that she witnessed a curious little incident.

Eileen seemed to have had a slight difficulty in starting the car, but it was in motion now, going slowly, and had advanced only about as far as the path leading up to Curlew's Nest. Leslie stood in the darkness of her porch, idly watching its progress, when something that happened caused her heart to leap into her throat. Out from some thick bushes at the edge of the road, there appeared a dark form, which signaled to the car. Eileen whirled the wheel around, applied the brake, and the car almost came to a stop. Almost—but not quite, for the figure leaped into it while it was still going. Then Eileen increased the speed, the car shot forward, and was almost instantly out of sight.

Leslie got her wood and went indoors in a daze. What could it all mean? What duplicity had Eileen been guilty of now? The thing certainly looked very, very sinister, consider it how she would! And she could breathe no word of it to her aunt, who, as Leslie entered, straightway began on a long eulogy of Eileen, her delightful manners, her thoughtfulness, and her kindness in giving them an afternoon of such enjoyment. It seemed to Leslie, considering what had just happened, that she must certainly scream with nervousness if Miss Marcia did not stop, and she tried vainly several times to steer her to another theme.

But Miss Marcia had found a topic that inter-

ested her, and she was not to be diverted from it till it was exhausted!

With all her strength, Leslie longed for the time to come when Phyllis should appear, for she had promised to come again for the night. And when the supper was eaten and the dishes had been disposed of, Leslie went outside and paced and paced back and forth on the front veranda, peering vainly into the darkness to watch for her friend Miss Marcia, indoors with Rags by

agreed Leslie. "But who could that other person have been?"

"The man with the limp?" suggested Phyllis. "No, I'm very sure it was not he. This person sprang into the car while it was still in motion—was very active, evidently. I'm certain the man with the limp could never have done that!"

"Well, was it a man or a woman? Surely you could tell *that!*"

"No, actually I could n't. It was getting so



"EILEEN WHIRLED THE WHEEL AROUND, APPLIED THE BRAKE, AND THE CAR ALMOST CAME TO A STOP!"

the blazing fire, called several times to her to come in and share the warmth and comfort, but she felt she could not endure the confinement in the house and the peaceful sitting by the hearth, when her thoughts were so upset. Would Phyllis never appear? What could be keeping her?

It was a small, but very active, indignation meeting that was held when the two girls were at last together. Leslie would not permit Phyllis to go indoors for a time after she arrived, though the night was rather chilly, but kept her on the veranda to explain what had happened.

"The deceitful little thing!" cried Phyllis. "Now I see exactly what she took us all out for this afternoon, even Miss Marcia—to get rid of us all for a good long time while some accomplice of hers did what they pleased in Curlew's Nest, quite undisturbed by any one around!"

"That 's exactly what it must have been,"

dark, and the figure was so far off, and it all happened so quickly that I could n't see. But, Phyllis, I'm horribly disappointed in Eileen! I had begun to think she was lovely, and that we had misjudged her badly. And now—*this!*"

She 's simply *using* us, that 's plain," agreed Phyllis. "She evidently intended to do so from the first, after she found out we were right on the spot here. She deliberately came out to cultivate our acquaintance and make it seem natural for her to be around here. Then she and the one she 's working with planned to get us away from here for the whole afternoon and have the field free for anything they pleased. Faugh! It makes me sick to think of being duped like that!"

"But after yesterday—and the way she acted when you played Chopin, and what she said about our friendship, and all! Was *anything* genuine?"

"Not a thing," declared Phyllis, positively.

All put on to get a little farther into our good graces. Well, I'll never be caught like *that* again. We'll continue to seem very friendly to Miss Eileen Ramsay, but we won't be caught twice!"

"By the way, what made you so late to-night?" questioned Leslie, suddenly changing the subject. "I thought you'd never come!"

"Oh, I meant to tell you right away, but all this put it out of my head. When I got home after the ride, I found only Father there. He said Ted had been away most of the afternoon. He'd gone down to the village after some new fishing-tackle and had n't come back yet. I went in and got supper, and still he did n't appear. Then we began to get worried and 'phoned down to Smithson's in the village where they sell tackle, to see if he could be there. They said he *had* been, early in the afternoon, but they had n't seen him since. We called up every other place he could possibly be, but nowhere was he to be found. I was beginning to be quite upset about him—when in he walked!"

"He was very quiet and uncommunicative and would n't explain why he was so late. And then, presently, he said in a very casual manner that his hand was hurt. And when he showed it to us, I almost screamed, for it was very badly hurt—all torn and lacerated. He had it wrapped in his handkerchief but we made him undo it, and I bathed it and Father put iodine on, and I fixed him a sling to wear it in. The thing about it was that he did n't seem to want to tell us how it happened. Said he met a friend who invited him to ride in their car and had taken him for a long drive. And on the way home they'd had a little breakdown, and Ted had tried to help fix it and had got his hand caught in the machinery somehow.

"But he was plainly very anxious not to be questioned about it. And Father says that Ted is old enough now to be trusted, and should not be compelled to speak when he does n't wish to, and so nothing more was said. But it all seemed a little strange to me, for, honestly, I don't know a single soul in this village that Ted knows who owns a car, or any other of our friends who would likely to be around these parts just now. They're all home or at their schools or colleges. When I asked him whose car he was in, he just glared at me and said I always did ask too many impertinent questions! But I can't make much out of it, and I hate any more puzzles to think about."

Leslie, however, could cast no light on this new problem; and she was somewhat more interested, indeed, in their other puzzle. But as she was about to revert to that subject again, Phyllis suddenly interrupted.

"Oh, by the way, soon after I got home, Aunt Sally telephoned to ask if we were back from the ride yet. And when I said we'd been back some time, she said she was quite worried because Eileen had not yet appeared and it was late and dark. I said perhaps she had stopped somewhere in the village, as she had left us a good while before. Quite a little later, just before Ted got in, Aunt Sally 'phoned again to say that Eileen had just arrived. She'd had some trouble with the car after she left us and had to stop and fix it. I wonder what was the matter *there*?"

Suddenly Leslie clutched her friend's arm. "Phyllis Kelvin, are we going crazy, or is there some strange connection in all this? Can't you see? Ted late and mixed up with some breakdown—Eileen late and had trouble with the machinery,—and with my own eyes I saw some one jump into her car!—Could it *could* it be possible that person was *Ted*?"

Phyllis stared at her as if she thought Leslie certainly *had* "gone crazy." "There 's not the slightest chance in the world!" she declared positively. "Why, only last night, when I was explaining to Ted about Eileen and how we'd become friends, all he said was: 'Well, so you've taken up with some other dame, have you? Might as well not have brought you down here, all the good you are to *us*, this time. I have n't been fishing with us more than twice since we came! Whoever this Eileen is, don't for goodness sake have her around here!' If he'd known her, he certainly would have shown it in some way. He acted utterly disgusted with me for having made her acquaintance!"

"That may all be true, but it does n't prove that *he* is not acquainted with her," stubbornly affirmed Leslie.

And Phyllis was driven to acknowledge the force of the argument!

## CHAPTER XIV

### A MYSTERIOUS MESSAGE

THEY went indoors at last and tried to settle down to reading, but it was very difficult to distract their minds from disturbing thoughts. Miss Marcia retired early, as the ride had tired her, and they were left to their own devices. At length they gave up the attempt to read and sat talking in whispers over the dying fire. When there was nothing left but ashes, Leslie suggested, with a shiver, that they go to bed, and they withdrew to Leslie's room.

Needless to say they did *not* go to bed at once, but sat long by the side window, staring across at Curlew's Nest. And it was then that Phyllis suddenly had her great idea.



"Now, see here, Leslie Crane, I have an idea and I'm going to do something, and I don't want you to interfere with me. Do you understand?"

"What do you mean?" whispered Leslie, looking alarmed.

"I mean just this. You're going to stay right where you are, with Rags, and keep watch. And I'm going to get out of this window and go over and explore Curlew's Nest by myself!"

"Phyllis, are you crazy?" implored Leslie. "I think that is one of the most dangerous things you could do!"

"Nothing of the sort. It's safer to-night than it would be almost any other time. Because—can't you see?—some one has evidently been here all the afternoon, when the coast was entirely clear, and no doubt they've done all they wish to do there for *this* day, anyhow! There could n't be a better time than this very night, for there's not one chance in a hundred that they'll be back again."

"But just suppose the hundredth chance did happen, what would you do?" argued Leslie in despair.

"Do?—I'd shout like everything to you to turn Rags loose and call up the village constable and Father. Or better yet, I'd blow this police whistle which Father always insists on my carrying so that I can call them in to meals when they're down on the beach. If you hear *that*—just start things going. That's why I'm leaving you and Rags here on guard."

"Oh, I don't like it. I don't like it at all!" moaned Leslie. "It would n't be so bad if you only met Eileen there—but you can't tell whom you might encounter. I believe there's something more dangerous and desperate about this affair than either of us have guessed. I don't know why I think so—it's just come to me lately. It's a sort of—presentiment I can't seem to shake off!"

"Nonsense!" declared Phyllis, not to be balked. "If I met any one there, it could only be Eileen, and she's the one I'm crazy to encounter. After the way she has treated us, I'd have a few things to say to that young person for trespassing on Mrs. Danforth's property. Mrs. Danforth has always asked that we keep an eye on these cottages of hers while we're here,—it's an understood thing between us,—so I'd be entirely within my rights in going in there to look the place over, especially if I suspected anything queer, and the other person would be quite in the wrong. Don't you see?"

"Oh, yes, I see that, but it does n't lessen the fact that it may be dangerous!" sighed Leslie, wearily.

Phyllis ignored this. "If the hundredth chance

should happen and I encounter Eileen, or if I come across anything very unusual and think you ought to see it, I'll let you know. Only in case of the hundred and *first* chance of real danger will I blow this whistle. Hold on tight to Rags and don't let him try to follow me. By-by! See you later!" And before Leslie could expostulate further, she had slipped out of the window, her electric torch in her hand, and was out of sight around the corner of the neighboring cottage.

Leslie remained half hanging out of the window, in an agony of suspense. The night was moonless and very dark. Added to that, a heavy sea-mist hung over everything like a blanket, and, out of the gloom, the steady pounding of the surf came to her with ominous insistence. The chill of the foggy air was penetrating, and she wrapped a sweater about her almost without realizing that she had done so.

There was not a sound from the next house, nor could she even see a single gleam of light from the chinks in the shutters. Where could Phyllis be? Surely there had been time enough for her to have entered the place, looked about, and come out again. What could she be doing?

Then her brain began to be filled with horrible pictures of all the possible and impossible things that might have happened. So beyond all bearing did this feature become at length that she came to the sudden conclusion she would endure it no longer. She would get out of the window, herself, and go in search of her friend. If the worst came to the worst, Rags could do some one a pretty bit of damage!

She had actually got as far as to put one foot over the low sill, when she quickly pulled it back again. A dark form had slipped around the corner of the other house and was hurrying toward her.

"Leslie! Leslie! Quick! Can you come here with me?"

Leslie almost collapsed, so swift was the reaction of relief at hearing Phyllis's voice, after all her terrible imaginings.

"What is it? What have you found?" she managed to reply.

"I can't explain to you here," whispered Phyllis. "It would take too long. Come along with me and see for yourself. It's perfectly safe. There's not a soul around. I've been in the house. Bring Rags along—it won't hurt. There have been queer doings here to-day—evidently. You can see it all in five minutes. Do come!"

In spite of all her previous fears, the temptation was too much for Leslie. If Phyllis had examined the ground and found it safe, surely there was no need for fear, and her curiosity to see what her friend had seen was now stronger

than she could resist. She crept softly out of the window, speaking to Rags in a whisper, and the dog leaped lightly out after her.

They stole around the corner of the next house, three black shadows in the enveloping mist, and not till Phyllis had closed the side door of Curlew's Nest behind them was a word spoken.

"Follow me into the living-room," she ordered, "and if you don't see something there that surprises you, I miss my guess!"

She switched on the electric torch, and Leslie and Rags followed after her in solemn procession. From what she had said, Leslie expected to see the place in a state of terrible disorder, at the very least, and was considerably surprised, when she came into the room, to observe nothing out of its place. In some bewilderment she looked about, while Phyllis stood by, watching her.

"Why, what 's wrong? she whispered; "everything seems to be just as it was."

"Look on the center-table!" commanded Phyllis, and she turned the torch full on that article of furniture.

Leslie tiptoed over to examine it. Then she uttered a little half-suppressed cry. On the table was a slip of paper—not a very large slip, and evidently torn from some larger sheet. And on this paper were a few words, type-written. She bent to read them. It ran:

It is advisable that the article stolen from its hiding-place be returned to it as speedily as possible, as other-

wise, consequences might ensue. All parties concerned will result.

Leslie turned deathly pale as she read it and seized Phyllis spasmodically by the arm.

"Oh, come out of here this moment!" he exclaimed. "I will not stay in this house another instant. I told you it was dangerous!" and she dragged her friend, with the strength of terror, to the side door.

Outside, as the chill mist struck her, she breathed a great sigh of relief.

"What a little 'traid-cat you are!" laughed Phyllis. "What in the world were you frightened about?"

Leslie shivered. "Oh, the whole thing strikes me as too uncanny for words! Some one has been in here and left that warning. They may be around here now, for all you know. Who do you suppose it can be?"

"I've a very good notion who it was, but it's too chilly to explain it standing here. Go over to the house with Rags and I'll be there directly. I want to go back a moment."

"Phyllis, Phyllis, *don't* go back there again!" implored Leslie, almost beside herself with an alarm she could hardly explain. "What do you want to do?"

"Never mind! Go back! I'll be there in two minutes."

And tearing herself from Leslie's grasp, Phyllis ran back into the dark bungalow.

*Continued*

## THE BOY SCOUT

By DENIS A. MCCARTHY

The scout  
Does n't pout  
He 's a regular fellow,  
He 's no molly-coddlie  
At trifles to bellow,  
He is n't a coward,  
He is n't a cad;  
But a scout,  
In and out,  
Is a fine, tempered lad.

A scout  
Is no flout  
He is thoughtful for others  
Especially for  
The sick, and murther

He is n't a bully,  
Whatever may hap,  
But a scout  
Without doubt  
Is a thoroughbred chap.

A scout  
Does n't flout  
The advice of the Master  
He turns from the trails that  
May lead to disaster,  
In ways that are sneaky  
He fails to find joy;  
For a scout  
Is throughout  
The best kind of a boy



From the painting by Corot

AN OLD TREE ON THE PLAIN AT FONTAINEBLEAU -THE HERO OF A THOUSAND STORMS

## THE BUSY FINGERS OF THE ROOTS

By HALLAM HAWKSWORTH

THE root family will soon be awake. The little alarm-clocks of the soil, the thawing-out process, will stir them up—main branch and all the tiny relatives. It will be a busy season.

"There 's your apple crop; we help to make that," the roots might say. "And there 's the corn in the crib and the wheat in the granary; and the rye and the oats and the barley; and the hay in the mow; and the carrots and the turnips and the potatoes in the root cellar; and the jelly in the jelly-glasses, and the jam and the preserves—we help to make them all

"And we 've been working for you ever since the world began—almost; almost, but not quite—for the earliest plants—the lichens, for example—did n't have any roots.

"Yes, and—well, we don't want to say anything; Mr. Lichen has been a good neighbor, but he never did amount to much—never could. No plant can amount to much without roots. But with roots and a good start, a plant can do most

anything—raise flowers and fruit and nuts, and grow into trees so tall you can hardly see the tops of them. And it is n't alone what we do for the plants we belong to, but for the soil, for other plants and roots that come after we 're dead and gone. For them we even split up rocks, and so start these rocks on their way to becoming soil."

### HOW THE ROOTS SPLIT THE ROCKS

It 's a fact. Roots do split rocks. This happens oftenest where trees grow on the stony flanks of mountains. Seeds of the pines, say, dropped in crevices by the wind, sprout in the soil they find there; and then, as these shoots grow up into trees, the enlarged roots, in their search for more soil, thrust themselves deeper and deeper into the original lodging-place and so split even big rocks. The tap-roots do the heaviest part of this pioneer work. After the older and larger roots have broken up the rock, the smaller roots and fibers, feeling their way about among the stones,

enter the smaller openings, and, by their growth, divide the rock again and again.

But it's a lot of hard work for little return, as far as these early settlers are concerned; just a bare living. All these rock fragments, in the

growing. From a force of sixty pounds, when it was a mere baby, what do you suppose its push amounted to when it had reached full squash-hood in October? Nearly five thousand pounds; over two tons!

But don't think because roots can and do split rocks, it need be, that they go about looking for trouble. On the contrary. In traveling through the soil they always choose the easiest route, the softest spots. They use their brains as well as their muscles, and what they do with these brains is almost unbelievable.

#### HOW A ROOT REPORTED ITS TRAVELS.

YET the roots are such modest, retiring folks, always hiding, that it was a long time before the wise men—the science people found out all that the family can do. It took a lot of these science people, and the wisest, including the great Darwin,—to get the story, and they have n't got it all yet, as you will see. It was Darwin who first thought of having a root write out his autobiography,—or part of it,—the story of his travels; for he does travel, not only forward,—as everybody knows,—but around and around—a regular globe-trotter!

Mr. Darwin was a wonderful hand at that sort of thing—getting nature people to tell their stories. He was an inventor, like Mr. Edison and Dr. Graham Bell; only instead of inventing phonographs and telephones for human beings to talk with, he invented ways of talking for nature people. Well, in the case of the roots, what did he do, one day, but take a piece of glass, smoke it all over with lampblack,—you'd have thought he was going to look at an eclipse,—and then set it so the root could use it as a kind of writing-desk. And on this glass was written the story just as the root told it—in his own hand. And he said that, in a hitching, jerky sort of way, roots turn round and round as they grow forward. In the ground, to be sure, a root can't move as freely nor as fast as it did out in the open and over this smooth glass, but it does turn, slowly, little by little. The very first change in a growing seed is the putting out of a tiny root; and from the first, this root feels along, like one trying to find something in a dark room. In this way it searches out the most mellow soil and also any little cracks down which it can pass.

"Here 's a fine opening for a live young chap," we can imagine one of these roots saying, when it comes to an empty earthworm burrow or a vacancy left by some other little root that has decayed and gone away. Roots always help themselves, when they can, to ready-made openings, and it is this round-and-round motion that enables them to do it.



Photograph by the U. S. Forest Service.

#### MOUNTAIN OAK GROWING OUT OF A BOULDER

*This tree, near Los Angeles, California, makes the best of circumstances. A hundred of earth at its base and two feet, which have crept across the rock to the soil beyond, sustain its life.*

course of the years, become soil, but the amount of decay is small during the lifetime of the tree that does the breaking.

A root, as you of course know, tapers. This enables it to enter a rock crevice like a wedge. As it pushes its way in farther and farther, it is growing bigger and bigger; and it is this steady pressure that breaks the rock. Even the tiny root of a bean grows with a force of several pounds, and the power exerted by the growth of the thing is something tremendous. At Amherst Agricultural College, one time, they harnessed up a squash, to see how hard it could push by

## NO HIT-OR-MISS METHODS FOR A ROOT

BUT even this is n't all. A root not only moves forward and bends down,—so that it may always keep under cover and away from the light,—but it has a kind of rocking motion, swinging back and forth, like a winding river between its banks; and for a somewhat similar reason.

"It 's looking for soft spots!" says the high-school boy, "just as the river does."

Exactly. But not in the sense that this phrase is used in slang. The root has certain work to do, and it does it in the quickest and best way. It can get food more quickly out of mellow soil than out of hard, and so it constantly hunts it up. I mean just that—*hunts it up*. For it is n't by aimless rocking back and forth that roots just happen upon the mellow places; it 's the other way around. It 's from a careful feeling along for the mellow places that the rocking motion results.

"But how on earth do the roots do this? What makes them do it?"

That 's what any live boy would ask, would n't he? So you may be sure that 's what the science people asked, and this is the answer:

The roots, like all parts of the plant,—like all parts of boys and girls and grown people, for the matter of that,—are made up of little cells. Well, these cells, first on one side of the root and then the other, enlarge, and so pump in an extra flow of sap. Now, as we know, the sap contains the food of the plant, just as blood contains the food of our bodies; and more food means more growth. So the side of the root where the cells first swell out grows faster, and thus pushes the root over on the opposite side. Then the cells in this opposite side swell, and the root is turned in the other direction again. So it goes right and left, up and down. And when these two motions—the up-and-down and right-and-left—are put together, don't you see what you get? The round and round motion.

Precisely the same thing happened right now when you turned your finger round and round to imitate the motion of the root. (I saw you!) The muscles that did the work swelled up first on one side and then on the other; just as they do when you bend your elbow, when you walk, when you breathe, when you laugh.

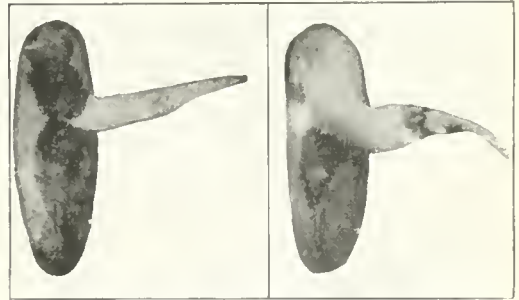
And more than that: You know how tired you get if you keep using one set of muscles all the time—in sawing fire-wood, for example. Yet you can play ball by the hour and never think of being tired until it 's all over; because, for one thing, you are constantly bringing new muscles into action as you go to bat, as you strike, as you run bases. It 's the same way with the roots, it

seems. For the theory is that after the cells on one side have swelled, they rest; then the cells on the other side get to work.

"But what starts the movement?" you may say. "The idea of moving my arms and legs starts in my brain."

## WHERE A ROOT KEEPS HIS BRAINS

JUST so, again. The root has a brain, too, or what answers for a brain. And the root's brain is in its head; at least, in the vicinity of its nose—that is to say, its tip. It 's the tip that first finds out which side of the road is best, and passes the word back to the part of the root just behind it to bend this way or that. It 's also the tip that feels the pull of gravity and knows that it is the business of the roots to keep under cover. And the root just will have it that way. You can't change his mind. Mr. Darwin tried it, and he



Photographs by S. Leonard Estlin

## THE BRAIN OF THE ROOT IS IN ITS TIP

*This sprouted bean, placed horizontally, feels the pull of gravity, and the radicle turns downward*

could n't; although he finally changed human minds a lot.

This is how he tried it on a root: he took a bean with a little root that had just started out into the world. He cut off the tip, and then set the bean so that the root stuck straight up. It continued to grow that way for some little time. Finally, however, a new tip had formed. Then there was a general waking up, as if the tip said to the rest of the root:

"Here, here, this will never do! Where are you going? You must bend down."

Anyhow, that 's what the root proceeded to do. One side seemed to stop growing, almost, while the other side grew rapidly; and so the bending was done.

"Did you ever! But how does the tip send back word?"

"Don't ask me!" says the Science Man—say all the Science Men, even to this day. "We don't know yet just how it 's done. But we 're studying these things all the time, and we 'll

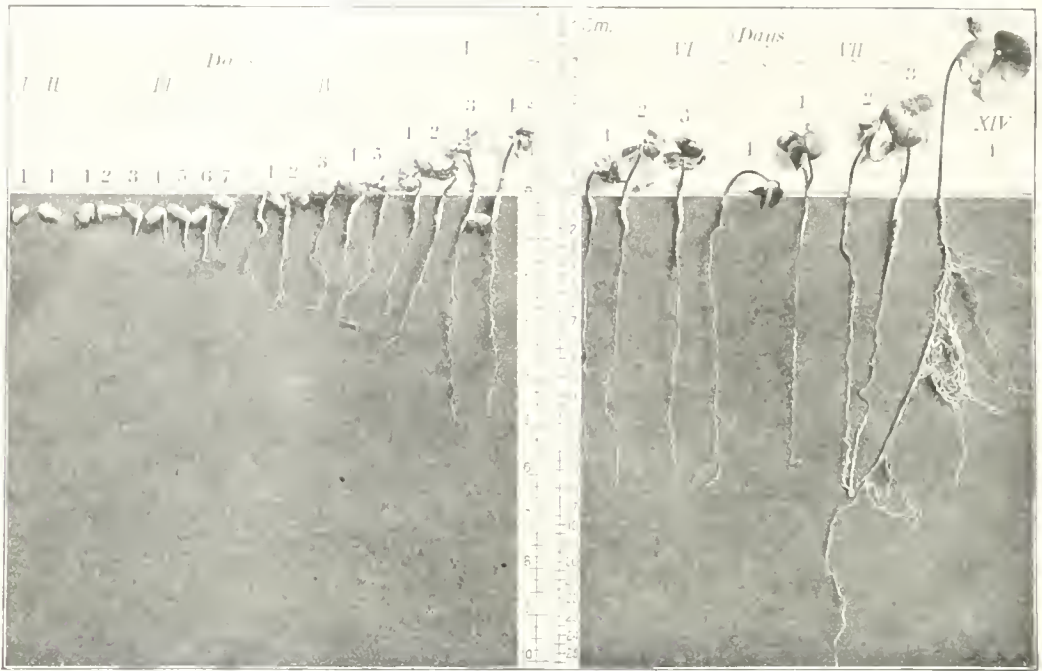


FIGURE 1. A. ... HOWING HOW THE ROOTS GO DOWN AND DOWN WHILE THE PLANT GROWS UPWARD BUT MORE SLOWLY

know more about it by and by. Meanwhile, perhaps you'll tell us why you say "Ouch!" and pull your finger away when you touch something hot.

"Oh," you reply, "I say 'ouch' because it hurts; and teacher and the physiology say my arm pulls my hand away because my head tells it to."

"Yes, but how does the head make the arm do the pulling? What's the connection?" says the Science Man.

Well, I guess we shall have to tell him we don't know, sha'n't we?

This much is known, however, about the plants, they have what answer for nerves, delicate threads connecting the cell walls, and it is thought that the orders the root tip sends out pass along these threads.

But all the root's brains are n't in the tip, any more than all our brains are in our heads. Scattered through our bodies, you know, are little brains, the ganglia, that cause the nerves to respond in different ways to the touch of things. So it is with roots. For instance, a root, at a short distance from the tip, is sensitive to the touch of hard objects in such a way that it bends away from them instead of turning away, as the tip does. The result is that when a root comes to a pebble, say, underground, the sides of the root just above the tip, if the sides of the pebble it turns

around corners sharply - by the shortest route - and so gets over the obstruction as soon as possible and resumes its course in the soil.

And different parts of a plant's root system respond in different ways to the pull of gravity; and some don't respond at all. The tap-root, for example, which always grows down, has roots growing out from it horizontally. They just won't grow any other way; and yet this is also supposed to be due to the influence of gravity. Then from these horizontal roots grow out a third set, and they don't seem to pay any attention whatever to gravity. They grow out in all directions, every which way, so that if there is a bite to eat anywhere in the neighborhood, they are reasonably sure to find it. You see it works out all right.

When a plant first begins to peep into the world out of that wonder box we call the seed, it's the root, as we know, that does the peeping; it comes first. And its first business is to get a firm hold in the soil. So a lot of fine, hairlike fibers grow right and left and all around and take a firm grip. There is an acid in the root that dissolves whatever the root touches that has any food in it - including pebbles and old bones - and so makes a kind of sticky stuff that hardens. In this way, these fibrous roots not only get good meals for themselves and the rest of the plant, but they hold the plant firmly in the soil, against the strain of

the winds. They also give the tap-root something to brace its back against, as it were, while it pushes down for water, for the moisture in the damper portion of the soil beneath.

As you may have noticed, a seed merely lying loose on the ground is lifted up by its first little root in its effort to poke its nose into the soil. But nature makes provision for covering seeds up. They are covered by the castings of the earthworms, the dirt thrown out by burrowing animals and scratching birds. Seeds fall into cracks, where the ground is very dry, and others are washed into them by the rains; while these, as well as seeds lying on the surface, are covered by the washings of the rain. Then come the roots that grip the soil.

Always growing just back of the tip are thousands of roots as fine as down. These get food from the soil. They soon disappear from the older parts of the root, so that it stops gathering food itself and puts in all its time passing along to the stem and leaves the food gathered by the finer and younger roots. This is why plants are so apt to wilt if you are n't careful when transplanting them—the hair-roots get broken off. For the same reason, corn, after it grows tall, is not plowed deeply. The fine roots reach out between the rows and the plowshare would cut them off.

#### A ROOT'S PRESENCE OF MIND

ALL these things, and more, the roots do in their daily work—in the ordinary course of business. And it 's wonderful enough. Don't you think so? But there are even stranger things to tell; things that would almost make us believe roots have what in human beings we call "presence of mind." That is to say, the faculty of thinking just what to do when something happens that one is n't looking for—when the house takes fire, for example, or the baby upsets the ink.

Take the case of trees going across a country road for a drink of water. They do it just as you or I would, I 'll be bound. Just suppose you and I were roots of a big tree that wanted to reach the moist bank of a stream and there was a hard road-bed between. We can't go over the top, and the road-bed is so hard we can't go straight through on our natural level, so we 'll just stoop down and go under, won't we? That 's exactly what the roots do—they dip down until they get under the hard-packed soil, and then up they come again on the other side and into the moist bank they started for.

The roots of each kind of plant or tree have their natural level; that 's one reason, as we know, why so many different kinds of plants—grass, trees, bushes and things—get on so well together in the fields and woods. The tree roots

that we have just seen crossing the road only went down below their natural level because they had to, as if the tips said:

"This soil is too hard. We can never get through. Bend down! Bend down!"

So the roots bent down until they came to softer soil, then forward, but always working up toward their natural level; and so it was at their natural level that they came out on the other side.

But here 's an example of "presence of mind" that nobody has accounted for. A good-sized root working along through the soil, like little brother mole, to earn its board and keep, came right up against the sole of somebody's old boot that had got buried in the soil. In the sole were a lot of holes where the stitches used to be. The root divided into as many parts as there were



A ROOT FINDS ITS WAY THROUGH THE STITCH-HOLES OF AN OLD SHOE.

stitch-holes, each part pushed its way through a hole, and, coming out on the other side, the little roots all united again into one big root!

Is n't that a story for you? But there 's no accounting for it. As we have seen, the men of science know a little bit about how a root manages to turn round and round and away from the light and so on, but what kind of machinery or process is it that could tell the root that, if it would split up into little threads, it could get through the stitch-holes in that old boot? And how many stitch-holes there were! Could it do sums, too? You can't imagine, at least, nobody so far has thought how it was done. But it 's all true.

Here 's another example of the same thing—what we have called "presence of mind," resourcefulness, invention. The example is even more striking, if possible, because, for one thing,

it is a case where roots even more completely altered their habits in order to save a tree struggling for its life on a stony mountain cliff.



THE ROOTS, BRAVING THE LIGHT, ANCHOR THE TREE

Maeterlinck tells about it in his picturesque and dramatic style. The subject, the hero, as it were, of this story was a laurel-tree growing on some cliff above a chasm, at the bottom of which ran a mountain torrent.

It was easy to see in its twisted and, so to say, withering trunk, the whole drama of its hard and tenacious life. The young stem had started from a vertical plane, so that its top, instead of rising toward the sky, bent down over the gulf. It was obliged, therefore, notwith-

standing the weight of its branches, stubbornly to bend its disconcerted trunk into the form of an elbow close to the rock, and thus, like a swimmer who throws back his head, by means of an incessant will, to hold the heavy leaves straight up into the sky.

This bent arm, in course of time, struggling with wind and storm, grew so that it swelled out in knots and cords, like muscles upholding a terrific burden. But the strain finally proved too much. The tree began to crack at the elbow and decay set in.

The leafy dome grew heavier, while a hidden canker gnawed deeper into the fragile arm that supported it in space. Then, obeying I know not what order of instinct, two stout roots, issuing from the trunk at some considerable distance above the elbow, grew out and moored it to the granite wall.

As if the roots, naturally so afraid of light, had heard a frantic call for help, and, regardless of everything, had come to the rescue!

To be sure, certain roots of corn-stalks, as you have noticed, habitually reach from above ground down into the soil and serve to brace the tall stem swaying in the winds, but these roots are half stalks themselves and ordinary trees have no such roots and no such habits. Yet here a tree seems suddenly to have learned somehow that, elsewhere in the land of plants, this thing is done. But how did it learn it? Did the brownies or the gnomes tell it, or was it some of the spirits of the wind that go everywhere and see everything? It might have been the same wind sprites that carry the seeds of the laurel and the pine so far up on the mountain flanks. Or it might have been the dryads, those beautiful creatures of the wood the Greeks knew so much about.

## THE FOUR-LEAF CLOVER

BY MARY R. PARKMAN

THERE was once a leafy clover  
By the others covered over,  
They were large and happy, too,  
For they had the sun and dew,  
While this leaf was poor and small,  
For it got no sun at all.

But it said, "A mouse or man  
Can only do the best he can,  
And I think the same is true  
Of the under clover, too;  
Though I can't grow like the rest,  
I will do my tiny best."

So it put out all its strength,  
And a leaflet grew at length,  
With the other leaflets three,  
How the clovers laughed to see  
That queer one with leaflets four—  
Laughed till they could laugh no more!

But a princess stopped one day  
Near the clovers in her play,  
Brushed the big leaves all aside  
And the four-leaf clover spied;  
Cried, "Here is a lucky thing!  
I will take it to the king!"



# OUR DESERT ISLAND

By HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

ONE of the most delightful stories in the world is the desert-island story. To read of some one, or of several some ones, cast up on a shore, unknown, mysterious, solitary; a shore full of possibilities, both of pleasure and of pain; a shore that is the mere edge to an interior even less known, more wonderful, more alluring. Is there any better way in the world to begin a story?

Have you not sometimes, in day-dreams before a wood fire or lying out of doors when summer is at her busiest with leaf and fruit and bird and flower, have you not fancied yourself as such a castaway? Wondered if perhaps *you* might not sometime be thrown up on the solitary shores of some far-off, shining island, and be obliged to provide shelter and to seek food, possibly to protect yourself from savage animals or more savage men, to think up methods of communication with the world beyond the round horizon that hemmed you in when you climbed to the highest point of your island and cast your eyes across the blue water that made your prison. Surely you have imagined such a situation, playfully, but with a kind of yearning that adventures of such a kind might come your way. If others have been castaways, living strange months in a world of their own, coming home to their fellow-men after unbelievable wonders, why not you?

And taking your pocket-knife out of your pocket, with a bit of twine and other odds and ends such as drift pocketward, you have tried to think how you could get along with nothing more than these to assist you in making a home and a life. The knife will serve for many purposes, but you could not cut down a tree with it. The twine—no, you must have more than these. So you begin to plan what you would want to be cast ashore with. Things I must have on my desert island! And how surprised your rescuers would be when they arrived, as long afterward as pleases your fancy, to find you comfortably installed in your desert island, with most of the comforts of home, and with, very likely, a handy pile of gold-dust or pearls or ambergris—ambergris was always my favorite treasure-trove—concealed near by in sufficient quantity to make your fortune and give them a handsome *pourboire* for the trouble of sailing leagues out of their way to rescue you.

Maybe this desert-island story is so alluring to us all, and seems so likely to happen, even though we know very well it won't,—because, in a sense, it has already happened. We *are* castaways on an unknown shore. We *are* surrounded by

mystery and wonder, by things both joyous and sad that may give us pain and delight. It is a limitless horizon that encircles us, water and air. We cannot get off this island we are stranded on; and no matter how high we climb, we cannot see another island to which to signal. No, we are forced to make up our minds to remaining here. Our Desert Island! A place unknown to us and to those who happen to be stranded with us. Unknown as to so much, at least.

Suppose the hero of the desert-island story you read last was content to remain on the spot where he had landed. Suppose the story kept him there, on the rock or the sand-spit, eating such provender as lay near by, looking about him as far as he might, but making no effort to bestir himself, so that, when the rescuing ship hove into sight and the rescuers leaped ashore from the boat sent to fetch him aboard, he had nothing to tell of the island on which he had spent certain months or years—knew no more of it than he did upon the day he was cast there; had seen no more than they could see, standing at his side, eager to hear his story.

"Why, I've just sat here and caught such fish as came near, eaten the roots and berries that I could reach, huddled under this overhanging rock when it stormed, or when the sun was hot, and waited. It's been a mighty long time to wait, too! And how bored I've been!"

"But why—why—why?"

Well, it would n't make much of a story, would it?

And yet that is precisely how a large percentage of us do behave on our own desert island, our own wonderland of hidden things. We stick where we were cast, and are content to let the rest of it go unseen and unknown; we don't care to make the effort to discover what is to be discovered; we simply sit tight and catch the fish that venture near, or reach about and snatch what our hands touch. And then we say that the island is a stupid place and existence on it a bore.

Yet we know perfectly well that we have only a certain time, a little shorter or a little longer, to stay on our island. Then we must leave it forever. And we know that it is not a very large island—not large compared to our ability to get about over it. We may not be able to walk around it in a day, as some desert islanders have done with their own special islands; but inside a year we can get around it very comfortably indeed.

And what wonders it holds! What beautiful

ing, and the great adventures. What extraordinary things occur on it, and how amazing are the results of even the most thorough and occasional explorations!

If you were stranded on the desert island of the stories, you would probably, as soon as you had got your breath and dried your clothes and eaten a meal of mollusks, which is the usual first meal of the castaway, you would probably have grasped your staff and started off to see whether or not the island was inhabited, and, if it was, what manner of man lived on it.

Now, on the desert island on which we are all cast, you must think of the people with whom you are familiar as of yourself. You do not need to explore to find them. But our great island has many other peoples on it, peoples of vastly different ideas and manners and histories and hopes. It is worth while discovering as many of these peoples for yourself as possible. They live on your island—they are your comrades on it, and it seems a pity not to find them and know them. Some of them know things about our island we do not know, and can never know except through them. Better try to get into touch with them—even though you may not like them all, and though some of them may prove disagreeable companions. Yet here they are, on the same island, and the better you know them, know what they want and how they behave, the safer and more comfortable you are likely to be.

As for the other living creatures, the animals and birds and insects, the fishes and reptiles, certainly on the little desert island it would be a large part of your ambition to get to know these, to study them, to learn to trap or tame them, to watch their curious habits and get joy out of their beauty. Do you do the same thing on the island where you have been cast? Are you studying the wild creatures within reach of you, and through them many others? Do you know even a little about the common animals of your neighborhood, about the amazing ways of beetles and ants and bees and butterflies?

And then the plants, the trees and shrubs, the things good to eat and bad to eat, the lovely flowers and the grasses, the many fruits. If you were on a small desert island, with years of solitude before you, you would probably not discover all that you could, and on the great island, there is no probability of ever getting to know more than a few things about any of the myriad. But looking for more learning about them, using them where they are good for, enjoying their beauty where they are beautiful to look upon, or their fragrance where they are good to smell, is an endless possibility, and it is well to make any of them

If, on the desert island we have all fancied ourselves upon, there were some traces of previous inhabitants, ruins and left-behind things that spoke strange tales, with what an eager curiosity we should study these, examining each detail and trying to piece together the true story from the fragments discovered. And on the great island, there are many such relics. Do we try to get to them, to understand them, do we sit and ponder over the stories they hold? Only a few among us. Most of us leave that, with virtually all the rest of our island, unnoticed. We prefer to do the same things over and over on a chosen bit of our land, rather than to realize that the whole of the island is ours if only we care to claim it—not as a bodily possession, but as a mental and spiritual one. What you understand, what you enjoy, becomes a part of you, is your own. The view from a mountain that you have truly seen with eyes that took in all and loved it, that view is yours. It will come back to you often and often, even as the daffodils blowing and nodding in their thousands along the stream came back to Wordsworth. There are many ways of owning a thing, but the best is the way of experience. You can say that you own a book which you have never opened, and in a sense you may own it, but not in the real sense. The person who read the book and got from it the message and the truth there was in it, and then laid it down and left it for the next comer, that person owns the book in reality. If you have wandered in strange little foreign streets and enjoyed the look of them, learnt their odd twistings and the people who walk them, if you have marked the carvings over the doors and the color of the houses that hedge them, then that foreign town is yours. The desert island is getting explored, getting known, getting understood, getting to be *your* desert island.

All the wanderings you take from the spot where you were cast ashore will be rich in results if you go to explore and to learn, as does the castaway on the lost island in the far seats of fancy. Even as he, if he be full of initiative and interest and energy, can turn the barren place into a home, and find rich treasure, and greet his rescuers with composure, clad in garments of his fashioning and living in a home he has built, so too can you find all you need in this great island, including adventure. When the time comes to leave it you can do so contentedly, for you know it well. You have explored its hills and valleys, traversed its wide plains and forests, learned who and what are its inhabitants. You may have chosen a place that seems good to you and built your home there, but you know the whole island and love it all. It is a wonderful island, and you would not care to have missed seeing any of it, though you have had some

hard tramps and trying times on those exploring tours. But think if you had been content simply to stay where you were landed!

All of which means that we are surrounded by infinite riches that will repay the work of exploration. We cannot go to every corner of our island, or only a few of us can have that good fortune. But within a circle of a few miles, we can discover marvels if we but look for them. No country walk but will unfold worlds of interest. The very rocks and soil we walk over are capable of giving endless information.

Stop to think for a moment of all the tools and helps and power that we are cast up with on this our island. What would n't we have done on a story desert island with a thousandth part of it?

There, we would have come upon a knite with a passion of thankfulness. Here, we do not even know how to use a tiny portion of what lies to our hand.

You see, we have found ourselves here so gradually. We are used to being on this desert island of ours before we remember that it is strange that we are anywhere. It does not seem likely to us that we shall ever leave it, so why bother about it one way or another?

And yet it holds all the other desert islands. It holds everything. It is more marvelous than any fairy-tale, richer than any buried treasure, and we are here in it for a few years at most.

Don't you really think that it is worth exploring and studying and knowing?

## FOR EASTER TIME

### SOMEHOW I KNOW

THERE never falls the winter snow  
But I can somehow see  
As white a bank of shining lilies,  
Beckoning to me.

Never through the winter night  
The wailing wind I hear.

But haunting flower-voices  
Somehow carol in my ear.

Somehow I can always know,  
'Neath every winter thing,  
All the sweet and smiling summer  
Watches for the spring!

*Josephine VanDolzen Pease*

### EASTER SONG

THE world has come awake  
And will be lovely soon,  
With warm sunshine at noon  
And ripples on the lake;

And soon the ground will flower,  
And scarlet tulips grow  
Down borders in a row,  
All opened in an hour;

For where the earth was brown,  
The pointed leaves of green  
Reach out, and there are seen  
The flowers folded down;

The snow is gone away  
And all the little birds  
Sing songs that have no words;  
For this is Easter Day.

*Margaret Widdemer*

### DAFFODIL TALK

UNDERNEATH the emerald hill  
Shone the golden daffodil;  
"Am I," softly whispered she,  
"More than banquet for the bee?"

"Yes," I answered, "you are mirth  
From the hidden heart of earth;  
After winter's silence long,

Comes with you the breath of song;  
You are omen, you are sign,  
Of an ecstasy divine  
That shall like a flood immerse  
All the wakened universe!"

So the daffodilly smiled,  
Radiant and reconciled.

*Clinton Scollard.*

# THE LUCK OF DENEWOOD

By EMLIE BENSON KNIFE and ALDEN ARTHUR KNIFE

Author of "The Lucky Sixpence," "Beatrice of Denewood," "Vivola Frazier," etc.

## SYNOPSIS OF THE PREVIOUS INSTALLMENTS

PEG TRAVERS went then with her brother Jack to the estate of Denewood, in Germantown, which they are to inherit, and have rented a school for girls; receives a letter from her brother, an officer with the A. F. F., saying that a relative of the family, a French girl named Beatrice de Soulange, has come to him asking for assistance, and he has thought it best to send her to America. Her brother, Louis de Soulange, an officer in the French army, in an aeroplane flight over the lines, has disappeared and is "missing." Peg, who lives with her aunt in the lodge at Denewood, is talking this news over with her cousin, Betty Powell, when the French girl unexpectedly arrives—a girl of their own age, deeply interested in the Denewood books and the history of their house. Her first desire is to see the lucky sixpence, their family talisman, and when she is told that it has been lost for a century she is astounded at the girls' indifference and declares her belief that with it was lost the luck of Denewood. Full of gratitude for their whole-hearted hospitality, she determines to find the sixpence and restore the luck of the house. Béatrice plans to hunt for it, and, to that end, is anxious to become a pupil at Maple Hall, as the school at Denewood is called. On her admission to the school Béatrice began her search for the sixpence. Miss Maple, discovering this and thinking it a waste of time, forbids day-scholars to go above the first floor of Maple Hall. Peg is vastly excited by a letter from Jack asking for a description of the Soulange ring and warning her to stand guard over the lost (unauthorized) news of her brother rouse false hopes.

## CHAPTER IX

### PEG MEETS A STRANGER

BEFORE Béatrice de Soulange arrived from France, Peg would have welcomed the visit of the two Powell girls with unmixed enthusiasm. She liked them both, and, in any circumstances, was far too thoughtful a hostess to let them gain an inkling of the fact that there were times when she and Béatrice would be glad to be by themselves.

Since Miss Maple had ridiculed their efforts to find the sixpence, the matter was no longer a matter of general conversation. Betty had always been rather scornful of the whole affair, and Horatia was, to use Peg's expression, "just a kid." Even Peg had no great faith in the changes Bé insisted would come with the recovery of the precious coin, but she loved this brave cousin and regretted the lack of opportunity for their usual confidences, for since Bé had opened wide her heart and shown the depths of her love for Louis, Peg wanted to be alone with her more than ever. She was interested in hearing more of this gallant young Frenchman, of whom she found herself thinking a great deal. She knew, too, that Bé took comfort in talking about him to her, and she wished heartily that the influenza epidemic had spared the Powell household.

It was only on the rarest occasions that the two had any chance to exchange a word or two in private. Horatia shared Bé's room and Betty sat with Peg, so there was hardly a moment out of school hours that at least three of them were not together.

Not a week or so later, one of these rare occasions came a little while before lunch-time.

Bé, whose classes were somewhat irregular, had a free hour, and Peg contrived to slip away and run down to the lodge ahead of the others. She found Bé in the living room, studying two of the Denewood books most diligently.

"Now what are you after?" she demanded, flopping down beside her and putting an arm about her waist.

"I have still a thought of that sixpence," Bé answered with a smile.

"Of course, but you have a new scheme in your head, I can see that," Peg insisted.

"I have wonder!" Bé explained "why it is the first Béatrice never say where she have put her husband's piece."

"To tell the truth, I don't understand that either," agreed Peg. "I think she knew all the time where it was, so it 's funny she never told any one."

"She have hidden it," Bé said with conviction. "That Béatrice, she have not like it that your so long ago grandfather have punished the Little John. Per'aps for that she punish her husband."

"It would be just like her," Peg returned, nodding thoughtfully, "and if that 's it, upstairs in her room would be the most likely place for her to hide it, and we just can't get it now. Maybe, when school's closed in the summer."

"There is another place," Bé interrupted, "listen. It is where the first Béatrice is talking to my so great ancestress, stuttering Peg."

"Yes, I 'm named after her," the present day Peg nodded in remembrance. "It is because she married the Marquis de Soulange, years and years ago, that we are cousins."

"I 'm glad even if we are very wide cousins," Bé said, hesitating a little over her English.

"Distant cousins, my dear, not wide," laughed Peg; "but cousins all the same." She gave Bé a little hug, and the French girl, with a happy smile, picked up one of the books beside her and began reading the following passage:

"Show me the place at once, Peg. We have n't a minute to lose!" And without a word, she led me to the nursery fireplace.

"Now on either side of the fireplace, there were hobs where water could be kept warm or a posset heated; but these did not go quite back to the wall, so that there was a space behind, which Peg explained she had found when hunting for kitty one day. Here, sharp on your right, was a ladderlike stain which went down and down within the walls of the house.

"Where does it bring you out?" I asked Peggy, in a whisper.

"Through the h-h-hole in the s-s-spring-house where the w-w-water comes out."

"That 's the 'Mouse's Hole' in 'The Lucky Sixpence,'" Peg said, interrupting the reading. "There 's more about it in 'Beatrice of Denewood.'"

"But yes," Bé nodded, picking up the other book; "hear what it say." And she began to read again.

"The house was still as death. I moved along the hall toward the nursery, and in another moment I was groping along the fireplace for the entrance to the secret passage that little Peg called the 'Mouse's Hole.' I found it without trouble, for I had gone that way before, and I breathed easier as I took my first step down.

"But it was exceeding dark, and I wished that I had had the forethought to fetch a lantern with me. However, it was out of the question to go back, and I groped my way as well as I could in the blackness that was ill relieved by the faint gray light that showed through the pigskin covering the chinks in the masonry.

"At the bottom, the passage turned toward the spring-house, and I was startled by the sound of splashing water. I halted, my heart doubling its beat; but there was no further sound, and, thinking I had been mistaken, I went on, until at length I was at the end of the passage beside the spring-house door."

"That 's about the time when Beatrice Travers went off to find the buried treasure. She was just about our age then. They used to have such fun in those old days," Peg remarked as Bé stopped reading. "What about it?"

"Do you not comprehend?" Bé exclaimed, a little excitedly.

"No, I don't," Peg replied with a puzzled look.

"But it would be a good place for to hide that piece of sixpence," Bé explained. "The old Beatrice she knew of it, yes? It is so safe an'—"

"Of course, she *might* have put it there," Peg agreed. "It does seem likely when you think of it; but if she did, we can't ever find it."

"Why is that?" demanded Béatrice. "Surely there is the passage and we 'ave but to hunt."

"It has all been changed since then," Peg

replied with a dubious shake of her head. "Jack and I looked for it when we were kids, both in the nursery fireplace and in the spring-house. We could n't find the least sign of it. Aunt Polly says her grandmother told her they had altered the way the water ran and a lot of things, and she thinks they walled it up. Anyway, that passage is lost, Bé. There 's no use bothering about that. Besides, we can't go upstairs at Denewood since Miss Maple made her new rule."

"But from the spring-house we could ascend." Bé said pleadingly, the disappointment she felt almost painfully evident.

"I don't believe there 's any way in from the spring-house," Peg insisted. "It has n't been used for ages."

At that moment Aunt Polly came in, and Peg appealed to her for further information.

"I don't remember very well," Miss Travers replied, "but I think I was told that the spring-house was much altered. It was necessary to enlarge it and change the drainage or something. Anyhow, the length of the building in those days is now the width. It has n't been used for years and years. But you must both come and take one of my anti-influenza pills before lunch, and so must Betty and Horatia—"

Dear little Aunt Polly twittered on as the two other girls came in, and there was an end to private talk for the time being.

But Bé, in spite of the cold water Peg had thrown upon this, to her thinking, most hopeful plan, was not ready to give it up so easily. That same afternoon she slipped off alone to investigate the old spring-house for herself.

It was a low, moss-grown stone building beyond the drying-yard, and quite near to the teachers' study, which was another of the old structures of Denewood, a summer-house that had been adapted to modern use by enclosing it in glass. Her visit being made during school-hours, this sun-room was empty, a fact that was welcome, as Bé was not desirous of arousing any more curiosity or comment.

She went directly to the spring-house, scarcely noting its picturesqueness or the old benches on either side of the entrance.

Almost impatiently she pushed against the oak door, which yielded reluctantly to her efforts with a complaining, mournful creaking of its rusty hinges.

Inside, the place was completely empty. A soft gurgle of trickling water drew her attention to where a thin stream bubbled up and ran off into a tiled drain. Elsewhere, the room was fairly dry, though lichen-covered stones in the paving showed that there was much moisture in the air.

Bé took a step or two along the raised floor, and

it was easy for her to picture in her mind how it must have looked in the old days. She had seen in her own country plenty of spring-houses which were still in use, but here there were no shining pails of milk or butter cooling in clear spring water. Miss Maple's school boasted of its own refrigerating plant and scorned ancient methods.

Search as she would, Bé could find no trace of an opening anywhere—not even one that would admit a mouse, much less a person. The walls were of solid masonry, built to last through the centuries. Bé felt along them, hoping to find a crack that might reveal a secret door, but without result. She went carefully over the four walls, tapping here and there with a small stone she had picked up; but no hollow sound came back to reveal a hidden space.

At length she was about to turn away when an indescribable chuck brought her eyes quickly to the floor of the spring-house. Here, too, the masonry was smooth and substantial, and for a moment Bé could see nothing which would explain the queer little noise. Then her gaze fastened on a glint of sunshine on the gray stones, in the middle of which was a toad, sitting immobile, with its unblinking eyes fixed upon her.

She looked down and smiled at the harmless creature.

"You are surprised to have a visitor, eh?" she half-whispered. "Never mind, *petit crapaud*, do not be frightened. I shall not hurt you." And she tiptoed out of the house, for fear of disturbing it, and started for the lodge.

At just about this time Peg, leaving Betty to gossip with some of the older girls, and knowing that Horatia was busy with the junior basketball team, hurried to the lodge, expecting to have a quiet little chat with Bé. She was moving briskly down the drive when, at a sharp turn, she almost collided with a tall man in the uniform of a British officer, who was walking rapidly in the opposite direction.

Both stopped for an instant. Then Peg would have started on again, but the stranger addressed her.

"I beg your pardon," he said politely, "but may I ask if I am on the right road to Denewood?"

"Yes, straight up the drive," Peg answered, looking up and wondering what could be taking such a man to Miss Maple's school.

"Thank you," he murmured, and, with a deterrent salute, passed on.

Peg had noticed that he seemed young and was rather good looking; yet for the brief moment he remained in her thoughts, her chief impression was of a smile which showed white and very pointed teeth between thin red lips.

Arriving at the lodge, she was disappointed not

to find Béatrice, but a moment or two later that young lady herself walked in.

"Where have you been?" demanded Peg.

"To the spring-house," answered Bé.

"I'll bet you did n't find a thing," Peg asserted positively.

"Ah, but I *did*," Bé insisted, assuming an important air.

"Tell me, Bé!" cried Peg, excited in a moment. "What did you find?"

"Listen," murmured Bé, mysteriously, looking about her as if she greatly feared to be overheard. "I find a *petite crapaud*—what you call a toad, and that was all."

## CHAPTER X

### CAPTAIN BADGER TO SEE MADEMOISELLE DE SOULANGE

Peg's confidential chat with Bé was soon ended by the arrival of Horatia.

"Oh, but I'm hungry!" she announced as she came in. "When will dinner be ready? I'm absolutely starving!"

"We'll have to raise your board, my child," Peg said; "either that, or forbid the basketball. You'll be eating us out of house and home."

"It won't hurt my feelings to stop the basketball," Horatia retorted. "The junior team's the limit!"

And then Betty tripped in, "all of a twitter," as Peg expressed it. "Oh, girls!" Betty exclaimed, "there's the most wonderful British officer I ever saw on his way up to the school."

"Hub!" interrupted Horatia. "I met him, too."

"And I also," Bé remarked quietly.

"If it comes to that, so did I," Peg asserted arrogantly. "In fact, I had quite an interesting conversation with him."

"Really, Peg?" cried Betty, doubtfully.

"Really, Betty," Peg replied, imitating the tone.

"Who is he?" demanded Betty.

"I have n't the faintest idea," Peg admitted shamelessly.

"Then how could you have talked to him?" Betty protested.

"The gentleman asked me if he was on the right road to Denewood and I could do no less than tell him he was," Peg explained with a chuckle.

"Oh, is *that* all?" Betty said scornfully. "Anybody could have done that without bragging about it. I wonder whom he's come to see. He'll probably stay to dinner."

"And won't there be a flutter in the dining-room if he does," Peg cut in. "Those giddy girls won't be able to eat."

"I don't blame them, he's so handsome," Betty asserted with conviction.

"Nobody could be handsome with one of those silly little mustaches," Horatia said.

"You're a child!" Betty turned on her sister a look of pitying contempt. "Did n't you think he was awfully good-looking, Bè?" she asked.



"I BEG YOUR PARDON, HE SAID POLITELY, BUT MAY I ASK IF I AM ON THE RIGHT ROAD TO DENEWOOD?"

"Per'aps; I have not think about it," Bèatrice replied with a smile.

"I know somebody who will agree with you about him, Betty," Peg remarked insinuatingly. "Who?" demanded Betty.

"The gentleman himself," Peg answered, and three of the girls laughed.

Betty was still talking about the attractive visitor when they sat down to dinner. Selma was just bringing in the soup when the door-bell rang

"I wonder who that can be?" Miss Travers said, beginning to flutter.

"It's Betty's English officer coming to look for her," Peg replied, with a most serious face.

"He was so impressed by her beauty and elegance," Horatia murmured under her breath.

"You children should be spanked and put to bed," Betty retorted irritably. "It's probably a telegram."

"Oh, do you think so!" Aunt Polly exclaimed, becoming more agitated every moment. "I hope it's nothing so awful as that."

"It is a man!" Selma announced, putting her head through the doorway. "He say he is a gentlemen. I do not know."

"Does he want to see me?" Aunt Polly asked nervously. She had an aversion to strangers, a fact well known to the family.

"He say something I do not understand," Selma answered stolidly.

"I'll go," Peg said, pushing back her chair. "It's probably some one asking for subscriptions for sick monkeys in Alaska."

She was out of the dining-room as she finished speaking, and Selma, closing the door behind her, followed like a shuffling shadow.

Standing in the portico, in full light from the hall, was the young English officer of whom they had just been talking.

The instant she saw him, Peg wondered if, after all, he had come to see Betty and she had to suppress a desire to laugh outright; but his first words abruptly changed the current of her thoughts.

"Is this Mademoiselle de Soulange?" he asked politely, with a courteous inclination of his head.

Instantly a feeling of alarm for Bèatrice seized upon Peg and made her hesitate. The man before her appeared to be a gentleman both in speech and

bearing of a vague feeling of unrest came into the girl's heart.

"Mademoiselle de Soulange is my cousin," she said slowly, after a moment's pause.

"I beg your pardon," the officer returned, smiling pleasantly and showing his pointed teeth. "I went to the school and was told she lived here."

"So she does," Peg murmured, puzzling over the growing sense of uncertainty that filled her mind.

"Then I should like to see her," the man went on, crisply and with a hint of insistence in his tone. "I have an important message for her."

"I can give her any message you may wish to leave," Peg replied quickly.

"I thank you, but I must speak to her alone," the officer answered, and there was a note of stubborn resolve in his voice.

Again Peg hesitated, bray with shadowy possibilities. What communication could this man have to make that must be delivered secretly. If he was upon an important errand, as he suggested, there would have been advance information of his coming, and Peg knew that Bé had received no letters. Again the man's voice broke in upon her speculations.

"My motive in asking for Mademoiselle de Soulange is entirely in her interest. I can, I think, be of assistance to her."

He stopped and fumbled in the pocket of his uniform, then laughed lightly and gave up the search.

"It is like me not to have a card to introduce myself," he went on, "but I am Captain Badger, of the British Army, very much at the service of Mademoiselle de Soulange. I beg that you will let me see her at once."

The name conveyed nothing to Peggy. France. She had never heard of Captain Badger.

"Does Mademoiselle de Soulange know you?" he asked.

"My name is not known to her—" the man began, when Peg interrupted.

"And you do not know her either," she said.

"Why are you so sure I don't know her?" the officer demanded. "The fact that she does not know me—"

"You mistook me for her," Peg cut in, and the man laughed outright.

"Americans deserve their reputation for cleverness," he declared frankly, "but not for their wit and guile. It is true that I have never seen the young lady, but I know her brother."

"Is he alive?" Peg questioned eagerly. On his face and a suggestion of the man was a glow of joy, and a feeling of joy that Louis de Soulange must be alive. Why, precisely, should Captain Badger consider it vital? Her first impulse was to demand to be taken and hear the wonderful news.

"Is he alive?" she repeated, in a glow of happy excitement. One word, yes or no, would have opened the way for Captain Badger, but he did not choose to say it.

"The answer to that question I must reserve for Mademoiselle de Soulange alone," he answered coldly.

The calculated, businesslike reply was a blow to Peg's growing enthusiasm, and the reaction was prompt. Suddenly a multitude of doubts assailed her. From the moment the officer had announced his desire to see Béatrice, the possibility that he might know something of Louis's fate had been in the back of her mind without her quite realizing it. But why should there be any mystery about announcing the truth? If Bé's brother were alive, why should not Captain Badger say so? Surely such good news need not be kept from Bé's relatives for an instant. If poor Louis were indeed dead, nothing could be gained by insisting that his sister should be told privately by an insympathetic stranger.

Jack's words of warning popped into Peg's head. "Any sudden news of Louis, good or bad, might have a dangerous effect upon her." It was against just such a contingency as this that Jack had cautioned her. He had been at pains to point out that to raise false hopes might be fatal, and until she had some assurance that the officer was not the bearer of an unconfirmed rumor concerning Louis de Soulange, she meant to hold her ground.

"I can see no objection to your telling me something of your errand," Peg remarked, her tone growing antagonistic as she felt herself placed upon the defensive.

"That is hardly a matter for you to determine," the captain answered bluntly.

"Then I am afraid it will be impossible for you to see her to-night," Peg replied decisively.

"I think you cannot mean what you say," the officer retorted. "You will be doing your cousin no service by preventing this interview." There was a suggested threat in the tone that was not lost upon Peg, but the effect was hardly what the man expected.

"You cannot see her to-night," came the positive declaration.

Peg's purpose had become fixed. She realized the responsibility she assumed in delaying, even for an hour, the communication of any news upon so important a subject. On the other hand, in view of Jack's positive instructions, she dared not move without consulting an older person in whose judgment she had confidence. After all these months of silence, a day's delay could not materially affect the matter, and it might save Bé from a dangerous disappointment.



"I must and will see Mademoiselle de Soulange!" The officer's words broke in roughly upon Peg's thoughts. "You have no right to act as you are doing, and I warn you I am not a patient man!"

Once more an implied threat brought uppermost all the fighting Travers blood Peg had inherited. She interrupted sharply. "If you wish to see Mademoiselle de Soulange, you must go to my cousin, Mr. Barton Powell, whose address is 339 Walnut Street, Philadelphia. Remember it, please," and she repeated the number carefully. "Talk to him; and if he thinks it best for you to see her, he will arrange it. Good evening, Captain Badger. Close the door, Selma."

This the big Swedish handmaiden was nothing loth to do. In fact she shut the door with something of a slam.

Peg ran back to the dining-room, not quite knowing what explanation to give of the persistent visitor, but the truth, with careful suppressions, seemed to serve.

"Aunt Polly was just about to go out and rescue you," Betty said, as her cousin came in.

"You 'll never guess who it was," Peg cried gaily. "Your British officer, Betty. They did n't invite him to dinner at the school after all. It seems the girl he was looking for was n't there, and he stopped to ask me about her."

"What girl did he want to see?" demanded the practical Horatia.

"No one who ever boarded at Maple Hall in my time," Peg answered, with a great show of frankness. "But I do think they might have fed him."

"Oh dear!" Aunt Polly burst out, very much disturbed. "Do you think the poor man was hungry? How shocking! And he 's one of our Allies. Is it too late to ask him in?"

"Much too late!" Peg declared. "He 's English, you know, and would have complained because we have chicken instead of roast beef. Do give me something to eat, and let 's forget it."

But she herself could not forget. She would have liked to call up Mr. Powell at Chestnut Hill then and there and tell him all about it; but that was impossible without every one hearing what she telephoned, and Bé must not know yet. Long after they were in bed and she and Betty had stopped chattering, Peg lay thinking, thinking, thinking.

## CHAPTER XI

### BETTY'S PRACTISING IS INTERRUPTED

THE next day was Saturday and a holiday from school, but Peg woke early. All her meditation of the night before had brought her to no solution of the motive behind Captain Badger's actions. But she had concluded that it was too important a matter to treat lightly. Nor did she wish to

assume the entire responsibility of keeping it from Béatrice. Finally, she had gone to sleep, determined to telephone Mr. Powell before he had left for his office the next day.

With the utmost care, she dressed and slipped out of the room without waking Betty. Then she went down the back stairs, having decided it would be best to telephone from the drug store and so make sure of not being overheard by any one in the house.

On her way out she stopped in the kitchen to say a word to Selma.

"You remember that man who was here last night?" she asked.

"Ja, I know him," Selma returned contemptuously. "Him no good. I know!"

"That 's just what I think, Selma," Peg answered, glad of even this confirmation of her own suspicions. "I don't know why I think so, but I can't help it."

"Him no good!" Selma repeated doggedly, and it would appear that she did not need reasons for her conclusions.

"Well, anyway," Peg went on, "you know he 's trying to see Miss Bé, and I don't think he ought to."

"He want money!" Selma announced positively.

"Money?" echoed Peg. "Miss Bé has n't any money, and I don't believe her brother has, either. Their home is all shot to pieces and nobody in France has any money after this war."

"He want money all the same," Selma insisted. "It don't matter whether Miss Bé have it or no, if he *think* she have. He have that kind of face."

"There 's something in that," Peg said musingly; "at any rate I 'm going to tell Mr. Powell about it."

"And if that mans come back, I send him flying, huh?" Selma demanded, as Peg started out.

"Sure!" Peg assented. "Get rid of him, and don't let any one know he wants to see Miss Bé. I 'll be back as soon as I can."

Selma's words had rather reassured Peg on the position she had taken, and she had perfect faith in the maid's discretion and loyalty. She hurried along the main street, certain that the Swedish woman would stand between Bé and Captain Badger if she herself were not there, and that no word of the circumstance would be mentioned to anybody.

She secured her telephone connection with Mr. Powell and, rather breathlessly, poured out the whole story.

"You say the man's name is Captain Badger?" Mr. Powell asked.

"Yes," answered Peg, "that 's what he said."

"And you 're sure he was in a British uniform?"

"Oh, absolutely!"

"Humph!" Mr. Powell grunted. "Well, it won't be difficult to find out about the British officers in this country. And perhaps he'll come in and see me, though I have my doubts."

"You think I did right, Cousin Bart, not to let Bé see him?" Peg asked anxiously.

"You did exactly right, my dear," was the reassuring answer. "I can't conceive of any reason why the man should withhold any information, unless he thinks he has something to gain personally. Poor Louis de Soulange is gone. There seems little doubt about that. But if there is anything to be learned of his fate, we must know it, of course."

"I'm not so sure he's gone, Cousin Bart," Peg began hesitatingly. "I had a private little letter from Jack, asking me for a description of the Soulange ring. I can't think why Jack should wish to have it unless he has some clue to Louis. But he does n't want a word said to Bé about it and he did n't explain a thing."

"Humph!" commented Mr. Powell again. "That does sound as if he might have come across something. Pity he could n't have told you a little more. Humph! Well, my dear, if your English captain puts in an appearance I'll find out all he knows."

"How are you all over there?" Peg asked, before she rang off.

"About as cheerful as a hospital," Mr. Powell replied mournfully. "The baby has it now, and Marjory does n't seem to be getting any better. The laundress is in bed, and the cook tells us this morning that 'all her joints is creakin',' so you can guess what that means. I'm not feeling very spry myself; but a trained nurse came last night who says she is n't too proud to work. However, she'll have to prove it! If worst comes to worst, we may have to borrow Aunt Polly."

"Goodness!" cried Peg, "you *are* in a bad way. Give my love to poor Cousin Elizabeth. I was going to telephone to her, but she has troubles enough. Of course, Aunt Polly will come the minute you want her. She'd love to. She adores nursing and you need n't worry about us. We'll get along all right."

"I'll phone if we need Aunt Polly. As long as our Cousin Elizabeth holds out, we're all right, but if she's taken down—well, I hate to think of that! They tell me I could n't get another nurse if I were the President and the Supreme Court rolled into one. Give my love to the girls. Oh, I forgot—nobody knows we've been talking to each other. Well, my dear, keep them in order, and I think you've acted very wisely. Good-

Peg walked home in a brown study. She was

glad to find that Mr. Powell thought well of what she had done; but that did nothing to satisfy her curiosity. Captain Badger knew something, she felt sure, and she wanted very much to find out what it was. She determined to write to Jack after breakfast and tell him all about the stranger. She began to wonder if there might not be some connection between her brother's private note and the unheralded appearance of this British captain; but by the time she reached the lodge she confessed to herself that there was no tact in her possession upon which she could base any sort of theory.

Horatia greeted Peg as she came into the house.

"Where have you been? I thought I was the first down."

"I've been out taking the air for my health and complexion," Peg replied. "When you've reached my age you will have to give solemn thought to such things, young lady."

"Huh!" sputtered Horatia. "When I'm your age, ho, ho!"

After the beds were made that morning, Peg announced that she was going up to her room to write to Jack and that she would n't be visible for an hour. Aunt Polly left promptly to do the Saturday marketing, and Bé, under Selma's direction, disappeared to finish embroidering one of her black dresses. She was too thrifty a French girl to throw away the detested mourning gowns and was making one of them available for every-day wear by adding color.

Betty decided that she would practise on the piano, and Horatia, listening to these plans, concluded, with a glance at the clock, that she might just as well play basket-ball for a while, although it was n't often that she was allowed to associate on anything like equal terms with her sister and cousins and she did n't want to lose any opportunities.

"I guess I won't miss much," she said; "I'll be back before long, and none of you seem very exciting." She pulled a tam over her bobbed hair, slammed the door behind her, and made off up the drive, whistling happily and struggling into a sweater as she went.

Betty, alone in the living-room, began her practising. The silent house was most favorable for concentration and she worked hard for a time. At length, having satisfied herself with one of her exercises, she went to her music-roll on the console table and, glancing out of the window, came to a sudden halt. Passing close, on his way to the front door, was the British officer. As she looked, he turned his head and their eyes met. Then he stepped up on the porch, and an instant later she heard the bell ringing.



## THE TRAIN

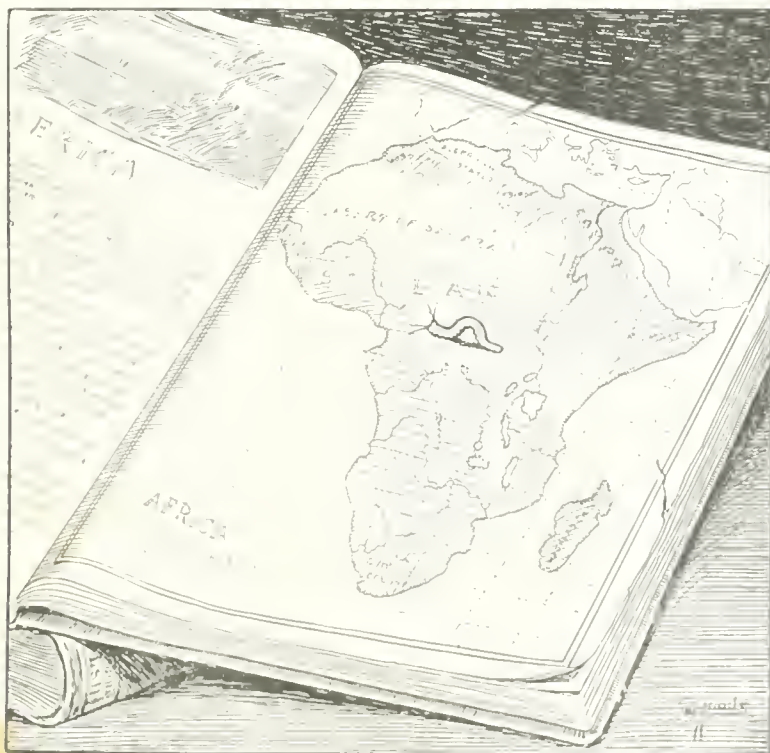
By MABEL LIVINGSTON FRANK

*Runaway rivers and bridges and fences  
Houses and churches and inns,  
How can I tell where New Hampshire commences,  
And where Rhode Island begins?*

If all the states in the world could be painted  
Yellow and orange and pink,  
Like the school maps, I could soon get acquainted  
With the strange countries, I think.  
Pretty white sheep in the sweet-scented valleys,  
Barefooted boys by the streams,  
Little black babies in tumble-down alleys,  
Fly away backward, it seems.

Once as we rushed past the houses and people,  
As the cars hurried along,  
Inside a church with a cross on the steeple,  
Some one was singing a song.  
Some one was singing—I wanted to hear her,  
But the train would n't stand still;  
So from the window I waved, just to cheer her,  
As we flew over the hill.

*Runaway rivers and bridges and fences,  
Houses and churches and inns;  
How can I tell where New Hampshire commences  
And where Rhode Island begins?*



ACROSS THE DARK CONTINENT



## THE WATCH TOWER

*A Review of Current Events*

By EDWARD N. TEALL

### THE NEW ADMINISTRATION

FIFTY months the new administration at Washington takes up the work of government. THE WATCH TOWER family wishes it great success in its tremendous task.

President Harding, Vice President Coolidge, and the new cabinet have great responsibilities and great opportunities. There are hard problems to be solved at home, and most important decisions to be made with regard to our relations with other countries.

The new administration must find ways to keep our workers busy. It must promote production. The nations are struggling for the prizes of commerce, and the United States must not lag.

South America is waiting to learn what we are

Japan will want to know what our attitude toward her is to be. Germany and the Allies have been looking forward to the new situation at Washington. We must soon let the world know definitely what we are going to do about the Treaty and the League.

There are big days ahead!

### THE NAVY PLANES' ACHIEVEMENT

A FLEET if that is the correct word of navy seaplanes made a 3000 mile flight in January, from San Diego, California, to the city of Panama. Fourteen of the planes left San Diego on December 30, and twelve of them landed in the Canal Zone on January 18. One of the others was adrift at sea, the crew having been taken aboard a destroyer.

All fourteen of the planes made the run if you can call it that, of 500 miles from Salina Cruz to Fonseca Bay without a stop. According to newspaper reports, only one forced descent was made in the whole voyage. Otherwise, the fleet kept to its schedule. This was a pretty fine performance, because the fliers had bad weather in a stretch of their long journey down the coast.

The flight was remarkable not for speed, but for the steadiness of the fleet or squadron as a whole.

### AUSTRIA'S PLIGHT

THE first month of 1921 found affairs in Austria in a critical state. The city of Vienna was virtually bankrupt, and the Austrian Government was about ready to give up the struggle to keep going as a business concern.

There are some folks who are "too busy with their own affairs" to bother with matters of public concern. They are foolish folks. In a nation, as in a family, individuals stand or fall together. And the nations of the world are a family; their



OUR NEW PRESIDENT AND VICE PRESIDENT

going to do to prove the sincerity of our assurances of friendship. Mexico will watch for indications of the new administration's policy.

interests are so closely related that disaster to one affects all.

Austrian money has little value in other countries. An American dollar-bill represents a dollar's real value in Uncle Sam's vaults. All the world knows that the United States can make good on its promises to pay, and American money is good anywhere. But Austria is in bad financial

assure the order and security of Central Europe, or do they prefer to let come a fate which will lead to the dismemberment of a country whose independent existence was guaranteed by the Treaty of St. Germain?" The cost of saving Austria now, he concluded, would be less than the Allies would have to spend if Austria went to pieces.

France was said to be in favor of a loan of



U. Keystone Agency

HERBERT HOOVER AND GENERAL PERSHING SEATED BESIDE THE INVISIBLE GUEST, REPRESENTED BY THE CHILD'S CHAIR AND THE CANDLE, AT THE \$1,000,000 DINNER FOR EUROPEAN CHILD RELIEF

condition, and other nations are not willing to exchange valuable goods for her money.

The Austrian minister in Paris said that Austria is now a mountainous country, not fertile, with poor transportation systems; not enough crops to feed the people, little coal, and no money to pay for the things she needs. The most productive part of the old empire was lost in the war.

The minister said that Austrians were grateful for the help given them by the Allies, but that Austria could not live on charity, and the other nations could not continue indefinitely to support her. The nation, he said, was willing to work, and would make good if supplied with capital to give it a start. Therefore he hoped that the Allies would lend money to Austria, so that she could make money to live on, pay the war indemnities, and repay the loan, with proper interest.

Without such help, he said, Austria would either unite with Germany, or fall into a state of anarchy. "Do the Allies," he asked, "wish to

\$250,000,000, to be made by herself, Great Britain, and Italy. As this article was written, preparations were being made for a conference at Paris to decide on a course of action.

Pitiful tales come from Vienna of the condition of its shivering and starving children. What is reported from Austria is true also of nearly all Central and Eastern Europe.

If it were not for America's help, millions of children would perish before the next harvest. The European Relief Council is raising \$33,000,000 to buy them food. Ten dollars saves a life.

One of the largest sums raised for the huge fund was \$1,000,000 contributed by those who attended the dinner given by Herbert Hoover, General Pershing, and Franklin K. Lane at a New York City hotel on December 20, 1920. The guests ate from tin mess-kits, on bare tables, stew, bread, and cocoa—the daily ration of these European children, who were symbolized by a child's high chair on which was a lighted candle.

### THRIFT WEEK EVERY WEEK!

If Benjamin Franklin were still alive, he would have been 215 years old in January. He would certainly have had some mighty interesting things to say to the American people.

Ben Franklin knew human nature. They tell a story about him, something like this: The city of Philadelphia had its first fire-engine, and there was a lively discussion about the color in which it ought to be painted. Some of the folks favored blue, some red. Franklin was for red; as he was a gentleman of pretty firm views, no doubt he was for it very strongly.

As his opinion was respected by all, they finally came to him for advice. "Oh," said he, or so, at least, the story runs,—“paint it any color! I don't care what color you paint it—only,” he added, “*don't* paint it red! Any color but red.” And so, of course, they went straight-way and painted the machine red, just as old Ben wanted them to.

Perhaps old Ben Franklin would have told us not to save our dollars! But certain it is that, in one way or another, he would have been glad to use his influence for national thrift. Private thrift is the first step toward public economy and good management.

Make every week a national Thrift Week!

### RECORDS LOST BY FIRE

THE national census records from 1790 up to the last census were destroyed by fire in January. The records were kept in the Department of Commerce Building. What the fire spared was damaged beyond recovery by water. The 1920 records, fortunately, were in a part of the building that escaped destruction, and are uninjured.

No value can be placed upon such records, for they are irreplaceable. There are no duplicates, and, as the chief clerk of the Census Bureau said, “The records destroyed could not be replaced if we had the entire wealth of the United States at our disposal.”

If we had been at war and the records had been destroyed by an enemy, we would have thought it a terrible thing. Perhaps it is even worse to have such a loss occur through our own carelessness. Official records should be well guarded.

The power of speech is the one great advantage that man has over the beasts. And perhaps the art of written speech is the best measure of the difference between the savage and civilized man. By means of it, knowledge is passed on from one generation to the next; and knowledge grows, power increases.

The census figures are, of course, preserved in print, but the original records contained a vast

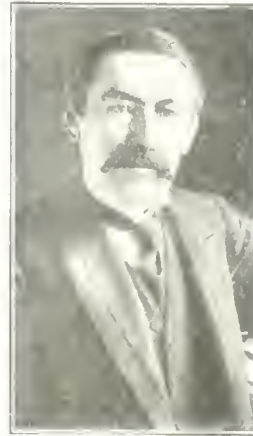
amount of material not elsewhere available. Certainly they should not have been kept like so much rubbish! Some day, perhaps, we shall learn to take proper care of public property.

### CABINETS, HERE AND THERE

IN January, when President-elect Harding was wrestling with the problem of his cabinet-to-be, France acquired a new one. The difference between American and European methods is interesting.

In this country a new President organizes his cabinet when he takes office. That is, he appoints the department heads,—state, war, navy, and the rest,—and these men, the secretaries, post-master-general, and attorney-general, constitute the cabinet. If a member of the cabinet resigns or dies, the President appoints a new one. Some Presidents have managed to get along with few cabinet changes. Presidents Roosevelt and Wilson made many new appointments.

In France and other countries of Europe the department heads are called ministers. New cabinets may be formed at any time. Whenever an old one fails to hold its power in the national law-making body, a new one comes in.



REUTERS' VIEW  
ARISTIDE BRIAND

In France the cabinet headed by M. Leygues resigned in January. The president, M. Millerand, asked M. Raoul Peret, President of the Chamber of Deputies, to form a new one. M. Peret wished to refuse but the president presented it as a matter of patriotism, and M. Peret tried to get a cabinet together. But he was unable to get all the men of his choice for the various ministries, or departments, to serve, and so the president asked M. Aristide Briand, the former prime minister, to undertake the task.

The American system gives the President an opportunity to assemble a group of men who will work with him; but it adds to the difficulties of his task. The European system relieves the chief executive of this direct responsibility, and gives the cabinet a somewhat different place in the governmental organization.

THE WATCH TOWER is not going to say that one system is better than the other. Very likely the European way is better for Europe, and the American way for America. What do you think?



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THE BOULDER PRESENTED BY THE CHILDREN OF THE PANAMA CANAL ZONE TO BE PLACED AS A MEMORIAL AT ROOSEVELT'S GRAVE

### IN MEMORY OF ROOSEVELT

THE second anniversary of the death of Theodore Roosevelt was observed at Oyster Bay, quietly, but most appropriately, by Mrs. Roosevelt's acceptance of a memorial gift from the children of the Panama Canal Zone. The gift was a boulder brought from the place where Mr. Roosevelt made an address, in 1906, when he traveled through the Zone. The stone will rest near the former President's grave.

Another memorial of the great American will be the Roosevelt Memorial House. It will be in East Twentieth Street, New York City, and will take in the house in which Mr. Roosevelt was born. The corner-stone of the building, which will be restored and enlarged, was laid in January. General Leonard Wood performed the ceremony. The general, as we all know, was Mr. Roosevelt's close friend, and served with him in Cuba.

These observances were of national and even

international significance, for the memory of Theodore Roosevelt is cherished not only by Americans, but in many other countries, and several foreign nations were officially represented



© Underwood & Underwood

GENERAL WOOD LAYING CORNER-STONE OF THE ROOSEVELT MEMORIAL HOUSE

at the latter ceremony. Americans have many faults, but no one can accuse us of failing to appreciate and honor the memories of our great men.

### URBAN AND RURAL POPULATION

"URBAN," belonging to *urbs*, the city; "rural," connected with *rūs*, the country. It's a great many years since I studied Latin, but I remember that. The boys and girls who study Latin are likely to know more about English than those who don't "take" it.

But that is n't what we started to talk about: the fact that now, for the first time since the United States came into being, more of our people live in the cities than in the country. In making this statement, remember that any town of more than 2500 is included in the city class.

The 1920 census reported the rural population as 51,390,739, and the urban as 54,318,032. City-and-town population increased 5.6 per cent. from 1910 to 1920. This increase occurred in all the states except Colorado, Wyoming, and Montana. Michigan had the largest increase. In 1910, 47.2 per cent. of her people were in the towns and cities; in 1920, 61.1 per cent.

In Rhode Island, 97 per cent. of the people are in the towns and cities of more than 2500 population. In Massachusetts, the town-and-city percentage is 94; in New York, 82; in New Jersey, 78; in California, 68; and in Illinois, 67. Mississippi, North Dakota, South Dakota, Arkansas, and South Carolina have the highest percentages of rural population.

Probably the change in the national distribution of population, favoring the towns and cities, is a result of the war. Many families went to the cities for the high war-work wages, and many returning soldiers who had formerly lived on farms got city jobs.

### THROUGH THE WATCH TOWER'S TELESCOPE

THIS newspaper head-line caught my eye: "Revenues of Britain Show Signs of Slump. Estimates for the Year May Not Be Reached, but Expenditures Are Being Sharply Cut." National finance may seem a difficult subject, but you can make a good beginning toward understanding it if you think of it as similar to running a home or a business. There's so much money to spend, and so many things that you would like to do with it. Generally, there isn't enough money to do all that you'd like to, and you have to cut some items down and other out. Governments have to practice economy just as individuals do.

SECRETARY COLBY was cordially received in South America, but his visit could not go quite so far toward strengthening international relations as it would have if we had not been just on the cusp of a new administration. The South Amer-

ican Governments, of course, were wondering what Mr. Harding's policy would be. But you cannot "go through the motions" of friendship without having the feeling of friendliness encouraged. Anything that helps North and South America better to understand each other is good.

DRAMATIC to the end, d'Annunzio addressed this message to the people of Fiume before he and his legionaries evacuated the city: "I abdicate, and consign my powers to the National Council. I have fought for an ideal." The story of d'Annunzio's crusade will make a wonderful book, when it comes to be written.

You could read acres of articles about the "situation" in Russia, and not get as clear an idea as these seven words from the head-lines of an article about soviet trade give you: "Trade requires production and communism kills production." Talk about "the whole story in a nutshell"! Here it is in the size of a grass seed.

WONDER what a Mexican, reading our newspapers, would think about the reports of hold-ups and robberies: "If this be treason—" Really, it behooves us, as they say, to see that laws are enforced and the public protected.

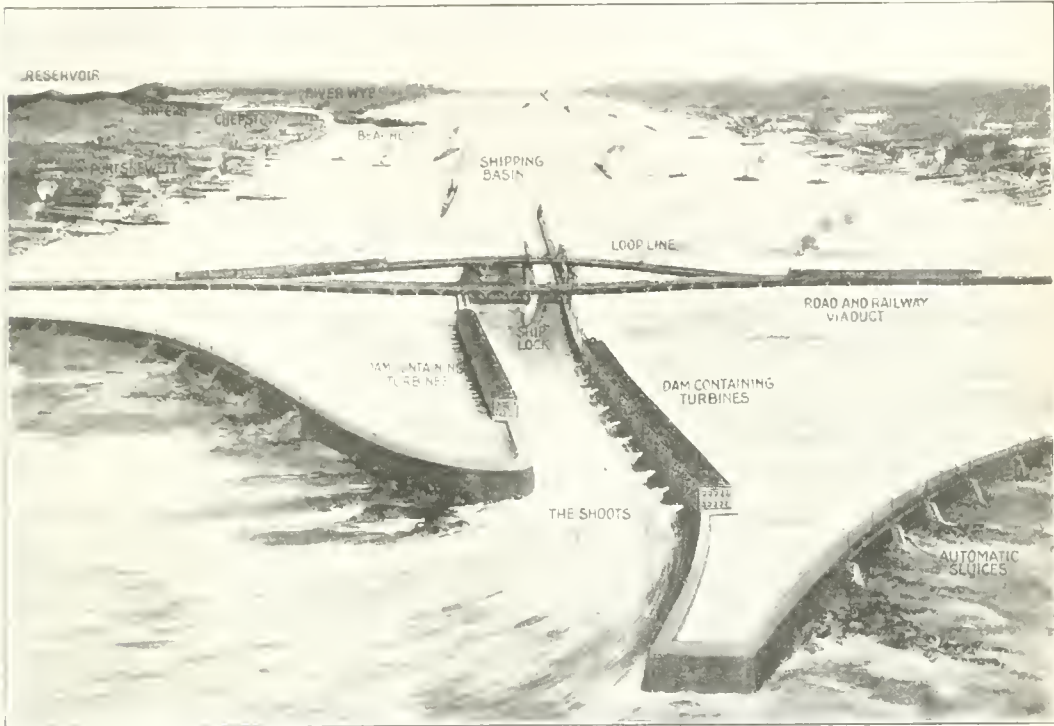
DISREGARDING, rather recklessly, six figures in each number, and taking only the first two figures, denoting millions of dollars, Newfoundland's commerce since the war began has gone down and come up again like this: Imports, 15, 12, 10, 21, 26, 32, 40; exports, 15, 13, 18, 22, 30, 30, 34; total, 30, 25, 35, 43, 57, 68, 75. Remember, each number means so many millions of dollars. Each year since 1914-15, when the total dropped, shows an increase. The fisheries have been less productive, but the pulp and paper industry has been going ahead rapidly.

As Switzerland is prosperous and its money full value, while neighboring countries are not able to keep their coinage up to standard, the Swiss are using a system of barter that is, trading goods for goods, instead of taking pay in money. They give Hungary, for instance, cattle and milk in exchange for cement and furniture.

THE balance of trade in Uncle Sam's favor in 1920 is something more than two billion dollars, the national debt, at the end of the year, nearly twenty-four billions. There was paid on this debt, in December, \$192,932,075. The cost of running the government in 1910 was eleven billions, in 1920, five billions.



## NATURE AND SCIENCE FOR YOUNG FOLK



PROPOSED TIDAL PLANT AT THE MOUTH OF THE RIVER SEVERN IN ENGLAND

### GETTING POWER FROM THE MOON

Of what use is the moon—this satellite that ceaselessly revolves around us? As far as we can make out, it is a perfectly dead world. The most powerful telescopes fail to disclose the slightest sign of life upon it. It seems like a useless mass of matter in the heavens. To be sure, it is a beautiful object to look upon and it is comforting to know that we have a near and faithful companion in our endless journey around the sun. It does relieve the blackness of our nights, but it receives far more light from us than we do from it. So useless has the moon seemed that the very name satellite has come to represent a worthless hanger-on—a useless fellow who trails after a rich or powerful man for what he can get out of him.

But the moon is far from being a useless companion, and some day, when our factory wheels are turned by moon power and our homes lighted and possibly heated by energy from this ice-cold orb, we shall begin to appreciate the services of our faithful attendant. Although it is 238,000

miles away from us, the moon is doing work upon the earth and has been doing this work ever since the earth was formed. Even if our skies were so obscured with heavy clouds that we were unable to see this heavenly object, we should be aware of its presence because of the tides which sweep around the earth every day. Strangely enough, there are two tides formed on opposite sides of the earth. The direct pull of the moon makes a tidal swell on one side of the earth, while the tidal swell on the opposite side is due to the fact that the moon pulls the earth away from the water on that side. The sun, too, produces a small tide, and when, in the spring of the year, the sun and moon are directly in line with us, we have extra high tides.

For years, inventors have talked of harnessing these tides and making them furnish some of the energy which we now get by burning coal. Coal is getting more precious every year and it won't last forever. The power we get from streams cannot begin to do all the work of the world. There are millions and millions of horse-power in the tides, but the power is spread over such a vast

area that enormous plants must be built to trap enough power to be worth while. In some few places, where the coast-line is such as to make the tides pile up to a considerable height, tide-mills have been built for grinding grain, but they developed very little power. However, the most serious drawback is that the power is generated only at certain hours of the day and these hours change from day to day, so that often, when the power is most needed, the mill-wheels are idle, awaiting the turn of the tide. It has been suggested that the tidal power could be turned into electricity and be stored in batteries, so that it could be drawn on as needed; but storage-batteries are very costly and would hardly pay for any considerable amount of power. And so tidal power has come to be looked upon by engineers as a phantom for crank inventors to wrestle with.

Imagine, then, the astonishment of the British public—the conservative British, of all people!—when they opened their morning paper one day last November and read that there was a plan under way to build a great tidal plant at the mouth of the river Severn which would deliver almost as much power as all the hydro-electric plants at Niagara put together. At first they dubbed it "another of those wild Yankee stock-selling schemes," until they read farther and learned that the plan was drawn up by the Ministry of Transport, an official department of the British Government. They are still criticising their Government for springing it on them so suddenly and for letting the newspapers have the story before it had been presented in a detailed, technical report to their engineering societies.

The plan is a gigantic one—big enough even to astonish us here in America, where we are accustomed to deal with big undertakings. The tides on the south and western coasts of England rise much higher than they do on most of our coast-line. In the mouth of the Severn, there is a difference between ebb and flow of thirty feet at the time of the spring tides. High as this is, it is not the highest tide on the coast, but there are other reasons why the Severn was picked out for the first big tidal plant. At a point where the estuary of the Severn narrows down to about one and a half miles in width, a concrete dam is to be built. It so happens that the estuary is partially dammed here by reefs of rock that reach out from either shore. These rocks are exposed at low tide and will form an excellent foundation for the dam, which must be very staunchly built to stand up against storm billows driven by westerly gales. Taking advantage of the line of the reefs, the dam will not run square across the Severn, but will be built in the form of two

wings with parallel walls running up the river on either side of the "shoots," as the ship channel is called. These walls will end in an artificial island, where ship-locks will be built to let the vessels through to a shipping-basin above the dam. At this point a bridge will be built across the river, and railroad-trains, which heretofore have had to dive through a tunnel under the Severn, will then be able to cross overhead. The bridge will also have a roadway for vehicles. There will be a loop around the locks so that when the viaduct is interrupted by the passage of a ship, train, and vehicle traffic may travel around the loop. Electric locomotives, like those at Panama, will be used to haul the ships through the locks.

The dam will be provided with sluice-gates that will open, as the tide is rising, to let water flow into the tidal reservoir or shipping-basin, but when the tide turns they will close automatically and trap the water in the basin. In that part of the dam that borders the "shoots" a series of turbines will be installed, with electric generators coupled to them. When the tide turns, the waters in the basin will flow out through these turbines and thus generate electricity, and they will keep on turning, even after the tide begins to flow back again, until the water in the shoots rises to within five feet of the level in the basin. The turbines will not work with a head of less than five feet. Now it happens that at the Severn the tide flows in much faster than it ebbs out, and so the turbines will be working seven and standing idle only five hours—and they will be producing over a million horse-power! All the power-plants at Niagara Falls produce only 675,000 horse-power, but they produce this power continuously, while the Severn plant must stand idle part of the time. However, the plans provide for storing part of the tidal power, so that there will be a steady output of half a million horse-power.

Just above the proposed dam, the river Wye flows into the Severn. This is a tidal stream for some miles back, and on the tidal portion, about ten miles from the main tidal plant, a pumping plant is to be built. Here, electrically driven centrifugal pumps will draw water out of the Wye and pump it into a large reservoir up in the hills. A rock tunnel, forty feet in diameter and over a mile long, will conduct the water up to the reservoir. The pumps will be driven by the surplus electrical energy from the tidal power-plant. When the tidal turbines slow down, the current will be shut off from the pumps, and then the water in the reservoir will flow back down the tunnel and through turbines which will churn out electricity to piece out the lowered output from

the tidal turbines; and when the tidal turbines stand idle, all the burden of keeping the electric mains supplied with current will be assumed by the turbines at the pumping-plant. Every bit of work done in raising water up to the reservoir will be given back when the water flows out again, except for losses due to friction of the machinery or friction of the water in the tunnel.

Altogether it is a most ambitious scheme; and with 500,000 horse-power available, many manufacturing plants will be attracted to this region, just as they have been to the vicinity of Niagara. It is estimated that the plant will save about ten million tons of coal per year. A statement was made in the British Parliament which will give some idea of the vastness of the undertaking. It was said that the construction of this tidal plant, including the pumping-plant tunnel and reservoir, would require the work of 10,000 men for seven years.

If the Severn plant is really built and proves a success, there are many other places in the world where similar plants might be built. In the Bay of Fundy, for instance, the tide rises as high as seventy feet. It would be too much of a task to build a dam across the broad and stormy mouth of this bay, but there are certain inlets along the bay that might be used to produce millions of horse-power and which would convert the bleak regions of Nova Scotia into thriving industrial centers.



Universal. William Service

NOT SO HEAVY AS IT LOOKS—CARRYING LOGS OF BALSA WOOD

A. RUSSELL BOND.

### "LIGHTER THAN CORK"

WE must score another success for science. What had for years been thought an utter impossibility,—finding a suitable substitute for cork,—has at last been accomplished. Strange as it may seem, this substitute is a wood and comes from a tree that has long been known and for years has been despised and spurned as of no possible use. Balsa wood it is called, and it is not only lighter than cork, but is as actually durable as spruce.

For years balsa wood has been used by natives of Ecuador in the construction of their rafts. Outside of serving for this purpose, however, it

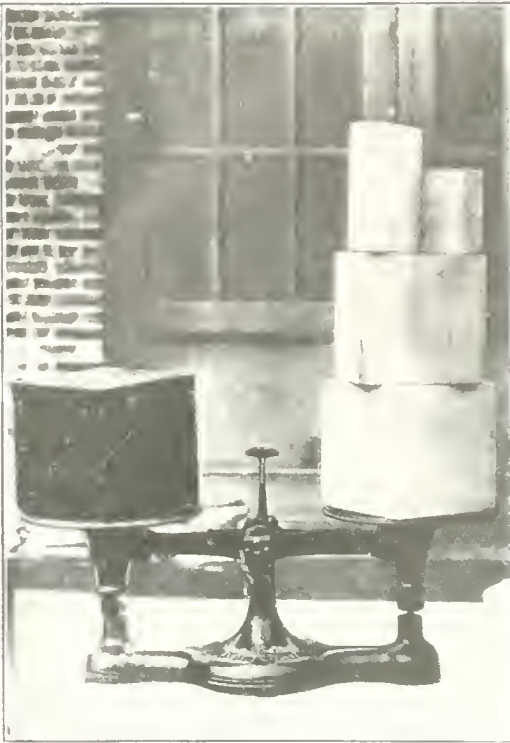
was for some time a drug on the market. The real worth of the product was not discovered until new types of ship davits, which made it possible for two men to launch a boat safely on the roughest of seas, were patented. After this effort to make traveling at sea safer, it was realized that some more efficient form of material was needed in the perfection of life-saving appliances than the cork which was being used in the ordinary life savers.

When it appeared that there was no adequate substitute for cork, balsa wood stepped into the

breach. After many experiments, its sponsors almost decided that it would not do. It was difficult to prepare, decayed rapidly, and gradually leaked water. After many attempts to treat it, a process was perfected whereby a waterproof mixture could be brought to the center of any piece of timber, coating the cells and ducts with an extremely thin permanent film.

After further development and experiment, the wood was finally approved as satisfactory by experts. Balsa wood now plays an important part in all life-saving appliances. It has recently also come into great demand in varied lines of manufacture in which an exceedingly light wood is required.

In the rapid development of the airplane, which was necessitated by the vital part which air-fighting played during the war, balsa wood assumed an added importance. In the construction of the wings of the modern hydroplane, after many experiments, it was discovered that the only thing which could make them both light and strong, and



University of Germany, 28, 1911

EQUAL WEIGHTS OF CORK AT THE LEFT AND  
BALSA WOOD, AT THE RIGHT

thus bring the machine to the highest state of efficiency, was balsa wood. Being lighter than cork, and in addition very durable, made it excellent material for wing-braces. The wood, when used for that purpose, is veneered on both sides with birch board one thirty-second of an inch thick, and cut to form a lattice web.

The scientific name of balsa wood is *Ochrocaraphus*. The tree in appearance resembles the North American cottonwood, the bark being fairly smooth, while the wood itself looks like pine. The leaves are very large, the young plant often two or three feet across, growing smaller as the trees grow older.

In cutting across sections of balsa wood, no annual rings are visible, for, as in many other tropical woods, the growth is continuous the year around. When dry, balsa weighs only 7.3 pounds per cubic foot, while cork occupying the same space weighs 13.7 pounds.

In spite of its very light weight, tests made at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology gave the strength of balsa wood as being fully one-half that of spruce. This strength comes from its cellular structure, it being made up of large, bowl-shaped cells. The wood is practically pure cork.

The most astonishing feature about the tree is the rapidity of its growth. Records show that trees have grown from the planting of the seed to a height of thirty-six feet in one year. Professor Rowles has made records showing that the tree increases in diameter about five inches per year, so that a tree of from twenty-four to thirty inches in diameter can be produced in from five to six years.

When normal conditions are again established, scientists claim that the most valuable use of balsa wood will undoubtedly be its employment in insulating the human race against heat and cold. Because of its cellular texture and the absence of fibers in its structure, it possesses the qualities for such usage in a remarkably high degree.

JAMES ANDERSON.

#### A MAMMOTH YELLOW-JACKET'S NEST

A RESIDENT of Sanford, Florida, is the owner of what is probably the largest yellow-jacket's nest in this country. It was found last summer by two blackberry-pickers in a swamp six miles from



THE "PALACE" IN WHICH LIVED A HUNDRED QUEENS

Sanford. This nest is  $6\frac{1}{2}$  feet high and  $10\frac{1}{2}$  feet in circumference. It was built around a pine-tree, closely entwined with vines and other foliage, and, in cutting these away, great care was required in order not to damage the nest, to say nothing

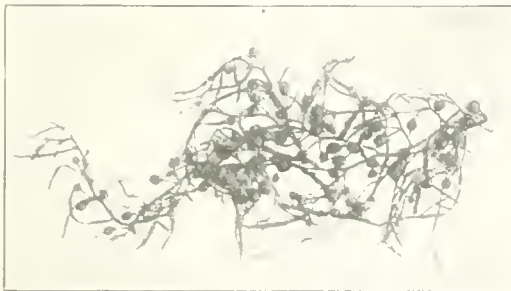
of the danger of being stung to death. The owner says it was impossible to approximate the number of colonies that were in the nest, for more than a hundred queens were killed in the smoking-out process.

In answer to a letter of inquiry, the owner declares that this is not a hornet's nest, as one might naturally conclude from its shape and size. He also says that in that country the yellow-jacket sometimes builds its nest above ground, though the natives say this is the largest nest of the kind they have ever seen. It took two men a week to get the nest out of the woods, two days of this time being consumed in fighting the "critters."

H. E. ZIMMERMAN.

**THE SARGASSO WEED**

ONE of the most singular of all the plants to be found in the sea is the Sargasso or gulfweed (*Sargassum bacciferum*). This forms by far the greater part of that vast floating mass of weed which goes to the making of the Sargasso Sea and



SARGASSO WEED, SHOWING AIR SACS

other similar accumulations in the Atlantic. As a matter of fact there are several of these masses of weed, but of the two most important the larger lies to the southwest of the Azores and the smaller between the Bermudas and the Bahamas. It is considered that these two masses cover an area almost equal to that of the continent of Europe. In these regions the quantity of floating seaweed is so great that the progress of ships is seriously impeded.

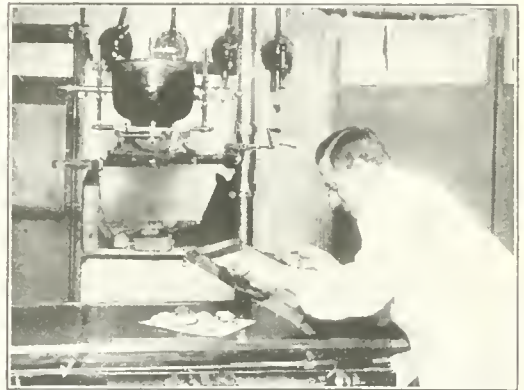
It is a remarkable fact that the origin of these huge accumulations is not exactly known. One theory which has been advanced is that the Sargasso weed spends its time as a floating plant, growing and multiplying in this state. The air sacs, plainly seen in the illustration, certainly help to support the weed in the water. On the other hand, it is declared that this great mass of vegetation that goes to the formation of the Sargasso Sea has been brought there by ocean currents. Its origin is said to be on the shores of Florida and the Bahamas, though there is no great amount

of evidence to show that the weed grows there to any extent as an attached plant.

S. LEONARD BASTIN.

**HUNTING FOR PEARLS WITH X-RAYS**

WHEN the pearl-divers of Ceylon bring up oysters from the bottom of the sea, they have no way of telling whether they contain any pearls except by opening the shells, which kills the oyster. If they find a good-sized pearl, well and good; but if not,

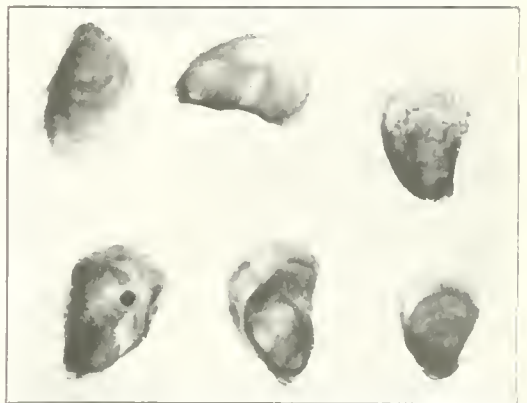


International Photo.

**TESTING PEARL-OYSTERS WITH THE X-RAY**

the oyster cannot be put back into the sea to grow a pearl.

Sometimes a pearl is there, but is too small to be worth much. If the oyster were not killed, it could be planted again in the bottom of the sea, and in course of time, the pearl would grow large enough to be worth a lot of money. Recently it has been discovered that with an X-ray machine it is possible to see the pearls, which show



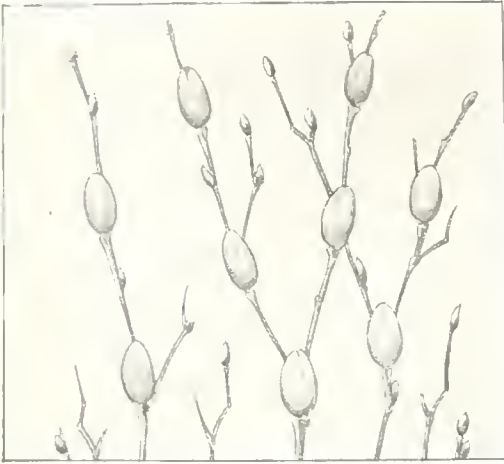
International Photo.

**AN X-RAY SHOWING A PEARL IN THE LOWER LEFT-HAND OYSTER**

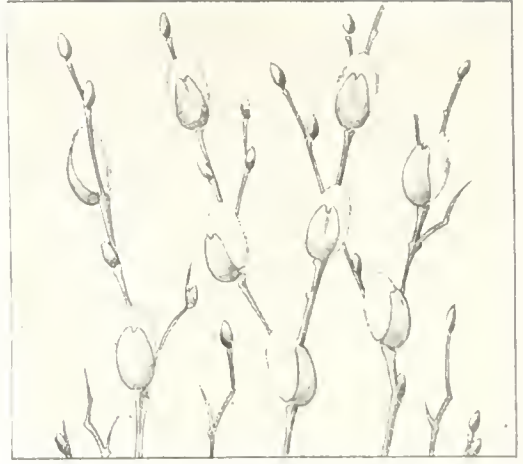
up as dark spots, without harming the oyster, and in this way thousands of oysters may be saved from needless destruction.

A. RUSSELL BOND.

# THE TIPTOE TWINS IN MARCH



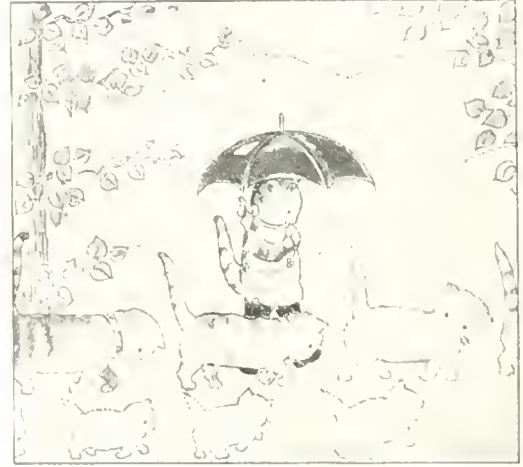
1. ON WILLOW STALKS THE BUDS OF BROWN



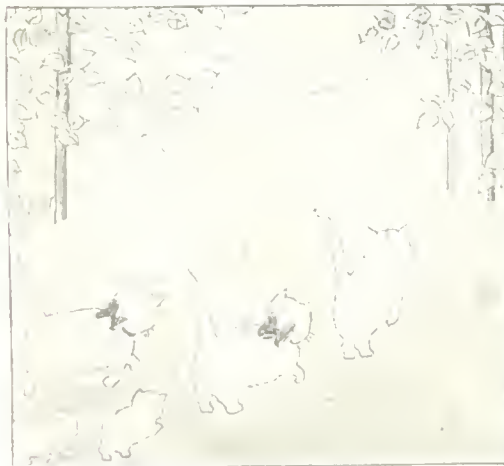
2. TURN INTO 'PUSSIES' SOFT AS DOWN,



3. THE TWINS CREEP OUT OF BED IN GLEE



4. TO SEE THE CAT AND HER FAMILY

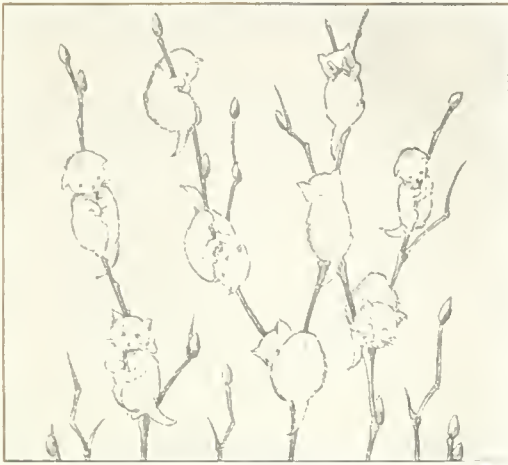


5. GO THROUGH THE RAIN UP THE MOUNTAIN-SIDE



6. WHERE A BARE BUSH THE KITTENS SPIED,

# FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK



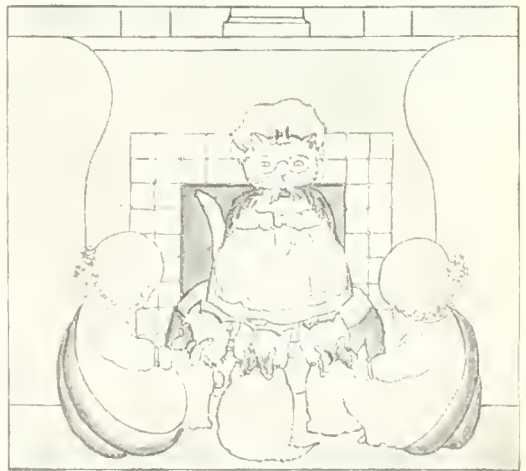
7 THEN UP THE BUSH THOSE KITTENS GRAY



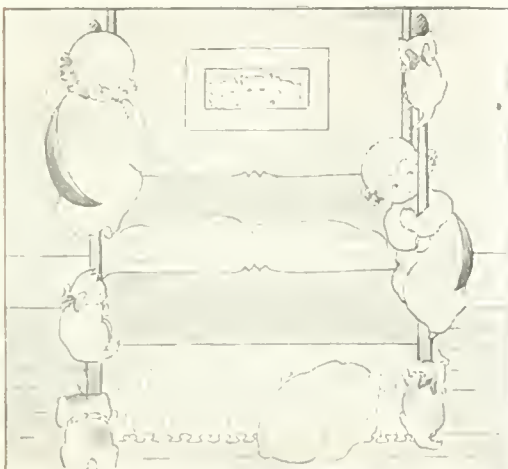
8. CLIMBED AND TUCKED THEMSELVES AWAY.



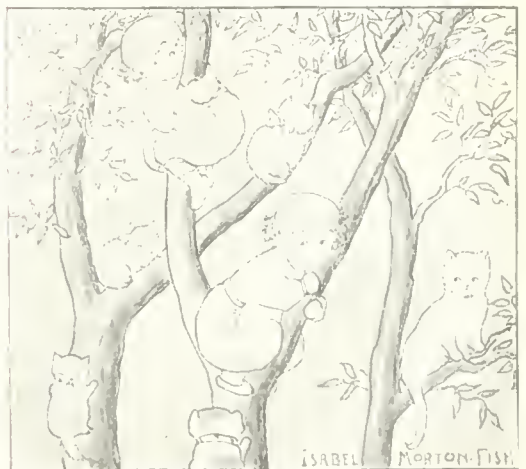
9. "PUSS-IN BOOTS WAS SUCH A KITTEN."



10. SAYS GRANDMA CAT, AS SHE KNITS A MITTEN.



11 THE TWINS AS PUSSY-WILLOWS PLAY,



12 AND OUTDOORS DO THE SAME NEXT DAY

ISABEL MORTON-FISH

# ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE



A BANNER FOR MARCH BY DORIS E. MURPHY, AGE 11 (SILVER BADGE)

At intervals, you will recall, we have printed in our pages letters from zealous young contributors avowing their devotion and loyalty to the LEAGUE, and most of these have been sent in by girl readers. But here is one to it of many that have come to us showing that the ST. NICHOLAS boys cherish an equally ardent appreciation of the magazine and the LEAGUE:

Dear St. Nicholas: At present I think that the lapel of my coat is quite gloriously decorated. Below is the silver badge which you gave me for a photograph in ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE competition No. 231, and above it is the gold badge which you

gave to me. I am a very serious swimmer, and I think it is great to have the name of the United States of America on it. I think that the LEAGUE has helped more than anything else to make photography my hobby. I enjoy the hobby very much.

I think that ST. NICHOLAS is a dandy 1907 American magazine. In the last numbers I have especially enjoyed "Boy Hantson, Demerol" and "The Dragon's Secret." I think that it is great to have something on the three hundredth anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers in it. They may have only a few thousand direct descendants in this country, but their theories of self-government, religious freedom, social equality, and in my opinion, make Plymouth Rock the corner-stone of our nation.

It is quite cold here. This morning the thermometer registered nineteen degrees below zero. It has been a moderate winter for the Adirondacks as this is only the third day this winter when the thermometer has been below zero. The skiing and the skating have been excellent.

Thanking you again for the beautiful badge, and wishing the LEAGUE and ST. NICHOLAS the best of New Years, I am  
Your interested and devoted reader,

JAMES C. PECKINS, JR., (AGE 15)

P. S. Don't imagine that because I have both badges I am going to quit before I am eighteen!

Not only is this letter most welcome as a frank and honest tribute, but especially pleasing also is that verbal flash-light of a postscript, so characteristic of 1907 American boys in general and of LEAGUE members in particular! And let them all remember that they do not *have* to "quit" even at the "dreaded age of eighteen," as it is frequently called in their letters. For they can still "graduate" into the main pages of ST. NICHOLAS—and of other magazines—and win the literary and artistic honors that so many grown-up LEAGUE members have already achieved.

## PRIZE COMPETITION No. 252

(In making awards contributors' ages are considered)

**PROSE.** Gold Badge, Jennie Nizzardini (age 14), New York. Silver Badges, Mary Virginia Lloyd (age 12), Texas; Harriott B. Churchill (age 13), New York; Eleanor Hughes (age 11), New York; Edna Boyne (age 13), New York; Muriel I. Thomas (age 16), Pennsylvania.

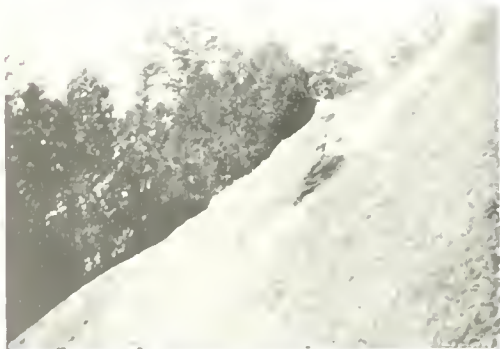
**VERSE.** Gold Badge, Margaret Hayes Irish (age 16), New York. Silver Badges, Rudolph Cook (age 17), Wisconsin; Rose J. Rushlow (age 15), Vermont; John Irving Daniel (age 17), New Jersey.

**DRAWINGS.** Gold Badge, Marjorie Henderson (age 15), Pennsylvania. Silver Badges, Penelope Lewis (age 12), Connecticut; Dorothy C. Miller (age 16), New Jersey; Selma Morse (age 16), New York; Doris E. Miller (age 14), Montana; Florence Harriett Noll (age 13), Missouri.

**PHOTOGRAPHS.** Gold Badges, Helen E. Faber (age 15), New Jersey; Lillis Leland (age 15), Massachusetts. Silver Badges, Jane Fisher (age 12), Illinois; Marion Johnson (age 14), Illinois; Gertrude Marshall (age 13), New Hampshire; Marion A. Tombo (age 17), Italy; Sally Holcomb (age 16), New York.

**PUZZLE-MAKING.** Silver Badges, Stephen Emery (age 13), Pennsylvania; Albert A. King, Jr. (age 10), Washington.

**PUZZLE ANSWERS.** Gold Badge, Peter T. Byrne (age 14), New York. Silver Badge, Mary Isabel Fry (age 14), Arizona.



CLIMBING THE HILL BY MARY VIRGINIA LLOYD, AGE 12



BOATING BY SALLY HOLCOMB, AGE 16 (SILVER BADGE)



## THE MORNING STAR

BY SARAH A. ZIMMERMAN (AGE 10)

*(Honor Member)*

OUT of the mist, as the dawn winds whist, glided swiftly  
the *Morning Star*,

And we tacked about, with a gladsome shout, as our  
blue trail gleamed afar

"Oh, the brine and the shine of the ocean 's mine  
And the sea-breeze goes to my head like wine!"

'T was lengthy miles to the Beautiful Isles, where the  
fruits of heaven are,

By the coral caves, on the glassy waves, close to a  
tropical shore,

We sighted a ship, that an inky strip at her lotty  
masthead wore,

So we boarded and slew, like brave seamen and true,  
Laughing to think of our ship in view

Unharmed—but ah! we turned and saw she 'd gone—  
and we saw her never more!

Somewhere in the night where the breakers fight the  
craggs in the old, old way,

A lonely bark sails the waters dark in a veil of tumbling  
spray,

And the wild rough gales have tattered her sails,  
And she 's drifting on over shadowy trails—

But the god o' the deep, his watch will keep, till her  
name-star brings the day,

The hearth-fires glow in glad homes, we know, in the  
town by the ocean bar,

But the eyes of your crew are wet for you, our beautiful  
*Morning Star!*

On the heaving tide, in your lonely pride

Through the rainy dark, may the good saints guide  
To the Beautiful Isles when morning smiles, where the  
fruits of heaven are,

## A STRANGE MISTAKE

BY MARY VIRGINIA FLOYD (AGE 12)

*(Silver Badge)*

THIS little incident happened during the first week of  
my freshman year at high school. I was all that fresh-  
men are supposed to be, having more than the ordinary  
share of freshness. I had to have a reason for all that  
was said or done.

One day, in Latin class, all but four pupils received  
cards from the teacher. When she passed me without  
giving me one, I was indignant. I held up my hand,  
and, when given permission to speak, told her in an  
injured tone that I had not been given one.

"You 'd better be glad," she replied, smiling.

The cards she had given out were detention cards,  
which, as their name implies, detain pupils after school,  
for various reasons.

When I found this out, I was very glad that the  
teacher had made what I thought, at first, a strange  
mistake (but which was really a glad surprise).

## A STRANGE MISTAKE

*(A True Story)*

BY HARRIOTT B. CHURCHILL (AGE 13)

*(Silver Badge)*

To really appreciate the humor in the tale I am about  
to relate, one should have a personal acquaintance with  
my cultured little grandmother, who was the wife of a  
distinguished New England professor.

One day, while she was shopping in Boston, she  
chanced to stand beside a lady who had laid her umbrella  
on the counter. After completing her purchase, my

grandmother, in an absent-minded way, picked up the  
umbrella of the other lady. The lady told her in a  
heated way that the umbrella belonged to her. My  
grandmother begged her pardon and wondered why  
she herself had not brought an umbrella with her, as  
the day looked showery. Then she remembered that  
there were some umbrellas belonging to the family in  
the repair shop and thought that this would be a good  
time to get them.

After getting the umbrellas she took a street-car to  
South Station and chanced to sit down opposite the  
lady whose umbrella she had started to take. The  
lady looked her up and down, seeing that Grandmother  
had three or four umbrellas, and said, "So you did have  
some success!"



ALONG THE WAY." BY MARION JOHNSON, AGE 14  
*(Silver Badge)*

## THE MORNING STAR

BY MARGARET HAYES IRISH (AGE 10)

*(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won May, 1917)*

PALE daughter of the moon, serenely high,  
In the cool void of everlasting peace—  
Enthroned, midst sounds of heavenly harmony  
That echo on where other voices cease,  
Thou art the light of all the morning sky,  
So dully blue before the coming dawn,

Far, far below thee, sottly, warningly,  
A thousand unheard breezes sigh, "Begone!  
The day is near!" And art thou then too proud  
To flee with thy companions of the night,  
Before the radiant sun's majestic might?  
His fiery rays will quench thy little gleam,  
Yet thou art unafraid, disdainest flight,  
And in thy queenly purity supreme,

## A STRANGE MISTAKE

BY ELEANOR HUGHES (AGE 11)

*(Silver Badge)*

MOTHER, Daddy, and I had just come back to the hotel  
after a day of sight-seeing in New York.

A knock was heard, and Daddy, on going to the door,  
was handed a small envelop by a messenger. He  
opened it and found, to his astonishment, two subscrib-  
ers' tickets to the opera. Mother and Daddy decided  
they had been loaned to them by some friend. Mother  
invited a lady to go with her, for, as I was too small to  
be up so late, Daddy insisted upon keeping me company.

Mother met her friend and they went to the opera  
house. When they handed the tickets to the usher he  
looked rather puzzled and exclaimed, "This is strange!  
the owner of these seats is occupying them with a  
friend. Just a minute, I'll call the manager." About  
five minutes elapsed before he returned with the man-  
ager, a very foreign-looking man. "He spoke quite

broken English, it was hard to understand him, but this is what Mother made out. The tickets had been sent to the wrong room in the hotel, and the owner, being a well-known patron, had been allowed to take the seats. "But," said the manager, "now you are in, I'll try to find seats for you."

Meanwhile, Mother was undergoing all sorts of embarrassment, with her guest right at her elbow.

They were given some seats, not quite as good as the first ones, but more expensive than Mother would have cared to purchase. As they sat down, Mother heaved a sigh of relief, then each burst out laughing over their mutual experience.

Later, Mother read in the paper that the performance had been the most brilliant of the season.



"HEADING FOR MARCH"  
BY EDITH C. MILLER, AGE 16. SILVER BADGE

#### A STRANGE MISTAKE

BY EDNA BOYNE, AGE 13  
*Silver Badge*

At the Battle of Chancellorsville, May, 1863, the South lost one of its ablest commanders, Stonewall Jackson, who was accidentally shot by his own men while he advanced through a small patch of woods west of Chancellorsville to get between Hooker and the river, cut off the Union General's retreat, and push his army against Lee's, which would crush it. He was confident of success and believing that the enemy was fleeing rode beyond his pickets to reconnoiter, although warned by a member of his staff to stay back. In reality, only

one of the enemy's divisions had been routed, and directly in front of Jackson was a Union regiment which, hearing foot-steps, fired a volley which the Confederates returned. It was one of their balls that pierced Jackson's hand and shattered his arm. He was carried to the rear, where his arm was amputated; and although his wounds healed, he contracted pneumonia and died, saying, "Let us cross the river and rest beneath the trees."

In losing Jackson, America lost one of her best generals — by a mistake.

#### THE MORNING STAR

BY HELEN L. RUMMONS, AGE 14

*Honor Member*

Oh, morning star that shinnest in the blue,  
Oh, grasses wet with sparkling diamond dew,  
Oh, birds that carol forth your morning lay,  
Oh, heralds sweet that usher in the day,  
Be glad! for joy is mine to-day. "Rejoice!"  
And I will join you with my feeble voice.

When, yesternorn I saw the sun arise,  
All tear-dimmed were the morning's clear blue eyes,  
And mine alike were filled with tears unshed,  
And all my soul was awed with untold dread,  
I little dreamed that ere the coming morn,  
My weary heart should wake to joy new-born.

As little do I know what will befall,  
To-morrow ere the birds begin to call,  
And dew to sparkle on the long grass-blade,  
And thorn to shine across the summer glade,  
Perhaps my soul will thrill to new delight,  
Perhaps I'll mourn beneath a hope so bright.

But thou dost know all past and future things,  
My petty hopes, and secret of great kings,  
Oh, star, canst thou not speak and prophes?  
My fate? "Oh, no!" 'tis better not to say,  
Am I happy in my joy to-day,  
Not seeing all the shadows that may lay.

#### A STRANGE MISTAKE

A Tale Story

BY MARY ELIZA MASON, AGE 14

MANY years ago, when my father was a young doctor practicing out West, he was suddenly called to a distant town where there had been an accident. Snatching up his small black kit, he jumped on his horse, and quickly rode to the scene of the trouble.



ALONG THE WAY  
BY KATHLEEN O'NEILL, AGE 14



ALONG THE WAY  
BY KATHLEEN O'NEILL, AGE 14



BY BURROWS MORLEV, AGE 12



BY JANE FISHER, AGE 12 SILVER BADGE



BY MARION SYMES, AGE 13

"ALONG THE WAY"

On the way home he stopped at a small village, entering several stores and pharmacies to make purchases. In one of these the little bag was misplaced, but he did not miss it until he arrived home again. As it was then quite late, my father did not go back to look for it, but sent word to the local paper at the village to print a "Lost" advertisement of a small black bag belonging to a doctor. "Finder will please return," etc.

For several days he heard nothing from it, but at last one morning a man rode up to the gate with the long-lost article in his hand. When my father went down to identify and take it, the man exclaimed: "Hold on here! This here reads, 'Lost—one little black doctor's kit,' etc. Now you ain't little and you ain't black, and what claim you 've got on it, I don't see." With that he prepared to leave. After laughing heartily at the joke, my father soon convinced the man of his "strange mistake."

THE MORNING STAR

BY RUDOLPH COOK (AGE 17)

(Silver Badge)

WHEN night falls over the Cumberlands,  
Sweet peace steals over my weary heart,  
As clean breezes whisper and murmur to me,  
All is hushed as Night speaks to my soul in a dream.

"I am the Night. I see afar. My soft wings are spread  
Over all the world in brooding peace  
I lull the ocean waves to rest  
And watch the golden pathway ripple and glow 'neath  
a yellow moon.

Vast Peace! The silver ships are sailing  
Like phantoms through the wide, starlit sea.

"But ah, the Crosses of Flanders! With healing touch,  
I brood above them, and with velvet dimness  
Hide the fearful scars where soft they glimmer, palely  
white.

Nodding poppies drink the wine-like air  
And splash the sickly green with living red.  
Each sloped cup burns; her heavy heart  
Weighs and bends the tender stem, where soldiers  
dream and wonder

Who lulls them to this sweet, sweet rest.  
Just as their mothers sang, so sing I.  
I tuck each lad gently 'in coverlets of mist,  
Of silver-gray shadows and soft moonlight.  
I am the Night, the Mother of the dead."

The watch-dog's bark sounds clear over the cold flushed  
hills,  
As a last morning star gleams bright and melts into the  
dawn.



BY MARION A. TOMBO, AGE 17. SILVER BADGE

A STRANGE MISTAKE

(A True Story)

BY HELEN ELMIRA WAITE (AGE 17)

(Honor Member)

"GIRLS, girls, it 's St. NICHOLAS!" Bess tote upstairs  
with her prize. It was a dull, rainy day in early November,  
and the girls were surprised and delighted at the  
unexpected arrival of the magazine.

"No," said Bess, holding fast her treasure "it 's  
mine; I had it first!"

"All right," returned Ellen. "But please tell me what  
the LEAGUE subjects are. I compete every month, now  
I 'm so near eighteen."

Bess turned the pages and announced "Verse 'The  
Morning Star,' Prose, 'A Strange Mistake,'"

"Hm!" mused Ellen.



"MARCH"  
BY HELEN G. HOBBS, AGE 13  
(SILVER BADGE)



"HOSPITALITY"  
BY SELMA MORSE, AGE 16  
(SILVER BADGE)



"HOSPITALITY"  
BY MARJORIE HENDERSON, AGE 11  
(GOLD BADGE, SILVER BADGE  
WON NOVEMBER 1916)

"Did you ever make a strange mistake?" asked Nancy, and Ellen replied "Yes."

Tell us about it," the others begged.

Well, it was this way—I'd written a story for the League, and it seemed as if the four months would never pass. At last one night Bess cried, "St. Nick! come!" I rushed into the house and seized the book with trembling fingers. I found the League and turned to the prize-winners' list. My name was n't there. I looked in the Special Mention and the Honor Roll. In vain! Keenly disappointed, I idly flipped the pages. Suddenly I saw a sentence I knew! Hastily turning the page I saw my name with the magic word, "Silver Badge!" No one can know how joyful I was! "But," said Nancy, "why did n't you find it in the list?"

"Very simple! I had looked under the heading 'Verse'!"

"That *was* a strange mistake," admitted Bess. "Send it in."

And Ellen did—as you see!



A STRANGE MISTAKE

BY MURIEL L. THOMAS, AGE 16  
(Silver Badge)

Margaret's Kernal fans into her sister's room with a gasp and her arms, exclaiming: "Vivian, look at this!" "What is it?" I'm in a dreadful hurry. All my Christmas gifts except two are ready to go, and I can't see the time to come two and make them all right."

Vivian replied, "where are they?" "This one," answered Margaret, "is a book for Kathrynne Howells, and the other box contains a party bag for Mildred Dean. Be sure to get the addresses correct." And she hastened away.

Vivian followed her instructions, and some time later carried a basket full of parcels to the post-office.

SEVERAL days after Christmas, Margaret found in her mail two letters which at first mystified her very much. Kathrynne had written: "How could you have known my weakness for bags? I'm delighted with the one you sent me and consider it the best of all my gifts—most of which are books. Folks think I'm so studious and never suspect that I like frivolous articles also."

With a puzzled frown Margaret turned to her next letter, which said: "You can't imagine how delighted I am with 'The Tale of Two Cities.' I have always longed to read it, and as it is the only book I received this Christmas, I prize it more than all the other toys my friends sent me. I read it every spare moment and am eager to know how it ends. Apparently, I'm so frivolous that my friends send me lovely fancy articles—but you have given me my heart's desire!"

Well—murmured Margaret, "is it true that if you would have a thing well done—you must do it yourself? Vivian made a strange mistake when she mixed those up—and yet it turned out well for every one!"

THE MORNING STAR

BY JOHN IRVING DANIEL, AGE 17  
(Silver Badge)

The myriad host of starry shed  
From jet black throne on high  
A vast array of merry light  
Like window in the sky,  
The moon has long since sunk beneath  
The peaceful western sea,  
And I, an early riser, view  
The night admiringly

A million sparks a loam the sky,  
All shinning from afar  
At I king of all high in the west,  
I see the morning star  
The horses of Apollo come  
The mares and stallions gone  
For one by one they bow their  
The rising of the dawn

The eastern sky grows brighter now  
 The planets fade from view,  
 But yet the brilliant morning star  
 Still shineth clear and blue.  
 The time will come when every soul  
 Will see a brighter day.  
 Like morning star, let your light be  
 The last to fade away.

A STRANGE MISTAKE

BY JENNIE NIZZARDINI (AGE 14)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won July, 1920)

IN the time of Julius Cesar I suppose it was customary for one nation to attempt to conquer another nation regardless of its rights, religion, or strength.

For such nations, as we all know, were ruled by autocratic monarchs.

But gradually, as the world grew older and people more civilized, such things ceased to happen among the more intelligent countries. It was therefore surprising that Germany, one of the best educated countries of the world, should attempt to conquer the world. That was Germany's intention long before the assassination of the Archduke of Austria and his wife. She only seized upon that as an excuse to execute her plans.

When she demanded passage through Belgium she knew perfectly well that she was violating the treaty held among the European countries, which said that in case of war Belgium should be neutral. She was so convinced of her coming victory that in her estimation as she declared to England, a treaty was only "a scrap of paper."

Really it is surprising how Germany could have imagined that other countries would have calmly watched her, while she ruined nations, destroying people, homes, museums, cathedrals and other places of beauty.

But now might no longer rules, it is right that rules, and Germany was defeated. Nevertheless, millions of people were killed because of Germany's idea of con-

quering the world. Millions of brave boys will bear the traces of war until death because they have been made blind, deaf, or mentally or physically subnormal. For Germany's folly, people have had to pay with their money, homes, and blood. It will be many a year before the world recovers from the damages brought about by the World War.



ALONG THE WAY. BY DORIS E. BIGBY, AGE 11

THE MORNING STAR

BY ROSE L. RUSHLOW (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

FRIM and white was *The Morning Star*,  
 As she slid from the ways at C—,  
 As fine a craft as the ocean's known,  
 And graceful as boats can be.

She rode the blue as an eagle flies,  
 Her banners flung to the breeze;  
 And none in any nation's fleet  
 Could better be "queen of the seas."

When war was declared, and Uncle Sam called  
 For money, boats, and men,  
 Her owner gave *The Morning Star*;  
 If she showed her worth 't was then.



BY RUTH LAWEL (AGE 11)



THE LANE, AGE 15 (GOLD BADGE) (SILVER BADGE WON JANUARY, 1921)



BY (NAME) (AGE 11)



HOSPITALITY. BY PENILOPE LEWIS, AGE 12. SILVER BADGE

Painted a dingy, battle-ship gray,  
Assigned to a trawler's fleet,  
Renamed No. 75, Squadron I  
She never knew defeat.

The war is done, and *The Morning Star*  
Once more is trim and white;  
But the spirit of men and ships like her  
Helped us to win that night!



THE MORNING STAR. BY MARIE E. C. JEWELL, AGE 11

A STRANGE MISTAKE

BY JEAN VIRGINIA VOORHIS (AGE 11)

Oh, when Mother and I were away, Daddy had an occasion over the telephone to Sunday dinner at Mr. Smith's—a neighbor of ours.

On Sunday he went next door and, finding Mr. Smith on the porch, sat down to talk with him.



HOSPITALITY. BY THE DUANE, AGE 11

After a few minutes Daddy said  
"It was so nice of you to invite me to dinner  
Frances Smith was on the porch, too, but after  
Daddy said that, she went into the house."

After a very long time dinner was ready.  
When they were eating their dessert Frances said  
"Mr. Voorhis, I think some one went up on your porch."

So Daddy went outdoors and called across to the man who was on our porch to see what he wanted.  
When the gentleman turned around, Daddy saw that it was the Mr. Smith who lived on the corner.

Mr. Smith called over to Daddy  
"Are n't you coming to dinner? We have been waiting for you a long time."

Then Daddy realized what he had done. He had thought it was the Mr. Smith who lived next door that had invited him to dinner, but instead it was the Mr. Smith who lived on the corner.

Daddy hurried back into the house to apologize, then he hastened to the other Mr. Smith's.

So, after all, he had two dinners that Sunday, and the families had a good laugh over the strange mistake.

THE MORNING STAR

BY ELIZABETH BRAINERD, AGE 7

As the sun comes up behind the hill,  
The morning star I see,  
Glistening like a little pearl  
And twinkling merrily—

Oh, little morning star so white,  
Where do you travel through the night—  
To France and Belgium and to Spain?  
Around the world and back again?

SPECIAL MENTION

A list of those whose work would have been considered for special mention.

- |                     |                  |                    |
|---------------------|------------------|--------------------|
| <b>PROSE</b>        | Stella A.        | Maria Pige         |
| Yeoman M.           | Wanda Lee        | Helen S. John      |
| Kastler             | Lydia C. B...    | Clara Farmer       |
| John Sampson        | Eleanor C. G...  | Clara Slutsky      |
| Margaret W.         | Priscilla M.     |                    |
| William             | Carstar          |                    |
| Margaret A.         | Thelma Norman    |                    |
| Hamilton            | Uma Kriebe       |                    |
| Katharine Pa...     |                  | <b>PHOTOGRAPHS</b> |
| J. Johnson          |                  | Eloise Carey       |
| L. Horace Paul, Jr. | Margaret W. Hill | Evelyn Abraham     |
| Marianne Ye         | Birke K. Wilson  | Jeanette Austin    |
| Harriet Gadd        | Alice Hart       | Helen F. Carson    |
| L. Della M.         | Florence Frey    | Edith Pesre        |
| Laughton            | Edith Clark      | Virginia H. Miles  |
| Christina Rippe     | Sara Matthes     | Leva M. Armstrong  |
| Natalie C. Hal      | Elizabeth M.     | Kathryn Smith      |
| Katharine Curran    | Patterson        | Orville Hechinger  |
| Emily Ashe Smith    | Marian Welch     | Levard E. Brum     |
| Leonor Faith        | Jere Mikel       | Elizabeth T. Hobb  |
| Giddin              | Bulah Simon      | Nicola E. Palmes   |
| Margery M.          | Katharine Hill   | Judith             |
| Speake              | Jessie Young     | Charles K. Heeban  |
| Elizabeth Cleveland | Meg              | Kathleen Nolan     |
| Ruth Cleveland      | Eva Titman       | Alma M. Hopkin     |
| Martin Fried        | Nan S. L. Smyrn  | Winifred Truog     |
| Alice M. Guinness   | Anita R. Curlee  | James C. Prokny    |
| Mary Richmond       | Charlotte Louise |                    |
| Henrietta Brannon   | Gross            | Kennard Rogers     |
| Rose L. Niles       | Luile F. Sick    | George Hecht       |
| Margaret Altman     | Margaret         | Levard E. Rogers   |
| Barbara Simon       | Maikrans         | Ethel S. Philpot   |
| Aene Waldron        | Jane Cameron     | Elizabeth S. P...  |
| Evelyn Bivner       | Betty Yale       | Katherine A.       |
| Aene Horgan         |                  | Frederic           |
| Helen Rone          |                  | Mary Ellen H...    |
| Mary M. Cudback     |                  | S. W. Childs, Jr.  |
| Miranda Neger       |                  | Sarah Jamerson     |
| Bond                |                  | Jack H. Hivers     |
| Harris Van Bibber   |                  | Katharine Mathis   |
| Smyth               |                  | Ernest Page        |
| Elizabeth           |                  | Edna Erkenbar      |
| Kendall             |                  | Charles White      |
| Andring             |                  | Mary E. Stauck     |
|                     |                  | Mary Johnson       |
|                     |                  | Paul H. Pierce     |
|                     |                  | Thoma Page         |

## ROLL OF HONOR

A list of those whose contributions were deserving or high praise:

## PROSE

Mimi Casano  
Kenneth Clair  
Rhoda M.  
Townsend  
Marian  
Frankenhof

Mary I. Williams  
Catherine Morris  
Sophia H. Walker  
Amy H. Armitage  
Elizabeth Cameron  
Sylvia Adler  
Nancy Faulkner

Thomas P. Talbot  
Sally Knowles  
Catharine F.  
Schuyler  
Kitty Dickerman  
Helen F. Jones  
Jane Colev



A HEADING FOR MARCH. BY KATE LATHROP LYON, AGE 12

Jean L. Woodward  
Pauline Jenking  
Lillian E. Simrell  
Alice MacDonnell  
Blanche Barbour  
Hazel E. Grosver  
Virginia Cherrill  
Jean Geppart  
Sarah A. Blake  
Eugenia McDonald  
Marcia M. Perry  
Joyce Carr  
Florence Roeber  
Maxine McCreary  
Olive Gathercole  
Carol Kaufman  
Mary Jackson  
Annie May Young  
Elizabeth Laroque  
Eva Louise  
Hourwich  
Betty Niven  
Beryl Osborne  
Mary Fleanor  
Thayer  
Dorothy P. Hanson  
Elliot Turner  
Charlotte Dyett  
Mary Bauer  
Virginia W. Butler  
Grace Boyan  
Natalie Sullivan  
Helen R. Post  
Betsy Goodell  
Helen Salmon  
Florence C. Korkun  
John Lund  
Helen Althaus  
Virginia Donau  
Katherine Rundell  
Philip J. Jacoby  
Winifred  
Larkworthy  
Jessie Chester  
Lowell Hubbard  
Lucy H. Shaw  
Elizabeth D.  
Stradley  
Arthura Ebert  
Dorothy Bing  
F. Bartlett Parker  
Anna Ewell  
Phillips

Mark Anthony  
Ruth E. Campbell  
Marjorie Sully  
Elmore Welch  
Alice Buell  
Elizabeth T. Hill  
Le Loesse Smith  
Grace B. C. Cister  
Ruth Angell  
Helen Koenig  
Rose Belvedere  
Elizabeth S. Thulin  
Pearl Handelman  
Cynthia Clark  
Joan E. Stauffer  
Frances Perry  
Sara Ross  
Ethel A.  
Blumenthal  
Georgia L. Phillips  
Rebekah Hash  
Barbara Maniere  
Hilda M. Crampton  
Martin Belanger  
Connie Conde  
Foster L. Subert  
Mary C. Pope  
Grace Goodrich  
Alice Griggs  
Edith L. Pierce  
Harriet McCurdy  
Bernice Dakan

Kathleen K.  
Slinghuitt  
Katherine S.  
Brehmie  
Brewster Ghiselin  
Catherine Fox  
Adele Dunlap  
Helen Folsom  
Elizabeth Mitchell  
Albert V. Fowler  
Alice Slocum  
Alice Winchester  
Elizabeth Stuart  
Editha Wright  
Dorothy Gebhardt  
Gelia Bergen  
Thomas Worth  
Anne V. Pugh  
Rachel Knapp  
Alice Green  
Rita Salmon  
Mary A. Skelding  
Betty Fowler  
Irene Tedrow  
Marian Silveus  
Jean Gearing  
Constance  
Sinkinson  
David Poor  
Lacy Rankin  
Betsy Rosenheim  
Anna Diller  
Dorothy Paddock  
Josephine Rankin  
Charlotte Rowe  
Janice V. Perls  
Mary Wessler  
Helen Lang  
Sophie Bergen  
Ruth Davis  
Margaret Miracle  
Jean Inglis

## DRAWINGS

Ann D. Ide  
Helen F.  
Schoonover  
Ruth Lovejoy  
Belle Libby  
William Gilligan  
Nancy Riggs  
Kathleen Murray  
Dirce A. Simons  
Dorothy  
Stephenson  
Francis H.  
Szeesky  
Sybil W. Georg  
Katharine Lapsley  
Peggy Bauer  
Mary E.  
Mathewson  
Therese Fischer  
Max Goodley  
Herbert Johnson  
Marjorie Pilgrim  
Evelyn Whittier  
Janet Webb  
Frances M. Frost  
Jefferson Meacher  
Margaret J. Hill  
Doris Drake

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Max Goodley  
Herbert Johnson  
Marjorie Pilgrim  
Evelyn Whittier  
Janet Webb  
Frances M. Frost  
Jefferson Meacher  
Margaret J. Hill  
Doris Drake

## PHOTOGRAPHS

Frank F. Hord  
Elizabeth D. Clutta  
Harold Campbell  
Willa Irwin  
Angelica S. Gibbs  
Anita Clark Grew  
Cecil Stanley  
Elizabeth King  
Katharine Bryan

Puzzles  
Peggy Whitehead  
Eugencia Leigh  
Betty Howe  
William Wisman  
Elizabeth C. Sonier  
Winifred Wise  
Adele Rubenstein  
Harriet D. Carter  
Harriet Wardlaw  
Dorothy  
Rasmussen  
Betty Dering  
Virginia Leigh  
Elsie Wiese  
Betty Gible  
Myron Reamy  
Ruth L. Andrew  
Dorlax Peutreath  
Katie Brown  
Virginia Bookman  
Jewette May Scott  
Georgia Thomas  
Elizabeth Taylor  
Hester Graham  
Louise T. Rhodes  
Elizabeth V.  
Freeland  
Dorothy  
McGuinness

## WHAT THE LEAGUE IS

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE is an organization of the readers of the ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE.

THE LEAGUE motto is "Live to learn and learn to live."

THE LEAGUE emblem is the "Stars and Stripes."

THE LEAGUE membership button bears the LEAGUE name and emblem.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE organized in November, 1899, became immediately popular with earnest and enlightened young folks, and is now widely recognized as one of the great artistic educational factors in the life of American boys and girls.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE awards gold and silver badges each month for the best original poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers.

## PRIZE COMPETITION No. 256

Competition No. 256 will close April 3. All contributions intended for it must be mailed on or before that date. Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for July. Badges sent one month later.

**Verse.** To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "A Midsummer Song."

**Prose.** Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject "A Happy Incident."

**Photograph.** Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Young photographers need not develop and print their pictures themselves. Subject, "Taken Near Home."

**Drawing.** India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "A Daily Task," or "A Heading for July."

**Puzzle.** Must be accompanied by answer in full. **Puzzle Answers.** Best and neatest complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be addressed to THE RIDDLE-BOX.

No unused contribution can be returned unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelope of proper size to hold the manuscript or picture.

## RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and upon application a League badge and leaflet will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, must bear the name, age, and address of the sender and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt—and must state in writing—that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender.

If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write in ink on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include "competitions" in the advertising pages or "Answers to Puzzles."

Address: The St. Nicholas League,  
The Century Co.  
353 Fourth Avenue, New York.

# THE LETTER-BOX

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am going to tell you about something that happened last summer.

We go to Cranford, New Jersey in the summer time, and one day I was riding my wheel on the sidewalk when a little boy came running out of a house near by. He told me that a friend of mine had gone swimming. Her family had gone with her. A swarm of bees had come down their chimney, and were flying all around the house.

Of course, when the people came back they were surprised, and did not dare go into the house. They spent the night with a neighbor, and the next morning the bees went away. That evening, when I went home, I saw them in our yard! We have four big pillars at the front of the house with holes in the bottom to let the rain water out, so they will not decay. The holes are just big enough for one bee to get in. The bees made their home there and are now asleep inside.

Your devoted reader,

MARGORIE SPERRY (AGE 12).

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You don't know how much I enjoy you. I have taken you ever since last Christmas, and am going to take you again this year.

Last summer I was in camp up in Vermont. I had a wonderful time. We rode horseback, swam, went on hikes, played tennis, and did piles of other things. Almost every girl up there took you, and in my class in school it is the same.

When I came home from camp in September, Mother and Daddy and I took a trip in our automobile. We went up in the Adirondacks and visited High Falls Gorge, Ausable Chasm, and the Silver Fox Farms. They were all very beautiful and interesting.

In your magazine I like Mrs. Seaman's stories best. I can hardly wait for the next month to come. I love the LEAGUE and always read it first.

Your most devoted reader,

KATHERINE HILL (AGE 12).

PITTSBURGH, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Our whole class has read your magazine clear through, and every one of us likes it very much. We worked very hard to raise the four dollars needed to subscribe for ST. NICHOLAS, because we were anxious to have that interesting monthly on the magazine rack in our school-room.

Every Wednesday afternoon we have a period in which we are allowed to select anything we would like to read from our magazines, and there is usually a scramble for the latest ST. NICHOLAS. We like the stories best, and always read them first, but not one page passes through our hands unnoticed.

Your loving readers,

CLASS 8 B, HOLMES SCHOOL.

GEORGETOWNS, DEMERARA.

BRITISH GUIANA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have only taken you for ten months, but I hope to take you for a very long time to come. It is no use saying how much I look forward to your coming each month, nor how much I enjoy you when you come, as all the letters in THE LETTER-BOX say that.

I am the only person in Demerara, that I know of, who reads you, but a great many of my friends borrow a copy for me, and all want to have my copy at once.

I look for the announcement of the new series. Boy

Hunter in Demerara, in the October ST. NICHOLAS, and I was very anxious for it to begin.

My brother sometimes goes up the Abary Creek (a small river up in the country) to hunt deer, and he has a nice deer skin and a pair of antlers from a deer that he shot up there.

The stories I like best in ST. NICHOLAS are "The Crimson Patch," and "The Mystery of the Sea-Lark." I also liked "The Happy Venture."

I cannot send in the puzzle answers or belong to the LEAGUE, as I do not get my ST. NICHOLAS until it is too late, but every month I try to answer the puzzles, and see if they are right when the next number comes.

Your interested reader,

DAPHNE M. STEELE.

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Every month I am eager for you to come. I like "Prunier Tells a Story" best.

I am a great lover of animals. In the summer I have the cleverest Boston terrier. He is just like a child, and we play together all the time. It only takes him a minute to catch on to what I want him to play. He is a country dog and would always be fighting with the dogs here in the city, and anyway, we could not have him in our apartment, so we leave him in the country. We live in Connecticut during the summer vacation. I rode in the fair we had there. It was really a horse-show, and I got third prize. Ah, but I was pleased!

Your devoted reader,

ROSEMARY STEELE (AGE 12).

MARION, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I enjoy reading you very much, in spite of the fact I've done so only about a year. I live in President Harding's town. During the campaign there was no little excitement, and on election night there was a big celebration. There were over twelve thousand people in the streets, and also many delegations from all over Ohio and neighboring States. They had a torchlight parade, and many thousand people took part. Later that evening we all went out to the Harding home. The President-elect made a short speech.

They have changed the name of our high school from Marion High School to Harding High School.

Now that the campaign is over I suppose most of the excitement is over too, but I think Marion will be from now on, far more important than it ever was before.

Wishing you much success, I am

Your devoted reader,

DOROTHY ANN McVAY.

ANDERSWIL, GERMANY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for six years and I like you better every month. I belong to the LEAGUE, but we are so far away from the United States that I can't send my contributions in in time. I liked "The Mystery of the Sea Lark," "The Slipper Point Mystery," and "The Blue Pearl" the best. My cousin wrote "The Blue Pearl" but that is n't the only reason why I like it.

I am going to a French school at Brussels, where we get up at 8.30 and go to bed at 8.00.

I can hardly wait for the next number to continue "The Dragon's Secret." Here's hoping it comes soon.

Your devoted reader,

ESTELLE ELIZABETH SMITH (AGE 14).





ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER

**GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTIC.** Cross-words: 1. Aviator. 2. Tuneful. 3. Laggard. 4. Attunes. 5. Nears. 6. Threats. 7. America. Initials. Atlanta; diagonals. Augusta. 1 to 8. Savannah; 9 to 16. America; 17 to 19. Lee. 20 to 26. Laurens. 27 to 30. Tift; 31 to 37. Georgia.

**TRANSPPOSITIONS.** George Washington. 1. Rage. 2. at. 3. Seat east. 4. Rove. over. 5. Care. face. 6. Page. rape. 7. Sear. era. 8. Taw. what. 9. Moat. atom. 10. Dets. send. 11. Hoos. hose. 12. Mite. item. 13. Page. rape. 13. Sing. gits. 14. Moat. tape. 15. Cone. one. 16. Farm. pear.

**CROSS-WORD PINGMA.** Ground-hog Day.

**ILLUSTRATED ACROSTIC.** Third row, Cup. 1. Locket. 2. Shovel. 3. Raper. 4. Dredge. 5. Carrot. 6. Sandal. 7. Onion. 8. Jacket. 9. Fruits. 10. Duster.

**TWO QUINEXES.** I. Reading across: 1. Free. 2. Arc. 3. Tape. 4. Net. 5. Star. II. Reading across: 1. Tyre. 2. Leaf. 3. Flat. 4. Ale. 5. Pent.

**NOVEL ACROSTIC.** Second row, Halle. = Comet. 1. Name. 2. Paper. 3. Afoot. 4. Older. 5. Merry. 6. Cry. 7. Aside. 8. Acorn. 9. Loire. 10. Emmet. 11. Lemon. 12. Stain.

**TRIPLE BEHEADINGS.** Abraham Lincoln. 1. Unh-allowed. Car-bow. 3. Dis-regard. 4. Car-away. 5. Met-hod. 6. Fat-ally. 7. Dia-meter. 8. Decline. 9. Dis-inherit. 10. Kid. 11. Dis-card. 12. Gal-ore. 13. Out-last. 14. Son-net.

**MYTHOLOGICAL KING'S MOVE PUZZLE.** Neptune: 41-42-43-43-44-36-35. Orpheus: 26-33-25-18 17-9-1. Laocoon: 19-3-11-19-26-27. Erebus: 28-37-29-21-14-13. Saturn: 12-15-6-15-7. Mercury: 8-16-23-24-32-39-40. Io: 48-47. Ulysses: 55-56-64-63-54-62-61. Vulcan: 53-6-51-58-49-57. Odin: 50-59-52-45. Flora: 46-38-31-30-22. These eleven names may be so placed that their initials will spell "Venus of Milo."

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine must be mailed not later than March 3, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS RIDDLE BOX, care of THE CENTURY CO., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

SOLVERS wishing to compete for prizes must give answers *in full*, following the plan of those printed above.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were duly received from Peter T. Byrne—Mary Isabel Fry—Ruth May Colby—Helen H. McIver—St. Anna's Girls—Stokes Dickins—"Allil and Adil."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received from H. Spencer and Henry Dormitzer, 7—De Losse Smith, Jr., 7—Thelma L. Wade, 7—John F. Davis, 6—Arthur Knox, Jr., 6—Kemper Hall Chapter, 6—G. E. Ay. 5—Bernard Le Frois, 5—Hortense A. K. Doyle, 4—Catherine M. Hill, 3—Emily H. O'Neill, 2—Ruth E. Thulin, 2—Valerie C. Prochaska, 1—Mary K. Orr, 1—Mary Alberta Patton, 1—Clara C. Hastings, 1—Kathleen Goodman, 1—Elizabeth Paul, 1—Elizabeth Tilley, 1—Margaret Bobb, 1—Charles Knalleberger, 1—Genevieve G. Nading, 1—Ethel Hoyt, 1—Catharine McGuire, 1—Mary Harbold, 1—Sophie Compton, 1—Marie Wallman, 1—Fleanor Solomon, 1—Marie Foulkrod, 1.

A GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE

Silver Bowl. ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE Competition

10, 18, 26. Cross-words: 1. A large stream. 10, 13, 30. 4. 2. A masculine nickname. 3. An aquatic animal. 4. A popular name. 15, 8. 1. In the Southern States. 5. Finished. 7, 23, 29. 9. 6. A part of southern Asia. 7. To depress. 8. To tend the fire of a furnace. 8. To depress. 9. Terrible. 10. Pertaining to the nose. 11. Paste. 3, 15. When these words have been rightly guessed and written one below another, the initials (represented by stars) will spell the name of one of the United States. The letters represented by figures from 1 to 7, from 8 to 11, from 13 to 14, and from 18 to 24 will each spell a State. The letters from 25 to 30 will spell the name of a beautiful city in the United States.

STEPHEN ENERY, age 13.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC

Cross-words: 1. In pomp. 2. To write. 3. In haste. 4. Invention. 5. To reproach. 6. A must for holding tea. 7. Get up like this. 8. A feminine name. 9. Slight. When these words have been rightly guessed and written one below another, the central letters, from 1 to 10, will spell an important official. GRACE McCLURE, age 14, League Member.

ENDLESS CHAIN

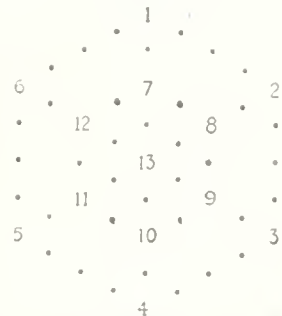
To solve this puzzle, take the last two letters of the first word described to make the first two letters of the second word, and so on. The last two letters of the

tenth word will make the first two letters of the first word. The ten words which form the answer are of equal length.

- To prevent by tear.
- One of the Muses.
- Often on the breakfast table.
- Steps for passing over a fence.
- Lawful.
- Solitary.
- An Ethiopian.
- A bird.
- To bury.
- To eat into.

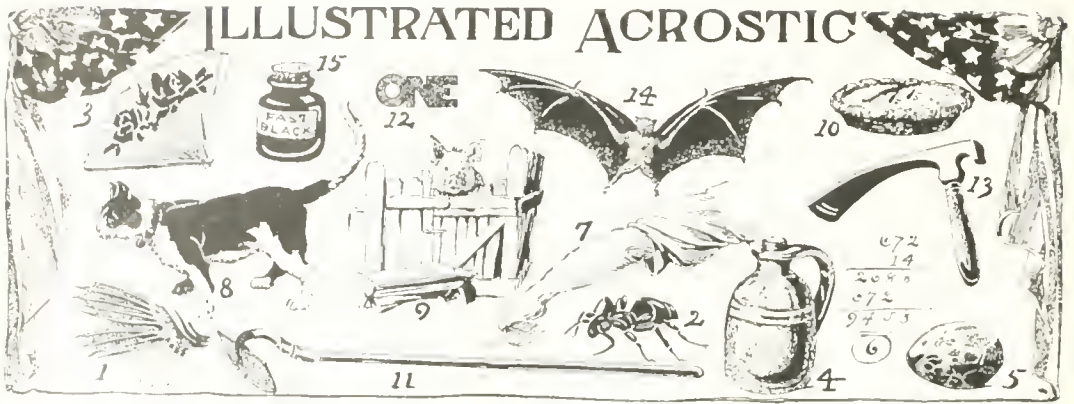
EUGENIA LEIGH, age 19, League Member.

A HEXAGON



From 1 to 2, keen; from 2 to 3, a masculine name; from 3 to 4, a dwelling place; from 4 to 5, a mistake; from 5 to 6, ventures; from 6 to 7, after; from 7 to 8, a bird of prey; from 8 to 9, a coin of India; from 9 to 10, a common quadruped; from 10 to 11, the French word for between; from 11 to 12, the narrow top of a slope; from 12 to 13, judgment; from 13 to 14, open space; from 14 to 15, equal value; from 15 to 16, a rodent; from 16 to 17, a masculine nickname; from 17 to 18, a loud and confused noise; from 18 to 19, a beast of burden.

LAURENCE W. HUDSON, age 13, League Member.



In this puzzle the words are pictured instead of described. When the fifteen objects have been rightly guessed and the words written one below another, the central letters will spell the name of a day of great interest to many persons.

is a shelter of canvas. My 36-4-17-38 is to stop or check. My 16-20-7-14 may be found on many farms. My 47-35-5-50 is unmixed. My 24-32-30-12-21 is rigid. My 41-45-8-10-19 is a number.

ELIZABETH MARSHALL (age 13), *League Member*.

**FAMOUS STORY-TELLERS' PUZZLE**

(Silver Badge, St. NICHOLAS LEAGUE Competition)

* . . . . . 3 34 . . . 48	CROSS-WORDS: 1. A light
* 57 1 23 . . . 16 14	spear. 2. Ancient. 3. That
* 49 42 27 58 . . . 39	part of a war vessel set aside for
* 18 79 . . . 56 11	the wounded. 4. To exert
* 15 69 . . . 51 63 31	power or strength. 5. Distance
* . . . . . 4 68 . . . 13 64	from side to side. 6. In opposi-
* . . . . . . . 46 . . . 24 45	tion to. 7. Small American
* . . . . . 37 . . . 39 . . .	coins. 8. To charm. 9. Achiev-
* . . . . . 9 71 . . . . .	ing by effort. 10. A whole
* . . . . . 55 32 10 36 67	number. 11. Carelessly. 12.
* . . . . . 40 44 59 . . .	Detestable. 13 To shut in.
* . . . . . . . . . 53 29	14. Restricted. 15. To make
* . . . . . 54 . . . 5 26 59	larger. 16. Products. 17. To
* 62 17 . . . . . 66 7 . . .	ask. 18. Very foolish. 19. To
* . . . . . 29 . . . . .	affect with chagrin. 20. Not
* . . . . . 61 . . . 65 52	fixed.
* 28 . . . 35 . . . 8 21 25	When the foregoing words
* . . . 38 . . . . . 47	have been rightly guessed, the
* 12 . . . 22 . . . . .	initial letters (indicated by
* 11 69 43 33 . . . 6 19	stars) will spell the names of

two famous authors. The letters represented by the figures from 1 to 14, from 15 to 19, from 39 to 41, from 42 to 48, from 49 to 57, from 58 to 63, and from 64 to 71 will spell the names of stories written by the two authors.

AMBERT A. KING (age 10).

**PHOTOGRAPHIC CROSS-WORD ENIGMA**

- My *tr* is in chemicals, but not in photography;
- My *on* is in photograph, but not in film;
- My *er* is in film, but not in lenses;
- My *ath* is in lenses, but not in glass tool;
- My *en* is in glass tool, but not in automatic stop;
- My *ch* is in automatic stop, but not in key;
- My *sh* is a great favorite with boys and girls.

MAX E. SHERIDAN (age 13), *League Member*.

**NUMERICAL ENIGMA**

Using scraps of old tatty letters and form a quotation from Thomson.  
 My 1-7-11-18-19 is an animal. My 1-12-33-6-18 is of something authority. My 31-13-9-3 are flying machines. My 20-48-46-25-11 to move forward with a good. My 3-13-34-31 is a color. My 15-49-26-2 was a famous city of ancient times. My 28-37-22-41

**NOVEL ACROSTIC**

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initials will name a famous character created by a novelist who was born in February; another row of letters, reading downward, spell the name of another character created by the same writer.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To punish by fining. 2. To elevate. 3. An ecclesiastical head-dress. 4. To bury. 5. A character used in punctuation. 6. One skilled in any art. 7. A kind of hoisting-machine or windlass. 8. A certain large, smooth-barked tree. 9. Applause. 10. A memorial.

SUSIE COBB (age 14), *Winner of Silver Badge*.

**DIAMONDS CONNECTED BY A SQUARE**



I. UPPER, LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In clarinet. 2. A club. 3. A conspiracy. 4. Yellowish-brown. 5. In clarinet.

II. UPPER, RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In clarinet. 2. A vulgar fellow. 3. Work. 4. A Spanish title. 5. In clarinet.

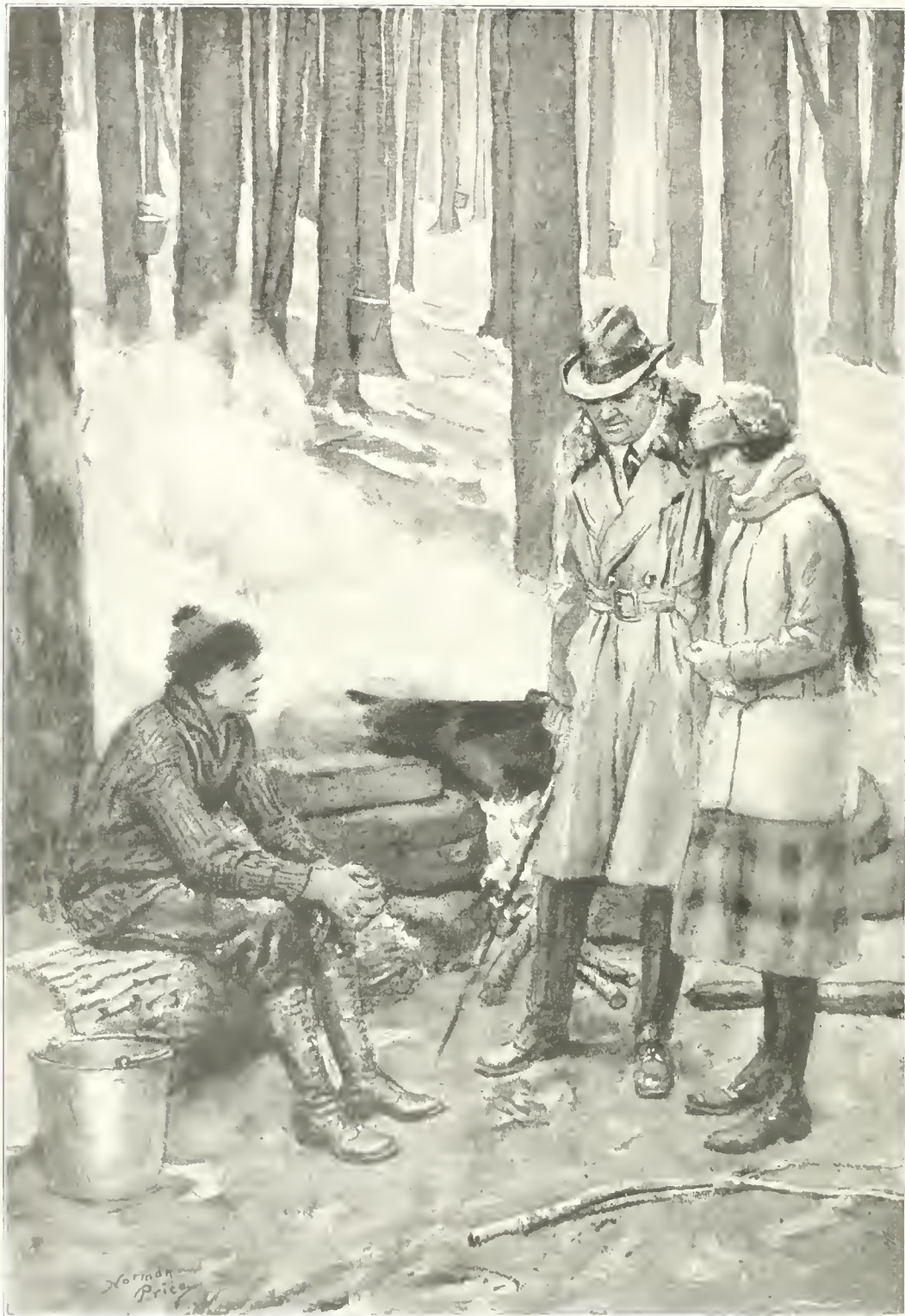
III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. Lardier. 2. To reduce. 3. A sloping heap of fragments of rock at the foot of a precipice. 4. A study. 5. To set again.

IV. LOWER, LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In clarinet. 2. To command. 3. A metal bolt. 4. Light moisture. 5. In clarinet.

V. LOWER, RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: In clarinet. 2. To consume. 3. Implied, but not expressed. 4. A metal. 5. In clarinet.

PEGGY WHITEHEAD (age 13), *League Member*.





"A GOOD SUGAR-CAMP SHOULD BE BUILT NEAR THE CENTER OF THE GROVE"  
(SEE PAGE 522)

# ST. NICHOLAS

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No. 6

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## THE BOYS AND GIRLS OF SCANDINAVIA

By MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN

*United States Minister to Denmark from 1907 to 1918*

IN essential qualities, young folk, of course, are the same everywhere. I remember once in Holland finding everything strange, and being rather lonely; but suddenly a boy popped up on the fence and yelled at the train. It was impossible to distinguish what he said, but I recognized the quality of his yell, and it seemed to me at the moment that there was at least one thing in the world unchanged.

The difference between Norway and Sweden, Sweden and Denmark—the three Scandinavian countries—is not very well understood in the United States. The natives of these three countries are often classed all together as "Scandinavians." There is, in fact, a very marked difference; and this difference often shows itself in the way the boys and girls are educated. Though it may shock the democratic readers of *ST. NICHOLAS*, I must say it is difficult to study the characteristics of the young folk of these three countries without taking into consideration the classes to which they belong. This is especially true of Sweden and Denmark. Norway is the most democratic country in the world. Prince Olaf, the young son of King Haakon and Queen Maud, goes to an ordinary school with the children of "simple mortals." He was an especial favorite of President Roosevelt, to whom he took a great fancy; and his father, King Haakon, who was a Danish prince before he became King of Norway, was the king of whom Colonel Roosevelt said, "I should like to have him as a neighbor at Oyster Bay."

Queen Maud, Prince Olaf's mother, is the daughter of the late Edward VII of England. She, too, is very simple and very democratic in her way, and to lunch at the palace is to feel one's self in a pleasant and unpretentious family circle. Prince Olaf does not appear to care whether he is to be king or not; and like the present Prince of Wales, he rather seems to prefer private life. It was the Prince of Wales who said recently to an old friend, "I am not so very fond of this king business, but my brother is." However, as the English people seem very fond of the Prince of Wales, he is not likely to escape his high destiny.

Prince Olaf is very much devoted to his mother, and to see them skating together in the winter always gives the Norwegians a great deal of enjoyment. Prince Olaf is a master of the skis,— "Shees," as they pronounce it in Denmark,—and it is worth while being born in Norway, and to be a boy in Norway, to be able to enjoy the winter sports of that climate. The Norwegians look on the winter as their playtime, and the wonders of leaping, jumping, and even flying, that the Norwegian boy performs with his skis make the visiting American boy rather envious; and the way the boys and girls sail about on snow-shoes excites one's pity for the Pennsylvania or the Indiana children, whom one sees through the car windows, in the winter, struggling through snow-covered fields to school. It always seemed to me that if one could go to school on snow-shoes, education would be deprived of half its terrors!

The Norwegian boy is brought up to work hard and to study hard. The casual observer very reasonably concludes that he might be more polite and more amiable in his manner to strangers; but then, the Norwegians were always noted for being more honest and direct than polite and complaisant. It may be safely stated that there is nobody in Norway who cannot read or write; and every child knows the history and traditions of his country. One of his ambitions is to go to Christiania and to see the viking ship. He believes that a Scandinavian explorer, Leif Ericson, son of Eric the Red, first landed in America; and when people say that the discoverer was an Iceland, he generally replies that it is all the same thing.

The Norwegians before they grow up generally determine to be ship-builders or fishermen. They love the smell of the newly cut pine, and the names of all kinds of northern fishes are familiar to them! I have never yet seen a Norwegian boy who could not manage a boat with skill. Those who have a mechanical bent—these northern countries are very far ahead in the application of electricity—spend their time not in wiring the houses of their parents, but in trying to make motor-boats that will be noiseless, for the noise of an ordinary boat frightens the fish; and fishing, for the Norwegian boy or man, is not a sport—it is a business. I knew a Norwegian boy who had been very useful to an American salmon fisher during the season,

and at Christmas the grateful fisher sent the boy a small motor-boat. The boy was very happy until the spring came and he discovered that the motor "whirred," and then he was very unhappy and he spent a long time in trying to invent a means of deadening the sound. This ought to be a lesson to all of us when we send gifts to our friends abroad.

You all know that Norway, until a few years ago, was under the domination of Sweden—a domination abruptly ended by the revolt of the Norwegians. It has often been said that if the amiable King Oscar had visited Norway occasionally, the Norwegians would not have insisted on a separation; but this is not true. The Swedish ruling classes, who were very aristocratic, and much attached to a rather rigid monarchy, insisted that the separation of Norway from Sweden would be economically bad for both countries, especially for Sweden, and that the Swedes could not afford to have near them an independent country, with a great coast-line, which might at any time become hostile. The Norwegians were very sympathetic with the English ideas of government. They detested the German military point of view, while the governing classes of Sweden looked to Germany for their education and many of their ideas. In fact, Sweden in those days feared Russia, and looked on Germany as a friend that might be useful in case of Russian aggression. That is all changed now. The Norwegians announced that they were not



Photograph by Gordon S. Lee

A KITCHEN IN A SWEDISH COTTAGE—WITH ITS QUINCY FIRE-PLACE



Photograph by Gerda Suster, 1910.

A SCHOOL IN SCANDINAVIA, WHITHER, IN WINTER, THE CHILDREN GO ON SNOW-SHOES

concerned as to whether Sweden liked their attitude or not. They set up a king of their own—a king who once said to an American diplomatist, "I am a president, with very limited powers, for life, while your president is a king for four years!"

The young Norwegians are very independent; they believe that they live in the freest country in the world, and there is very good reason for this belief; and like the Icelanders, they think that their country ought to be the best loved country because it is the most lovely. Their national music, art, and literature form part of their education from the very beginning. They are taught to love good pictures, to recognize them when they see them. In a Norwegian home, in the city or country, one does not see pictures of the kind which make our Sunday supplements the principal reading matter on the day of rest and devotion. Jazz music, if you call it music, or silly music-hall songs, are not usually heard. Each child learns the old ballads, and I never knew a Norwegian girl or boy who could not whistle, sing, or play the principal parts of Grieg's "Peer Gynt."

The tone of what are called the "better classes" in Sweden is more artificial than in Norway. The upper classes will always be more aristocratic; and as the business people in Sweden—which is industrial and commercial, while Norway is given

over to fishing and shipbuilding—grow rich, they, as a rule, take a very aristocratic attitude. In Sweden there always has been a clear-cut distinction between the merchants, who have worked for their money, and the noblemen who own land, the members of the university faculties, and the officers of the army and navy. The last three classes were what might be called patricians, set apart from the people of business and from the common people who worked with their hands.

The distinction in classes has prevailed so long that in the manner of speech, in the point of view of human life, and in a hundred little social ways, these differences are very marked. To-day, however, the Swedish boy with a good education and sensible ambition can reach the highest class of society and take his place in it without criticism. The old order is changed; but when the Swede of the lower class reaches the top, his first object is to form his manners, so that he will be looked on as a gentleman, for good manners in Sweden among young and old count very greatly.

The Swedes still look down on the Norwegians as rather uncultivated persons. The story of the Swede in Minnesota is a case in point. "You have no great city like St. Paul in Sweden," an American said. "Oh, yes, we have," answered the Swede, "we have Stockholm!" "But you have

the great buildings like the Woolworth in New York City." "Oh, yes, we have! Stockholm is the Paris of the North." "But you have no Indians in Scandinavia." "We have," said the Swede, emphatically, "but we call them Norwegians!"

Do not tell this story to a Norwegian boy if you should go next summer to visit his fiords!

Denmark is an almost exclusively agricultural country. It is made up of a series of islands. It

Gaul, was divided into three parts—"butter, bacon, and eggs"; and for these commodities there is a great demand in England, for no good Englishman can endure a breakfast from which bacon and eggs are omitted. I have even tried some of my little English friends with grape-fruit, and the result was not encouraging for the American reformer.

The young Danish princes and princesses,



From a water color by Carl Larsson.

"BE GOOD AND CHEERFUL, THAT'S A GOOD LAD, NILS; BRING ANOTHER BASKET OF WOOD"

has one of the worst climates in the autumn and winter, and one of the worst soils in all Europe for the purpose of cultivation. It is lovely to look upon in the spring and summer. In the spring the tender green of the beech leaves seems to float above the millions of little anemones, the small white flowers which push up through the carpet of last year's leaves and make a new and beautiful carpet of their own. This effect is seen in the woods of no other country.

These woods are not wild. They are carefully tended, for the people of Denmark are so scientific in their methods that they have created from wretched climate and soil an agricultural condition which shows what can be done by hard work intelligently directed.

Denmark is well taken into consideration as one of the best countries in Europe for dairies. A good example of a good that Denmark, like ancient

whom I knew when they were young and have seen grow up, are all permeated with love for Denmark. I regret to say that some of my own young countrymen make one blush by assuming a great boastfulness about their own country or by appearing to underrate it. I recall an answer given by one of the daughters of the late Queen Frederica to a young American woman who said that she rather preferred Europe to America. "I am sure," the young princess said, "that were I an American, I should love America, not because it was great, but because it was my own country. As it is, I love my own little country with all my heart, and the Danes love their country with all their hearts!"

From the moment a child can speak, he hears good Danish music; he is taught all about the deeds of Waldemar the Great and the long line of heroes who have given Denmark its national tone.



He loves the summer and sunlight, and there is little of both. He is not surfeited with the sun, as American children are; but when the summer sun *does* come and turn the sound and the little "seas" in Denmark to blue and gold, he swims like a fish, and tries to imitate the sports of his ancestors, the vikings. There is a kind of blue in the eyes of Danish and Norwegian children which seems to be borrowed from the sea. Denmark possesses the three "belts," or waterways, giving it a long coastline and favorable means of transportation, which have always made it important in the eyes of other European nations. It is a flat country and therefore Danes do not feel at home among the mountains.

The Danish princes and princesses are brought up in great simplicity, and this simplicity is imitated in Denmark, except by those uneducated people who have an idea that children are improved by being allowed to indulge in all kinds of luxury. There are two qualities that struck me most about the Danish children—their pleasure in outdoor exercise and their love of their homes. One can imagine nothing more cozy or more comfortable than the interior of the average Danish house. It may be a small cottage near, let us say, a lake,—called in Denmark "a sea,"—the interior of a city mansion, or a room in a palace. In all these places there is the feeling of home. The furniture is seldom new; it is generally inherited; and a boy does not hide a souvenir of his grandfather or his grandmother in order to hang on the wall of his room a flashing football poster or a pair of tennis rackets. The old, because it is old, is not forced out of sight by the young of Denmark.

Such children as are accustomed to regard things as valuable only when they cost a great deal of money can hardly conceive how delighted the Danish children are when the sun begins to shine again in May, and how pleased when they are able to bring back again to their homes from the woods some early branches of the beech-tree. There is one day in the year when everybody in Copenhagen seems to be wearing primroses, and on certain other days bunches of rosemary are sold everywhere in the streets.

Another quality in the Danish children is their determination to put to use everything they learn. Nearly all American parents realize how difficult it is to induce boys and girls to apply in the work of every-day life what they have learned in school. This may not be true when it comes to such practical courses as the rudiments of electrical work; but how hard it is to coax the average school-boy or girl to speak a language, the grammar of which he has begun to study. I remember meeting in Paris a father and daughter from New York. They were in a restaurant and they were

very much puzzled over the bill of fare. "I thought that my daughter was a finished French scholar," the father said, rather plaintively; "she studied French for over four years, and now she cannot tell the waiter what we want for dinner or ask the



Photograph by Gerda Soderlund

"THREE LITTLE MAIDS FROM SCHOOL ARE WE

way to the Cathedral of Notre Dame." "I never expected to speak French, Father; it was just part of my course. I read Racine, Molière, and 'Le Voyage de Monsieur Perrichon'!"

On the other hand, I seldom met a Danish boy or girl who did not try his English on me. It was plain that when he met a person who spoke English, he looked on him as a means of improvement. There was a little chap I knew who carried this method into practice so thoroughly that he published every week a small paper in

Latin to which his companions, who had just begun to learn the verbs, contributed. I recall his perplexity when he tried to translate into colloquial Latin the thrilling news, "Aunt Karen has promised to make English plum pudding for Christmas." I did not remain long enough in the country, at his father's castle, to learn how he finally managed the translation.

As Denmark is practically a country of farmers who export most of their produce, the boy learns geography by interesting himself in his father's business, and boys of all classes throughout Denmark are expected to do this. If you were a farmer's boy in Denmark, your father would naturally belong to a Danish cooperative society, which means that all the farmers are joined together in managing their own affairs in their own way, with the strictest regard to the commercial reputation of the nation. You would know whether your father sent his butter to be canned for the export trade to South America or the Philippines. You would watch the prices, rising and falling, and when you learned advanced arithmetic, you would naturally take an interest in the rate of exchange in the countries with which the cooperative societies had dealings.

The glories of the celebration of Christmas at home would depend very much on the rate of exchange abroad, consequently the application of arithmetic to daily life would be most interesting to you. Fathers and mothers in Denmark spend less for gifts to their children than they can afford. A month before Christmas, the Danish child, especially in the small towns and country districts, is generally in a state of doubt as to what the joyous day, or rather the joyous days, will bring forth. The Danes celebrate three days at this season—Christmas eve, Christmas day, and the day after, which is looked upon as part of the festival.

The Danish princesses set a very good example to the people, and if there is a growing luxury among the Danes, the court and the aristocracy are not responsible for it. The daughters of the late King Frederick VIII are now grown up, but I recall how simply they looked on life when they were young. The dowager Queen of England, Alexandra, who was a Danish princess. I hope that some of my young readers can recall the true words of Tennyson's poem on her marriage. "I could only wish that in her Danish country, home she liked to make her own bed as she did when she was a child." She was brought up in the most modest tradition.

Her brother, Prince Waldemar, would not regard his boys' friends even in a street of Copenhagen, which was a long distance from any town. They had their duty and their business

to walk, he said. There were carriages and automobiles and horses in the prince's stable, but walk they must. My wife and I knew very many Danish children of all classes, and to know them was really to love them. They were not pampered or spoiled, and the higher their position was as to rank, the possession of money counted very little, the more simple they were in their tastes. The Princess Margaret, our next-door neighbor, found the greatest pleasure in feeding a hungry horse or two in the street when she had a chance; and as a small girl she was always dressed in frocks that would stand any amount of wear and tear. When she grew up, she was especially proud of her college cap and gown, which she wore when she received her degree at the university. She is probably the only princess in Europe who has received a university degree. Nevertheless, she enjoys skating, hand-ball, the care of her garden, and all the sports in which healthy girls like to take part. In the time of King Frederick, her uncle, motor-cars were not much the fashion in the city, and the king did not approve of his relatives using an automobile, but now she drives everywhere and sometimes even persuades her cousins, the Princesses Thyra and Dagmar, to go with her.

The mother of the Princess Margaret was the Princess Marie, daughter of the Duc de Chartres, who served with General McClellan during the Civil War. So far as her lineage went, she was probably the most royal blooded princess in Europe, but she cared very little for pedigrees, when they did not imply kindness, honesty, and a direct and simple point of view on life. She was what is called "a good sport"; she was devoted to her children, and she tried with all her might to have them free from fear, she had something of the qualities in this regard which characterized President Roosevelt.

The Princess Margaret was not pampered in any way, nor were her brothers. On one occasion I remember being with the Prince and Princess Waldemar, making the call of a good neighbor, when the boys came home from school. They wanted bread and butter at once, but both the prince and princess refused to let them have anything before dinner, which was soon to be served. This was looked on by the young princes as rather Spartan treatment. In winter, however, when the dinner was late, they were allowed the usual tea, which in the dark, damp weather is one of the regular meals taken by many Danes as well as by all the English.

To emphasize the Danish ideas of simple life, I may quote what will seem to be the surprising decision of the grand marshal of the court, Count Brockenhuis Schack. His boys, then



Photograph

ON A SCANDINAVIAN FARM — HOME FROM THE FIELD WITH FATHER

very young, were among the nicest that we knew. Calling one day, I stopped at the elevator to speak to them; they had just come home from school. I naturally thought they would be going up to their parents' apartment with me. "No," they said, laughing, "our parents do not allow us to ride in the lift!"

One of the pleasant results of this method of discipline is that the young Danes do not expect expensive gifts. Birthdays in Denmark are kept very carefully. If a boy should forget his uncle's, his aunt's, his cousin's, his grandmother's, or grandfather's birthday, he would be looked on almost as a savage. The little festivals which keep families together occur certainly every month in Denmark, and there seem to be more grandfathers and grandmothers in Denmark than anywhere else, and each family has two or three great aunts.

In fact, there seem to be more well preserved and active old people among the Danes than among the citizens of any other country. If you have a birthday, you have a holiday! All your friends come, if possible, at eleven o'clock in the morning to drink chocolate with you, to eat "wreath cakes" (*crans kager*), and to bring you a gift. You probably will not get a whole box of tools,—only the boy or girl with a rich uncle from America can expect such a splendid gift as that!—but if you are a boy, you may receive a precious plane, or wood-carving knife; or, if a

girl, a very strong trowel or a good pair of gloves to be used in gardening. The Danes have little use for mere mechanical toys. They want things they can use, and, if you send anything from America, they prefer something connected with the Indians. I am just now looking for an Indian bow and arrows for one of my best little friends in Denmark, whose honorary godfather I happen to be. I really think he would prefer a tomahawk, but, as he is, above all, practical, and the Germans have given up Slesvig, there is no one on whom he could use it!

The ceremony of confirmation means, in addition to its religious symbolism, one of the greatest holidays in the lives of the Danish girls and boys. The established church in Denmark is the Lutheran; the catechism is taught in the schools, and everybody, unless otherwise registered, is assumed to be of the Lutheran creed. In May and October, on certain Sundays, confirmation is conferred. Then the streets of Copenhagen and other cities and towns in Denmark glitter with automobiles or carriages, containing boys and girls in gala dresses going and coming from the churches. It is a festive season. There is always an examination preceding the ceremony, for which each girl and boy is carefully prepared. After the ceremony, there are confirmation breakfasts and confirmation parties of all descriptions—"breakfasts" they are called, but they are luncheons in our sense; the Danes breakfast about

even o'clock or later. Confirmation is generally performed when the young people reach the age of fourteen or fifteen. The girl then dresses her hair in a grown-up way, although the habit of "hobbling" it has recently made a difference in this.

The Lutherans of Denmark are not so strict as they are in some other countries. The theater in Denmark is a national institution; attendance at the Royal Opera House, in Copenhagen, is regarded as part of the education of youth. There are several musical dramas which it is considered necessary that every child should know. "*El-*



YOUNG GYMNASTS OF A DANISH SCHOOL

*verhø*," is one of these. It is founded on a patriotic theme—Christian IV, who, in Longfellow's poem, stood bravely before the mast, figures in the play. It contains some lovely music, and the Danish children know its songs and especially the minuet, which is very stately and splendid as done by the trained dancers of the opera.

On a Sunday afternoon, after their confirmation, it is a custom for them to be taken to see "*Fælkehøi*," which means the "Hill of the Elves," or "*Der var En Gang*" ("Once Upon a Time"), or a Danish ballet, like Hans Christian Andersen's "Little Ida's Flowers" or "The Sea Maiden" or "The Millions of Harlequin." There is a beautiful scene in this ballet, almost regarded as a Danish national air.

The dancing at the Royal Opera House is very correct and modest; the ballets are more like puppet-plays than the ballets in any other country. They are looked on by cultivated Danes as necessary for the aesthetic education of their children

and in Denmark there is no conflict between the legitimate theater and religion.

The "confirmed" girl or boy is laden with gifts. His or her aunts or uncles, cousins, even the second or third cousins, feel it their duty to present him with a remembrance of the great occasion.

In order that the poor children, or, at least, those who are not so well off, may have a celebration at this time, there are insurance companies which guarantee for the payment of a small monthly fee, beginning when the child is born, to supply a certain sum to the children of the subscribers on the day they are confirmed.

In the country places, especially where there is a large estate, there is always some special celebration at the castle or manor-house. In fact, the women who live in these castles seem continually to have some kind of a celebration for the people on their estates or in the villages near them. There are innumerable birthdays. I once asked a young visiting Danish countess what she liked best in New York. "The five-and-ten-cent stores," she said; "I love them! The wife of our lodge-keeper has ten children, and I must have something for each of them on every birthday, and there are at least fifty other birthdays that I must remember. Girls in Denmark, you know," she added, "have a rather limited allowance, and I look on your five-and-ten-cent stores as gifts from Heaven! You can't find them anywhere else; and then our people love everything that comes from America!"

Baseball has not yet been introduced into Denmark. There are two great academies, Sorø and Herlufsholm, for lads preparing for the Royal University. There football is played, but it is not taken so seriously as it is with us; however, the Danes are good athletes. The girls play hockey from their earliest years and every child learns to swim. In Copenhagen, as long as the water of the sound is endurable by the human body, processions of school-children, each child carrying a towel, may be seen going to bathe. Expertness in games, while it has its value, is not looked on as a great merit. Every boy who aspires to an important position in law, medicine, diplomacy, or in the government service, which means interesting work and a pension, must have a university diploma. A man cannot enter any profession in Denmark without possessing this mark of proficiency. A university degree is never merely ornamental; it has a practical value, and neither games nor amusements can be permitted to interfere with gaining it. A family is looked upon as very unfortunate if its sons fail to pass with honor at the university. In Sweden, when a lad wears his student's cap, on the day he takes his degree every girl that meets him, as he passes,

presents him with flowers. Opportunities for clever students who are poor are many; there is a house in Copenhagen provided for them, and it is considered a great distinction to pass such an examination as will enable a man to obtain a place in this Regency Lodging. There is no distinction made between the rich and poor students. The Lutheran pastors in Denmark are in very moderate circumstances, and as their sons are brought up very sensibly and simply, a number of them are found in the best groups among the students. The fact that there are few very rich persons in Denmark, and the healthy lack of pretension and snobbishness among the students, help to make their lives very agreeable. They are brought up from the beginning to value learning, literature, music, and intellectual work, and to understand that no attainment can be made without the intention and the effort be thorough.

It is interesting to observe that sequence of games which obtains among our boys and girls exists in Scandinavia, too. Top-time and kite-

time and skipping-rope-time and marble-time come as with us. Just before Shrove Tuesday, bundles of ornamental twigs, tinsel and decorated, appear in the shops. They are survivals of the old carnivals. It is supposed that the children will for once exert their yearly privilege of whipping grown persons with these twigs, and the older person can only escape this punishment by making a gift. "*Bastian*" is a great figure in Danish child life; he punishes bad boys and rewards good girls. "*Nissen*"—the little fairy—comes at Christmas to eat out of the bowl of rice left for him in each attic. If you have been good during the year, he eats the rice; if not, he leaves it, and you receive no gifts on Christmas eve. A cunning cat has been known to personate *Nissen*, and lap up the rice and milk, thus saving a favorite child! To stand well with *Nissen*, who loves little birds, children put on poles in the front gardens of their houses bunches of ripe wheat, that the sparrows, wrens, and thrushes may also have a hearty meal on Christmas eve!

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## GRAYFOX

By SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.

THE world was very beautiful that April. The beech-trees were all lavender-brown and silver and the air was full of bluebird notes and hyla calls and snowbird trills, while the ground was carpeted with the frail snow-petals of the blood-root and yellow with adder's-tongue and fragrant with trailing arbutus. Yet to little foxes it was like the Valley of the Shadow of Death—full of gins and snares and pitfalls. Three of them lived in a den with a triple entrance, in a dry, sandy bank on the slope of Fox Valley. At first they stayed in a dark, warm, underground world of their own—blind, lead-colored little kittens, who spent their days and nights snuggling up to their mother's warm body and feeding frantically every hour or so as if they were starving to death. Then came the day when they crept out into a new world, very big and very beautiful, whose roof was blue instead of black, and far away instead of near at hand. Father Fox came and sniffed at them approvingly, while Mother Fox stood proudly by. It was the first time he had seen them since they were born, for father foxes sleep out after the babies come. Gray, black, and white were his colors. He had a grizzled gray coat, lined with white, a black muzzle, black boots, and a black

tip to his magnificent gray brush. Not so brave nor so swift as the red foxes, his craft and wisdom had brought him safely through a long life of dangers.

Now that the cubs were old enough to venture out into the world, Father Fox hid his kill near the den and Mother Fox taught the cubs to hunt for it and dig it out from under dry leaves or piles of brush. Later on, they learned to catch field-mice, and before long were taken by Mother Fox off on short hunts. For the most part, however, they still stayed safe at home.

Only too soon they learned that fate is always on the trail of the wild folk. One night, as the three cubs were playing happily around the den, a drifting shadow suddenly fell; and when it lifted, the smallest of the cubs was gone, while from a near-by tree sounded the deep, sinister note of the great horned owl. It was the smaller, but the more venturesome, of the two remaining cubs who next met the Black Huntsman. Early one morning he crept out of the den, leaving Mother Fox and the other cub curled up in a round warm ball in the grass-lined sleeping-room twenty feet back in the bank. It was the first time that he had been out alone by day and he started for a

near by field where he planned a breakfast of round headed, short tailed meadow-mice. As he picked his way along the rocky hillside, from out of a patch of brush flashed a reddish animal with a long, black-tipped tail, white chin and cheeks, a fierce, pointed head, and eyes that gleamed like rubies. Sniffing like a hunting-hound, it dashed along the trail of the little cub, none other than the long-tailed weasel, that wandering demon of blood and carnage which threatens the lives of all little animals.

Although the cub had never seen a weasel before, some instinct told him that death was hard at his heels, and he tried to circle around and get back to the den. The trailing weasel was too quick for him and drove him toward the hill at every turn. A fox cub has much of the swiftness of his race, but little of the dogged endurance of a hunting weasel. Before long, his sprawly, untried legs began to tire as he circled the foot of the hill, hoping for a chance to double back toward the den. Yet he kept on bravely, although he heard

ing around the wooded hilltop; and if all had gone as he planned, he would have overtaken the cub at the foot of the farther hillside. With tail up and head down, the great weasel wound his way among the rocks and crowded trees which covered the hill's crest. As his triangular head thrust itself around a ledge of rock which lay in a little patch of thick woods, his quick nostrils caught a sinister, sickly scent, and he checked in his stride—but too late. His flaming red eyes looked directly into the fixed glare of two other eyes, black, lidless, with strange, oval pupils, set deep in a cruel, heart-shaped head which showed a curious hole between eye and nostril, the hall-mark of the fatal family of the pit-vipers.

For a second the fierce beast and the grim snake faced each other. The eyes of no mammal have a fiercer gaze than those of the weasel folk when red with the rage of slaughter. Yet no beast born can outstare that grim ruler of the dark places of the forest, the banded rattlesnake, and in a moment the weasel started to dodge back. Not even



"FATHER FOX CAME AND SNIFFED AT THEM APPROVINGLY WHILE MOTHER FOX STOOD PROUDLY BY"

ever nearer the rustle of the weasel's pattering feet through the dry leaves. Suddenly, as he reached the other side of the hill, it ceased. Long ago the weasel folk have learned that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points. Therefore, that day, the red hunter followed the same circuitous circle which the fox cub was mak-

ing. His flashing speed, however, could avail against the stroke of the snake. Faster than any eye could follow, the flat head shot forward, gaping horribly, and from it two keen, movable fangs were thrust straight out like spear-points. They looked like crooked white needles, each with a hole in the side, below the point, from which

oozed the yellow venom. Before the darting weasel had time to gain the shelter of the rock, both fangs had pierced his side and the great snake was back again in coil. Tottering, as the deadly virus touched the tide of his fierce blood, and knowing that his life was numbered by seconds,

danger. One afternoon, when the smaller of the two lay asleep in the warm sunlight, its pricked-up ears caught the rush of great wings above him. Swift as a dissolving shadow he disappeared down the burrow, just as a great gray goshawk catapulted through the air and clutched with his cruel



FOR A SECOND THE FIERCE BEAST AND THE GRIM SNAKE FACED EACH OTHER

the weasel yet sprang forward—to die at death-grips with his foe. As he came, the great snake struck again, but as it snapped back into coil the needle-like teeth of the other met in its brain. The great reptile thrashed and writhed and rattled, but the grip of the red killer remained unbroken long after both were still and stark.

Beyond the black circle of the woods, away from the fatal ledge and through the sunlight, the little cub sped, expecting every minute to hear the fierce patter of his pursuer close behind. Little by little he circled, until at last, hardly able to believe in his own escape, he found himself once more safe in the depths of his own burrow.

As the days and the nights slipped by, each seven times as long to the fox folk, who are old at ten years, as to humans, first Mother Fox, and, later, Father Fox schooled the cubs against the dangers that were always around them. They learned that death looked out of the oval pupils of the copperhead and rattlesnake, but that all other snakes, even the threatening, bluffing puff-adder, were good emergency foods. The old foxes taught the cubs that the scent of their half-brother the dog, the smell of smoke, a shadow from the sky, or a flutter in the air—all meant

curved talons at the end of the cub's vanishing brush.

But against one enemy not even the craft and experience of the old foxes could avail. In the final analysis, the wisdom and the cunning of the wild folk must yield to the stored-up knowledge in the trained brain of the human.

One afternoon in late spring the beech wood in which the den was hidden was very still. From Black Snake Swamp came the drowsy croon of the toads, who had made their annual pilgrimage back to the water where they had been born and were singing the dreamy, beautiful love-songs which only the toad folk can sing. The bank in which the fox home was dug was all blue and white with the enameled blossoms of the innocents. Down the slope of the little hill came loping along Mother Fox, looking like the wolf in "Little Red Riding-Hood," very gaunt and tired, and in her wake trotted the two little cubs. The old fox curled herself up on a big chestnut stub which she used for a watch tower, and, dropping her head between her fore paws with her great brush hanging down beside her, fell asleep. One of the little cubs disappeared in the burrow, while the other, more wakeful, played around outside by

himself like a puppy. He was woolly, like a lamb, and had a broad forehead and two pricked-up ears that seemed enormous, compared with his tiny face, and he had a habit of putting his head to one side and gazing engagingly at the world. A big dry leaf had stuck in the wool of his back and caught his eye as he moved. Bending almost double, he snapped at it and whirled around and around with fierce little snarls, seeking to abolish that presumptuous leaf. At last he lay down, and in a moment he too was fast asleep in a round warm ball of soft fur topped by a pair of pricked-up ears. He looked so soft and helpless and confident, sleeping out in the open, that it would have been a hard-hearted human indeed who would have harmed him.

Unfortunately for the little family, just such a one spied upon their seeming safety. Jim Slote had lanky, straggly red hair, a thin, mean face, and would do anything for a living except work. His specialty was poaching on preserved streams and shooting game out of season. Just as the little cub curled itself up for a long nap in the stillness of the late afternoon, he came slinking along a path that led near the slope where the fox family lived. His quick eye caught the movement of the cub and saw Mother Fox lying asleep on her watch-tower. The wind, always the friend of the wild folk, was blowing in the wrong direction, and there was nothing to tell the sleeping foxes that the most dangerous of all animals had learned the secret of their home. For long, Slote stood and watched the sleeping animals, until he had taken in every detail of the cunningly concealed burrows. Fortunately for them, he was without his gun or he certainly would have shot them sleeping.

Early the next morning he was there with a spade and crowbar and a long-handled shovel. Mother Fox and the cubs had hunted and fed full the night before on mice caught in the neighboring pasture. At the first clink of steel against gravel, Mother Fox was awake to her danger. One by one she stole to the three exits of the main burrow, only to find two of them blocked, while Slote was digging swiftly along the other. Then, followed by her trembling cubs, she hurried to that last resort of all, the emergency burrow which no properly built fox-warren is ever without. It was her ill fortune that Slote was no novice in fox ways. Before he had dug a stroke he had scratched out and blocked the three main entrances. For long he hunted for the secret entrance which he knew must be there. There was no trace anywhere on the hillside of an opening. He had nearly given up the hunt when his quick eye caught a glint of a telltale tawny hair on the edge of a hollow stump which thrust itself out of the ground not far from the main burrow. Exam-

ining it more carefully, he found that a hole had been dug down through the soft, decayed wood and into the ground below, intersecting the main gallery, and when Mother Fox came there, she found her last hope gone. The hole had been blocked with heavy stones wedged in beyond her power to dislodge them.

There was only one way of escape left, along which, alas! only two could travel. Mother Fox made a swift, anguished choice. Hurrying to the extreme end of the main gallery, beyond the grass-lined sleeping-chamber, beyond the kitchen-midden, where scraps and garbage were thrown and covered over with earth, beyond the little storehouse where, in times of plenty, mice and eggs and birds and larger game were stored, she came to the blank wall where the last shaft ended. Gripping the smallest cub by the loose skin at the back of the neck, she held him in front of her as a cat would carry a kitten and dug like a little steam-shovel, dislodging the earth with her flashing fore paws and carrying it back and packing it behind her with her strong, swift hind feet. Behind her, the larger cub whimpered and tried to follow. Nearer and nearer came the clink of the shovel and the spade as Slote followed the trail of the main tunnel. Just as the long, slanting shaft which the old fox was driving in desperate haste toward the surface approached the shelter of a tangled thicket, toward which she had instinctively directed it, the cruel shovel uncovered a little tawny, beseeching head. Even as the old fox dug her way to safety, a thudding blow sounded just back of her and a little wailing cry like that of a hurt puppy showed that not yet can there be any truce between the wild folk and their most merciless foe.

Gaunt against the sky showed the gray rafters of the Haunted House. It stared like a skull across the deserted valley to where Black Snake Swamp showed all silver against the greening willows. Over the bowed lintel of the doorway the forgotten builder had fixed the date-stone, which still showed the half-effaced figure—1809. Humans had not lived in that house since one dreadful night a long half-century ago, but forgiving and forgetful wild folk had taken a long lease of the place. Hay-scented ferns made a green carpet across the stone threshold. Wild cucumber and virgin's-bower twined in and out of shattered windows and hid the rents and tatters of the years. In a roofless room a colony of white-faced hornets had fashioned a house of gray paper and flashed in and out between the stanch white-oak rafters that still stood, although the shingles and scantlings of softer stuff had long since dropped away, while through the cellar entrance flitted a grayish-brown bird with a



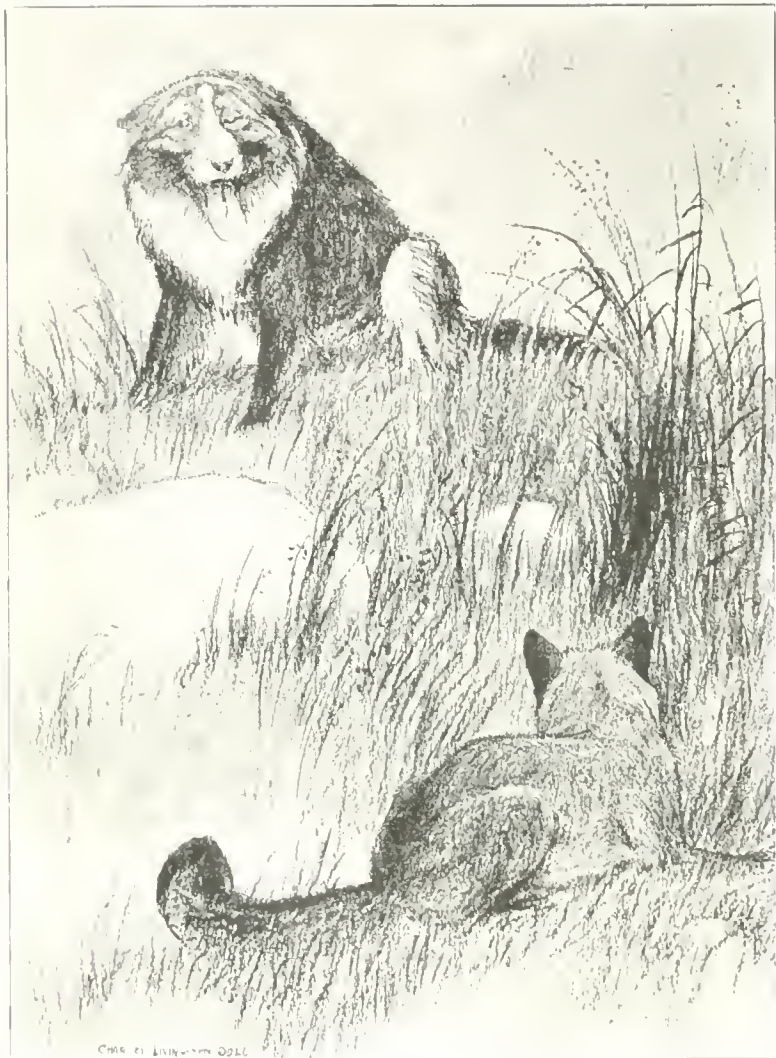


"FATE IS ALWAYS ON THE TRAIL OF THE WILD FOLK"

*"One night as the cubs were playing happily around the den, a drifting shadow suddenly fell; and when it lifted, the smallest of the cubs was gone, while from a near-by tree sounded the deep, sinister note of the great horned owl!"*

dark brown head and gray breast, who twitched her tail sideways whenever she perched and called her name, "Phoebe, Phoebe." On the top of a beam in the half-light she had built a nest of green moss where she brooded four white eggs.

deep stone oven showed just above the surface of the ground. A century had buried it under the drift and detritus of the years and dislodged some of the stones of the sides. From a near-by bank the gray foxes, for an extra home, had sunk a



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ALL AT ONCE HE WAS ALL OUT OF BREATH AND HAD TO STOP AND REST. AS SOON AS HE DID SO THE FOX SQUATTED DOWN CLOSE BESIDE HIM.  
(SEE NEXT PAGE)

Several larches of deer mice, with big flappy ears and soft lustrous eyes and white silk stockings and waistcoats, lived in the ruined walls, while an enterprising red squirrel had used one of the old draft tunnels of the great chimney as a combined storeroom for his winter supply of chestnut, acorn, maple keys and wild buckwheat.

Under the shade of a squat buttonball tree, a

shaft which ran to the oven and then out by a hole in its side to the cellar of the old house, which was so narrowed and blocked by sagging timbers and foundations that it made another convenient room for them. To this den Mother Fox hastened with her last cub. There Father Fox came when he found the home in the beech wood broken up forever. There the last little cub learned all the wile and wisdom of the gray foxes. He learned to sleep out in all kinds of weather, warm under the blanket he carried on his back and with his soft nose and four pads wrapped up in his fluffy brush. Then he was taught to sit still and keep sitting still when danger was near, one of the hardest lessons that the wild folk have to learn. He was warned that tempting bits of food often marked a trap. The scent of man, the bark of a dog, the sound of a gun, the smell of cold iron, the pleasant taste of that fatal mushroom, the death angel—all these he learned meant death to careless little foxes. Running water, shifting sand, hard-packed sheep-paths were

the friends that would conceal his trail. Ever and always the breeze blowing toward his little pointed nose was his most watchful sentinel by day or night. He learned to bark, according to fox standards, although to human ears he would always sound as if he were trying to imitate a dog and did not quite know how. He learned that nanny plums, huckleberries, field mushrooms, meadow mice, garter snakes, and chipmunks

were good to eat, and that the red-pepper mushroom, copperheads, and skunks were not. It was old Father Fox who taught him one lesson that no red fox ever learns: by the time August had come, little Grayfox could shin up a tree, with his long, sinewy legs clinched tight against the rough bark, almost as rapidly as a cat. A deserted, red-tailed hawk's nest in the top of a tulip-poplar became one of his favorite resting-places. There he would curl up and sleep for hours, safe from all enemies, for now he was grown too big to fear those sky-pirates, the hawks and owls.

One thing he missed, which neither the wisdom of Mother Fox nor the craft of Father Fox could give him, and that was a playmate. Fox cubs like to play as much as dog cubs or man cubs.

One Sunday morning Uncle Riley Rexford and Aunt Hamar, his wife, were driving sedately to church, while Curly, the Rexford dog, trotted sedately behind the wagon. As they passed the Half-moon Lot, all three saw Grayfox chasing a woodchuck. The sight of his hereditary foe was too much for Curly's Sunday manners. With a tremendous bark he sprang over the wall and started after the fox, while the woodchuck took advantage of his coming to dive into a near-by hole. Then came a great exhibition of running. Around and around the pasture the two dashed, the fox keeping just ahead of Curly, who had the mistaken idea that he was a hunting-dog. Grayfox, however, was only trotting, while Curly was running his very best. At last Curly was all out of breath and had to stop and rest. As soon as he did so the fox squatted down close beside him. Again Curly rushed at him, and around the pasture they went once more until, all tired out, Curly dragged himself back over the stone wall

to the wagon which had been waiting for him. Suddenly there was a rattling on the stones, and right behind him on the wall stood Grayfox, who had come to see what had become of his playmate. When he saw Uncle Riley and Aunt Hamar he sprang lightly down and went across the pasture like a gray streak, showing how he could run when he wanted to. Curly jumped up and gave one tremendous bark to show that it was really he who had driven that fox away. The next morning Curly was missing, and was seen trotting toward the Half-moon Lot. When he came to the pasture he jumped up on the wall and barked. Faintly from the farther side came a yapping reply, and in a minute Grayfox came leaping and curveting across the field. Once more the pursuit began. Sometimes the fox would stop, and as the dog rushed at him open-mouthed he would spring to one side, give Curly a nip in the flank, and skim off through the field like a swallow. When Curly sat down to rest, the fox would sit down too, not ten feet away, and the game would keep up until Curly was too tired to run any more. From that day on and far into the winter Curly and the fox would play together in the Half-moon Lot at least once every week.

At last came the month of February. One evening Grayfox, now a full-grown fox, stood out and barked at the full moon. From far across the valleys came the shrill squall that a vixen gives; and drawn by the call of the love-moon, Grayfox crossed Fox Valley and Fern Valley, and in the far depths of Bird Valley he found her.

The next day Father and Mother Fox hunted alone on their range and Curly barked in vain in the Half-moon Lot. Grayfox was busy making a home of his own.

## THE TWINKLE-TINKLE TIME

By MINNIE LEONA UPTON

Oh, the tinkle-tinkle-tinkle  
Of the merry drops that twinkle,  
All advancing, dancing, prancing,  
On the shining window-pane!  
With the tinkling and the twinkling  
All the garden they are sprinkling!  
Was there ever such entrancing,  
Dancing, prancing April rain?

All the little flowers are peeping  
From the beds where they were sleeping,  
So beguiling is the smiling  
Of the raindrops' tricky ways;

Up they spring, all brightly, lightly,  
Oh, so eager and so sprightly,  
Each one shining with the smiling  
Of the joyous April days!

Now a gleaming and a beaming  
From the April sky is streaming!  
'T is the sun, who 'll wait no long time  
For the rain to make his call;  
Gaily winging birds are singing,  
All the air with joy is ringing!  
Oh, the merry, cheery song-time,  
And the joy-time of us all!

# MAGELLAN

By LUCY HUMPHREY SMITH

EVERY one knows that "in fourteen hundred and ninety-two Columbus sailed the ocean blue," but not as many know the wonderful, romantic story of Magellan who was the first to circumnavigate the globe—twenty-nine years after Columbus discovered America—and who died four hundred years ago on April 27, 1521. He deserves to be just as famous as Columbus, for he achieved what Columbus planned, the connecting of Western Europe with Eastern Asia by a direct route over the Western Ocean. Take your geographies and trace his long voyage; picture his little fleet of ships, all old and decidedly the worse for wear, the largest only 120 tons, and imagine his hardships. See if you do not agree with the historian who calls it the "greatest feat of continuous seamanship the world has ever known."

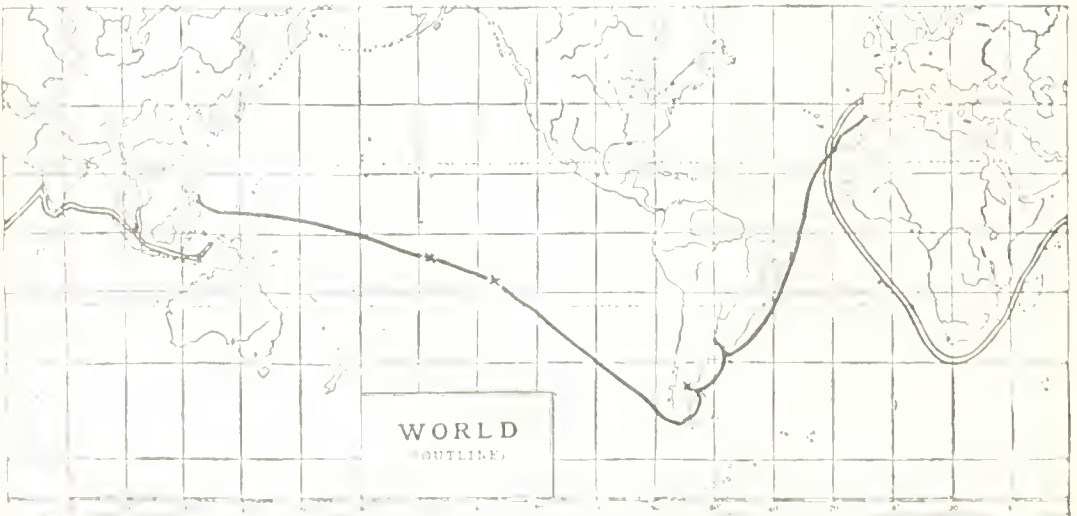
Magellan was born in Portugal, of a noble family, and grew up at court as one of the pages of Queen Eleanor. He was kind-hearted and unselfish, full of rugged fidelity and sturdy character. He had "arching brows, fiery black eyes, and the strength of his character showed in his face." In 1495 he entered the service of King Manuel, and went on voyages to India, Cochin China, and the Spice Islands, or Moluccas. Magellan was wounded several times in battles. He came at last into disfavor with the king, who refused to employ him any longer; whereupon he formally renounced his nationality and offered his services to the court of Spain.

On September 20, 1519, the fleet of five little

vessels, under the command of Magellan, sailed westward from Seville. The flagship was named *Trinidad*, but the *Victoria* was the only one that actually sailed the entire way around the world. There were between 270 and 280 men of several nationalities on board, of whom the names of 268 are known. One of the passengers was Antonio Pigafetta, an Italian, who wrote an account of the voyage. Four copies of his manuscript still exist, and we therefore know a great deal about what happened on the journey.

Months later, the long-sought passage to the Pacific Ocean was discovered by finding the strait that now bears Magellan's name. It took the fleet thirty-eight days to sail through, and on the voyage across the vast Pacific Ocean the little fleet encountered only two islands in ninety-eight days. At last they sighted the Ladrone Islands, and, ten days later, the Philippines. Magellan was killed in a fight with natives. Three of the ships were destroyed in various mishaps and misadventures, and only eighteen men returned to Seville in the first vessel that ever made the tour of the world. Magellan, however, had reached the same longitude where he had already been before, by the eastern route, and so was the first man to sail around the globe. To El Cano, the lieutenant of the *Vitória*, was given the most splendid crest ever granted by a sovereign—a terrestrial globe belted with the legend *Primus circumdedisti me*, which is Latin for *Thou first didst encircle me*.

Magellan was the one who deserved it.



MAP SHOWING MAGELLAN'S VOYAGES

The solid line traces the voyage from Portugal to the Moluccas. The single line traces the long, continuous voyage from the Philippines. The two x's represent islands discovered by Magellan in the Pacific Ocean.

# THE FIRST MAN TO SAIL AROUND THE GLOBE

By CHARLOTTE BREWSTER JORDAN

"I SHALL still press on, even though we have to eat the leather on our ships' yards!" exclaimed Admiral Fernão de Magalhães, as his fleet sailed through that body of water now known as the Strait of Magellan. Every school-boy knows that the intrepid explorer did press on and achieve the title of First Circumnavigator of the Globe, but few know of the intensive life of adventure, romance, and heroism which fell to the lot of this lame soldier with the "heart of triple bronze." Were a fiction writer to compress into one novel all the fascinating experiences of this man, readers would throw down his work and exclaim, "Impossible! Overdrawn! No one man could ever have crowded into his span of life one tenth of the adventures narrated here!" Yet if we but read the merest sketch of his career, we must accord him the palm as a prince of adventure, romance, and chivalry, leader in martial excitement and prowess, and—more favored than most mortals—a dreamer of dreams that came true.

A member of the lesser Portuguese nobility by birth, a page at the court of Queen Eleanor, an open-minded man with a vision in his voyages of exploration to India, a gallant warrior against the Moors, an idolized captain in his fleet, returning loyally to stay with his ships after they had been deserted by other officers, a bridegroom in Spain, a suppliant at court, an admiral on the high seas, a suppresser of mutiny, an adventurer with giants, a defender and Christianizer of the Indians, a world-renowned discoverer, was this valiant soldier, who finally gave up his life for a friend.

Through all the excitement following Magellan's departure from the royal court at Lisbon, he never lost sight of his youthful ambition to win the laurel wreath of a great discoverer, to become even as great a discoverer as Columbus himself. He was a thoughtful scholar, and after his first trip to the Spice Islands by the Portuguese route, *via* the Cape of Good Hope, he became convinced that if the world were as round as he believed it to be, he could reach these islands by going West. Having been wounded by a poisoned arrow in the Moorish wars and lamed for life, the career of an independent discoverer appeared to him even more fascinating than that of a soldier. So, repairing to court, he laid his plan before King Manuel. To his consternation, the young king not only ridiculed his idea, putting it on a par with a journey to another planet, but even refused such a visionary the usual permission to kiss his royal hand at parting.

In those days, it was no uncommon thing for a man to transfer his citizenship and adopt another country, so, tucking his home-made globe under his arm, Magellan repaired to the court of Spain.



From Winsor's *Narrative and Critical History of America*  
FERDINAND MAGELLAN

His first stopping-place was at the home of his cousin, then mayor of Seville. This dignitary, having heard of his gallant kinsman's exploits in Africa and India, received the young man kindly and gave him in marriage the hand of his daughter Beatriz, the young courtier's first love. Not long afterward, the project of the young Portuguese found favor in the eyes of the Spanish King Charles, who promised to equip for him a small fleet of which Magellan was to be admiral.

Hearing that Magellan's visionary expedition was about to materialize under the patronage of a rival king, Manuel sent envoys to warn his former subject that the proposed route was beset with dangers and that he should, therefore, abandon it and take the straight road home. But Magellan was not to be so easily turned back and replied stoutly, "Nay, should I go back to Portugal, there would be nothing left for me but the seven ells of serge and the acorn beads of the hermit."

Finding him so determined to follow up the adventure, the envoys thereupon hired an assassin

to lie in wait for the young cavalier, and, when this attempt proved a failure, tried to stir up the populace against a foreigner put in command of a Spanish fleet, and had not the newly made admiral escaped into the house of a friend, he would have been put to death by the furious mob. The Portuguese even attempted afterward, but in vain, to waylay his fleet on the high seas.)

When Magellan was married in the famous old



THE TOWER OF GOLD AT SEVILLE.

cathedral at Seville the mayor attended in his official regalia, while the bridegroom was attired in picturesque velvet, silk, and gold lace, the bride wearing the brocade and the lace mantilla so beloved of Spanish women. Only a few months later, however, the intrepid Magellan left Seville, sailing from near the famous "Tower of Gold," down the Guadalquivir in the *Trinidad*, the admiral's flag-ship of the fleet of five vessels furnished by the king for the great seafaring venture which was to bring him such geographic renown.

Sailing southwest across the Atlantic, they first touched at Brazil and then sailed down the coast. Reaching the Río de la Plata, they thought they had found the coveted passage to China; but a brief sail up the "Silver River" soon proved to them that its water was growing constantly fresher, so they continued down the coast. As they neared the southern point of the continent, they beheld a gigantic Indian on the beach, dancing, sing-

ing, and pouring sand upon his head. Magellan immediately sent ashore a Spanish sailor,—a Spaniard came only as high as the Indian's belt,—instructing him to imitate the giant's every motion and, if possible, decoy him and some of his companions aboard ship. This the seaman succeeded in doing, and Magellan thereupon dubbed the tribe "Patagonians," the "Big-Foot," because the size of their huge feet was greatly increased by the llama skins tied to them with thongs. When the savage and his comrades came aboard, the Spaniards delighted them by presenting them with the first looking-glasses they had ever seen, and with some of the twenty thousand little bells and the five hundred pounds of glass beads which had been stowed in the hold for trading purposes. On the South American coast, these trifles possessed a great value, for a tinkling bell bought a full basket of potatoes, and five fowl were offered for a single playing-card.

After a trying southern winter, on October 21, the fleet reached the eastern entrance of the long-sought passage and the admiral sent an exploring ship to see whether these waters, too, would also become fresh, denoting a river instead of a strait. Before long the scout-ship returned and reported that the water was still salt. Meanwhile, one of the ships had deserted, putting back home and justifying its return by claiming to be the sole survivor of a wrecked fleet. Mutiny had also raised its ugly head and been quickly suppressed. But when the probable discovery of the strait was announced, the enthusiasm became general, and amid the booming of cannon, the royal standard and ensign floated to the breeze. Of course, it was also celebrated with due religious ceremony, Magellan attending attired in velvet doublet, plumed cap, and jeweled sword.

Then, after much feasting, merrymaking, and lusty cheering, came the exciting task of threading the straits, which divided so often that the fleet was frequently all but lost in the archipelago. Every day was a wonder-day as they steered through foaming gulfs, past jutting reefs, picturesque, lofty masses of rock, and snow-capped mountains. Thirty-eight days slipped by before they emerged on the western side, entering the "*Mare Pacificum*" (Pacific Ocean), as Magellan named the great body of water which Balboa had called the South Sea.

Just four hundred years ago this practical dreamer realized his dream! Out of the mirage described by the seer emerged the reality which proved the truth of the Columbus dream; for Columbus never suspected that he had not yet reached Asia, nor that beyond the continent which he *did* find stretched a mighty ocean more than twice the size of the Atlantic, which he had

so blindly crossed. It took half as many days to thread the newly discovered strait as Columbus consumed in crossing the Atlantic; then there had been the antarctic winter to be weathered, and the voyage across the uncharted Pacific still lay before them. Magellan put the discovery of Columbus where it belonged on the map—not as the East Indies, but as a new world. Columbus added this new world because of his sublime tenacity of purpose, aided by a fortunate accident. Magellan accomplished exactly what he had planned to do, what Columbus had also planned to do, and died supposing he had done.

When the excitement had died down, mutiny again broke out, the commanders and crews of the other vessels claiming that, having achieved the object which they came to accomplish, it was expedient to return home as speedily as possible. But during the long journey Magellan had been making other plans. He had promised the Spanish king that he would bring him a cargo of spices from the Moluccas, and he meant to keep his word, though neither he nor any one else had any idea of the vastness of the ocean they would have to cross. Then, too, he had already gone to the Spice Islands by the eastern route, and he realized that if he could now reach the same spot from the west, he would have triumphantly demonstrated that the world was round. But his ambition ran still higher: it would not be enough for him personally to have circumnavigated the globe; he wished his fleet, also, to share in the triumph.

He therefore asserted his authority, put some of the mutineers in irons, executed a few of the ringleaders, and doggedly steered for the Spice Islands, stating his determination in the words which open this sketch. All too soon he was

obliged to make his words good. As the voyage stretched itself out the food was entirely exhausted and the famished crews were only too glad to strip off the leather which protected the rigging, but the skins were so toughened that they had to



DOORWAY OF THE CATHEDRAL AT SEVILLE, WHERE MAGELLAN WAS MARRIED

be tied with ropes and trailed in the ship's wake for several days before they could be singed and greedily devoured by the frenzied men. Meanwhile, the ships' rats were caught, and sold for food at a half-ducat apiece, and even sawdust was eagerly swallowed. Redeeming his promise, Magellan shared this food with his men, many of whom became ill, while twenty of them died. Despite every fresh calamity, the admiral's sword was ever on his hip and his dagger in his hand, and on his lips the proverb, "The lame goat never takes a siesta."

But three ships were left to Magellan when, with his stricken crew, he arrived at the Ladrone Islands, the tragic crossing of the Pacific having taken them three and a half months. After that, then experiences shifted with bewildering sudden-

ness. Traveling among the Malays, he erected crosses surmounted by wooden crowns as a token that he had taken possession of the islands in the name of the king of Spain.

Although many of their inland excursions—with palanquins, peacocks, and pageants—read more like the tales from "The Arabian Nights" than historic facts, the records of these magical journeys may still be read in the journals of the diarist of the expedition. At Borneo, for example, the officers were met on the quay by two immense elephants caparisoned in rich and rainbow-hued silks, accompanied by twelve natives bearing large porcelain vases covered with silk napkins to receive the presents brought by their visitors. The Spaniards clambered upon the shoulders of the natives into the palanquins and were conducted to the palace, passing through three hundred of the king's guard with daggers drawn, catching but a glimpse of the monarch through a perspective of brocade-hung salons, and stating their mission through a series of interpreters.

With the savage chiefs, their intercourse was equally impressive, though very different. In the islands now known



THE GIRALDA, THE BELL TOWER OF THE CATHEDRAL AT SEVILLE

as the Philippines they were feasted on bananas, described by the sailors as "figs a foot long,"—and the king of Cebu, pricking his right arm, let a little blood flow upon a big leaf, sending it to Magellan as a token of loyalty and asking a similar token in return.

His ruler was persuaded to embrace Christianity, but soon after the new convert and his subjects had sworn allegiance to Spain, they were attacked by the chief of a rival island; so the king of Cebu called upon Magellan as representative of his new Spanish overlord to prove himself their

representative. At many points on his journey, the admiral charmed the king and won their allegiance to the faith and scepter of Charles V., presenting the prince personally with red velvet throned chairs, leather-bound cushions smaller than the *Mocorcos*, quipos, and carrying even more of these august furnishings. He ordered that famous Puritan vessel

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champion. Wishing to defend his new brothers in the faith, Magellan postponed his voyage to the Spice Islands, not a day's sail away, and threw himself into the campaign with more ardor than prudence, mustering his crew and cannon into the service. Although at first terrified by the cannon, the Indians soon saw that their forces far outnumbered the Spanish, so they redoubled their efforts, directing their main attack upon Magellan. Though wounded by a poisoned arrow, the admiral still fought on. Twice his helmet was knocked off by the shower of missiles, but as coolly as though on the deck of his flag-ship he bent each time, picked up the helmet, fastened it on, and returned to the attack. Finally, overcome by numbers, he fell, protecting the retreat of his men.

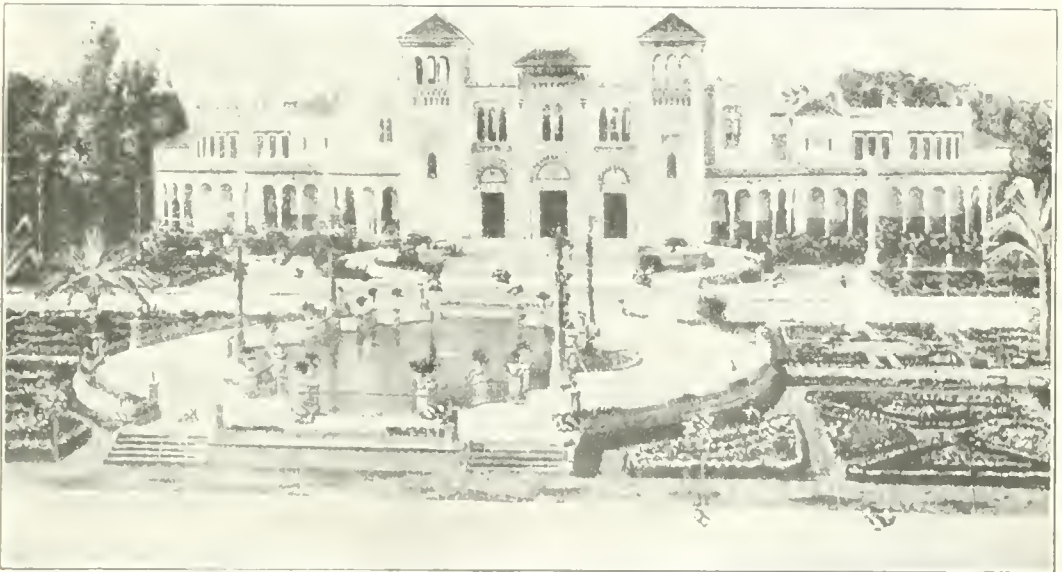
El Cano then took command of the single remaining ship and, with the few survivors of its crew, reached the near-by Spice Islands, just twenty-six months after leaving Spain. They determined to load the vessel with spices and return forthwith, carrying to their king the news of their dead commander's epic voyage. As each sailor was allowed to carry home a certain amount of the precious spices, very lively and hurried bargaining then took place; for these islands were Portuguese property, and the seamen knew that they had no right there. A yard of gay ribbon paid for one hundred pounds of the fragrant cargo, and the men even traded the

ceeded in value the entire cost of the expedition.

When this little ship, with but eighteen exhausted men left of the original two hundred and eighty, finally sailed up the river to Seville, the half-famished survivors, barefooted and in shirt sleeves, staggered up to the cathedral, where Magellan had been married, and, kneeling before the altar, gave thanks for their safe arrival home. Magellan's widow with her little child, born while its father was immortalizing his name, and all Seville rushed to hear the amazing news; for Spain had long since given up the expedition as lost.

The king despatched a courier inviting El Cano and his comrades to visit his court at Valladolid, giving them a splendid welcome, pensioning handsomely each of the survivors, and designing for El Cano a coat of arms displaying gold nutmegs and cloves and a globe with the motto, "*Primus circumdedisti me*"—"Thou first didst encircle me." While the captain deserved great praise for fighting his way home to tell the epoch-making news, the honor of being the first globe-girdler properly falls to Magellan.

Many have bemoaned the fact that Magellan's championship of the savages prevented his triumphal return to Spain; but as he lived long enough to see his youthful vision take on reality,—coming by the western route to the Spice Islands which he had formerly reached from the east,—why regret that, his dream come true, he made the su-



PALACE OF INDUSTRY AT THE SEVILLE FAIR, HELD TO COMMEMORATE MAGELLAN'S ACHIEVEMENT

garments they were wearing for the coveted plunder. Some idea of the European value of these spices may be gathered from the fact that the twenty-six tons carried home by the *Victoria* ex-

preme sacrifice, laying down his life for his friends?

All the world admits that Magellan's voyage was what John Fiske terms, "the greatest feat of navigation ever performed," that he first trav-

erced and named the Pacific—that he first demonstrated the fact that a day is lost when sailing with the sun from east to west, and that it is to his dauntless courage and logical mind we owe the first demonstration of the fact that the earth is a sphere.

Last year, Seville most fittingly celebrated the four hundredth anniversary of this enterprise which she fathered, by a World's Fair unique among expositions. The quaint, old Moorish city has changed little since the bridegroom-admiral sailed from her "Tower of Gold" down the Guadalquivir to join his fleet waiting for him

by the hoary old castle of San Lucar, and formed a most fascinating architectural and historic background for the novel buildings and landscape features differentiating the Sevillian fair from the mammoth exhibitions to which we are accustomed. Stories told in tile formed the unusual pavilions, while statues, the wonderful landscape-gardening of Spain, and, lastly, the lively, picturesque Sevillians themselves, offered a combination of fascinations, a gem of an exposition, which well rewarded even the most jaded tourist going there to pay his respects to Ferdinand Magellan, the First Circumnavigator of our Globe.



# The Shining Adventure

## By Henry J. Fitz

At amber dawn we put to sea,  
With sails of broièred gold,  
All day we swept, while the heavens wept,  
All night we tossed and rolled.

The white foam broke from her ivory bow,  
Like lace from my lady's throat;  
The north wind shrieked in the rigging lines,  
A piercing treble note.  
Day by day we scudded south,  
Under a torrid sun;  
At night the stars, in our teak wood spars,  
Twinkled a benison.

We came to a sea of phantom winds  
And phosphorescent mist,  
Lit with a strange, uncertain light,  
And ringed with amethyst.  
While grim across our painted bow,  
There crouched the Unknown Land  
A craggy height of chrysolite,  
A beach of shell-pale sand.

Then we sharpened bright each falchion edge,  
We red the halberd points,  
Greaed the hides on the battle-shields,  
Tightened the armor joints.

Through the surf from our anchored ship  
We waded—freemen all;  
I lunged to the sky our battle-cry,  
And stormed the city wall.

The arrows on our crested helms  
Dinned like autumn hail;  
Sword and mace and battle-ax  
Scared our burnished mail.  
Back we pressed their panting ranks;  
Hacked a crimson lane;  
Our wild war-song and battle-gong  
Drowned their feeble strain.

The rose light of the fading sun  
Fell o'er a vanquished race;  
Slain were their three-score champions;  
Their town a conquered place!  
Then we to ship and sea again;  
Ho, for the home-land shore!  
With scars and wounds and gold doubloon,  
And tales for minstrels' lore.

*Now this adventure, wild and strange  
As heart could e'er desire,  
Was mine one day—while I sat and dozed  
Before a glowing fire*



Day by day ..... we scudded south.



## A-WING AROUND WILDYRIE

*(Bessy expects to see us day book of Wilderness House, Wildyrie)*

By T. MORRIS LONGSTRETH

Aerial Photographs by Irving L. Steiman. Pilot, Captain Hubert S. Broad, R. A. F.

OCTOBER 11.

To-morrow will be Columbus Day and the third anniversary of our adventure here. Wildyrie has been a new world to the three of us and of rather more use than America was to poor old Columbus. Everybody ought to set aside Columbus Day to discover for themselves something that they need and then, during the rest of the year, use it.

We were sitting around the door in the late afternoon sun talking—that is, letting our thoughts run over in words when the stream of our ideas got too full. Premier was cleaning his gun, for we would soon go out on our annual buck catching expedition and unfortunately salt on the tail is not sufficient; a deer's tail is too short. Essex Lad (I think I'll have to give him a razor this Christmas) was plucking a partridge which, unluckily for it, had been looking the other way at just the wrong time. And I was answering correspondence. For though it is half a day's journey to the nearest post-office, I have n't forgotten the taste of stamp-glue. It is interesting to note that I was writing to my fairy godmother.

I hope when my descendants read this, if they ever do they'll say "Pooh!" or "Pshaw!" (according to taste) "Lucky always was a real fairy godmother." Fairy godmothers, in 1920! What

nonsense!" But I let them judge from the facts. Out of the clear sky comes a box parcels post. In the box are some exquisite cookie like rings, together with other confections and a charming water-color of a tree-protected house which gives the sense of mystery proper to a home of beautiful magic. A note beginning, "For the Lucky Three of Wilderness House," and ending, "From their Fairy Godmother," accompanied this delicious surprise. Fortunately, even fairies have to put their address on the outside of parcels sent by post, so I was trying to thank our invisible godmother and had got this far:

"Charming Fairy,

"Doubtless you have often flown on your broomstick over Wilderness House, have coughed slightly in the blue smoke rising from Premier's birch wood fires, have looked through the roof and seen Essex Lad saying '*Am, am, am!*' with his lips, but 'I like cookies' with his mind, and so determined to see that the boy was humored a little, for I admit that deer and doughnut are our chief diet.

"It is gratifying to all of us to know that we have such a watchful (and skilled) godmother to look after us. One of these nights I shall hope to

see you ride across the face of the round white moon as he rises over Cloud's Cobble. Any evening you select I shall be glad to meet you by the side of Dark-Eyed Water in order to present the three wishes to which we are, I suppose, formally entitled. Though, on second thought, I might prepare you for them by a few vague hints now. Perhaps . . ."

I HAD just written that fairy word, "perhaps," when the sound reached us, a strange whir in the upper light. Prunier took his pipe from his mouth—a sign of great mental excitement. E. L. stopped plucking the late partridge and stared into the humming heavens. I interrupted the pleasure of making a suitable wish and looked up in the direction whence came the sound and saw suddenly, high in the evening blue, a white star appearing out of nothing, signaling with a dazzle of light to the wide wilderness, dropping, vanishing, gleaming once more lower in a gorgeous spiral, an eagle for speed, but a creature for noise that exceeded forty snorting griffins.

Prunier's pipe went out. (This means something.)

E. L. was afire with excitement. "It's coming down; it's coming down *here*," he cried, craning his neck into the elements. I was glad his body remembered to turn with the head or his neck would have been wrung like the partridge's.

Once the birdman disappeared over the trees and we held our breath. To lose him now would have been worse than missing one's first buck; but back he circled, catching the sun on his wings, sure as a falcon, but uttering those dreadful noises, like syncopated hippopotamus cries. Prunier, for once, was excited and looked along the rifle-sights at him. I believe he would have brought the birdman down if he had attempted to escape. But the plane reached earth and ran along Prunier's potato patch. We charged after!

A young, slim, good-looking Englishman climbed down and greeted us.

"I say, luck that!" he remarked, surveying his track along the ribbon of level garden, "A bit of forest you've got here."

"Between three and four million acres," I said, "counting the lakes."

"Oh! really? I'm not in Canada, am I?"

"No, in a corner of the Empire State, but not a crowded corner. During the eight winter months my friends here," and I introduced them to Captain Broad, Royal Air Force, "just the three of us, are about the entire population of this part of paradise, call it twenty by thirty miles, six hundred square miles, that is."

"Extraordinary, really!"

"You see, we're glad to have you drop in on us."

"You bet," added E. L., who is n't mercenary but who is n't blind either to an opportunity when offered. "We'll show you some sport."

The aerial visitor's British blood responded to the word. He mentioned that he'd have "to hop over to Montreal" soon, but thought he could stop down with us for a day or so, and what was this Wildyrie place anyhow?

THAT evening was like no other we had ever spent. Our keen young captain, who had had four years at the front, mostly up in the air, was prevailed upon to talk a little; and your educated Englishman is the best talker in the world. His conversation does n't slop over, does n't gush; the words fit into place like parts of a trout-rod. After supper we drew up before the hearth and Captain Broad plied me with questions about this country he'd invaded. An Englishman is land-curious, a born geographer, and it was a pleasure to tell him of our wonderful wilderness lying next to the largest city in the world.

"You see that hearth there?" I said, "well that 's the center shrine of the group of buildings we call Wilderness House which is set in the boundary-less place called Wildyrie which is situated in New York State's great pleasure-land known as the Adirondack Park which is free to all to use and enjoy."

"Free? How extraordinary! It looks like a royal estate."

"Exactly, for everybody feels like a prince here. A man can write to the Conservation Commission at Albany, get permission to put up his tents, can load his family into the motor, pick out his lake, catch the fish, preserve the berries, shoot his deer, use the fallen timber, get well if he is ailing, keep well, forget that there is anything but well-ness, and enjoy himself imperially—all for that preliminary post card of permission!"

"Really? extraordinary!" exclaimed Captain Broad, thoughtfully; "and to think I was lunching at the Aero Club, New York, five hours ago!"

"Of course we can't all fly here," I said, "but even by train it is only a night's ride."

We put some more logs on the fire and I told him about the separate delights of our several seasons. He seemed to enjoy hearing about our fairy godmother, too.

#### OCTOBER 12, COLUMBUS DAY.

It will technically be the thirteenth in a few minutes, but to-day Essex Lad and I have discovered a new world and I'm too excited to sleep. I don't suppose Columbus even bothered to go to bed this night back in 1492.

Firstly, in Broad we discovered a friend, which is worth more even than stumbling upon an

empty hemi-sphere. Then we discovered that in him we were entertaining an angel unawares, an angel complete with wings, and a heart. For though *he* was dead anxious to get to Montreal, he knew *we* 'd like to fly. And yet an Englishman is always shy about conferring a favor too boldly; so just before going to bed last night he said nonchalantly: "It looks like a jolly day for to-morrow. The air will hardly be rough even among these hills."

"It is our best Indian summer weather," I said.

"I could get started by nine, I fancy," he said shyly to a shoe of his.

"Then we 'll have breakfast for you at eight," I said, just a little sadly. Essex Lad would be so disappointed not to have just a taste of flight.

"You had best take something warm," he suggested.

"Oh, I always have coffee."

"I meant *up*," he said desperately, "at ten thousand feet *we* might . . ."

"*We*"? said E. L. pouncing on the pronoun, "*we*"?

Captain Broad smiled at the boy's pleasure, relieved to have the invitation out. "Right on. You 've never flown? How extraordinary! Well, we 'll put on a show for the Empire State bears. Besides I want to do a turn around the mountains. You and Mr. Lucky the first time, and then I can take up Prunier . . ."

"*Non, merci!*" said Prunier, with extravagant emphasis, "I do not fly very much."

Prunier, who believes in werewolves, does n't quite approve of having a witch (fairy godmother) sending us fruit cakes (though I notice he takes his share) and logically refused to ride on a broomstick with us. We —

OCTOBER 13.

I INTENDED to write down the sensations we had on our first flight, but I made this discovery: that flying is a sure cure for insomnia. I could n't have kept awake a minute longer to endorse a check for a million dollars. Captain Broad says that he sleeps like a log after a long day of flying. This is a valuable discovery for those poor city people who can't chop wood, haul ice, climb mountains, ski down them, and otherwise earn an appetite for slumber.

To-day we bade good-by to Broad, "a peach of a fellow" as E. L. said, in a confidential valedictory. Broad got full directions as to the village and tree-protected house where lives our fairy godmother, and took a haunch of venison wrapped up in birch bark to drop on her lawn as he went over. E. L. suggested a pleasant inscription: "Deer to 'Le Dieu' with love from the Lucky Three of Wildyrie to Witches' Aerial Mail, kindness of Goblin Broad." I hope our good fairy gets it.

We have just seen wildcat tracks and are off a-trackin', so, instead of that long description, I 'll have to let it go with copies of letters written by the three of us. I made Prunier write to our godmother acknowledging our present. E. L. was bubbling over with the trip and wanted to write. And my letter is to the good St. Nicholas, because some day I want *some* saint to put a gift of a trip to the Adirondacks in every child's stocking. Prunier's letter first; his own spelling.

"Dear Godmière:

"This is a sadness that I write. To-day my friends have flown away into the blue sky. It is not rite. *Le bon Dieu*, he has made the sky for the winds and clouds, but not for machinery. I love the sky, the soft south wind, I love the stars in it, and the wild gese from my Northland. But other gese, *non, chère Godmière*.

"Monsieur Lucky sed I was to thank you for *ce bon gateau*. I had fear that it have a charm in it. But it has not hurt me. If you send more I will eat it without fear.

"*Li soir, chère godmière,*

"your godids

"J. DE ST. N. PRUNIER.

"P. S. Same address as before."

WILDERNESS HOUSE.

"Dear Fairy Godmother:

"This is Essex Lad writing to you for the first time. I hope to write you many letters. Because, first, it is nice to have a fairy godmother to write to, and because I want to tell you all about Wildyrie. But now I want to tell you about flying. Lucky says what a waste of time, when your ancestors started it all. But I think you must have got your hand out or lost your broomstick or you would have come here long ago.

"First you pour in gasoline through a chamois and next put in castor-oil, which seems a mean thing to do to even an engine. Then turn the propeller, and when it 's going around so fast you can't see it, you start. Captain Broad sat facing the propeller, which ought to be the thing's tail but is its head instead; then I sat in a little place and Lucky with the camera behind me.

"It was as exciting as being in a railroad accident that got more accidental all the time and yet never hurt any one. We ran along the potato patch like an automobile, faster and faster, and just as I was sure we were going to run right into Dark-Eyed Water we were *over* it. It was dropping below us. We were running up an air-hill, dropping into little air-hollows with a feeling like being in a canoe in the ocean, climbing, climbing, the wind in our ears, distance in our eyes, and



LOOKING SOUTH, WHILE HOVERING JUST OVER THE SUMMIT OF WHITEFACE MOUNTAIN, SHOWING LAKE PLACID, MACKENZIE RANGE ON THE WEST, AND THE SARANACS BEYOND

everything inside you wanting to shout for gladness.

"In a minute we were looking down on Cloud's Cobble. Everything was plainer than I thought it would be, the spire of each balsam-tree, the big rock, even the bushes. I bet you could find four-leaf clovers in a field from a plane. No wonder owls can catch mice!

"Suddenly we upset. That is, Captain Broad wheeled, just like a hawk, and you looked straight down on your wheeling shadow with nothing between you and the earth but distance. But I did n't care. If anything happened, I don't think it would matter. You'd just go on flying, would n't you? And that's what you want — when you're up there.

"Soon we were pointing north toward Whiteface and Lake Placid and we saw the road, a plain white ribbon dividing the green fields like a string dropped on a green carpet. The village was funny when we got over it. The houses were such silly boxes. You wonder why people waste so much time in them. I was glad when we headed back to the mountains.

"We were up so high now that all the places I knew were gathered right under us and the most

wonderful excitement began, sailing over places I'd wanted to see, that it would have taken days of walking to reach. West we went, south, east, back over great passes, mountain-sides stripped by landslides, hidden valleys. I saw little ponds I'm going to visit some time, ponds you'd never have guessed were where they were. And all the time a little clock kept ticking inside me. I could n't get away from that — the feeling that it was all going to end. I tried to drink down the sights, the way you do water when you reach a brook in August. I tried to make my eyes remember how things looked. But all the while the clock inside me kept marking off time.

"And presently I knew we were going down. It was just like getting to the end of a story you have loved. All stories ought to end with 'and they flew happily ever after.' I could n't bear to come down, though even that was exciting. For all at once what had been carpet became trees, and I could make out our clearing with Dark-Eyed Water near by waiting to catch us, even winking at us. And the cabin, with Prunier standing by it, about as conspicuous as a fly-speck on a ceiling. Then we swooped around Cloud's Cobble and over the lake at a fearful speed, but I



VIEW WEST FROM TADAWUS, MT. MARCY, THE HIGHEST OF THE ADIRONDACKS. MT. SKYLIGHT, LEFT, MT. COLDEN, RIGHT, MACINTYRE, CENTER

was n't running the thing so there was n't much use in being scared. Then we hovered over the ground, just like a sailing chicken-hawk, and while I was waiting for the bump it must have come, for I did n't feel it. And there we were sitting in the potato patch!

"It 's no wonder the birds sing, Fairy Godmother. If I were a crow, I would n't be content with just cawing. I'd go screeching like Dixie all over the country side, 'I 'm flying, I 'm flying, I 'm flying.' Maybe they used to and it made them hoarse.

"Just here Lucky came in and said that Goblin Broad was going to fly away with our letters. So I must close. And I have n't begun to thank you for the fairy godmother surprise. It 's going to be great to have a real fairy to make wishes to and know they 'll come true. Perhaps my first wish will be that you fly here and see how wonderful Wildyrie is.

"Your affectionate godson,

I. F.

WILDERNESS HOUSE,

WILDYRIE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS,

Now that I live up here all the year round I know the reason why the North is St. Nick's real home. Here grow the original Christmas trees, the Native evergreens, green and dry that drip from snow, and the cherry jam that hangs on bushes, and the fire to keep you warm. Here there is good food and high spirit—that one

must shout; so much beauty, one must sing. And always a chance to grow. So I am writing this letter to you, dear Saint, that you may spread around news of this glorious playground. I myself have been living in the territory for a good while, and a fellow-citizen asked me just the other day why more boys and girls did n't come here to play. I told him the usual reason—ignorance.

But first, before I describe the things they can do here, let me tell you about the place and how I got a bird's-eye view of it.

One afternoon an Englishman precipitated himself from the sky at our very feet and the next day accommodated Essex Lad and me with a large helping of heaven. Prunier would n't go. He said it would be a pity to have all three of us killed on the same day.

Flying is like living out a poem. Think of a poem like "The splendor falls on castle walls and snowy summits old in story," and then instead of reading it imagine *being* it and you 've imagined what flying is like. Or a piece of music will do just as well. Only it must be strong, joyous music, for I know nothing so joyful as flight.

We went up and up in long curves and loops, like a lariat thrown by a playful giant, until Saranac came close to Placid and the mountain forests were terraces of compact, progressive greens. It was a glorious Indian summer day, calm, clear, with a hint of frost, and the maples rose in red and orange flames about the blue lakes like burning birthday-candles. Unfortunately, these photographs taken at our speed of seventy miles an



hour, don't tell any more of the story than the little pink square inch of Wyoming on the map shows you the glories of the Yellowstone. That is why I want everybody to see this place for himself. Now let's get down to details.

The great Adirondack Park is a place set apart by the State of New York for the use of any man, woman or youngster who knows the difference between stale air and fresh and prefers the latter. There are big summer hotels on the edges for people who are tired of boiling their own eggs—or don't know how to do it. There are all-the-year-round places where those wise ones can put

family. MacIntyre gives probably the most varied view, though I prefer Haystack because on its narrow ridge-top you feel as though you were on the prow of some glorious ship in a gigantic sea. The older St. Nicholasites will like to climb Giant-of-the-Valley, Noonmark, and the Gothics, all reached easily from Keene Valley,—also old Whiteface, reached from Lake Placid. And those who can shoulder a pack with blankets, food, and tent, must climb through Avalanche Pass, where there rests a tiny ice-cold lake of great beauty, must journey into Indian Pass, where a cliff a quarter of a mile high pro-



PANORAMA OF LAKE PLACID VILLAGE, MIRROR LAKE, LAKE PLACID, AND WHITEFACE MOUNTAIN

up who have accepted ST. NICHOLAS' invitation to see real winter. And, lastly, there are three great sections of the wilderness where you can climb or canoe or hike or really rough it in any degree you desire. As each section is suited to a different sort of vacationing I shall outline each briefly. To study the sections adequately you should ask the Geological Survey at Washington to send you the topographical maps with the names I shall give, sending fifteen cents for each map ordered.

1. The Mountain Section (order maps named "Lake Placid Sheet," "Mt. Marcy Quadrangle," and "Santanoni Quadrangle").

There are about 2000 mountains and hills in the 3,000,000 acres within the park boundaries, but most of the high ones reside in Essex County. Mt. Marcy, 5344 feet high, is the father of the

vides caves that have never been thoroughly explored, and finally must camp on the Ausable Lakes, which is a wonderland of wandering deer, generous trout, and dignified forests which have been spared the insult of fire or ax.

The best way to reach this central climbing section is to come to Lake Placid and take the motor-stage to Keene Valley, or leave city clothes at Placid and "pack" in from there ten miles to the foot of things.

2. The Lake Section (order maps named "Sar-anac Quadrangle," "Blue Mountain Lake," "Long Lake," "Raquette Lake," and "Fulton Chain").

There are about 1500 lakes and ponds tucked between the hills, in the passes, and on the laps of mountains in the Adirondack Park. But a great many are just watering-places for deer,

little gems like 'Tear o' the Clouds high up on Marcy whence the beginning Hudson flows, a tiny trickle of water. Yet through the heart of the wilderness lies a string of lakes connected by sections of the Raquette River which gives the finest canoeing anywhere near New York City. You can leave the railroad at Old Forge and, beginning with the Fulton Chain Lakes, keep right on northeast for 115 miles. Or, leaving your city stiff at Saranac Lake, you can make a glorious circle through the Saranacs, the Tappers, the Forked Lakes, Raquette, into Blue, and back into little Forked, down Long, and thence to Saranac, over one hundred miles of beauty, little ponds lined with deer, rivers bottomed with fish, with every point offering you birch for your fires and balsam for your beds, and nobody much to bother. In the mountain section your shoes were your friends; here your canoe is. Raquette Lake, Tupper Lake, Saranac Lake, these three are the best places to start from, with Raquette the easiest.

3. The Indian Section (order maps named "Indian Lake," "Lake Pleasant," "Piseco Lake," "West Canada Lakes," and "Blue Mountain Lake").

Though Wilderness House is in the Mountain section, yet Premier, E. L. and I love the Indian section greatly. I have named it that, not only because of the beautiful nine mile Indian Lake, but because it is the great part of the Adirondack Park to *play* Indians in. It is most easily reached by rail to North Creek and stage inland. But to see it you have to *be* an Indian really, for there are scores of square miles where nobody goes, great open meadows where the deer feed, brooks that are dammed by beaver colonies, trees scarred by restless bears, great widths of forest where the big owls bark as twilight closes in, ponds covered with water-lilies that nobody has seen, streams slipping quietly along in which you can wade for miles and get a good sized trout from every pool, and patches of primeval forest with moss knee-deep. Here are winter tales, Indian tales, tales of howling wolves, mating moose, and strageling hunters, stored up in the gray-green silence of ancient pine groves. The Indian section is not so easy as the Lake section, nor so majestic as the Mountain section, but it is the section for adventure, for getting lost and living like the son of Daniel Boone. And just think! you can go back two hundred years by simply taking the night train and a stage. Good luck to you on this trip!

4. Miscellaneous (order maps named "St. Regis," "Cranberry Lake," "Chateaugay," "Loon Lake," "Thirteenth Lake," "Ausable," "Schroon," etc.).

In addition to the three great sections for charing, canoeing, and mid-wood adventure

there are many outlying parts of the Adirondacks which are famous and where you can have fun if you're stationed there, but which I would n't choose if I could have the others.

First there is a large territory lying west of the New York Central Railroad, with a huge lake, Cranberry, for a center. The country is low and rolling, filled with second growth forest which is in turn filled with wild life of the smaller kinds. Broad sluggish streams like the Oswegatchie wind here and there. Trails become deer runs, become nothing, and you are lost in an unfeatured forest. It is a wild country; not nobly wild, like a lion, but wild like mosquitos; yet a country interesting for the fact that you can watch lumber operations in it, can roam where nobody else is roaming. It is fairly exciting country, but one I cannot recommend.

Then to the east of it the St. Regis Lakes. On each of these some millionaire has a home. This makes the place fairly noisy with motor-boats.

To the east of that lies Loon Lake, where dear Mrs. Chase provides some of the best food ever eaten by man.

To the east the Chateaugay country, easily reached from Plattsburg, a land of rolling forest dominated by Whiteface watershed, where you step across the border and become a Canadian if you are n't careful.

To the southeast the Ausable Chasm, the most over-rated sight in any guide-book, but interesting in a flood.

To the south, Schroon Lake section, farmland with some forest, and fine motor-roads.

Farther south the Thirteenth Lake section and entrance to the Indian section.

So you see how many varieties of experience can be got by merely allowing oneself to be outdoors in this wanderland of St. Nick's. And yet I have only hinted at *some* of the possibilities of *one* of the seasons. Summer, you know, is only a small part of the Adirondack year. For five months beginning about Thanksgiving, the region, and particularly our high, mountain-circled Lake Placid Valley, is snow-bound and given over to a good time.

A few of us work, of course, because the ice has to be cut for summer and wood got in for the following winter, but the spirit of St. Nicholas is abroad. A temperature of zero changes the blood into rag time music, one snow storm follows another until the little trees are bedded warm and you can walk through the forest (and over it) on snow-shoes very easily. You can play hare and hounds with the snow-shoe rabbits, or you can photograph the deer who get stalled in the snow. You can climb the mountains and see the St. Lawrence valley, the Green Mountains, the White



HEART OF THE WILDERNESS—LAKE COLDEN, BELOW MT. COLDEN (WITH THE SLIDES), AVALANCHE LAKE (CENTER), WHITEFACE MOUNTAIN FAR TO THE NORTHWEST

Mountains, and hundreds of square miles of uninhabited country. Then you slide down on the tails of your shoes, or, better yet, on skis. You ski by day and skate by night unless it is full moon and then you take long cross-country flights on these wings of wood. It is the next best thing to flying. Then there are things you do with horses which can be trained like reindeer to drag you after them like shooting-stars.

But I can't tell everything and I'm not going to begin. Their good St. Nick always wants to have all his youngsters to have a good time, does n't he? He is in control of the most good-timeable place in the East. I advise every young fellow who wants to know how to fly-fish or still-paddle or study animals, every young girl who would like to learn the crawl or how to make corn-bread without a kitchen range, to visit the great park, first in summer, then in winter. Prunier says so, too.

Captain Broad is going to post this by wing in a few minutes, so I cannot tell you how we flew over great Wallace and discovered a little lake on top, how we spotted the best way up the Sentinels, or a dozen other hows. But wings have come to stay—and so have we. Believe us.

Affectionately yours, dear ST. NICHOLAS,  
THE LUCKY TITREB OF WILDYRIE.

One more quotation from the day-book:

OCTOBER 17

"My dear Godsons:

"Listen to the tale of a surprised fairy god-mother. Yesterday she was hobbling out into her winter garden to get some sunflower seeds for her magic bird when she heard a curious humming in the sky. "Aha! Oho!" she cried, shaking a wand at this maker of black sorcery, this disturber of the skies. But her necromancy was of no avail. The magician flew nearer, dropped lower, swooped to the top of the elm, passed by in a whirlwind of tempestuous cunning. And almost at my feet dropped your precious package and the letters.

"I congratulate you. I have never heard of mere men picking up the magic so easily, and double-magic at that. For it is one thing to beat a witch at her own game; it is more than that to make an old woman happy. You have done both!

"The venison has been hung upon a porch rafter. The little fir-tree from the shore of Dark-Eyed Water is potted and will be well tended.

"Just at present my broomstick is at the carriage-makers, being repaired. But as you sit before the hearth these long winter nights, spend some of your reflections upon your three wishes. When the spring comes we shall see what we shall see. *Ora, labora.*

"Your faithful,

"FAIRY GODMOTHER."

# THE DRAGON'S SECRET

By AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN

Author of "The Sapphire Signet," "The Slipper Point Mystery," etc., etc.

## SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS

LESLIE CRANE and her friend Phyllis Kelvin, staying at a little frequented Jersey beach during the month of October, have discovered many curious and mysterious things that they cannot explain about a closed-for-the-season bungalow called Curlew's Nest next door to Leshe's bungalow, Rest Haven. (Fact among these are strange lights behind the shutters at night, a little bronze carved box like a winged dragon that Leshe's dog "Rags" has dug up from the sand in front of the place, and which they cannot open. When they enter and explore the place, they find a string of green beads, torn from some one's dress, and a broken penknife blade lying on the floor, and an old envelop with the name "Hon. Arthur Ramsay" on it. Down in the village they also encounter a strange young girl boarding there, whose name they ascertain is Miss Ramsay and who wears a dress trimmed with beads similar to those found in the bungalow. Another mystery is a strange man with a hump whom Leshe discovers at dawn one morning, digging in the sand where the dog had found the carved box.

She goes, that same morning, to tell Phyllis about this, and greatly to their surprise, on returning to her bungalow, they find Miss Ramsay, who has heretofore exhibited not the slightest desire to know them, sitting on the porch chatting amiably with Leshe's invalid aunt. The girl's excuse for coming seems to be to bring over in her car some eggs which "Aunt Sally Blake," with whom she is boarding, has promised to Phyllis. The girls, however, are sure he has some other reason for her visit. They are very pleasant to her, however, showing her about Leshe's and then Phyllis's bungalow, while Phyllis, who is a gifted musician, finally gives them an impromptu piano recital. This seems to delight Mrs. Ramsay. She asks them please to call her Eileen, tells them her grandfather is very ill and how lonely she is.

She takes them all, including the aunt, Miss Crane, for a long drive the next afternoon and brings them back at dusk. But as she drives away, Leslie happens to see her stop in front of Curlew's Nest and a dark figure board the car. This puzzles and bewilders Leslie and she confides the circumstance to Phyllis, who comes later to spend the night with her. They regretfully decide that Eileen has only been using them to further her own purposes. Phyllis also tells Leshe that her brother Ted has been very late in returning home from the village that same evening, and, when he does come, refuses to explain about his absence except to say a friend had invited him for a ride, that they had a breakdown, and he, Ted, hurt his hand in helping to fix it. That same night they learn that Eileen also was very late in returning to Aunt Sally Blake's and had said she had a breakdown. The girls "put two and two together" and wonder if Ted can possibly be mixed up in the affair.

That same night, Leshe and Phyllis explore Curlew's Nest again. They find on the table a mysterious note, type written, warning whoever has the "article stolen from its hiding-place" to return it at once, or serious consequences may ensue. As they are returning to their own bungalow, Phyllis has a sudden idea, leaves Leshe standing in the doorway of Curlew's Nest and rushes inside again.

## CHAPTER XV

### A TRAP IS SET

BUT Leslie would not return to her own house and desert her companion, though she could not bring herself to enter again that fear-inspiring place. So she lingered about outside in a state of unavoidable desperation till Phyllis once more emerged from the dark doorway.

"So you could n't leave me, after all!" she laughed. "Well come back to bed now, and I'll tell you all about it."

They were chilled through with the drenching mist by the time they returned, and not till they were enveloped in the warm bed clothing did Phyllis deign to explain her ideas about the newest development in their mystery.

"You were mightily scared by that little piece of paper, and I confess that I was startled myself, for a minute. But after I'd thought it over, it suddenly dawned on me that there was precious little to be scared about, and I'll tell you why. I'm perfectly convinced that that thing was written at Leshe's and there by my brother Ted."

Leslie sat up in bed with a jerk. "You can't possibly mean it!"

"I certainly do, and here 's my reason. You yourself convinced me, earlier this evening, that there was a chance of Ted's being mixed up in this thing somehow. I can't imagine how he got into it—that 's a mystery past my explaining. But it looks very much as if he knew this Eileen, and that he was poking around here this afternoon while we were away. Now he suspects that we are mixed up in it, too, for he saw us come out of the bungalow that day. Well, if Eileen has told him about the Dragon's Secret and its disappearance, perhaps he thinks we know what happened to it. At any rate, he 's taken the chance, and written this warning for our inspection the next time we happened in. He thinks it will scare us, I suppose! He 'll presently find out that we don't scare for a cent! And I thought of a scheme as good as his! Do you know what I did when I went back there? I took a pencil and printed on the bottom of that paper just this:

*"The article will be returned to its hiding-place."*

"Now here 's what I'm going to do next. In

my trunk I have a little jewel-case, very much the size and shape and weight of the Dragon's Secret. It's one of those antimony things you've often seen, covered with a kind of carving that might easily pass for what's on that other one, if it were n't *seen*. I'm going to-morrow to make a burlap bag, just like the one we found, and sew the jewel-case in it, and it will be a sharp person who can tell the difference between them till the bag is opened. Then we'll bury it in the place where Rags dug up the other, some time to-morrow when the coast is clear. After that we'll wait and see what happens next! Now what do you think of my scheme?"

"It sounds splendid to me," admitted Leslie; then she added uneasily: "but there's something you have n't explained yet. You think Ted wrote that thing, yet it is *type-written*! How do you explain *that*?"

"Oh, that's simple enough! We have an old typewriter down here that Father uses occasionally, and Ted frequently practises on it."

"But did you notice the paper?" Leslie insisted. "It was queer, thin, almost foreign-looking stuff. Do you folks use that kind, or happen to have it about?"

"Oh, I don't know. I suppose he got it somewhere. What does it matter, anyway?" answered Phyllis, sleepily. And in two minutes more she was in the land of dreams.

But Leslie, still unconvinced, tossed the night through without closing her eyes.

## CHAPTER XVI

### THE MAN WITH THE LIMP

Two days had passed. To Leslie it was a constant marvel, considering the secret tension under which she lived, that outwardly her life went on in the same peaceful groove. She rose and dressed as usual, prepared the meals, ate and chatted with Aunt Marcia, walked on the beach or down to the village, fished occasionally with Phyllis and the Kelvins, took a dip in the ocean when it was not too chilly, read and slept and idled, as if there were nothing in the world but what was quiet and normal and in the ordinary course of things.

Aunt Marcia suspected nothing. Even Ted, who, she was certain, suspected many things, laughed and chatted with and teased her, and never by so much as a word or look indicated the slightest suspicion of her interest in Curlew's Nest and its affairs. With Phyllis his manner was somewhat different, and during the last two days their relations had seemed occasionally rather strained, but there was no open break, in public at least.

"But at home it's another matter!" Phyllis

assured her. "Something's come over him—I can't guess what. He will hardly speak either to Father or myself. He does n't even want to play his violin when we get together, and usually he adores that. He's moody and silent and—just *grouchy*, most of the time! And that's unusual for Ted. I'll give him credit for being a pretty amiable fellow, as a rule. I can't make him out!"

"And it surely is queer that we've seen nothing more of Eileen, don't you think so?" questioned Leslie.

"Well, no. Considering that she gained her point and got us away all that afternoon, I don't think it at all queer. She's done with us now. Why should she try to keep on with it? By the way, I called her up at Aunt Sally's last night. She was n't there, but Aunt Sally said her grandfather has been rather worse for the last two days and she's been at the hospital most of the time—was there then. All of which may or may not be so. As a matter of fact, I guess Aunt Sally knows precious little of her doings when she's away in that car."

Somehow, Leslie could never believe Eileen quite as full of duplicity as Phyllis thought her. While she had to admit that circumstances made the girl's conduct seem almost inexcusable, there always lingered in her mind a stubborn feeling that perhaps there was more back of it all than they knew—that Eileen herself might be struggling with entangling problems. But she knew it was useless to express these doubts to Phyllis, so she wisely kept her own counsel. But there was one thing she did allude to.

"Is n't it strange that Eileen never told us a word about her grandfather, or how sick he was, or what was the matter with him? You would have thought it natural, that day when she took us riding, to say *something* about it, anyway. I hardly see now how she could have avoided it. And yet she did. You'd never have thought she had such a thing as a sick grandfather on her mind!"

"Leslie, you certainly are a trusting soul!" exclaimed Phyllis, scornfully. "How do you know she *has* a sick grandfather in any hospital? I strongly doubt it myself!"

"Oh, I *can't* believe she's not telling the truth about *that*!" cried Leslie, thoroughly shocked. "Don't you believe anything about her any more?"

"I don't know what I believe or don't believe—about *her*!" retorted Phyllis. "And what's more, there's only one thing concerning her that I *am* interested in just now—whether she has discovered the answer to that note left in there and when she—or any one else—is going to make the attempt to unearth their treasure again!"

Phyllis had been as good as her word. On the morning after that night of the fog, she had returned to her bungalow before breakfast, and had reappeared later at Rest Haven with a mysterious bundle. When they had both retired to Leslie's

original from its duplicate, so nearly alike did they seem.

Late that afternoon, while Ted and his father were far up the inlet, and with the beach entirely deserted, they buried the false treasure-box in the sand by the old log. Phyllis did the deed, while Leslie scouted the beach in every direction, investigated every nook and corner that could possibly conceal any one, and made absolutely certain that they were not observed. And from that time on they had awaited results.

And to their certain knowledge, there had been none. Each day, at some hour when there was least likelihood of any one being near, they had examined the place, only to find the buried bag still in its hiding-place, untouched. At night they had taken turns keeping watch, all the night through; but no stealthy visitor had come to Curlew's Nest, nor had there been any during the day—of that they were absolutely certain.

And thus matters stood on the second afternoon, and they were beginning to be impatient at inaction and delay. Then Phyllis had an idea.

"I know what 's the matter!" she cried. "We're keeping too close a watch. We don't give anybody a chance to come within gunshot of that place, unobserved, so how can we expect that anything is going to hap-

pen? If it 's Ted, don't you suppose he sees us hanging about here all the time? He 'd be a goose to try anything right in front of our eyes. No doubt he 's seen one or the other of us at the window all night, too. And if it 's Eileen or any one else, it 's the same thing. Let 's go off and give them a chance. Not too far though, for we want to be where we can get back quickly."



"CONGRATULATIONS!" LAUGHED PHYLLIS, WITH THE INFORMAL INTEREST OF THE BORN FISHERMAN.

pen. He revealed its contents, a piece of burlap, a perfect duplicate of the one which contained the Dragon's Secret, and an antimony jewel case. Then they got down the original from its dusty belt, fashioned a bag, the exact size and shape of the one Rae had unearthed, placed the jewel case in it, and sewed it up. When all was complete, it would have been extremely difficult to tell the

So they went for a stroll along the beach, accompanied by Rags, who was only too delighted at the prospect of an expedition that promised some change. It was a mild, hazy October afternoon. An opalescent mist lay along the horizon and the waves rolled in lazily, too lazily to break with their accustomed crash. Every little while there would be a flight of wild geese, in V-shaped flying line, far over head, and their honking would float down faintly as they pushed on in their southward course. It was a golden afternoon, and Leslie almost resented the fact that they had any worries or problems on their minds.

"Why, who in the world is that?" exclaimed Phyllis, suddenly, as they rounded a slight curve in the beach and came in sight of a figure standing at the water's edge, a rod and long line in his hand, and a camp-stool and fishing-kit beside him. "There has n't been a stranger fishing in this region in an age! People generally go down by the big bungalow colony three miles farther along for that. We almost never see any one here. I wonder what it means!"

As they came nearer, they could see more plainly what sort of person he appeared to be. He was tall and stalwart and gray-haired. A slouch hat was pulled down to shade his eyes, but still they could see that his face was alert and kindly and placid, with twinkling gray eyes and a whimsical mouth. He was obviously an adept fisherman, as Phyllis remarked, when they had witnessed the clever way in which he managed a catch. They were very near him by that time, and watching breathlessly. Once his prey almost eluded him, but with a skilful manipulation of his tackle, he presently landed the big fellow.

"Great Scott!" he said, winding up his line, "but that rascal gave me a warm ten minutes!"

The girls had by this time reached the spot and were admiring the catch.

"Congratulations!" laughed Phyllis, with the informal interest of the born fisherman. "I could n't have done it myself, not after he had almost escaped. He must weigh five pounds!"

The stranger looked at them with interest. "So you fish? Well, it 's the best sport in the world. This bouncer has been dodging me all the afternoon, and I vowed I 'd get him before I left. Almost had him once before, but he got away with the bait. Would n't let me alone, though, even after that. I warned him he was flirting with his fate!" And he laughed a big, booming, pleasant laugh.

At this moment Rags, who had been elsewhere occupied, came bounding up, and straightway made a bee-line over to investigate the fish.

"Hi! Stop that!" exclaimed the stranger. "I intend to have that fish for my supper to-night"

and he made a dash for his cherished trophy. But Rags, disconcerted by the sudden movement, was on his guard at once. As the man approached, he sank his teeth into the fish with a growl that was a warning not to be ignored.

"Oh, call him off!" cried the man, anxiously, and Leslie, very much upset, sprang forward to rescue the stranger's dinner. But Rags saw his chance for a lark; and as times had been rather slow and uninteresting for him of late, he determined to make the most of it. Seizing the fish in a firm grip, he galloped madly up the beach, the two girls wildly pursuing.

There ensued a chase very similar to the one he had led them on that eventful day when he had unearthed the Dragon's Secret. Never once did he allow them to lay a finger on his prize, though, panting and disgusted, they pursued him hither and yon, sometimes so close that he was well within their reach, sometimes with him far in advance.

The man wisely took no part in the struggle, but stood looking on, encouraging them with half-reeful, half-laughing remarks. At length Leslie had an inspiration. While Rags was standing at the edge of the water, panting from a long and furious run, the fish reposing at his feet, she seized a small board lying near, called to him beguilingly, and hurled the board out into the sea.

Here was a game that was even more fascinating. Rags always adored it. Forsaking the much sought fish, he leaped into the lazy waves and swam out toward his new prize, while the stranger eagerly seized the fish and concealed it in his basket.

"Oh, I 'm so sorry!" apologized Leslie. "I know he has spoiled it now. I hope you can forgive us for this dreadful thing."

"Nothing of the sort!" laughed the stranger. "He has n't harmed it a bit, for it was only the head he had hold of. When it 's washed and cooked, that beauty will taste just as good as if it had never had the adventure. My, but that 's a fearsome animal of yours! I would n't want to tackle him. But those English sheep-dogs are noted for being wonderful protectors and very interesting pets besides."

And just to show that he bore Rags no malice, he picked up the board which the dog had retrieved, and obligingly hurled it into the surf again. Rags ecstatically pursued it once more, dropped it at the man's feet, and begged for another opportunity. But just before it was launched a third time, he spied a hermit-crab scuttling away almost under his nose, forsook his latest diversion, and was off on another hunt.

The man laughed, dropped the wet, sandy board, dusted off his hands by striking them together, picked up his fishing-kit, hung his camp-

stool over his arm, bade the girls good afternoon, and strode away.

They gazed after him a moment and were about to turn back toward their own part of the beach, when Leslie suddenly seized Phyllis's arm in a vise-like grip.

"Phyllis, Phyllis, don't think me crazy! Something has just come to me. The way that man threw away the board just now and dusted off his hands and then walked away—was just—exactly like—the *man with the limp* that morning at dawn! The action was identical. I'm positive I'm not mistaken. And he looks just like him, the same height and build and all, as he walked away."

"But, my dear child, *he does n't limp!*" cried Phyllis, conclusively. "So you certainly are mistaken!"

"I know he does n't, but I don't care. He's the same one. I am absolutely sure of it. Maybe he's all over the limp now."

But though Leslie was so certain, Phyllis remained unconvinced!

## CHAPTER XVII

### OUT OF THE HURRICANE

WITH the fickleness of October weather (which is often as freakish as that of April), the golden afternoon had turned cloudy and raw before the girls returned home. By nightfall it was raining, and a rising, gusty wind had ruffled the ocean into lumpy, foam-crested waves. At seven o'clock the wind had increased to a heavy gale and was steadily growing stronger. The threatened storm, as usual, filled Miss Marcia with nervous forebodings, and even Leslie experienced some uncomfortable apprehensions during their supper hour.

At eight o'clock, Phyllis arrived, escorted by Ted. "My!" she exclaimed, shaking the rain-drops from her clothes as she stood on the porch, "but this is going to be a night! Father says the papers have warnings that we shall probably get the tail-end of a West Indian hurricane that is headed this way, and I guess it has come! It's getting worse every minute. Have you seen how the tide is rising? Get on your things and come down to the beach. Ted brought me, because I could hardly stand up against the wind. He's going back presently. Come and see how the water is rising!"

"Oh, hush!" implored Leslie, glancing nervously toward her aunt. "You've no idea how upset Aunt Marcia is already," she whispered. "She'll be distracted if she gets an idea there's any danger."

"Forgive me!" returned Phyllis contritely. "I

really did n't think, for a moment. Father says there probably is n't any real danger. The tide has almost never risen as far as these bungalows, except in winter; and if the worst comes to the worst, we can always get out of them and walk away. But this threatens to be the worst storm of the kind we've had in years. Are you coming down to see the water?"

"If Aunt Marcia does n't mind. But if she's afraid to be left alone, I won't."

"Oh, Ted will be here, and we'll just run down for a minute or two. It's really a great sight!"

Ted very thoughtfully offered to stay, and the two girls, wrapped to the eyes, pushed through the blinding rain and wind down to where the breakers were pounding their way up the beach, spreading, when they broke, farther and farther inland. So terrific was the impact of the wind, that the girls had to turn their backs to it when they wanted to speak.

"I brought you out here, as much as anything, because I had something to say," shouted Phyllis, her voice scarcely audible to the girl close beside her. "If the tide keeps on like this, it will probably wash away what we've hidden by the old log. And probably others who are concerned with that may be thinking of the same thing. We've got to keep close watch. I believe things are going to happen to-night!"

"But don't you think we'd better dig it up ourselves, right away?" suggested Leslie. "We can't very well go out to do it later when it may be necessary, and surely you want to save it."

"Certainly *not!*" declared Phyllis. "I don't care if it *is* washed away. What I want is the fun of seeing the other parties breaking their necks to rescue it. If it's washed away, they'll think the real article has disappeared, and then we'll see what next! Let's take one more look at the surf and then go back."

They peered out for a moment into the awe-inspiring blackness, where an angry ocean was eating into the beach. Then, battling back against the wind, they returned to the house. Ted, having ascertained that there was no further service he could render, suggested that he had better go back and help his father stop a leak in the roof of Fisherman's Luck, which had suddenly proved unseaworthy.

"I'm so glad Phyllis will be with us to-night," Miss Marcia told him, "for I'm very little company for Leslie at a time like this. I get so nervous that I have to take a sedative the doctor has given me for emergencies, and that generally puts me pretty soundly to sleep."

They sat about the open fire after Ted had gone, listening to the commotion of the elements outside and talking fitfully. Every few moment,





"THEY FOUND EILEEN TRYING VAINLY TO PEER INTO THE OUTER DARKNESS" (SEE PAGE 520)

Miss Marcia would rise, go to the window, and peer out nervously into the darkness. Once the telephone-bell rang and every one jumped, Leslie hurried to answer it.

"Oh, it's Aunt Sally Blake!" she exclaimed. "She wants to know how we all are and if we happen to have seen anything of Eileen. She was at the hospital all the afternoon, but she has n't returned. Aunt Sally 'phoned the hospital, but they said Miss Ramsay had left three hours ago. She's terribly worried about her—thinks she may have had an accident in this storm. She thought it just possible Eileen might have come on out here. I said no, but would call her up later and see if she'd had news."

This latest turn of affairs added in no wise to Miss Marcia's peace of mind. "Why don't you take your powder now, Aunt Marcia, and go to bed," Leslie suggested at last. "It's only worrying you to sit up and watch this. There's no danger, and you might as well go peacefully to sleep and forget it. Phyllis and I will stay up quite a while yet, and if there's any reason for it, we will wake you."

Miss Marcia herself thought well of the plan and was soon in bed; and, having taken her sleeping-powder, the good lady was shortly fast

and dreamlessly asleep, much to the relief of the girls.

"And now let's go into your room and watch," whispered Phyllis. "I'm just as certain as I can be that something is going to happen to-night!"

They arranged themselves, each at a window. Phyllis at the one toward the sea; Leslie facing Curlew's Nest, and began an exciting vigil. With the electric light switched off, it was so black, both inside and out, that it would have been difficult to distinguish anything, but with the windows shut and encrusted with wind-blown sand, it was utterly impossible. And when they dared to open them even a crack, the rain poured in and drenched them. They could do this only at intervals. Even Rags seemed to share the general uneasiness and could find no comfortable spot in which to dispose himself, but kept hovering between the two windows.

It was Leslie who suddenly spoke in a hushed whisper. She had just opened her window the merest crack and peeped out, then closed it again without sound. "Phyllis, come here a moment. Look out when I open the window. It struck me that I saw something—some dark shape—slip around the corner of the house next door. See if you can see it."

Phyllis applied her eye to the crack when the window was opened. Then she drew her head back with a jerk. "I certainly did see something!" she whispered excitedly. "It slipped back to the other side of the bungalow!" She peered out again. "Good gracious! I see it again—or else it's another one. Does n't seem quite like the first figure. Can there possibly be two?"

Leslie then, becoming impatient, demanded a turn at the peep-hole, and while she was straining her gaze into the darkness, they were both electrified by a light, timid knock at the door of the front veranda.

"Who can *that be?*" cried Leslie, wide-eyed and trembling.

"Perhaps it's Ted come back," ventured Phyllis. "At any rate, I suppose we'll have to go and see!"

Rags, alert also, uttered a low growl, and Leslie silenced him anxiously. "If this arouses Aunt Marcia," she whispered, "I shall be awfully worried. Be quiet, Rags!"

They tiptoed into the living-room, switched on the light, and advanced to the door. Again the knock came, light but insistent; and without further hesitation, Leslie threw the door open.

A muffled, dripping figure inquired timidly: "Please may I come in? I'm dripping wet and chilled to the bone."

"Why, *Eileen!*" cried Leslie, "What are you doing here in this terrible storm?"

"I got lost on the way back from the hospital," half sobbed the new-comer, "and I must have motored round and round in the rain and dark. And at last something went wrong with the engine, and I got out and left the car on the road—and I walked and walked—trying to find some place to stay—and at last I found I was right near here—so I came in!" She seemed exhausted and half hysterical and Leslie could not but believe her.

"Well, I'm so glad you're found and here!" she cried. "I must call up Aunt Sally right away and tell her you're all right. She called a while ago and was so anxious about you."

Leslie went to the telephone, while Phyllis helped Eileen to rid herself of her wet clothes and get into something dry. Then they all sat down by the fire in an uneasy silence. Presently Phyllis suggested that Eileen might like something warm to eat and drink, as she had evidently had no dinner. She assented to this eagerly, and the two girls went to the kitchen to provide something for her.

"I tell you," whispered Phyllis, "I just can't believe that hospital and getting-lost stuff! She

came out here for some purpose, you mark my word! But why she wants to get in here is beyond me just yet. I'll find out later, though, you see if I don't!"

When they entered the living-room with a dainty tray a few minutes later, they found Eileen standing by one of the windows facing the ocean, trying vainly to peer into the outer blackness. She started guiltily when she saw them and retreated to the fire, murmuring something about "the awful night." But though she had seemed so eager for food, when it was set before her she ate almost nothing.

"Can't you take a little of this hot soup?" urged Leslie. "It will do you so much good. You must be very hungry by now."

"Oh, thanks, so much!" Eileen replied, with a grateful glance. "You are very good to me. I did really think I was hungry, at first, but I'm so nervous I just can't eat!"

She pushed the tray aside and began to roam restlessly about the room. At every decent excuse, such as an extra heavy gust of wind or a flapping of the shutters, she would hurry to the window and try to peer out.

At length Phyllis made an excuse to disappear into Leslie's room and was gone quite a time. Suddenly she put her head out of the door into the living-room and remarked, in a voice full of suppressed excitement: "Leslie, can you come here a moment?"

Leslie excused herself and ran to join Phyllis. "What is it?" she whispered breathlessly.

"Look out of the front window!" returned Phyllis, in a hushed undertone. "There's something queer going on outside—by the old log!"

Leslie opened the window a crack. The howl of the storm and the lash of rain was appalling, and it was two or three minutes before she could accustom her sight to the outer blackness. But when she did manage to distinguish something, she was startled to observe not only one, but *two* dark figures circling slowly round and round the log, like two animals after the same prey, and watching each other cautiously.

"But that's not all!" muttered Phyllis, behind her. "There's a third figure standing right by Curlew's Nest. I saw him out of the side window. What on earth can it all mean?"

So absorbed were they that neither of them noticed the form that slipped into the room behind them and stood peering over their shoulders. But they were suddenly startled beyond words to hear Eileen, close behind them, catch her breath with an indrawn hiss, and mutter involuntarily:

"Oh, *Ted!* Be careful!—Look out!—*look out!*"

## "PARTNERS"

By BREWER CORCORAN

ALL Caseville said Bijé Leonard was "madder 'n a wet hornet," and, as all Caseville knew Bijé over well, it chuckled when it made the statement. For three years Bijé had tried to sell his farm on the mountain, and now, having succeeded, it was only to learn that a member of the summer colony had bought it who had been ready to pay a thousand dollars more for the dilapidated place.

Bijé, who even looked like a weasel, squealed shrilly for two days, then abruptly subsided; and Caseville knew that somewhere a trap had been set which was to capture that lost thousand and add it to the other captive thousands Leonard was reputed to have imprisoned for life. The smug smile which replaced the purple flush on the wrinkled, peaked face made many a farmer re-read his mortgage and ponder over Bijé's next move.

It came in an unexpected quarter. After two weeks of camouflaging pussy-footing, he happened to appear at the Crane farm one noon as Tom Crane drove in on the mowing-machine. "Howdy!" he said grumpily; "how 's crops?"

Tom was as popular as Bijé was not. More than that, the seventeen-year-old boy was respected, for New England has a habit of recognizing steady, sober purpose and people knew of Tom's struggle since his father's injury, two years before, and how hard he worked to carry on, while never losing sight of his ambition to go to the state agricultural college, where he might learn to be a scientific farmer.

"Hay 's light, Mr. Leonard," he retorted good-naturedly. "But I guess I can make a little something on it."

"Can't run no place on guesses."

"No?" The boy looked him over, his eyes dancing. "What do you want?"

"Me? Nothin'. Jest bein' sorter friendly, Tommy. Us farmers ought to stick together."

"Something in that. What are you thinking about?"

"Sorter lookin' a long ways ahead, Tommy. Old men do that—wise old men, who ain't above helpin' a young feller they like. Money kinder scarce, Tommy?"

"Might be more plentiful."

"Might make it so, easy 'nough. I 'll make ye a fair offer for your sugar-grove."

The boy thought rapidly. The grove had never paid over-well but, after his last crop, Tom had had an idea. Could he install a modern sugar-making equipment, it might prove a good investment. But it would take a lot of money. Now

Bijé wanted the grove. "Reckon I won't sell," he said firmly.

"Why?"

"Best reason 's 'cause I don't want to."

"Then gimme an option on your sugar crop. Don't tell no one I 've made the offer, will yer?" he added anxiously. "Ain't done it to no one else; but I like you, Tommy."

Tom Crane chuckled. "I know you do," he said. "I won't tell that, either. And I guess it 's too far ahead to sell now. I might cheat you and I 'd hate to do that."

Bijé looked at him narrowly. "Last chance," he snapped.

"Nothin' doin'," declared the boy. "Good-by." He clucked to the horses and left the crestfallen man standing there, muttering. Bijé Leonard needed that grove and its product and he intended to have both. If Tom Crane continued to be foolish, why—that was Tom's misfortune.

The boy, however, had more pressing problems to consider than a next winter's sugar crop. The weather turned bad, and the hay was poorer than he had feared. In August he recalled the Leonard offer, but went to Squire MacDonald instead. The squire was unlike Bijé, and there was neither halting nor wheedling in the conversation which preceded the renewal of the mortgage. The man knew Tom and his ambition and sympathized with both.

As the boy was walking homeward, he found a small blue runabout stalled in the road. As he stared, a girl raised her face from beneath the hood. "Hello!" she called cheerily. "know anything about motors?"

It was so friendly that Tom forgot his surprise. "Wish I did," he answered, stopping beside her. "What 's wrong?"

"You tell me and we 'll fix it," she laughed. "It just won't run. It 's new and I guess I did n't know quite as much about it as I thought I did."

He had never known any girls, but he knew he liked this one because she was as frank as she was pretty. Therefore he forgot his characteristic bashfulness. "I 'm a dandy chauffeur—on a mowing-machine," he chuckled; "but I reckon this thing 's too complicated for my brain. If you 're really stuck, I 'll just pile home, get a team, and tow you where you want to go."

"Looks as if you 'd have to," she acknowledged, her head shaking dolefully, her blue eyes dancing at the thought. "But, oh, how I do hate to give every one a chance to laugh at me!"

He hesitated, then plunged. "When I know people are going to laugh at me," he said, "I try to give 'em something worth laughing at. I won't get a team—just one horse an' some reins. You sit in the car an' drive the horse an' me."

She clapped her hands delightedly. "You can't hurry fast enough. But wait," she called after him; "we don't want them to laugh at you; I'm in the joke."

"Oh, every one laughs at me," he called back. "I don't believe that," she said to herself.

That ride back through the village and up to the inn was the beginning of a real friendship. Tom was amazed when he learned she was the daughter of the Mr. Wise who had bought the Leonard farm; he had never supposed that summer people could be such fun. And Mr. Wise was just as jolly as his daughter, and both appeared to find real pleasure in chatting with Tom. In fact, it became a habit with them to leave their machine in the Crane yard and, after half an hour's chat with the boy, stroll up through his woods into the old Leonard place, now rapidly being developed into something beautiful.

It did not take Mr. Wise many days to discover Tom was more ambitious than the average boy; and having been brought up on a farm himself, he appreciated the gameness of the fight the boy was trying to make. Yet, as he grew to know Tom, he realized how hard a thing it would be to offer to help him.

It was Betty Wise who solved the problem. She loved the woods, and her two summers north of Rangeley had taught her much of woodcraft. It was her suggestion which made Tom their companion on their Sunday walks over the hills, and she found a good deal of fun in making the good-natured Tommy own that he, like so many other country boys, was a stranger in the woods.

The deserted sugar-camps held an especial fascination for the girl, but it was not until she had known Tom a month that she learned the Cranes had a sugar grove. She scolded him well for his secrecy and made him promise to take her there the first time he could get away from work. But when they finally did go, she understood why he had been silent.

Even a tyro would have recognized that Tom worked the grove with one eye on the sap and the other on his pocketbook. There was not even a camp. The old iron kettle was set on boulders, and the syrup made in the open air.

"What 's the matter here?" demanded Mr. Wise. "Looks as if you did n't like maple sugar."

Tom's smile for once, was forced. "Guess it looks as if I did n't know a pretty good thing. But, he went on with sober frankness, "I have to save the pennies somehow. The sugar ca-

son 's short, my stuff is n't first class, and if I get a hundred dollars out of a month's work, I try to be happy."

"You could make more?"

"Guess so—if I had proper equipment."

"It is n't like you to just guess. Have n't you studied it out?"

"Well, yes, sir. But I can't afford to do what ought to be done."

"Tommy," charged the girl, "you 've been cheating. You know all about sugar-camps and you 've let us think you did n't. Now you 're going to be punished. Sit down on that log and make this grove as near perfect as you can—in your imagination."

Tom chuckled at her indignation, but obeyed. "It does n't need my imagination to make the grove perfect," he replied; "it 's that already—southern exposure, good grades, and big trees. What it needs is about three men with axes."

"What for?"

The boy took a long breath and looked about him. "Well," he answered, "let 's begin at the beginning. The trees are too thick. A sugar-maple should have a bell-top, room for the branches to spread. That means sap. Most of these little, spindling trees should be cut out and the upper grove opened up. Between here and your boundary there must be a thousand trees which could be tapped. New roads and trails should be opened. I suppose the timber would pay for most of that work. But more important still is modern equipment. A good sugar-camp should be built near the center of the grove. I ought to have a brick fireplace to hold a modern vaporizer; I ought to have metal buckets and a new sled and a yoke of oxen; I ought to have three or four men to help me and—I ought to stop wishing for things I can't have."

"Why the vaporizer and metal stuff?" demanded Mr. Wise. "Wood was good enough when I was a boy."

"Apt to leave a taste in the syrup. Can't have sour sap in good product. Metal 's easier to keep clean and clean buckets mean a light-colored syrup. That 's the kind which brings the money. I never made any, but I know."

"I knew you did!" cried Betty, triumphantly. "And you probably know all about the woods and things, too, and have been laughing at me for talking too much."

"No, I have n't. But I 've read a lot about sugar-making and I 've some theories of my own. Only I can't try 'em; they 'd cost too much."

"You said your grove ran to our boundary," said Mr. Wise, thoughtfully. "Any maples on our side of the fence?"

"Plenty, sir."

"How many?"

"I have n't an idea, but as many as I have."

"Um!" For two or three minutes the man punched holes in the ground with his cane, his brows wrinkled, and the two watched him in silence. His mind went back to his own boyhood, to his early struggles in getting the start which had brought success, and the remembrance of how much a helping hand would have meant to him. And then he thought of the daughter, for whom all things had been made so easy, who looked upon life as just one good time after another, with no worries and no cares, and it came over him again that she would be a better woman should she be taught now that things worth while do not come too easily. She must be taught what responsibility meant, yet he did not want her to have her lesson in quite such a hard school as that in which his had been learned. At last he looked up, his eyes turning from the happy girl to the sober-faced boy, then back again to Betty.

"Your birthday comes next week, daughter," he said; "I'm going to give you your present now. I am going to give you this new place of mine—turn it over to you entirely. I will pay you a fair rent for its use for our summer home, but you have got to run the farm and make it pay. I'll advance you the necessary money on your note, but you must show some profit at the end of each year or the Indian part of my giving will crop out. You've got to learn how to manage; and if you fail to manage this place properly, why, you won't be able to meet the interest on that note and you will lose the farm. I believe you can make a good beginning with this sugar proposition if you'd take Tom into partnership. He'll furnish half the grove and the practical experience; you'll furnish your half of the trees and the capital for the necessary modern equipment."

"Whew!" Tom's face was white. "Whew!"

"Will you do it, Tommy? Will you?"

"I—I—" He stopped and his jaw dropped. "I can't put in any money and it is n't fair to you."

"It's a fair bargain," said Mr. Wise. "You're putting in your full share and you are to get fifty per cent. of the profits."

"But if we should lose, I could n't pay my share of the loss."

"It's up to you to see that you don't lose," he said. "That's your part in the partnership."

"I know. That's what—"

"Think it over," suggested Mr. Wise. "But don't let Betty's part play too important a part in your decision. It may be a way for you to keep a rival out of business, Tom, and Betty has a grove on her hands that she's got to make pay. We don't believe in idle resources."

It took some days for them to make Tom see

their offer was not charity in disguise, and when he finally consented, Betty was wild with delight. She could not keep away from the farm, and when Tom was too busy to talk, she went to the grove alone and planned roads and marked trees to be cut down, if Tom approved of her selections. One thing Mr. Wise had insisted on, and that was that Tom's word was final on all things pertaining to the grove and its possible product and Betty's on matters of money.

Tom was aghast when shown the plans of the sugar-house of which he was to be part owner. Mr. Wise believed in the best being the cheapest, and, in his quiet way, looked up a great deal about sugar-camps. The equipment, which soon began to arrive, was equally elaborate and up-to-date, while it was double the quantity that Tom had dreamed of. He saw he must hire men at once if he were to come up to Mr. Wise's expectations, and Betty instantly agreed to this expense.

The new camp was under way before Bije Leonard got wind of the new firm. He came sneaking up to the Crane's one evening and called Tom into the yard. "Hear ye 're goin' in fer syrup," he began; "goin' to teach us some new tricks, ye an' the Wise girl."

"We're trying to learn a few new ones ourselves, Mr. Leonard. We've plenty to learn."

"Reckon that 's sense. Watcher goin' to do with yer crop?"

"Thought we might sell it," admitted Tom, with a chuckle.

"Who to?"

"Have n't got that far."

"Good thing to know. Hear ye be goin' to make a fancy kind."

"We're goin' to try to make a clean one, if that 's what you mean."

"That 's Wise's talk. I know his sort. He did me once; he 's tryin' to again. Ye let him alone, Tommy Crane, an' ye stick by yer own sort an' sell yer syrup to Bije. What ye make 's clean enough fer him an' he'll make ye a good price."

"Do you mean you want to buy all we make?"

"I ain't talkin' 'we,' I'm talkin' 'you.' I don't want no rich summer folks mixin' up in any o' my affairs."

"Sorry," Tom replied, "but I'll run my own affairs. I've gone into this and I'll stay in. I've given my word; it's good. Good night."

It was not until long after Betty had returned to boarding-school that Tom stumbled into Bije's scheme through something Squire MacDonald was chuckling over.

"Heard Bije's latest, Tom?" he asked. "The old skinflint has been sneakin' 'round getting options on next spring's sugar crop. Claims to have cornered the whole supply in the county. It's

cost him a lot of money, but he says he 'll make more than he 's ever made on one deal."

"He has n't our syrup."

"He says he 's going to get it—says you 're trying to break the market, but that you 'll find he can sell cheap, too, if he has to."

"If he sells the kind I used to make," Tom laughed, "he won't bother us. We 'll get twenty-five cents a gallon more than he can."

"That 's just it!" roared the squire. "Down underneath, Bije is afraid he 's bought something he can't sell. He 's wild; look out for him. He 's got to have your syrup to bring his up to grade."

"He won't get it," promised Tom.

Twice during the winter Bije Leonard came out to the Crane's; and the second time, Tom sent him away with an abrupt refusal to consider any proposition he might make. The man was ugly, but Tom paid no attention to his threats. Betty had written that she had made arrangements in the city to handle their first crop. The price was to be settled after the buyer had seen a sample of the syrup.

For both Tom and Betty, spring was much too slow in coming. But at last Betty received the long-awaited telegram, and that day her mind was in the woods instead of on her books. She could see Tom boring holes in tree after tree, see him driving in the spigots, handling the pails, and hear the *drip-drip* of the sap. She could almost smell the thick mass boiling and bubbling in the vaporizer, and see the first of the amber fluid dripping into bright tin cans.

The one thing she could not visualize was the busy boy. No lad ever worked harder, nor three men more willingly than his helpers. Twice he found time to write her that the sap was running well and everything at the camp going smoothly, and then one morning a can of syrup arrived by express. It was a glorious amber and fragrant of the maple-trees. The school had a feast, but it made Betty more impatient for the vacation. But as they have a habit of doing, the long-awaited day came at last.

It was mid-afternoon when the Wises arrived in Caseville, but Betty insisted on taking a sleigh out to the sugar-camp immediately. Tom was as glad to see her as she was to see him, and for half an hour they both talked at once, while Mr. Wise listened or looked about. And what the man saw pleased him mightily, for he prided himself on being a judge of men and boys.

Girl like, Betty had to drop some of the boiling syrup in a pan of snow, and she found the maple wax so much better than candy that she did not want to go back to the inn for supper. Everything was so new and interesting that she wanted to see it all at once. She made the last trip among

the trees, poured brimming buckets of sap into the tank on the sled, helped to syphon it into the main retort, drew it from that into the bubbling vaporizer, stirred the making syrup, filled a can with the finished product and proudly presented it to her father.

It was Tom who persuaded Mr. Wise to let Betty stay in camp for supper, her father promising to come back for her at eight. It seemed that she would never get through asking questions. Tom figured that the season was about half over and that the syrup already made and stored would pay their expenses. What remained to be made was profit, and Betty began to spend her share in imagination. The one thing she laughed heartiest about was Bije Leonard. "Poor old thing!" she exclaimed. "He thinks we 're going to spoil his molasses sales, and our whole output 's as good as sold in New York this minute. He is n't even hurt, and he thinks he 's killed! That 's the sort of revenge I like to take."

"He 's worried some," chuckled Tom; "don't you think he is n't worried some!"

Mr. Wise returned all too soon; and Tom, taking lanterns and two of his men, accompanied them back to the main road. It was a dark night, and very still in the woods. They were almost out when they heard a faint yell. They stopped. It came again. "Some one coming to visit you, Tom," suggested Mr. Wise. "Come on, Betty."

But a moment later a dull red glare began to spread over the mountain-side. "It 's the shack!" yelled the boy. "It 's afire. Come quick!"

They rushed back over the trail, the light of the fire growing as they ran. When they arrived, the camp was a mass of leaping flame. Mr. Wise had to hold Tom Crane. It was all he could do to make the boy appreciate that if Ben, the man who had been left to attend the vaporizer, had not got out, it was too late to get him out. There was nothing they could do but watch their hopes go up in sparks.

"But we 've saved the stored syrup," said Betty, bravely. "We 've that much left."

"I ought to have stayed!" groaned the lad. "I don't see what could have happened. We 've been so careful!"

A moment later Ben came crashing out of a thicket. "Lost him!" he panted.

"Lost who?"

"What do you mean?"

"What 's happened?"

"Dunno. Heard some one. Thought you were coming back. Next thing I knew, the whole side of the shack was afire. Then I remembered that noise, went through the window head first, and lit running. I saw him once, but I could n't catch him."

"You mean that some one set the fire?" demanded Mr. Wise, his face stern.

"Sure! I could smell oil."

"Then we 'll catch him!" cried Betty. "We 'll make him pay for this."

"We 'll try to," grimly promised her father. "We 'll catch him, if detectives can do it."

"We won't wait for any. You 've forgotten the snow. Give me a lantern, Tom," said Betty.

"It is traveled more?" The girl's voice was anxious.

"Guess so."

"Oh!"

Ten minutes more and her worst fears were confirmed. The trail led into the upper road, and the snow there was hard packed. The lantern hovered over the ruts uncertainly. Once Betty went upward. Then, shaking her head, she came



"KEEP BEHIND ME," SHE WARNED. "I CAN FOLLOW THESE"

It was the girl who was clear-headed, for the boy could think only of her loss, which he thought was due to his neglect of duty. Before he knew what she was about, she had snatched the lantern from his cold fingers and was running to the side of the burning shack on which the fire had started. Her training in the big woods began to pay dividends now. Before Tom could reach her side, she was plunging off into the brush, the lantern swinging above a clearly marked trail.

"Keep behind me," she warned. "I can follow these. See, here 's Ben's track where he turned, hoping to head off the fire-bug. If he 'd only have kept on!"

"We will," said Mr. Wise, between his teeth.

"He 's going up hill, instead of down," offered Tom. "He 's heading for the upper road."

"He went down," she said. "Yes, there 's a heel-print. I could follow it a good way, probably, but it would take a lot of time. Had I better?"

It was her first exhibition of uncertainty and her father at once came to her aid. "Tom," he demanded, "if this fire was set, you ought to have some idea who did it. Who 's down on you?"

"It might be— No, I don't think even he would do such a low trick."

"Who?" the question snapped out.

"A man named Leonard."

"Of course!" cried Betty. "Why did n't we think of him before?"

"I don't want to think this sort of thing of any one," protested Tom.

"You 've facts to consider now," Mr. Wise re-

minded him gravely. "Where does this man Leonard live?"

"Other side of the village."

"Come on!" He turned and led the way back through the woods at a pace which surprised Tom. "We 've got to get to our sleigh," explained Mr. Wise. "Leonard, or whoever set this fire, is afoot. We can drive to the village and get there ahead of him over the lower road."

"But it may not be Bijé," argued Tom, unwilling, even now, to suspect any one.

"And it *may* be," declared Betty. "We 've got to find out."

Half an hour later they arrived before a darkened house, but no answer came to their knock. "Looks promising," growled Mr. Wise. "We 'll wait."

"Reckon we three men will sorter hang round the barn," suggested Ben. "You three watch the house."

It was another half-hour before Tom heard the crunch of snow. Then Bijé Leonard came up to his door. As he was about to open it, Mr. Wise stepped from the shadows. "Your name Leonard?" he asked.

Bijé jumped as if some one had fired a gun. "It be. Watcher want?"

"We want to talk with you. Go in and light a lamp."

Bijé's temper returned, even if his courage did not. "Who be ye an' who be ye orderin' round?" he snapped.

"You do as you 're told."

"Reckon I 'll do as I want."

Mr. Wise held up a lantern and looked the man over. "Had quite a walk, have n't you, Leonard? A little out of breath, eh?"

"You ain't."

"Look at his feet!" whispered Betty. "His trousers are wet to the knees. He 's been wading through snow."

"What if I have?"

Tom stepped closer. And you smell of kerosene, Bijé. Better own up."

"I did n't do it."

"Do what?" demanded Betty.

Too late, Bijé realized his mistake. He hesitated, then tried to bolt. Ben caught him as he leaped the steps. "Guess we 've got our man," said Mr. Wise.

Five minutes later, Bijé Leonard made a full confession. "Reckon I 'm crazy," he finished, "that 's - it, I 'm crazy."

"Reckon an asylum 's better 'n twenty year for arson, do ye, Bijé?" growled Ben. "Pretty clever, you be, but that won't work."

Betty saw the weazened old man grow white, and it made a lump grow in her throat. "Perhaps he won't have to choose," she said slowly.

Bijé grasped at the straw. "Ye be a pretty little missy," he whined, "an ye don't want to see poor old Bijé suffer, do ye?"

"Not especially," she confessed. "But why did you want Tom and me to?"

"I 'm crazy, I tell ye; I did n't know what I war doin'."

"Did n't act so," sneered Ben. "Caseville 's been ready to say good-by to ye for twenty year, Bijé."

"But Tommy an' the pretty little missy don't want poor ole Bijé put in no cell!" he whimpered. "Ole Bijé will build 'em a new shack."

"You bet you will!" declared Tom.

"An I 'll do more," pleaded Bijé. "I 'll pay for yer full crop, if ye 'll let me go. I 'm poor, but I 'll pay."

"Wish I war as poor!" exclaimed Ben. "You can't square yerself."

"An' I 'll send Tommy to th' farm school," pleaded Bijé.

"No, you won't!" declared the boy.

"Good!" exclaimed Mr. Wise. "Good for you, Tom!"

Betty sat forward in her chair. "I don't want his money, either," she declared. "I won't touch a penny of it. He 's made us lose a year, but we 've learned a lot, and that will count as profit. But I don't want to send him to jail, either. I 'd hate to think of him there."

"He deserves it, daughter."

"I know it, but I don't want it on my conscience. Give him another chance."

"It 's for you and Tom to decide."

"Betty 's president of the company," stated Tom, loyally.

"Then," she said, drawing a long breath, "we 'll forget to-night. But you won't," she went on, looking into Bijé's relieved face, "you 'll pay every cent that is spent to replace the camp and then you 'll - you 'll work with Tom and me and sell only good syrup in the future and be honest."

For a long moment the bewildered Bijé looked into the sober blue eyes and then a new expression dawned over the hard old face. "I ain't fit," he said humbly. "I ain't no way fit. But, if I kin be fit, ye two will show me how to be."



# JUST YOU

By HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

HERE are two things:

There is the world. And there is you.

How can it matter what you are and what you do in a place so vast, so crowded, so everlasting, a place where thousands upon thousands of years have trod, changing its surface, its appearance, its climate only through the slow evolution of the centuries? Why attempt anything, you, so infinitesimal when compared with its huge bulk, so weak when measured against its terrible strength?

The old stories that told of the adventures of some *Tom Thumb* and his victories over enormous giants have amused you. But they would be child's play indeed when it came to a story that should tell how you set out upon adventure and conquered the great giant World.

And yet individuals have made the world what it is, have changed our life and our environment, have given and developed the ideas that rule us. For though it is true that the world is composed of many millions of people, yet in a sense it is also just one person—and the person is *you*.

Life is what the people of the world make it, and each person does his part in that creation. The more there are who act justly and wisely, the more just and wise life becomes. A country is great and noble if its people are fine, if they act from high motives, if they are devoted to the good of that country and not to selfish ends. And you are one of these people. You and you and you, and so on till all the people are counted.

You should not think of yourself as "just you." You should realize always that you are your country, which is a definite part of the world, and that as you act, as you think, so your country will act and think—for never are you alone in what you do or what you believe. Invisible thousands are with you, and you range yourself on the side of all who are like you. It is important, when you plan about your life, when you dream over what you will be and what you will do, to remember that your individual act will tell, and that what you are, the world also will be. You affect more persons than you are aware of, your strength is greater than you have any means of knowing. Many a time, in the long story of the world, a single man has wrought what seemed a miracle. There are tales of a man who entered a regiment, for instance, a regiment low in morale, whipped, hateful in spirit, and who made that mass of men over entirely, so that the regiment became a new thing, climbed on to the front and stood for all that is finest among men. Such results are not, of

course, the sole act of the man himself. But his fineness, courage, honesty, and strength have called out those same qualities in his associates, in whom they lay hidden and weak. What he did, what he was, lived in them, only more feebly. But it took heart and found life until the whole regiment was he—the he that mattered.

It is because of this response in others that you are so important. Where would the greatest leader in the world be were there none to follow his lead—were he to find no response? Our world to-day is full of noble ideas and splendid hopes. Each one of us who responds to these strengthens them tremendously even by the response alone. If you—just you—throw your whole force on the side of what you feel to be the best for the country and the world, that force will tell.

It is up to you, each of you, to feel responsible. Yours is the work of the world. In the end it is your job, this of making the world a finer place, of doing what is the right thing in this country of ours. No one else can do it. You must do it. For you are everybody. If you shirk, everybody shirks. If you prefer dishonor to honor, every one is dishonest. If you seek to serve yourself at the expense of your country, then that is what everybody will prefer as a rule of life.

If you take up history, you read in it the acts of individuals. Names leap out at you, some with a dark and evil power about them, others that are shining marks in the world's lexicon. You come upon the name of Lincoln, and you can stop at that name for a long while, thinking upon it.

In the world of Lincoln's day, there was a great thought, the dream of human freedom that should include all men. There was also a great ideal for this country of ours, a dream of a union strong and indivisible. These were the greatest thoughts and ideals of that day. Lincoln responded to them completely, made himself into them. But also these great thoughts found response in many and grew strong because of this. In Lincoln they found a man willing to live for them alone, to die for them alone. They needed such a man to become part of the world, part of us all. But they needed, too, the response, the help, of the rest. Each individual to whom the freedom of mankind and the greatness and cohesion of our country meant something worth sacrifice and effort was important. Without him, in his thousands, Lincoln could have done nothing. And yet the thousands might also have failed had it not been for Lincoln, with his supreme understanding of the crisis, his

after self-atonement before the fall of the hour.

This thing of your being America, each of you, may seem somewhat fantastic, yet the more you think of it, the more you will come to agree that it is true. Take a school or college. Is it run on the honor system? If so, it is run on that system because you run yourself on that system. If you did not, the school would have to give up honor for compulsion. Some schools have had to do this, but they are few. The mere fact that such a system is established, often results in a complete change in the attitude of the scholars. They may not have played fair before, have broken rules and then not owned up to breaking them. But when, usually through the efforts of some one person, the honor system is inaugurated, behold the whole school body rising to the pitch set, and maintaining both the school's honor and its own.

We need the honor system all through life, all through the country. It is for us to maintain it. We cannot have an honor system unless you believe in it and guide yourself by it. If you fail, then every one must be on guard. If you cheat, every one will be suspected of cheating.

Never mind about the logic of this argument. You may say that if some one else is a cheater, then there is no use in your going honorably. Lincoln might have given that answer when he was making his struggle for what he knew was right and necessary, and with him the thousands upon thousands of individuals who felt and saw as he did. If they had, we would not now be a nation.

There is always a dark side and a bright side, in you as in every one, as in the world itself. There are mean traits in us all, selfishness and unkindness, of course, and laziness. There are mean traits in the country, blindness to the common good, stupidity and worse. It is directly because of this that it is so necessary for you to remember that your individual stand and act counts for much. It is because it is so easy to line up with the weakness and the badness, to be a drag on America, that it is up to you to line up on the other side and to realize the importance of this to America.

Responsibility is a thing we like to shirk. It is so easy to let the other fellow shoulder it. But who is the other fellow, if he is not you? He cannot exist unless he exists through you. You cannot shirk. The great things possible to the world can never be achieved except by you. And if you refuse your share of making the world what it hopes to be, of building America into a nation fit and splendid, who is to do your share? Only one other you, and it is difficult to do two things. No, without you, your share will not be done.

You are, I suppose, that game of excuses—the "circle and pass on"

from one player on hand to another—a heavy article, each giving some excuse for not holding it. Of course it comes back finally to the player from whom it started. It *must* come back to you, this business of being an American, of being a person who does not shirk in this world because America, because the world, needs you.

As I said, there are splendid ideas and noble hopes abroad in the world to-day, as there have always been, of course. Many of the great hopes men have had have been realized to a greater or less extent. New ones are dawning. It is for you to know and understand these ideals. That is your first job. You should not be content with small and mediocre ideas, when there are great ones in existence. Insist on being familiar with these, and then work for them. Work for them as though they were your own, for indeed they are. Tennyson said that we must needs love the highest when we see it; and to love a thing is to work for it, to endeavor to realize it, to identify ourselves with it. There are many conflicting ideas and desires, and perhaps you will make mistakes in choosing among them. That is hardly to be avoided. But if you realize your responsibility, if you believe that your country needs you, as simply and whole-heartedly as Lincoln believed it, and are sincerely trying to do your share for her, you are valuable to her.

To be born in America, to live here, does not make you an American. America is an idea even more than it is a vast measure of the earth's surface. It was founded on certain principles that had been developing through the ages, and it has been maintained on those principles, even though it has by no means fulfilled them. That fulfilling is the slow work of generations, and part of it is yours. There are times when the fulfilling halts and wavers, other times when it moves forward gloriously. And it is up to you, just you, you, young America, whether in the near future it will move forward or halt. Does not that thought make you feel proud, make you feel eager? You have your life to make in the world, but you also have the world to make during your life.

There are certain centuries in the long story of the world that moved magnificently—centuries where men marched far along the path of a more generous understanding and completer freedom, a finer kindness, a nobler sense of justice and of beauty. Sometimes such centuries have been followed by destructive epochs that appeared to nullify these glorious periods. But this was not so, for when again the forward march took place, it moved onward from those victories won before, and reached beyond them.

Never doubt but that you can do the fine and needed thing. It is yours to be done.

# BOY HUNTERS IN DEMERARA

By GEORGE INNESS HARTLEY

## CHAPTER XIII

### THEY CUT DOWN A TREE

THE boys were again in the jungle on the following morning. Paul, wiser, but none the worse for his experience, wished to locate a tinamou nest. Dick, the Macusi Indian, had on the previous afternoon, during his search for the lost boy, found a clutch of five of the large, sky-blue eggs, which he brought back to camp. When Paul had tasted the delicious omelette made from these, he immediately decided he wanted more.

Fred was not actuated by any such sordid motive,—though he would never turn up his nose at an omelette,—but desired the nest for the sake of a photograph. A specimen of a male beeza monkey was also on his list of "wants."

The morning had been ushered in by a heavy downpour, and the freshly washed leaves still dripped their moisture. The big drops spattered about the hunters, filling the jungle with a steady patter, and drowning the noise of their passage. To touch a twig meant a deluge, and both were soaked to the skin before they had progressed a hundred yards. This bothered them little, for they were always more or less damp, and they thought only of the advantages derived from a noiseless advance. Twice they frightened large tinamous into flight, and Fred shot one as it ran on the ground; but nests eluded their search.

The jungle was full of bird-sounds: parrots tearing over the tree-tops, the yelping of toucans, the weird, lonesome call of the Cayenne rail, the moan of calf-birds, the screech of macaws, gold-birds whistling, and the lesser notes of flycatchers, ant-birds, woodhewers, and manikins. It seemed as if the rain had brightened the feathered creatures as it had the leaves.

After two hours of futile search, during which they quartered the ground wherever a tinamou was flushed, both lads gave it up as a bad job.

"You've just got to run across 'em by luck, that's all," was Fred's disappointed announcement at the end of that period.

"Guess you're right," rejoined his friend, equally despondent. "There's no use bothering any more about them. I'm going to wait here on this log for a while and take notes. Might just as well; there's plenty of stuff around this morning, but nothing of the kind we're after. You go ahead after your beeza, and I'll wait for you here." He drew forth his note-book and prepared for his jottings.

Fred, with an "All right, I won't go far," left him sitting there and plunged into the wilderness. His steps had taken him scarcely two hundred yards when he came across the object of his search.

He entered one of those strange groves sometimes found in the jungle where the trees do not attain the general enormous height, but spread out instead, and grow with branches arched down close to the ground. In this particular spot, there was not a vestige of undergrowth, only a thick matting of damp leaves. Above, the branches of the half-dozen trees were so tightly interlaced that not a single beam of sunlight penetrated, and all was dim and shadowy beneath. A few prickly palms thrust their thin, armored trunks into this network, and their heads were lost in the mass of foliage.

Fred first discovered the presence of animal life by the swishing of those hidden fronds. A slight quivering of branches followed, which warned him that the animal was traveling. He eagerly scrutinized the dark place, and at length distinguished the black outline of a monkey, almost hidden among the leaves.

An instant later it was his.

Though no stranger to him, the beeza was the queerest looking monkey he was acquainted with. Its small body, no larger than a half-grown kitten, was buried beneath a mass of coarse, very dark gray hair, which caused it, at first glance, to appear as large as the biggest tomcat. The tail was not used for clinging, but was long and bushy.

The face was what delighted the boy most. Wrinkled, nearly hairless, with a few straggling whiskers about the mouth and chin, it was mantled on the head and cheeks by a broad band of almost snow-white hair, which gave it the venerable look of an ancient, bewigged judge. So great was the likeness, that Fred was forced to laugh.

When he returned to his chum that individual was no longer seated on his log, but was prancing gaily before a tree some yards away.

"What're you doing there, Fatty?" Fred shouted, realizing that Paul had discovered something and was, figuratively speaking, blowing off steam. Then, choosing to ignore the other's evident joy in the discovery, he demanded, "Trying to learn the new porpoise-glide?"

His chum disdained a reply and continued his dance, a sort of awkward shuffle, paying no heed

to the presence of his friend. Fred dropped his monkey and his gun, and, clapping his hands in time, commenced whistling a lively tune.

"Keep it up, old chap, you're doing fine!" he cried. "Now the double-buck! Hurray, that's it!"

Presently the other slowed his ponderous efforts and paused, puffing.

"Speak about your dusky parrots being scarce around here; why, I've found a *nest*!" he gasped triumphantly.

"I thought you'd stepped on a snake."

"No joking; I *have* found a nest. It's up in this tree!"

"What, the snake?"

Fred dodged a chunk of bark flung by his indignant friend.

"Well, if it is n't a snake, it must be something else. How do you know it's a dusky parrot?"

"I've got eyes in my head, which is more than some skinny fellows I know can say," was the cutting reply. "I was sitting on the log there, writing about a couple of flycatchers, when I happened to look up at this tree. I spied a hole up there about ten feet from the ground, and just as I was wondering if there was anything in it, a parrot stuck her head out. I guess I moved, for she ducked inside again, and then, changing her mind, crawled out until I could see her whole body. That time I know I moved; and she flew away with an awful lot of screeching. That's how I know she was a dusky, smarty! Now boost me up so I can get my arm in the hole."

"I guess you're a pretty wise fellow, after all, Fat," declared the other with a twinkle in his eye. "All right; I'll give you a lift. Wait! We'll prop a pole against the tree and you can rest your weight on that. Jiminy! I hope there's something in there!"

But Paul, perched on the end of the log, could not fit his stout arm into the hole. Fred was more fortunate, but his slimmer limb, thrust in as far as his shoulder would permit, could reach nothing. The eggs, if eggs there were, rested several feet below the entrance.

"I said we can't get at 'em that way," he decided dolefully. "We'd better come back this afternoon and chop the old tree down. It's not so big."

And that afternoon they disappeared into the jungle carrying a large ax. When Jack had demanded where they were going and what they were going to do with that "cleaver," Fred had assumed a mysterious air and declared vaguely:

"Oh, nowhere, just going to take a little exercise."

Milton inquired no further, but decided that they were up to some mischief. Slightly uneasy

on account of yesterday's performance, he despatched Wa'na to keep in touch with them, with orders not to show himself unless needed.

Following their blazed trail, after half an hour of brisk walking the boys reached the tree. The parrot was frightened by their approach and flew shrieking from the hole.

"She does n't look like much," declared Fred, disparagingly meaning the tree. "It'll take only a few minutes to cut her down. Ever do much chopping, Fat?"

His chum replied in the negative, but announced his willingness to try. The tree was not large, as trees grow in the South American jungle, though its trunk, several feet from the ground, measured full fifteen inches through.

"Well, here goes!" Fred spit on his hand in the approved fashion and hetted the ax like a born woodsman. "I'll take the first whack, and then you spell me. We'll soon get the best of this little fellow."

An hour later, wringing wet with perspiration, he leaned exhausted upon the ax-handle. Paul sat on a convenient log nursing two glowing-red hands, which were covered with a multitude of blisters. The tree stood as it had that morning (and many years before), but now a shallow gash appeared in its side, as if it had been gnawed by a rat, and not a very big one at that. Fred eyed the splintered abrasion with disgust.

"At this rate we won't get through to-day," he stated mournfully. "Who'd have thought a little thing like that would be so much trouble to cut? But it's not so little after all. There are lots smaller than this. Come on, Fat, take another shot at it; I'm all in."

"I can't!" groaned the other. "My hands are all worn out." He sorrowfully examined his palms, which truly showed signs of wear.

"Then I'm afraid we'll have to give it up and get Wa'na or some one to help us," sighed Fred. "I'd like to have surprised Jack."

"You need Wa'na?"

The Indian stepped from behind some bushes where he had been an interested spectator of their clumsy efforts. The boys gaped at him in amazement.

"Wa'na, you saint!" shouted Fred. "Where on earth did you come from?"

"Me watch Marster Fred and Marster Fat. See it dey all right."

"Good old Wa'na! Do you know how to chop? There's a parrot nest in this tree and we're after it."

"Yes, Wa'na see hole. He cut tree."

Ten minutes later the tree toppled from its upright position, tearing a huge rent in the jungle roof, and carrying to earth a mass of lianas and

the remnants of many saplings in its path. As the echoes of the crash subsided, the boys rushed cheering to the hole, which lay on the upper side of the prostrate trunk. But even now there was no getting at the contents until Wa'na had cut a second opening, three feet below the original entrance. From this Paul drew forth five young parrots.

They were strange-looking creatures, more skin than feathers, and represented five different stages of development. The wings of the eldest were lined with half-grown feathers; its head was a mass of freshly broken feather-sheaths, to the tips of which adhered fragments of down; the young feathers of the back were black, and the double row beneath was tinted with dark wine-color, running into white underneath the body. The tail, scarcely broken from its sheaths, seemed black. The smallest bird, probably three weeks younger, was sparsely clad in light down, which hid row upon row of small, underdeveloped feather-sheaths.

Fred, upon delving into the granulated, rotten wood which filled the bottom of the cavity and formed a soft bed on which the fledglings had rested, discovered a pure white egg, evidently infertile, which had been buried and forgotten. He was as delighted with his find as his chum was with the young birds, for altogether they had obtained specimens of the entire life history of the parrots—an adult had been collected by Jack several days previous.

While the boys were examining their captures, and while Paul was choosing a name for his oldest fledgling,—he had determined it should not be sacrificed even for the sake of science,—Wa'na was searching in the tangle near the head of the tree. His exclamation attracted their attention.

"What 've you got, Wa'na?" Fred demanded.

"Me got *nupi*—slot."

"*Nupi*? Slot? Oh, you mean *sloth*! Come on, Fat, Wa'na's caught a sloth!"

They forced their way through to the Indian, who held a broken branch in his hand, to which clung the sloth, head downward. It was clamped to the stick by its long curved claws, and slowly turned its shapeless head in their direction as they approached. Wa'na carried it to an open spot where it could be better seen.

What a strange beast it was!

No larger than the beeza monkey, with hair of the same general length and color, it no more resembled the beeza than the monkey resembled the tom-cat. Three immovable claws, set inward at right angles to each foot, enabled it to cling with great tenacity to the branches, always head downward. The limbs were extremely long and ungainly, and the small body, a formless

mass of soft, unmuscle flesh. The tail was missing. Its diminutive head seemed, at a distance, merely a hair-covered lump projecting from the forward part of the body. But on closer examination the face could be seen, and its simple, childlike expression impressed them with its gentleness.

The embodiment of gentleness and humility and of the self-pity of the afflicted—that is how the three-toed sloth stamps itself on one's mind. Its sorrowful eyes, its slow painful movements, and its piteous manner arouse one to commiseration and lead one to ask why it could n't have been born to walk upright, like any other beast; why it must pass its days upside down, hanging unhappily, always hanging, with never a chance to stand like others?

If this could be answered, one more of Nature's puzzles would be unraveled.

As the boys turned the sluggish animal over, they found that the iron-gray hair of the back was mottled with lighter shades, giving it the appearance of a cloudy sky slightly tinted with green. This verdant hue, Fred explained, was due to the growth of a low form of plant life, a kind of algae, on the hair. In the center, between the shoulders, was a depression where the hair grew short and was colored bright orange and marked with black.

"What 's that for, Skinny?" demanded Paul, always athirst for knowledge.

"Dunno. Guess no one knows."

He was right. That orange mark is one more puzzle for the naturalist to solve.

They returned to camp, Wa'na leading the way, with the sloth clinging to its branch carried over his shoulder, Fred following, and Paul bringing up the rear with the five parrots reposing in his hat. Needless to say, Jack was hugely delighted with the results of their expedition, and particularly with the fledglings and the egg.

When congratulations and thanks had been duly given and received, he said: "I've a piece of news that may interest you. While you were away, Walee returned from down river with a cablegram from Dr. Keene. You remember that I cabled him about the giant armadillos which were seen about a hundred miles up river? Well, he replies to the effect that we are to drop everything in an effort to secure one of them. I thought those would be his orders, so, as you know, I have been going ahead with our preparations."

"My, how his eyes must have popped out when he received your cable!" Fred broke in. "I can see him now, sitting in that old swivel-chair of his, just counting the days until the armadillo arrives. He'll wear that chair out some day."

"You disrespectful young 'imp! If it was n't for Dr. Keene, you would n't be in the tropics now."

"Oh, the doctor 's all right, but he expects us to do all the work. Why does n't he come down and do his own collecting? Ouch! I 'll be good, Jack!"

"I 've a good mind to leave you here in charge of camp while Paul and I go up river," remarked Milton, sternly.

Fred rolled on his cot in a convulsion of merriment.

"Ho, Master Jack, I got a rise that time!" he roared. "Why, you poor idiot," he continued, with brotherly disrespect, "Dr. Keene 's more like a father to me than he is to you! Come on, now, and tell us about the armadillo."

Jack, his eyes twinkling, proceeded: "You can almost call it a pre-historic animal, left over from the time of the mastodons and the mammoths and giant sloths. Until a generation ago, it was supposed to be extinct, with the rest of them, but about that time some one discovered a fresh shell. Since then, one or two specimens have been taken, but I believe those are all. There are none in the American museums, and collectors have been falling all over each other in attempts to find them, but so far without success.

"There are two fairly common armadillos in Guiana besides the giant fellow. The larger of the two is about two feet long, with nine movable bands to its shell. The smaller is scarcely half that length, and burrows into the ground about as fast as a man can dig after it. As for the giant, he 'll stretch three, or perhaps four, feet without his tail. He 's the one we 're after.

"In the morning Walee and I will go down to Bartica to negotiate for a boat. We 'll need a large one, you know, to carry all our equipment. I 'll probably bring a few extra paddlers back with me, too. It 'll take several days to get ready, but by the end of the week we ought to make a start."

He paused, then asked with a smile, "I suppose both of you are willing to go?"

"What gum 'll I take?" was Paul's hasty reply, and Fred lay back on his cot with a snort.

"I guess we can stand it," he remarked dryly.

## CHAPTER XIV

### THE ELUSIVE CHIMES

THE expedition set out at the end of the week. The craft in which the party and their equipment traveled was a long, tapering bateau constructed of stout, greenheart timber. In the center was erected a canvas shelter, under which were stored the ammunition and effects necessary for the

journey; and here, also, sat the white occupants. In the forward half, as in the rear, were seats for the paddlers, who consisted of Wa'na in the stern as steerer, Jim as bow-man, and eight half-breed negroes as paddlers. Walee followed close behind in one of the dugouts, and Dick had been left in charge of the camp.

The party was traveling light. Contrary to the general custom on such expeditions, they carried little food, as Jack expected to move by short stages, which would enable the hunters to obtain plenty of meat for all needs. The half-breeds—Bovianders as they are called in British Guiana—were large, muscular men, well-acquainted with their job, though Milton would have preferred Indians if he could have obtained them.

Three miles above camp they encountered the first rapids, but as these were nothing more than a narrowing down of the river and a corresponding increase of current, little difficulty was met in surmounting them. It was several miles farther on that the boys had their first glimpse of a true cataract.

As the bateau grounded on a shelving beach at the foot of this rushing water, they stared in amazement. It was an awe-inspiring sight, and they were aghast at the very thought of attempting to stem the torrent.

"How are we going to get around that, Jack?" demanded his younger brother in a subdued voice. "We can't go through it!"

"Oh, yes we can. Watch the men. Every one gets out here."

Under the guidance of Wa'na, who was captain of the crew as well as steers-man, the Bovianders emptied the contents of the bateau on the shore. Several strong ropes were produced, which they fastened to the craft, and the work of surmounting the rapids commenced. Above them for a quarter-mile was a boiling strip of roaring water from which black, jagged rocks projected. The stream did not descend evenly, but bumped and thundered over a succession of ledges which created low waterfalls and rushing sluices. At the base was a whirlpool which eddied back and forth.

To the boys it looked an impossible feat, but Wa'na was not discouraged. He told off one man to remain in the bateau with a long pole to fend it from rocks, and the others, with their shoulders against the ropes, plunged along the shore and through the shallows. It was slow and dangerous work; the breaking of a rope meant the destruction of the bateau and the man it contained in the whirlpool below; a slip from the steep bank might mean drowning in the swirling water; or a blow by a jutting rock would splinter the bateau, or the dugout which dragged behind

it. But Wa'na knew his business, and three hours later the craft floated in calm water at the head of the rapid.

Another hour was consumed in carrying the equipment up. By that time it was past the noon hour, and Milton decided to camp for the night.

Walee had been despatched for meat, and shortly afterward appeared with a small deer, which was cut up and soon roasted over a fire.

It was at this first camp that the two chums made a discovery.

When the meal was completed they set out together on a little collecting-trip. The contour of the country was different from what it had been at the former camp. Instead of rolling, forest-clad sand-hills, it was more broken and rocky. Steep ravines were of common occurrence, and care had to be taken to prevent a fall. The jungle, however, was the same. There were the same giant trees, the same drapery of lianas, the same festoons of air-plants, and the same birds, butterflies, and jeweled lizards.

As they advanced through this paradise, Paul's ear suddenly caught the silvery notes of a bell chiming. No; it was more like the metallic clang of a blacksmith's hammer on his anvil.

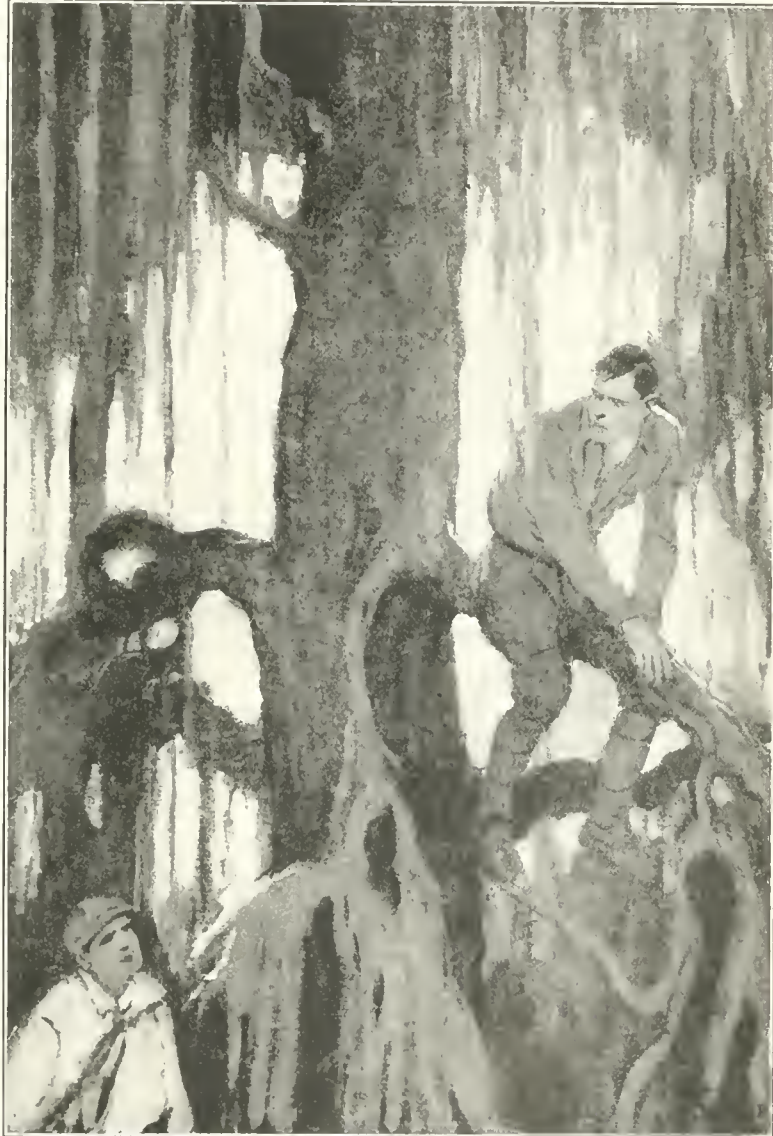
"I did n't know there were any towns in this wilderness!" he exclaimed in astonishment.

"Neither did I!" agreed his companion, equally amazed. "Must be an Indian village. Probably a missionary's set up a church there, and they're ringin' the bell. Let's go see."

With this conclusion in mind, they began a search for the village. But the church, or the blacksmith shop as Paul insisted in defining the sound, proved elusive.

When they had progressed a mile and the clanging notes were as distant as ever, Fred leaned against a moss-covered rock, and, with a snort of disgust, wiped the perspiration from his face.

"Whew, it 's hot climbing around all these rocks!" he grunted. "That must be a funny



"SHUTTING HIS TEETH, HE HITCHED HIMSELF FORWARD" (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

sort of a town, stuck in between precipices like these. Look where we are now."

They were standing on the brink of a steep declivity which dropped straight downward for seventy feet to a rocky bottom below. Numerous trees hung over the edge, and a few lianas descended like cables to the rough floor beneath.

"Well, come on," continued Fred, when they had taken in their surroundings: "we've got to find it."

"Wait a minute!" cried his chum. "Look at that bird, will you! Up there in the top of that tree! That 's the first white one I've seen in the jungle."

"Say, she is a peach, is n't she!" the other declared excitedly. "We 'd better collect *that!* Wha-wha—?"

A pealing *clang-clang* close by startled them so that they both jumped.

"Where is it?" shouted Fred, darting a glance up and down the ravine, then into the forest.

"I 'll be jiggered if it is n't that bird, Skinny!"

"Come off! It 's a blacksmith shop, just as you said it was!"

"I tell you it 's the bird! There it goes again! See its head move?"

Fred doubled up with laughter. When he could regain his breath, he gasped, "You 're right! That certainly is one on me!" and went off into a second paroxysm.

In a moment he continued: "Here we 've been chasing that bell all over the country, thinking it was a Sunday-school or something, and it 's only a bird! Don't tell Jack. I know what it is now—a bell-bird, sort of a *cotinga*. But I never thought they really sounded like a bell. Go ahead and collect it."

This did not prove so easy as he had expected. When they approached the tree in which the bird was sitting, it flew to another and then to another, always keeping just out of gunshot. At last it rested in one of the trees which overhung the gorge, and Paul managed to get sufficiently close to fire. The bell-bird, no larger than a pigeon, fell through the branches and caught on the outermost tip of a tree which swung over the cliff.

"Jiminy, that 's too bad!" he exclaimed in vexation. The bird hung apparently out of reach.

"I 'll take a try at it," Fred volunteered doubtfully, after they had spent ten minutes bewailing the unfortunate situation. "You 'd better not attempt it on account of your weight, Fat, but I 'm so light 'most any twig 'll hold me. We 've got to have that bell-bird."

"Better let it stay there, Skinny. No use of breaking your neck for a little thing like that."

"Oh, I 'll be all right. Here goes—give me a hand."

The next instant he had clasped the trunk and was part way up the tree. The first twenty feet was hard going, but when he reached the lower branches, the rest was easy.

He arrived at the branch on which hung the

dead bell-bird, and, straddling the limb, commenced to work his way outward. One glance down into the yawning abyss beneath turned him dizzy. He closed his eyes and clung desperately to the branch until the giddy feeling left him; then shutting his teeth, he hitched himself forward, slowly and cautiously, not daring to look down again.

The bell-bird seemed far off. Would he never reach it? As he advanced, the branch bent lower and lower until he was on a level with Paul, who stood at the edge of the cliff. His progress was downward and extremely hazardous.

"Better give it up," urged his anxious friend from the base of the tree. "It won't hold you! What is a bell-bird or two, anyway? Come on; let 's go back. *Please* climb back up that branch!"

Fred only set his jaw all the tighter and slid farther down; a friendly liana helped him keep his balance. He was going to have that bird!

There came an ominous *crack* from the tree-trunk. The branch lurched downward, but still held by some shreds of bark.

Fred commenced a frantic clamber upward. The branch swung lower; he could hear a rending of wood above him. He redoubled his struggles, but they only made matters worse. The limb was now perpendicular, with him at the end like the weight of a clock pendulum. The bell-bird had long since fallen from the branch into the gorge.

Paul was stricken dumb by the peril which had overtaken his chum. There was nothing he could do—absolutely nothing to aid him. Poor fellow! He could only stand helplessly waiting for the end.

Then the branch gave a parting *crack* and disappeared, bearing the boy with it!

For the space of a full minute Paul stared at the place where the branch had been, then, forcing himself to look, gazed fearfully down into the ravine.

He saw nothing!

Yes; there was the broken limb, but no mangled body lay beside it! Nor could it be hidden by the leaves—he saw only the outline of bare rock beneath them. Where was Fred? Was he safe? Alive? Evidently he had not been dashed to pieces. Perhaps some vine or bush growing from the side of the wall had broken his fall and he had clung to it! There was still hope!

His voice had a strained falsetto ring to it as he called: "Fred! Fred! Oh, Skinny!"

"What 're you making so much noise about?" a cool voice replied from just below him.

Paul's heart pounded into his throat at the well-known tones. For a moment his eyes filled from the joyful reaction, then he stammered:



"A-a-are you all right, Skinny?"

"Sure I'm all right. Why should n't I be?"—as if falling into a gorge was an every-day occurrence. "Scraped my knuckles on this rock, though."

"W-w-where are you? I can't see anything but rock."

"Branch hit against a sort of ledge as it went down and scraped me off. Lucky it did, I guess. Cliff overhangs this place; that's why you can't see me. Watch where this stone comes from and you can locate me exactly."

Paul saw a fragment of stone appear from the side of the cliff thirty feet below and plunge toward the bottom.

"Got me?" cried his chum. "Now let 's get me out of here."

"All right, I'll fetch a liana."

"Get a good one. I don't want to fall and break my neck. Once is enough." This was the first sign of any nervousness that Fred had shown.

Paul had no difficulty in finding a thick vine which would suit his purpose and bear the weight of his friend. He soon returned, dragging the hundred-foot "bush-rope" an inch thick and as strong as a Manila cable of like diameter. Having ascertained that Fred was comfortable and in no need of immediate aid, he tested the liana thoroughly for weak places. Satisfied with its strength, he gave it one turn about a tree-trunk and paid out the end toward his chum.

Unfortunately, Paul had forgotten to take into consideration the overhang of the cliff, and the end dangled several feet beyond the other's reach. But that was a small matter, soon remedied by a weight tied to the vine. By working at it from the top, the liana gradually swung through an increasing arc, and soon was in the hands of the boy below.

Now came the most nerve-racking experience of all for both of them. Fred must hang in mid-air over the jagged rocks forty feet beneath, held only by the narrow thread of vine, and Paul must pull him up. No; Paul felt that he could not do that; light as Fred was, he could not trust his strength for that. He would have to lower him to the bottom!

"Wait a minute, Skinny!" he called. "Don't tie yourself to the rope yet. I'll have to lower you instead of pulling you up. Can you wait a while till I go along the gully to see if there's a way up?"

"Sure. Wait as long as you want," came the cheerful reply. To tell the truth, Fred was in no great hurry to trust himself to that liana.

At the end of fifteen minutes Paul reported that it was all right.

"The ravine shallows up a couple of hundred yards above here," he yelled, "and the walls sort of break to pieces, so that climbing them'll be easy. I'll shift the rope to one of the trees which bend over the gorge so it won't splinter on the edge. Hang on to your end."

When this was accomplished he called again: "All ready, Skinny. Tie her well around your waist and yell before you let go."

"You bet I will!"

Paul braced his feet against the butt of the tree with his weight against the vine. Fred tied a loop in his end, thrust his feet into it, and grasped the liana with his hands above his head; then, uttering a prayer for safety, and gritting his teeth, he let himself slip from his perch.

For a few seconds he swung dizzily back and forth, and was taken with a slight nausea, but he clung grimly to his vine. The liana held; Paul commenced lowering. Inch by inch Fred approached the bottom.

As he stooped to pick up the bell-bird, which lay not far from the broken branch, his eye caught the glint of something else, which he placed in his pocket with the bird. Waving Paul to wait where he was, he scrambled up the ravine and was quickly hidden from the watcher above. In half an hour he joined his companion, none the worse for his accident.

"Whew, that was a narrow escape!" he admitted, when the two stood together on the brink of the precipice. "I'll never climb a tree hanging over a gorge again. I was never so scared in my life before. Here's that bell-bird."

It was an adult male, almost pure white, with several short, fleshy tentacles hanging from its head at the base of the bill, like the horns of a catfish. Only a single species inhabits the forests of Guiana, though farther south, on the savannas, or open prairies, which form a portion of that region, there is a different, greener variety. As Paul placed it in his game-bag, his chum produced a chunk of quartz from his pocket.

"Here, look at this, Fat. What do you make out of it?"

The stout boy took the piece of shiny rock and hefted it. He examined it minutely; there was a yellow speck at one end.

"What is it?" he demanded.

"Gold!"

"What?"

"Sure. Found it down in the ravine beside the bell-bird. I've often heard about gold around here, but have never seen it before."

"Any more down there?"

"Dunno. I was thinking more about getting out of there than hunting for gold, I guess."

"Well, I'm going to hunt! Come on!"

Paul hurried away, followed by his no less eager chum. But search as they could, no more golden flakes were discovered.

It was nearly sundown when they arrived at camp, and when they had related the story of the near-tragedy, Fred produced his chip of quartz.

"Here, what do you think of that, Jack!" he proclaimed proudly. "We've discovered a gold-mine!"

His brother took the chunk and turned it over thoughtfully.

"It's gold, sure enough," he said, "but don't let that turn your head, Fred. No doubt the rocks in the ravine are full of it; probably there's a gold-bearing quartz ledge there. But that does n't mean a thing in this country. There has been mine after mine floated and exploited, al-

ways with the same result—failure. The reason is that there are no railroads, no method of getting machinery in, or supplies. You can see for yourself what chance there would be of getting anything bulky up such rapids as the one we passed to-day. No; don't figure on gold-mines this trip. If you should happen to find a rich gravel-deposit, that would be different; but don't think of quartz. And don't lose sight of the object of our expedition."

Somewhat dashed in spirits, the boys turned into their hammocks. What a shame it was that gold should be lying around, begging that way, with no one to touch it. Jack was right—quartz was out of the question. A nugget now—

With the same rosy vision flitting through their drowsy senses, both boys fell asleep.

*(To be continued)*

## THE CHINESE VASE

By MARY M. FLATLEY

IN OUR HALL STANDS  
 A CHINESE VASE, AS  
 BLUE AS IT CAN  
 BE; ON ONE SIDE  
 IS A MANDARIN,  
 A SPLENDID SIGHT  
 TO SEE. THE LOOKS  
 UPON THE OTHER SIDE  
 WHERE, DOWN A TINY BAY,  
 A CHINESE JUNK, ITS SAIL  
 ATHILL, IS DRIFTING ON ITS  
 WAY. AND NOW WHAT PUZZLES ME  
 IS THIS (I'VE PONDERED TILL  
 I'M THIN): IS THE MANDARIN  
 CHASING THAT CHINESE  
 JUNK OR THE JUNK  
 THAT MANDARIN?

## AFTER MANY DAYS

By CHRISTINE WHITING PARMENTER



"DON'T YOU TALK JOE JEFFERSON TO ME AGAIN" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

BEWARE! you who read tales dealing only with mystery and adventure, or with that ever new and absorbing subject—love. This is the tale of a lonely little boy and a big-hearted man, and how bread once cast upon the waters returns, even as the good Book tells us, "after many days."

It was a Friday afternoon in Miss Philippa's school-room. It was the room that in those days was called the "intermediate." What it would be called now, I, who belong to the intermediate period, cannot say; but I imagine that it was oc-

cupied by what we now term "the seventh grade." The children were having a treat that afternoon. In those days, Friday afternoon meant speaking "pieces," or having stories read aloud by Miss Philippa. This was story afternoon, and Miss Philippa was reading "Rip Van Winkle."

Thirty pairs of eyes were resting intently on Miss Philippa as she closed the book. She smiled down into the eager faces from her superior height upon the platform. "Children," said Miss Philippa, in the low, sweet voice that they

all loved, "if I had the money, I'd take every one of you to see Joseph Jefferson in 'Rip Van Winkle' when he comes to Boston next week. Perhaps some of you will be fortunate enough to go. Those who do must remember everything they see, so as to tell the rest of us all about it."

Once outside, after their first wild shouts at release from school, the children straggled along in groups of twos and threes, according to the direction of their separate homes. Three boys, all apparently the same age, left their companions and, turning into a side street, started to ascend a hill. There were but two houses on the hillside. In the first lived "old skinflint Wheeler," as he was familiarly called, with his wife and thirteen-year-old son. The other house stood higher on the hill, and was occupied by the Kingsleys—Mr. Kingsley, who edited the village paper, Mrs. Kingsley, who stayed at home and took care of her family, and the five little Kingsleys, ranging from four to fourteen. There was little money, but much good cheer, in the Kingsley household, while the Wheeler abode left much to be desired as a home for the one small boy who trudged so sturdily up the hill beside his two companions.

"Say, would n't you just like to see Joe Jefferson in 'Rip Van Winkle'?" he exclaimed, as they paused at the parting of their ways.

"You bet!" responded Teddy Kingsley, so near his brother's age that they appeared to be twins. "Does it cost an awful lot to see Joe Jefferson?"

"Well I guess!" answered the third boy, eagerly. "Father says he 's at the very top. Father saw him in New York, years and years ago. I wonder if any of the kids will have a chance to go."

"Tom Hussey 's going," replied Charley Wheeler, excitedly. "I heard him tell Miss Philippa after school. His mother 's going to take 'em all, him and Henry and Polly."

"Jiminy! Are n't they in luck? Well, good-night, Charley. We 've got a couple of rows to hoe before supper."

At supper-time that night Charley Wheeler timidly ventured to tell his mother about "Rip Van Winkle." "Miss Philippa read it to us this afternoon," he said eagerly. "She said it only she had the money, she'd take us all to see it when Joe Jefferson comes next week. Oh, Mother, do you 'spose there 's any way that I could go?"

"Well I rather think *not*!" exploded Mr. Wheeler, suddenly joining the conversation, a most uncommon thing for him to do. "It 's a fine thing for a country schoolma'am to be putting such ideas in a child's head. It costs money to see Joe Jefferson, young man, and money does n't grow on bushes. Don't you talk Joe Jefferson to me again."

The boy did n't answer, but the mother, a

sudden pain in her heart, saw him tight back the tears; and the meal was finished in silence.

In the Kingsley household "Rip Van Winkle" was also the topic of conversation at the evening meal. Father Kingsley was telling the children about the time when *he* saw Jefferson act *Rip Van Winkle*, years ago. "He 's a wonderful actor, Jefferson," said Father. "I wish I could take you boys to see him, but Mother needs a new bonnet" (this was a time-worn joke of Father Kingsley's; Mother never, apparently, needed a new bonnet), "and I don't see how it can be done *this* year."

"I suppose not," said Archie, manfully, "but I just wish we *could* see him, all the same."

Two hours later, the children safe in bed, Mother Kingsley looked up from the stocking she was darning, to find that Father had apparently lost interest in the paper, though it contained one of his own editorials!

"Do you think we could manage it?" he asked suddenly, quite as if Mother were a mind-reader, which indeed she was when the mind was Father's.

"I wish we could," she answered promptly. "They 're such good boys! They work so hard out of school, and they hand me the egg money every week with never a thought of keeping it themselves. I suppose it would cost a good deal."

"I suppose it would. They 'd need good seats in order to see well, and there 'd be the lunch in town and the fares; but—I 've a great mind to do it. I guess it 's *my* bonnet that 'll suffer this time, Mother. My old hat is pretty shabby, but perhaps I can make it go the rest of the year; and it 's part of the boys' education to see such acting as Jefferson's. I wish *you* would take them, Mother."

"No. They 'd have a better time with you, and it 's a long while since you 've had any recreation. Let 's do it, Father. We 'll manage somehow, and the boys really deserve a treat."

So it was two very joyous little boys who started across the field next morning to tell Charley their good fortune. When they returned, however, their faces had lost something of the glow they had worn earlier in the day.

"What 's the matter?" asked Mother, as they took their seats at dinner.

"I was thinking about Charley," answered Teddy, ruefully. "I wish he could see Jefferson, too. I told him Dad would take him along with us if his father 'd get the ticket, but he said there was n't any use in asking. Mr. Wheeler 's not what you might call generous."

"Oh, Teddy!" reproved Mother, "Charley would n't like you to speak that way about his father."

"Well, it 's true just the same," broke in Archie. "He would n't let Charley have a quarter to see

the circus, or even go to the strawberry festival at the Congregational church. And Charley 's just crazy to see 'Rip Van Winkle.'"

"Well, it 's too bad," soothed Mother. "Charley does n't seem to have his share of good times, does he?"

It was when the boys were in bed that evening that Father looked up suddenly from his beloved paper. "Do you think we could manage it?" he asked abruptly.

Mother laid down her mending. "I wish we could," she replied, her mind-reading powers in full play. "Charley 's a good boy, and he has so little fun, compared with our children. We might have lamb stew for dinner Sunday instead of roast beef, and eggs the rest of the week. That would more than make up the difference, and the children would n't care."

"All right," said Father, joyfully, "we 'll do it!"

So on the following Saturday, Father Kingsley and three happy youngsters started for the city. On the train, Father presented each boy with a bright new quarter, "just in case they wanted to do some shopping," he explained; while to himself he said thoughtfully, "There go a couple of perfectly good neckties."

Once in the metropolis, they ambled along gazing delightedly in the windows. Trips to the city were a rare treat, and nothing escaped the bright eyes of those happy boys. To add to their joy, they ran into a Masonic funeral, the sad occasion of which was quite lost in the delight of hearing the band, though it appropriately played a dirge! Father Kingsley could n't suppress a smile as he watched their pleasure in the passing cortège.

This excitement over, they wandered into the ten-cent store, where they did their errands. Each boy bought a gaily embroidered handkerchief for his mother, while Charley added a bottle of perfumery to his offering, and Ted and Archie spent their remaining wealth on presents for the younger Kingsleys.

Then came luncheon, a real luncheon at a well-known restaurant, the wonderful place that Father had spoken of so many times. Father recklessly told them to order whatever they liked best, and was secretly amused to see the cautious way that each boy considered the price before he ordered. Archie satisfied his ever-ready appetite for fish-balls, while both Ted and Charley indulged in sliced-ham sandwiches, and all three "topped off" with apple pie and ice-cream. It was, they all agreed, the very finest luncheon they had ever tasted.

And *then* came "Rip Van Winkle"! Father Kingsley had chosen well when he procured seats in the first row of the balcony. There were no

intervening heads to spoil a moment of the pleasure.

"Oh, Mother, if you could only have seen 'em!" he cried, after the excited boys were sound asleep that evening. "I had to hang onto their coat-tails, for fear they 'd go over the railing. It was hard work to know which to watch, Joe Jefferson or those kids. I had the very time of my life!"

"Well, you look it," answered Mother, smiling into his happy eyes. "It did you as much good as it did the boys; and poor little Charley will never forget it." Which shows that Mother was a prophet as well as a mind-reader.

It was a few years after this never-to-be-forgotten occasion, that a larger paper secured the services of Father Kingsley, and it was with many regrets that the Kingsley family moved away from the farm on the hill. Shortly after, the empty farm-house burned, and for long years the land lay neglected, since it was too far from the village to sell in house lots. In the meantime, young Charley Wheeler had grown up and married; and after the death of his parents he too moved away to seek his fortune elsewhere. The Wheeler farm had changed hands before Mr. Wheeler's death, save for some odd acres that joined the Kingsley property across the road. This land had been willed to Charley by his father, and, like the Kingsley land, lay idle and useless until a sudden boom struck the little town and real estate began to grow in value.

For years the town had grown in the opposite direction; now the tide turned, and fine houses sprang up in the meadows where the Kingsley children had hunted violets. Teddy Kingsley, at this time a landscape gardener, spent many days going over the old scenes and drawing plans of how the land could be most advantageously laid out. "If only we had those acres that used to belong to old Wheeler," he told his father, "we would have just what we need to carry out my ideas. I wonder who owns that land."

"It belongs to Charley Wheeler," replied his father. "I looked it up some time ago. It is assessed for thirty-three hundred, which is more than it 's worth, and very much more than I could pay just now; but I *would* like to get hold of it."

And in the strange way that fate sometimes orders things, it was the very next day that Father Kingsley had a call from Charley Wheeler. "I came to see you about my land, Mr. Kingsley," he said, after they had lengthily discussed old times and old friends. "They tell me that I can make a good deal of money if I cut it up in small lots and sell it at auction; but Gertrude and I" (Gertrude was the girl whom Charley had married) "have talked it over, and we both feel that you

ought to have first chance at it, since it rounds out your property at the corner. Would you care to buy it?"

"I'd care a good deal," answered Mr. Kingsley,

more; and I could n't pay it all down in cash, either. I'm sorry. Of course, I want it badly, and I thank you for giving me the chance; but it will mean a good deal more money to you sold in lots, my boy."

"Well," said Charley, slowly, rising and holding out his hand, "I'll go home and talk it over with Gertrude. I'll let you know what we decide. It 's seemed mighty good to see you again, Mr. Kingsley."

"He 's the same nice boy," thought Father Kingsley, as Charley turned away. "How I wish I could have that land!"

The next afternoon the postman left a long envelop for Father Kingsley. A folded document fell out as he slit it open, and a letter. The letter was from Charley, and Father went to the window and, spreading it out, he read:

My dear Mr. Kingsley:

I have gone over the matter very carefully with Gertrude and we both feel that you ought to have that land, so I am enclosing the deed made out to you. You can send me five hundred dollars if you like, and the rest when convenient.

Perhaps you will wonder why we do this when we can make more money the other way, so I am going to explain. Do you remember some sixteen years ago, taking me, with Ted and Archie to see Joseph Letter-son in "Rip Van Winkle"? I've never forgotten it, Mr. Kingsley. There was n't any too much fun in my childhood, as you know, and that was the red letter day of my

existence. I've told Gertrude about it many times, and how you and Mrs. Kingsley always treated me like one of your own boys, and it makes us both very happy to be able to do this little thing for you. Remember me, please, to all the family.

Father Kingsley drew a long breath. He folded the letter and gazed thoughtfully out of the window. "Well," he said at last, speaking ap-



TEDDY KINGSLEY, A LANDSCAPE GARDENER, SPENT MANY DAYS DRAWING PLANS.

"but the truth is, Charley, with money so tight just now, I could n't give you all it 's worth; surely not as much as you 'd make selling it the other way, though I think it 's assessed for more than its value."

"I think so too," said Charley, honestly. "What could you give for it, Mr. Kingsley?"

"I could give two thousand. Charley, not a cent

parently to an empty room, "Mother was right. She said that Charley would not forget."

I have said that this was a tale dealing not with mystery or adventure, nor with that absorbing subject—love. Yet I think there was both mystery and adventure for a certain happy boy when he followed *Rip Van Winkle* and his dog *Schneider*

through their strange experience in the Catskill Mountains; and surely there was love, of a very beautiful and enduring kind.

Improbable? Perhaps. Improbable as are many lovely things; yet it is a *true* story. I know, because, you see, I was one of those five little Kingsleys, myself!

## THE JAR OF MONEY—A HINDU STORY

FOUR men, who were partners in business, put all their savings in a jar and, since there was no bank in their country, planned to hide it in a safe place. But being afraid to trust one another, they decided to leave it in the keeping of some other person, and for this purpose they selected an old woman, owner of a milk-shop, to whom they said:

"Bury this jar, and do not deliver it until we all four call for it together!"

Some time later the four friends were lying under a tree near the old woman's shop, quite worn out by the heat.

"Oh, for a drink of buttermilk!" exclaimed one.

"Let us get a jar full from the old woman!" said another.

This proposition pleased them and the first speaker was chosen to do the errand. But when he got to the shop, he asked not for a jar of buttermilk, but for the jar of money.

"Oh, no!" said the woman. "You instructed me not to deliver that jar unless you all four called for it together."

"Very well, then," answered the man, "just listen." Then he shouted to the three others, "Did n't you say that this woman should give me the jar?"

"Yes!" they shouted back. "Hurry along with it!"

Satisfied by this conversation, the woman dug up the jar of money and gave it to the man, who at once put it under his arm and rapidly walked away.

Within a short time the three others, wondering what was keeping their messenger, went to investigate and the first man's deceit came to light. It was too late to catch the thief; they could only vent their wrath on the old woman.

"You old simpleton!" they screamed, "You'll pay for this!"

In vain she protested that it was not her fault, that she had given up the jar only at their order. The three men dragged her to court, and there

the judge commanded her to restore the jar of money within three days, or pay the men a sum of money equal to that which had been stolen, or go to jail.

"Alas! alas!" she wailed, as she left the court to go home, "where am I to get so much money? What shall I do? What shall I do?"

As she walked on she passed a group of boys playing marbles, one of whom was the clever Raman, and he, when he heard her cries, left the game to investigate.

"Grandmother," he asked, "why do you weep?"

Then she told him the tale.

"What a stupid judge," exclaimed Raman, "to make such an unjust decision!"

There were a few busybodies standing near by, and they at once reported the boy's remark to the judge.

"Very well," said the judge, "if he thinks he can decide the case more justly than I, let him try it."

Thereupon he had Raman placed on the bench, summoned the three plaintiffs and the defendant, and ordered the case reopened.

Raman turned to the three men. "Is it true," he asked, "that you deposited the jar of money with this woman instructing her not to deliver it until all four of you called for it together?"

"It is true, your honor," they assented.

"Well," he continued, "at present only three of the four depositors are asking for it. When the fourth man comes *with* you to ask for the jar, then, and only then, is she bound to deliver it to you. Until that time you have no cause of complaint; the case is dismissed."

Astonished by his clever solution of the difficulty, the audience applauded, while the three men, crestfallen, saw that their own overcarefulness had lost them the money forever unless they could catch the thief who had stolen it.

Then the court adjourned, and Raman returned to his game of marbles.

W. NORMAN BRONCH.

# THE LUCK OF DENEWOOD

By EMILIE BENSON KNIPE and ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

Authors of "The Lucky Sixpence," "Beatrice of Denewood," "Vive la France!" etc.

## SYNOPSIS OF THE PREVIOUS INSTALLMENTS

PEG TRAVERS, joint heir with her brother Jack to the estate of Denewood, in Germantown, which they are too poor to keep up and have rented as a school for girls, receives a letter from her brother, an officer with the A. F. F., saying that a relative of the family, a French girl named Béatrice de Soulange, has come to him asking for assistance, and he has thought it best to send her to America. Her brother, Louis de Soulange, an officer in the French army, in an aeroplane flight over the lines, has disappeared and is "missing." Peg, who lives with her aunt in the lodge at Denewood, is talking this news over with her cousin, Betty Powell, when the French girl unexpectedly arrives—a girl of their own age, deeply interested in the Denewood books and the history of their house. Her first desire is to see the lucky sixpence, their family talisman, and when she is told that it has been lost for a century she is astounded at the girls' indifference and declares her belief that with it was lost the luck of Denewood. Full of gratitude for their whole-hearted hospitality, she determines to find the sixpence and restore the luck of the house. Beatrice plans to hunt for it, and, to that end, is anxious to become a pupil at Maple Hall, as the school at Denewood is called. On her admission to the school Béatrice begins her search for the sixpence. Miss Maple discovers this and, thinking it a waste of time, forbids day-scholars to go above the first floor of Maple Hall. Peg is vastly excited by a letter from Jack asking for a description of the Soulange ring and warning her to stand guard over Béatrice's unauthorized news of her brother rouse false hopes. Shortly after, a young man, who announces himself as Captain Badger of the British Army, calls, saying that he has news of Louis which he will give to no one but Béatrice. With Jack's letter in her mind, Peg refuses to let him see Béatrice. Her cousin, Mr. Powell, approves of what she has done. Béatrice, ignorant of this crisis in her affairs, unsuccessfully searches the spring-house for the entrance to the old secret passage. Betty, from the living-room, sees the Englishman return to the lodge.

## CHAPTER XII

### THE HOME OF MONSIEUR CRAPAUD

PEG, seated at her desk, wrote feverishly to her brother Jack. She could tell him everything that was in her mind without reserve, and that helped a good deal. But she would have liked his immediate advice upon her growing perplexities. Several pages she devoted to Captain Badger and speculation upon his mission, until, having exhausted that subject, she turned to the next most interesting topic.

I do wish you were here, even for a minute, so that I could find out what you think. If you answer all the questions I have asked you, you will have to put them on a separate enclosure and it will be a big private communication, won't it? But please don't forget anything.

Now about the Soulange ring. You ought to get the description I sent you, some time before you receive this, but nobody can tell what will happen in the mails these days, so I'm going to write it again from memory, at the end, just to make sure. But oh, why *did n't* you explain what you wanted it for? I can't think of anything else, and I keep going over and over all sorts of reasons till I'm about crazy. Anyway, I've made up my mind you've seen the ring somewhere, or you would n't have thought about it. I talked to Béatrice to-day for a minute after school, before the other girls came down. I was quite casual, of course. She told me that Louis, because he is the head of the house, always wears the ring, and that the only other person who could wear it would be his fiancee, while they were engaged. Isn't that nice and romantic? It's a family tradition, Béatrice says, and they think a lot of it. It makes me awfully curious, because, if you've seen the ring, you must have seen Louis, and that does n't seem possible. Or else he might be engaged and you've met the girl. It must be one thing or the other. My brains are in a stew and I don't know what to do. I did n't mean that to rhyme. It sounds silly, but I'm not

going to write this page over. Whew! This is getting to be a long letter.

Peg wrote on and on, so absorbed in what she was doing that she no longer heard the faint notes of the piano downstairs where Betty was practising.

In the next room Béatrice was sewing diligently. Selma had started her, and with pains-taking care she drew bright-colored wool in and out of the black material, rejoicing in the fact that each stitch relieved the detested mourning of a little of its somberness.

She was aware of Peg's busy scratching in the adjoining chamber, and kept as quiet as a mouse for fear of disturbing her diligent cousin. Béatrice rather envied Peg, talking to her big brother Jack. She remembered with a glow of pleasure the days she had spent in France under the care of her jolly, boyish relative. Her admiration of his prompt solution of her difficulties grew, as the passing months proved the wisdom of his decision. She appreciated the love that had been given her by these frank relatives, upon whose generosity she had but the slightest of claims, and was grateful to the young man who had made her life there possible. Moreover, in some inexplicable way, she felt that the fate of her brother lay in the hands of this same Jack Travers to whom Peg was at that moment pouring out her heart.

"I too should like to write to Monsieur Jack," Béatrice said to herself, and at the thought a faint color came into her cheeks.

There were very few moments in her waking hours that Béatrice was not thinking of Louis in



some connection. Even when she was studying her lessons, there was always the consciousness that her brother would approve of what she was doing. Indeed, all her actions were governed by a mental questioning of his opinion, and in so far as she could, Bé chose the course she felt certain Louis would have suggested.

In spite of the long silence and unrelieved anxiety, she held to her faith that her brother still lived. She knew of nothing that would shake that faith, but believed that the time of fulfilment of her hopes for him depended upon the recovery of the lost sixpence. This had become a fixed idea with Béatrice that yielded not a jot to the continued disappointments she had met in her search. Rather the mounting difficulties confirmed her convictions. Had the task been easy, she might have doubted that the fortunes of the Travers family and the fate of Louis de Soulange hung on the recovery of the lucky sixpence.

The girl thought over her experience at the spring-house with a sense of deep regret. She found that she had counted more than she realized upon some discovery there. The secret passage seemed so likely a place to hide things, and perhaps, after all, the broken coin she longed to have *was* there. But in that case its recovery seemed almost impossible. The only chance lay in the faint hope that a way might be discovered from inside the old mansion, but not until summer, when the school was closed and the rules in abeyance, could that question be determined.

"An' all I fin' was a little toad, the *pauvre petit*!" thought Béatrice, reviewing her experiences in the spring-house. "An' yet it mus' be there," she went on, thinking of the secret passage. "It is that I 'ave not discover' how to get in."

She let the sewing drop into her lap and sat staring straight before her with unseeing eyes. When in the spring-house, she had been sure there was no crack or cranny that had been overlooked; but sitting in her room at the lodge she had begun to doubt the thoroughness of her search.

"There mus' be a way in!" she insisted, her faith that an entrance to the "mouse's hole" existed reasserting itself.

Impulsively, she rose and hung the dress she was embroidering upon a near-by chair. She felt impelled to visit the spring-house once more. For an instant she listened and heard Peg's pen scratching merrily in the next room. Her first thought was to tell her cousin where she was going, but Peg would only discourage her and she resolved to go alone. There was no need to interrupt the busy writer. Downstairs the piano was mute, and Bé wondered if Betty was still in the living-room.

With this in mind she stepped noiselessly into

the hall and down the back stairs to the kitchen. Selma was not there, and as she stood hesitating for an instant, the front door-bell rang sharply.

"Per'aps it is a visitor," she murmured to herself. "But it is not me they wish to see." And with a chuckle she ran out of the house and hurried up the drive. Out of the corner of her eye she saw Selma hanging some newly washed dish-towels on the line, and noted that the maid's back was toward her.

"I wonder who will answer the bell," she thought. "Not I!" She smiled as she quickened her pace. "No one will know where I am, and if I fin' it—ah, that will be a surprise for Paig!"

She made a wide circle about the school to avoid being observed and came upon the low building from the back. She noted that there were two or three of the teachers in the near-by summer-house, but she hoped they would not see her. So, darting quickly around the corner, she pushed open the heavy door and sprang inside, closing it behind her.

It was quite light within the room and there, sitting in a broad band of sunlight, was Bé's little toad.

A sudden sympathy for this lonesome inhabitant of the spring-house came into Bé's heart. It must be very dreary to hop about all day without any companions. And where did it go at night? Surely it must have a hole to call a home; but where, in that well-plastered place, could even a toad secrete itself?

"*Bon jour, petit Monsieur Crapaud*," she whispered, moving slowly toward it.

For answer, the toad gave a hop and landed in the shadows with a soft flop.

"Oh, I know you only pretend to be frightened," Béatrice said in her own tongue. "Thou knowest well I would not hurt thee."

Again she took a step in its direction, and again the toad avoided her; but this time he took two hops.

Béatrice stood still, gazing down.

"Ah, it is because you do not understan' the French," she murmured in English, "but do not be alarm'."

As long as Béatrice stood still, "Monsieur Crapaud" never stirred; but the moment she walked in his direction, he hopped away, seemingly no more reassured by her English than by her French.

They went half across the room, when suddenly, with a flirt of his clumsy hind legs, the toad disappeared.

"Oh!" cried Bé, whose eyes were fastened on the spot, "where 'ave you gone so queek?"

She stepped to the place and looked sharply

to the dragging. At first glance, there was nothing to show a break in the continuity of the smooth surface; but as she changed her position, she noted a depression in one of the stones which was almost overlapped by the one next it.

"Oh ho, Monsieur Crapaud, I fin' your 'iding-place!" Bé cried gaily, and leaned closer to examine it.

At once it was clear that this opening was no accident of the passing years. The masonry fitted as closely as when it had been laid, and the depression was shaped to the width of a man's fist, with edges smoothed by design. It seemed to invite the girl to try her hand in it, as if the space had been fashioned for a grip.

But Béatrice, remembering the little creature just inside, stayed her impulse.

"No, no!" she murmured excitedly, "I cannot do it." Then, leaning down, she called softly, "Monsieur, Monsieur Crapaud, please come out."

She waited a moment as if expecting an answer to her pleading; then, jumping up, she looked about for a stick. On the sill of a small window she spied half a lath, and returning with it, she began tapping on the stone near the hole.

"It is not that I wish to frighten you that I knock on your house, Monsieur," she said; "if you will please come out, I promise not to bother you again."

But she had to knock harder before the toad appeared. Indeed, she was just about to give up, when out it hopped with just the faintest little croak of fright.

"Oh, *pauvre petit!*" cried Bé, sympathetically, as she watched him jumping for the darkest shadows near the wall, "it is too bad, but I mus' fin' out."

She was distinctly excited, and, kneeling down, put her slim hand into the opening between the two stones.

With the ends of her fingers she felt the bottom and found it running for an inch or two under the top stone. Then she came to a square edge, beyond which she could feel nothing.

"This is not such a safe home for even a keetle toad," she murmured. "It is all 'ollow underneath."

She straightened up and looked at the paving immediately in front of her. There was nothing she could see that was different. Some fine moss and lichen grew out of the shallow cracks in the mortar, but the entire floor was mottled in the same way.

"Per'aps it lif' out," thought Bé, suddenly, and in an instant was on her feet with a hand in the opening, tugging with all her might. By just the smallest measure she could feel the stone move, and redoubled her efforts, growing more and more

elated as she worked. But at length she had to give up, panting.

"It stick' too tight!" she said to herself. And then her eyes fell upon the lath.

Instantly she was on her knees again, pushing the stick into the hole, only to break the end off sharply; but the falling bit of wood made a hollow sound and gave proof of what she suspected.

"I 'ave toun' it!" she exclaimed, and, turning the lath edgewise to increase its strength, she pried again, working it up and down feverishly.

And this time her efforts were rewarded. Suddenly, with a jerk, the stone in front of her lifted an inch or more, and she saw outlined in broken moss a rectangle like the top of a trap-door. In a moment she was on her feet again and, with surprising ease, had lifted a section of the floor just large enough to allow room for the passage of a man.

It was a square piece of masonry, skilfully tutted and chiseled, and so hung, near the center, that once the accumulated grit of years was started, it swung readily. Béatrice, gazing down into the dark opening at her feet, saw a series of steps descending, she could not tell how far; but of one thing she was certain—here was the entrance to the old secret passage.

"An' it was a little toad who led me to the 'mouse's hole,'" she said gaily.

She stood for a moment looking into the gloomy space and a temptation to explore the place at once seized her. Almost without realizing it, she took one step down and then another, holding the trap-door open with uplifted arms.

Suddenly she heard a push upon the door of the spring-house and a sharp creaking of its rusty hinges. Somebody was coming in, and Bé had no wish to have her newly discovered secret made public. Instinctively she dropped down another step and let the stone close over her head.

## CHAPTER XIII

### BETTY MEETS THE CAPTAIN

BETTY POWELL heard the ring of the door-bell in a flutter of excitement. What could the British officer want? She listened impatiently for Selma's shuffling walk along the hall in answer to the summons, but the bell rang a second time before Betty realized the need for action on her part.

She hurried to the kitchen to speak to the maid, but Selma, busy in the drying-yard, was not visible.

"I will have to go myself," Betty thought, and a moment later confronted the captain across the threshold.

"Mademoiselle," he murmured in an undertone, "I must see you at once."

The man's manner was polite and deferential and the use of the word *mademoiselle* gave Betty a sense of importance. It seemed almost like a title, and the slight suggestion of something foreign about the stranger made his manner of addressing her perfectly appropriate.

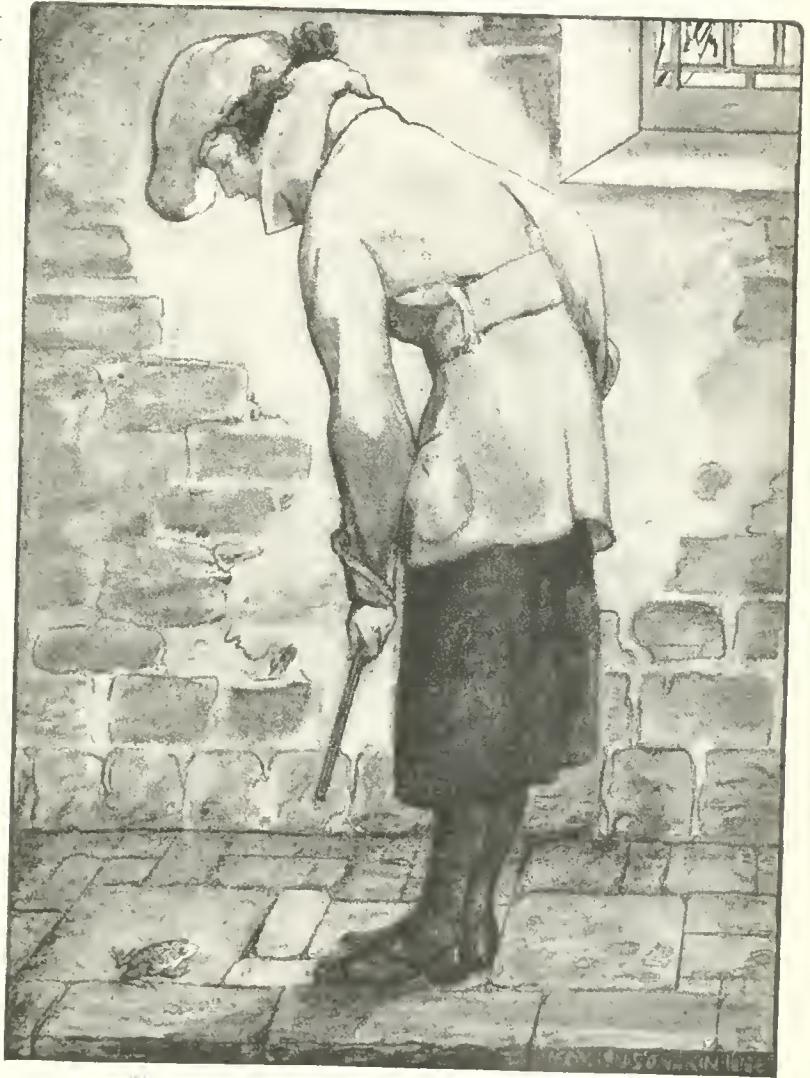
"I have news for you," he went on, "most welcome news, for your ear alone. I beg that you will put on your coat and come out and talk with me. In the house we may be overheard. I know that, as a perfect stranger to you, I ask something unusual, but you will see that I wear the uniform of an officer and a gentleman and in five minutes I can prove to you that I speak the truth. Please come at once, *Mademoiselle*, for a life dear to you hangs in the balance." For an instant he looked Betty full in the eyes, then turned on his heel and walked slowly up the driveway toward the school.

For a moment Betty gazed after the officer, half dazed at the unexpected request. He had not waited for a reply, seeming to take for granted that she would comply with his wish. He had given her no opportunity to say a word, and was evidently desirous to be away from the house as soon as possible.

But gradually her surprise gave way to speculation as to whether or not she ought to do as the officer asked. She noted the groups of school-girls scattered about the lawns of Denewood, and was conscious that she would not be averse to their observing her on friendly terms with this British officer, and could easily imagine their murmured words of curiosity. Yet there was a much more serious side to the matter, if what the stranger had said was true, and he appeared certain of proving that to her satisfaction. To be sure, she had not the least idea *whose* life dear to

her "hung in the balance"; but that he was wholly in earnest she could not doubt.

The rules of the school permitted her to receive visitors within bounds, so that, against her meeting the officer, there was only the objection that he was a stranger to her; but upon so important a



"OUI, PAUVRE PETIT!" CRIED BÉ, SYMPATHETICALLY

business as was hinted at, this was hardly a sufficient reason for her to refuse his request. After all, the more she thought of it, the more clearly it became her duty to hear the "welcome news" he bore, and, coming to a sudden resolution, she closed the door and turned toward the stairs.

Quite excited, Betty ran up to get her coat, and only came to a clear realization of her surroundings when she burst into the room and found her cousin busily writing.

"Come right in!" exclaimed Peg, looking up; "don't mind me! My word! you act as if there were a cyclone behind you."

With an effort Betty pulled herself together. She saw that a certain diplomacy might be necessary in dealing with this outspoken young relative of hers.

"I don't know where you pick up all your slang, Peg," she said, disapprovingly. At the moment Betty felt herself immeasurably older than the girl at the desk.

"Come down to earth, Betty my dear," Peg returned irreverently. "There 's nobody here to impress." She knew all of Betty's moods from long experience and recognized the romantic pose at once.

"You 're such a child," Betty remarked, with unexpected toleration.

"Yep, I know," Peg agreed cheerfully, busily addressing the envelop for Jack's letter. "But I 'll get over it, old dear. What 's up?"

"Oh, nothing. I 've finished practising and I 'm going outdoors for a while," Betty answered, as indifferently as she could, beginning to put on her coat.

"All right!" cried Peg, innocently. "I 'll be with you in a jiffy." She sealed the envelop, put on the stamp, and, giving it a resounding slap to make it stick, jumped up. "Come on, Bé. Put up the old sewing and let 's all get out," she called, then crossed the room to peep into the adjoining chamber. "Why, she is n't here," Peg murmured, surprised, and turned to question Betty; but the sight of that young lady's evident embarrassment brought forth a long, low, boyish whistle.

"Oh! Don't you want me?" Peg asked.

"I am going to meet a gentleman who has a message for my ear alone," Betty answered, with all the dignity she could assume.

"Humph! Sounds serious!" Peg remarked flippantly.

"It is serious," Betty went on earnestly. "A life that is dear to me hangs in the balance."

"A life that is dear to you," Peg began, and then burst out laughing. "Is it a man with a cure for the flu, Betty?" she inquired gaily.

"Not at all," Betty replied, annoyed at this unseemly levity. "The man is an officer and a gentleman."

With her head in the air Betty started toward the door; but Peg, with a cry of surprise and alarm, seized her cousin's arm.

"Hold on, Betty," she whispered; "is it that English officer who was here last night?"

"Yes, it is," said Betty, defiantly.

"Hold!" murmured Peg, with an apprehensive glance over her shoulder. "Wait a moment,

Betty," and crossing quickly she looked into Bé's room again. Then she closed the communicating door. "Bé must n't know," she whispered.

Betty, quite mystified by Peg's action, frowned at her cousin with growing resentment.

"What has Bé to do with it?" she asked irritably.

"Everything!" Peg replied, her usually gay spirits giving place to solemn earnestness.

"Nonsense!" Betty retorted. "He wished to see me. He said nothing of Bé."

Peg hesitated an instant before replying. She liked Betty immensely and would have trusted her without hesitation with any confidences involving only herself. In spite of her cousin's romantic tendencies and her occasional periods of haughty aloofness, Peg knew her to be really sensible; but she would rather not have told any one of the circumstances she felt it necessary to keep from Bé.

However, she was greatly disturbed at this new move of Captain Badger's. Unless Betty was warned, she could not depend upon her to stand between Bé and this man. He had evidently convinced Betty of the urgency of his mission, and Peg was now sure that it was the officer's intention to secure a meeting with Béatrice through Betty. Whatever happened, Peg was resolved that this must be prevented for the time being.

"Tell me, Betty, what did he say to you?" Peg pleaded, with an earnestness that impressed her cousin against her will.

"He assured me he had most important news," Betty responded reluctantly. "I don't see what it has to do with you or Bé. He insisted that it was for my ear alone."

"Hum!" mused Peg, thoughtfully. "Where is he now?"

"On the lawn," said Betty. "He was very courteous and called me 'mademoiselle' most respectfully."

The word had struck in Betty's mind, assuming in her thoughts a new significance, as one might say "Princess" or "Countess," and she could not resist the temptation to speak of it to Peg. But to that young lady it conveyed no such meaning.

"Why should he have called you 'mademoiselle'?" he questioned, with a wrinkled forehead. "He is n't French—he 's English."

"I took it as an added mark of respect," Betty explained modestly. But Peg scarcely heard her. A new light was breaking to dispel the clouds of perplexity that filled her thoughts.

"I see it now!" she cried; "he thought you were Bé!"

Betty drew back, distinctly resentful at this suggestion. "That 's utter nonsense," she retorted. "I don't look in the least like Béatrice!"

"Of course you don't," Peg agreed, "but he does n't know that."

"How do you know he does n't?" demanded Betty, petulantly.

"Because he thought I was Bé last night," Peg explained.

"Really?" said Betty, beginning to be impressed. "That 's very funny, I think."

"No, it is n't when you stop to consider it," Peg went on hurriedly. "He 's been told that two girls live here, Bé and I. Last night he found out that I was n't she, so he concluded that, of course, you were."

"But why does he want to see her?" Betty asked, and, after a moment's thought, Peg decided she must take her cousin wholly into her confidence.

"There is n't a great deal to tell, Betty," she began, and then related all the circumstances of her interview with Captain Badger on the previous evening. "That 's all there is to it," she ended, drawing a hurried breath.

"And you told us he wanted to know about one of the girls in the school," said Betty accusingly.

"Well, that was true," Peg protested. "Bé is one of the girls in the school, is n't she? But never mind that. I called up Cousin Bart this morning, and he said I 'd done just the right thing; that the whole business looked queer, and not to let Bé see the man under any circumstances."

"But if he knows about her brother the marquis," Betty began.

"Yes, I know what you 're going to say," Peg interrupted. "We ought to find out what he knows."

"That 's impossible, if he won't tell anybody but Bé," Betty replied, starting to take off her cloak.

"Wait, Betty!" cried Peg, suddenly. "I begin to see a real light. Put on your coat again."

"What for?" demanded Betty.

"Because you 're going to keep your appointment with this British officer!"

For a moment or more after this announcement the two girls looked at each other in silence. Peg's eyes were sparkling; but Betty shrank from the ordeal she saw looming ahead of her.

"Peg, I can't!" she murmured.

"Of course you can, Betty, and what 's more, you must," Peg insisted. "If this man knows about Louis, he has no right to conceal it. It 's cruel."

"But he 'll know I 'm not Bé," Betty protested, shaking her head.

"Why should he?" Peg urged. "He 's perfectly sure that you are Bé, and why should n't he go on believing it? There 's been a French gover-

ness in your house since you were a baby, and you can rattle off French as fast as Bé can. All you have to do is to mix up your English a little, as she does. Just say 'neva'ir' and 'wiz' and spread out your hands and shrug and—oh, Betty, come on! Be a sport! Of course you can do it."

Peg was growing more and more excited every moment; but Betty shook her head dubiously.

"I don't dare!" she wailed. "Suppose he—"

"Don't suppose anything of the kind," Peg cut in. "Just go out and don't deceive him. You can do it all right. You were ready enough a while ago."

"Then I expected something perfectly thrilling, and that gave me courage," Betty confessed frankly.

"You 'll get more thrills out of it this way," Peg pointed out; and then, more soberly, "besides, you ought to go on Bé's account. You may be able to find out definitely whether Louis de Soulange is alive or dead. You see, Betty, you must make yourself do it. We don't dare let her see this stranger who might give her a shock that would kill her."

"When you think of it that way, I suppose I must," Betty agreed, "but I wish you were coming with me."

"So do I," Peg answered mournfully, "but that 's out of the question. He knows me, and he would n't talk. No, you 'll have to go alone. I 'll be wild till you get back to tell me about it."

Betty started, but at the door she halted and came back.

"What 's the matter now?" Peg demanded.

"Suppose," said Betty, "he pledges me to secrecy? I won't be able to tell anybody."

"Jimpty, that 's so!" cried Peg, blankly, "I never thought of that. And he 's sure to make you promise not to breathe a word of what he tells you. Hum! Let 's see."

She took a turn or two about the room, puzzling over this new problem, while Betty watched her, hoping perhaps that the new difficulty might prove a means for her to escape an adventure that no longer appeared romantic.

But again she was doomed to disappointment. Peg seized her sweater and hurriedly dragged it over her head.

"You know the bench by the spring-house door?" she asked, her tousled locks emerging from the neck of the sweater. "Take him there, only go slow and give me time to get inside. There I can hear every word he says! It does n't appeal to my sense of honor, exactly, but if he 's all right, it can do no harm, and if he is n't, well—all 's fair in war, and Bé's happiness is a cause worth fighting for."

"That 's true!" exclaimed Betty, "and it will

be a comfort to know you're there. It's a great idea." The girl's courage returned with the realization that under this plan she would have Peg near in case of need.

"Then I'm off by the back way. Take your time." And with this final admonition Peg clattered down the stairs.

A moment or two later Betty, feeling very conspicuous and alone, went out of the front door of the lodge and started up the driveway toward Denewood. She half hoped that the British captain would have grown tired of waiting; but she saw him at once, his eyes fixed in her direction. At sight of her, he advanced quickly to meet her.

"I thought you were never coming," were his first words, spoken with a hint of impatience.

"I come as soon as I can," Betty answered, with as good an impersonation of Bé as she could manage.

"I am glad you are here, anyway," the man agreed more graciously, "but there is so much to explain, and so much to do after I have explained, that I feel as if we had n't a minute to waste."

"I am most anxious to hear what you have to tell me," Betty faltered. She was indeed a good French scholar, but this gave her slight confidence that her impromptu imitation would be successful.

"I am anxious to tell you," the officer replied quickly, "but first of all I must introduce myself. I am Captain Badger of the British Army, and have come all the way from England to see you on an important and delicate mission. I tried to see you last night, but your cousin prevented me."

"Ah, she could not have understood," Betty murmured.

"Perhaps not," answered Captain Badger, "but she seemed a most stubborn young person and I have no wish to meet her again. That is why I asked you to come out here so that we might not be interrupted. Is there not some place where we can sit down? My story is rather a long one."

This was playing directly into Betty's hands and she lost no time in taking advantage of it.

"Ah, I know the very spot," she murmured. "It is by the spring house."

"Good!" said Captain Badger, "let's hurry." But this did not suit Betty's plans quite so well. She remembered Peg's instructions and did not listen for steps to follow those of the impatient captain.

"It is near this spring house," she said with a giggle. "We have no need to run. If some one sees us they think there is a fire and will come too."

"There's something in that," Badger agreed, and followed her aside to the measure of her rather than to hers.

"You were in the war," Betty asked, to make conversation.

"I was, Mademoiselle," he replied. "It is because I was in the war that I am here now."

She gave him a look of wonder that was not assumed.

"I do not think I understand," said Betty. "How does the war bring you to here?" She held out her hand with a little foreign gesture she had often seen Bé use.

"Because it brought me to you with news, Mademoiselle," he replied.

"And is there not the post and the telegraph?" Betty asked, growing more confident and at ease as she played her part.

"Proof of good faith on both sides was necessary," he remarked, his tone hardening.

For a moment Betty's heart sank.

"My good faith!" she half stammered, "do you question it?" It seemed to her that this man walking at her side had known all along that she was not Béatrice de Soulange and was now preparing to punish her for the deception she had tried to impose upon him.

"It is far from my thought to question your faith, Mademoiselle." His words brought the assurance Betty needed and she breathed more freely.

They approached the spring-house and Betty, with a glance at the summer-house, noted that there were several members of the faculty inside and never doubted that they were fully aware of her and the uniformed man at her side. But she was too intent upon the part she was playing to speculate upon their comments; if indeed they made any.

"It is here," she said to the captain, indicating a bench. "We shall not be disturbed. It is an excellent place, yes?"

The officer glanced about him as if to assure himself that they could not be overheard.

"Who are those people?" he asked, indicating the sun-parlor and measuring the distance between the two small structures with his eye.

"They are teachers of the school," Betty replied. "It is their own little house and the girls are not allowed there."

"And they are out of ear-shot if we don't shout," murmured the British officer, half to himself. "And this place," he added in a louder tone.

"It is an old, old spring house that has not been used for years and years," Betty answered.

With a quick stride Captain Badger went to the door and Betty's heart sank like lead as she divined his intention. Was Peg about to be discovered?

With a strong hand the captain lifted the latch and pushed, but to Betty's delighted surprise it

held firmly, and the man, evidently quite satisfied, turned to the bench.

"Sit down, Mademoiselle," he said. "Let me explain my errand."

Betty, in something of a flutter, complied with his request.

"What would you tell me, Monsieur?" she asked.

"We will come to that in a moment," Captain Badger began, in a most businesslike tone as he too sat down; "but first of all it is important that you should be assured that what I tell you has the authority of truth. I promised that I would make my good faith plain to you. My name and rank are of little moment, for this will set all your

doubts at rest." While he was speaking he had put a hand into his pocket, and as he finished he held it out, palm upward, in front of Betty.

Curiously she leaned forward to see what lay thereon. It was a heavy circle of gold set with a large sapphire upon which was carved the figure of a cupid. On each side of the central stone she caught the flash of diamonds. For an instant she held her breath, for though she had never set eyes upon it before, she had read of it many times.

"Captain Badger!" she cried, "it is the Sou-lange ring!"

"Hush! Not so loud," murmured the captain, and his hand closed upon the trinket with a snap.

*(To be continued)*

## ARBOR DAY

By ELLEN MANLY

SISTER ELIZABETH, Bobby, and I.

We're all just as tired as can be!  
But nobody minds, for we've had a grand time,  
And we've each of us planted a tree!

It is n't so easy to dig if you're small,  
So we could n't quite manage alone;  
And Daddy, he helped, but he says we worked  
well  
And the trees shall be truly our own.

He put in the first one—a stout little oak;  
Elizabeth's tree was a pine;  
And Bobby, he planted a pretty white birch;  
While I chose a maple for mine.

Then we thought 't would be nice to give each  
one a name—  
Much more interesting, you see;

And Daddy said "Washington" fitted an oak—  
It was such a *reliable* tree!

Sister liked "Santa Claus" best for her pine—  
'T would be "Christmasy" all through the year.  
Bobby said "Daddy" must stand for *his* tree;  
And mine is named "Grandmother Dear."

"Washington," "Santa Claus," "Grandmother  
Dear."  
And "Daddy"—a beautiful row!  
We'll water and tend them and watch every day  
To notice how fast they will grow.

Just now, we're afraid they look dreadfully slow,  
But Daddy says "Wait! and you'll see.  
That some day you'll sit in their shade and be  
proud  
Of the time when each planted a tree!"

## LIMERICKS IN "SIMPLIFIED SPELLING"

By GEORGE C. CASSARD

AN acrobat once tried to CCC  
The bar of a flying trapPPP.  
But he missed, for A B  
Tried to sting him, U C:  
Bar-ring that, he could do it with FFF.

A merchant went over the CCC  
To China, to learn about FFF  
He got very YYY,  
But he ruined his H  
In trying to master ChinFEF.

# A BALLAD

Translated from the Canine

by  
B. LOMAS

Illustrated  
by  
HAROLD  
SCHIFF

And, though I am an "angel pup,"  
A "p'cious doggums, bless it!"  
I'm "not the dog that Peggy was,"  
With sadness they confess it.

This was the shadow on my life—  
One ever darker growing—  
The day Aunt Bess and little Jane  
Were to the circus going.

And though I danced and wagged to go,  
Used all kinds of persuasion,  
Aunt Bess had tears I might be lost  
On such a wild occasion.

I AM a bull pup, mostly white,  
Save for two spots I would be.  
A figure fine, though I'll admit  
'T is plumper than it should be.

And though my folk have loaded me  
With all kinds of attention,  
And doting are as I could wish,  
In manner and intention,

All I have heard since puppyhood  
(At two months old I knew them)  
Are tales about the dog they had  
Before I happened to them.

They've talked of her till I am glad  
I never, never met her—  
She did the things I cannot do,  
And what I do, did better.



So, artfully I curled me up  
To wait till they had started,  
Trying to look most sorrowful,  
Wronged, injured, and downhearted.

For Jane had told me all they'd see—  
Bright cars with horses prancing,  
Clowns, ponies, dogs and acrobat,  
With men on tight ropes dancing.

And we had looked at posters red  
Until I had my head full  
Of tigers, bears, and lions, too—  
Than any beast more dreadful.

She carried things upstairs and down,  
Went everywhere they'd send her,  
She ate her food more daintily,  
Her figure was more slender.







Of course I knew—at least Jane said—  
They were kept tight in cages,  
But could they not break down those bars  
Sometime in frantic rages?

And—well—my place is by Jane's side  
To keep her safe from danger,  
And any thought of staying home  
Was to my mind a stranger.

I may have nodded when they 'd gone,  
Past scruples all forsaking,  
The way I reached that circus lot  
Was simply record-breaking.

'T was then I feared my plan to find  
Aunt Bess was an illusion,  
I could not wag my tail out straight,  
For crowding and confusion!

I reached the door, and, listening, learned  
From the big man at the wicket  
That one could never get inside  
Unless one had a ticket!

And I had but a license tag!  
Quite faint, almost despairing,  
I leaned against the nearest leg  
And—then felt some one staring!

It was a terrier, white like me,  
But not the least relation;  
Not bull, but fox—a breed for which  
I have no admiration.

He ran about in circles wide  
With gay and sportive prancing—  
And strutted round in playfulness  
He meant to be entrancing.

And this I learned: his name was Tips;  
He was considered peerless  
In "Casey's Dog and Pony Show"  
For clever stunts and fearless.

A juggler he, and most expert,  
At high jumps never balking,—  
Not even through two hoops or three,—  
A fiend at wire-walking.



For me, on the foremost place  
He felt himself unfitted,  
And Casey's show could not go on  
Without him, he admitted.



I clasped my paws in ecstasy  
"This was the *chance*—I knew it,  
And asked, "Oh, can you walk on wire?  
I'd like to see you do it."

Then, puffed with pride, he took me where  
"I was easy to crawl under,  
And in the tent I found myself,  
Looking about in wonder.

For never have I seen such crowds  
As sat there, peanut-chewing,  
Or known such stunts as in the rings  
Those circus stars were doing!



You I had eyes for but one thing,  
And there at last I spied her  
Not five yards from me sat Aunt Be  
With little Jane beside her.

I longed to run to her at once  
But felt some hesitation,  
I knew my coming would not meet  
With too much approbation.

So I stood; when sharp there came a sound  
A hoarse, a cream, a roaring!  
And through a tent door just ahead  
A dozen men came pouring.

Here, close behind the fleeing men  
Ah, can they all out-pace it?  
Although my black spots both turned pale  
My heart beat high to face it.

And rose the spirit of the race  
Of which I am a scion  
Here, through the doorway came two bears  
And a Numidian lion!

How they got loose, it matters not,  
By some weak cage door breaking,  
But to Aunt Bess and little Jane  
Their way they straight were making.



The folk fell back, and left the two  
With speed that terror gave them  
And Jane, clasped in Aunt Bessie's arms  
They crouched with none to save them.

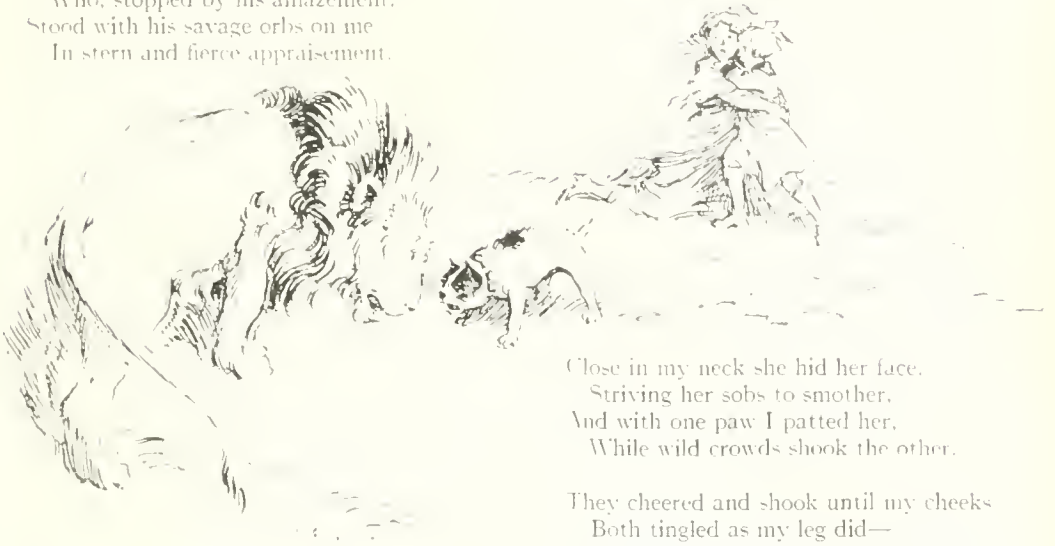
No use to turn to Tips—He fled  
That hero so rampageous!  
So brave, so bold when all was well!  
Oh, *what* so courageous!

So, without pause I launched myself  
I caught the first bear squarely,  
Right in his tummy "tummy-tum,"  
And put him out most fairly.

I seized the next, and into shreds  
I simply tore those bear flanks  
And for a minute I was just  
As good as Douglas Fairbanks.



Then round I whirled, the lion faced,  
Who, stopped by his amazement,  
Stood with his savage orbs on me  
In stern and fierce appraisalment.



And to my eyes his mighty head  
Seemed almost to grow bigger  
And naught stood 'twixt those jaws and Jane  
But my plump, panting figure!

Then such a fury filled my breast  
My hair stood up with passion;  
I arched my back, prepared to stand  
And die in any fashion.

I did not turn where crouched Aunt Bess  
With stony face and tearless;  
I stood and gave him look for look  
With furious eye and fearless.

And look for look I stared him down:  
I saw a fear awaken—  
His fierce eyes fell with tremb-ling-ings  
His mighty form was sh-aken.

And round he turned, and off he ran,  
With haste that set me blinking,  
His tasseled tail between his legs,  
Off to his prison slinking.

Then Aunt Bess clasped me to her I reast  
And said with tearful fervor,  
"Peg ne'er could do as you have done,  
My precious, brave preserver!"

Close in my neck she hid her face,  
Striving her sobs to smother,  
And with one paw I patted her,  
While wild crowds shook the other.

They cheered and shook until my cheeks  
Both tingled as my leg did—  
When sharp a voice cut through the sound:  
"He does n't snore as Peg did."

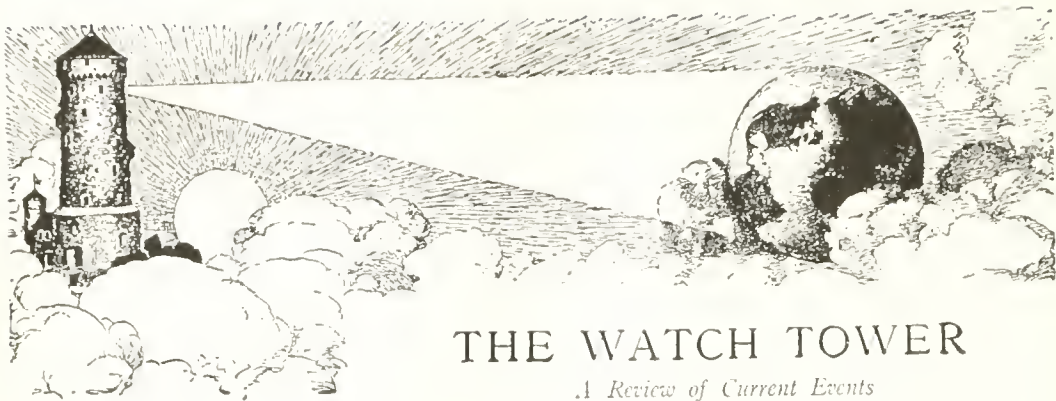


I started up, then I awoke—  
Yes, reader, *I'd been dreaming!*  
Aunt Bess and Jane stood there, returned;  
All had been idle seeming.

I spoke just once,—my voice a-shake  
Ere I could quite command it,  
One little bark, that did no harm,  
Jane did not understand it.

Feelings there are for which no words  
Have ever been created,  
Emotions too, which, if expressed,  
Must first be expurgated.





## THE WATCH TOWER

*A Review of Current Events*

By EDWARD N. TEALL

### REPARATION

REPARATION means, literally, the act of repairing. You can repair damage, but not ruin. Germany aimed at destruction. She left nothing to repair, where she had her way. Over thousands of square miles of fertile land she spread desolation. She spared nothing that she could destroy. "Reparation" seems a strange word to apply to what Germany owes the world, and especially France. With regard to property, "replacement" might be a better word. With regard to the lives she took, no word fits.

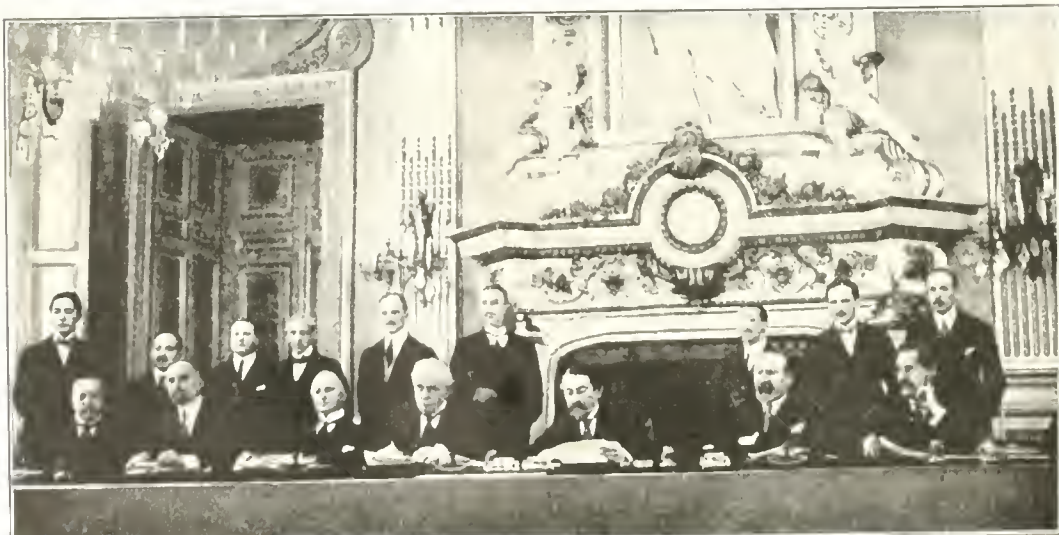
As individuals, we can pity individual Germans who suffer. As nations, the peoples can check their righteous wrath by the consideration that perhaps if Germany were made to pay her bill in full, she would go bankrupt, and the other nations

might follow her to financial ruin. That does not seem to be the right view, but it is a possible one.

Again, other nations might feel that if they put too great a burden on Germany, her efforts to meet the requirement might carry her back to dangerous prosperity and power. This view, too, is slightly slantendicular, but it has been expressed.

Only by such considerations as these, if by any, ought the victims of German greed for conquest to be guided in their endeavors to fix the amount that Germany should pay to those who defeated her monstrous armies. This is the way THE WATCH TOWER man felt about it as, late in February, the representatives of the Allies gathered at London for the Reparations Conference.

In England, organized labor had protested against heavy indemnities. Its representatives



Keystone View Co.

LORD CURZON, PREMIER LLOYD GEORGE, PREMIER BRIAND (THREE CENTRAL FIGURES) AT THE INTER-ALLIED CONFERENCE IN PARIS

affirmed that to require "an immense tribute" from Germany would be to "impoverish Britain's customers" so that they would not be able to buy British goods. In France, there was conflict between the desire to see Germany made to "toe the mark" and the fear that if the bill were made too heavy,—that is, anywhere near the amount of the moral obligation,—Germany would give up and go Bolshevik. Italy was perhaps more concerned over her home problems than over any others. America was still officially at war with Germany. Germany herself was still sulky and ugly. And everybody everywhere was wondering just what the new Administration would do when it came into power. It almost seemed as if things had been easier to understand and less difficult to endure when the war was still going on!

### THE CONFERENCE WITH THE TURKS

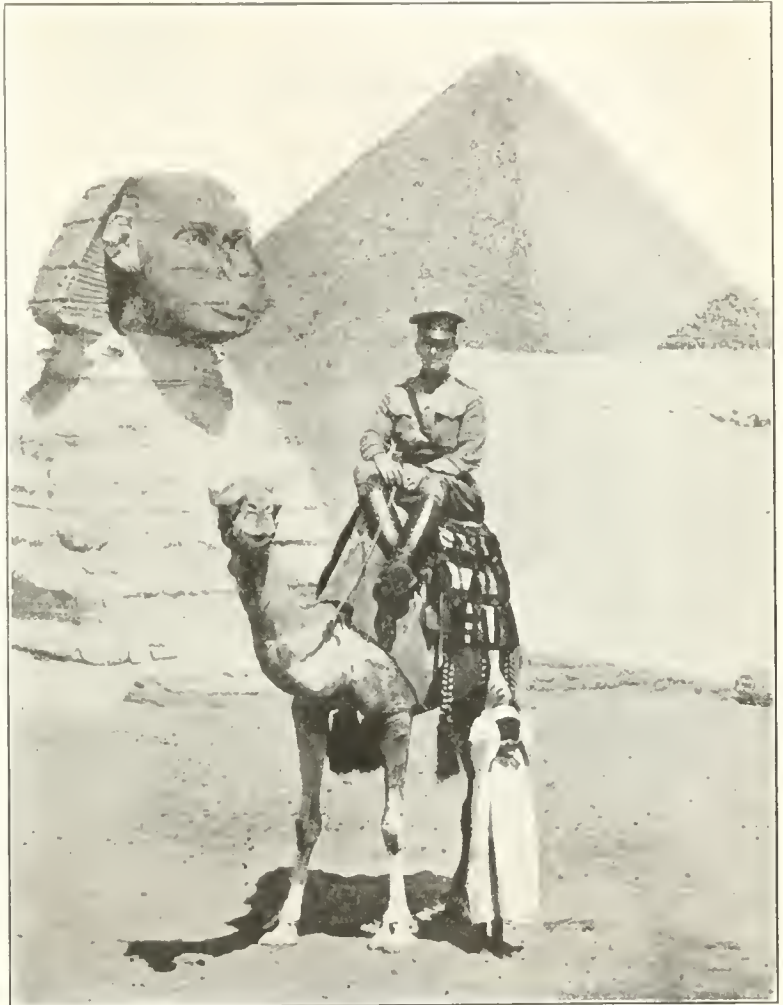
In addition to the Reparations Conference, there was in London, in the closing days of February, a conference on the Treaty of Sèvres. Greece and Turkey were expected to be very much to the front in this meeting.

France and England were not at all friendly to the restored king of Greece. His friendship for Germany during the Great War could not easily be forgotten. It was most interesting to hear that ex-Premier Venizelos would cooperate with the delegates from the Greek royal Government. It looked as if the king were trying to hide behind Venizelos; but the former prime minister was n't the sort of man to be "used."

Turkey had a supposed-to-be Government at Constantinople, and a real one at Angora. The Turkish delegates were said to have a program that called (modestly) for Turkey's economic

independence within her "natural boundaries," whatever they are, and an extensive revision of the treaty.

By the time you read this you will know more about this conference than we know now; but in February it seemed hard to tell who really did "win the war"!



Wide World Photos

AN AMERICAN TRAVELER IN PRESENT-DAY EGYPT

### IN THE LAND OF THE PYRAMIDS

LORD MILNER, formerly secretary for the colonies in the Government of Great Britain, submitted in February a report on his investigation of Anglo-Egyptian relations. He expressed himself, forcefully, in favor of a treaty that would give Egypt self-government and at the same time provide for the protection of British interests in Nile Land.

Lord Milner declared that the desire for self-

government in Egypt had become too strong to be resisted. His report boils down to something quite like our American phrase, "Eventually—why not now?" Perceiving that there are some difficulties in the way of turning Egypt over to the Egyptians, he still believes that England has at this time an opportunity too good to be lost. Later on, it might not be possible to get so good an exchange in the way of concessions from the Egyptians.

The report stated that the bitterness of feeling which caused disorders in Egypt had died out.

### IN SOUTH AFRICA

GENERAL JAN SMUTS of South Africa has had a most interesting career. You will find it worth your while to "look him up."

One of his greatest triumphs was scored in February, when the South African Party, of which he is the leader, won a decisive victory in the general elections. There had been a strong movement for independence; that is to say, for secession from the British Empire and the establishment of a separate government. General Smuts and his party advocated self-government within the Empire.



Keystone View Co.

JAN CHRISTIAN SMUTS

Jan Smuts fought in the Boer War, and in the World War he defeated the German forces in South Africa. He attended the Peace Conference, and urged the United States to sign the treaty and the League Covenant. He is one of the strong men of this day and generation.

### IN PALESTINE

THE Allied Supreme Council gave England a mandate over Palestine. That means—if the League of Nations Council approves—that England will have power in Palestine for the purpose of establishing a new Jewish state there. The British are not altogether pleased by the award, as a good many folks think it is a heavy responsibility to assume, without much opportunity for a return.

The mandate says that Great Britain shall be responsible "for placing the country under such

political, administrative, and economic conditions as will secure the development of self-governing institutions and the safeguarding of the civil and religious rights of all inhabitants, irrespective of race or religion." Religious freedom is to be guaranteed, and each community is to be allowed to have schools conducted in its own language.

A very large part of the present population is Arabian and Mohammedan.

An English financier is trying to organize a company to use the River Jordan for electric power and for irrigation. It certainly seems that a new era is dawning in the Holy Land.

### IS JAPAN OUR ENEMY?

THE WATCH TOWER has more than once spoken about our national relations with Japan, and has always expressed the hope that the members and Government of each of the two nations might act wisely in all matters of mutual concern. In the first two months of 1921 the two countries were watching each other pretty closely.

There was the matter of the German cables in the Pacific Ocean, and there was the matter of the California Alien Land Law. Our ambassador to Japan, Roland S. Morris, who has been in Washington, and the Japanese ambassador to the United States, Baron Shidehara, discussed this problem. The Senate Committee on Foreign Relations asked Secretary of State Colby for a report of their discussion of this momentous problem, and Mr. Colby declared that no formal agreement had been made. That will be left for the new Administration.

In February a resolution was presented in the Japanese House of Representatives, calling upon the Government to confer with the British and American Governments about methods of putting a check on naval construction. The resolution was defeated by a large vote, but the Japanese friends of disarmament announced that they would continue the fight. They argue, on the practical side, that Japan cannot afford to build and keep up a huge fleet; and on the more idealistic side, that it would be worth while for Japan to prove to the world that she is not ruled by militarism.

Meanwhile, Japan was sending more soldiers to Korea, and was threatened with an outbreak in Formosa. Some Americans denounce Japan's conduct in Korea and Formosa, saying that she is oppressing the people of those countries. With all these things going on, and a lively campaign for woman suffrage, as well as negotiations for a revised treaty of alliance with Great Britain, the statesmen of Japan are pretty busy.

I don't believe we want to fight Japan, and I don't believe Japan wants to fight us. What a foolish business it would be for these two nations to go to war! The new Administration is going to "clean house" and get things going right again—and one of its finest opportunities is right here, in our relations with Japan.

### LABOR TROUBLES IN SPAIN

EVER since the war, Spain has been having economic difficulties like those with which we have been wrestling here in the United States. There have been many outbreaks of violence, and more than a hundred persons have been killed or injured by Red terrorists.

The charge was made against the Government that it was taking advantage of the necessity of checking this violence to limit the liberties of the people too far. Government officials, in these times of excitement, need extraordinary wisdom to know just where to draw the line. The world seems, more than ever, to be divided into groups of people struggling for different interests.

Spain, like the United States, has been having a tariff debate. Each manufacturer or trader is willing to have others compete openly with the rest of the world, but wants protection for his own business to have raw materials for manufacture in his "line" brought in free, but to have a heavy tax, or duty, placed upon imported goods with which his own will have to compete at home.

The beet growers and sugar refiners in the Saragossa district threatened to stop growing sugarbeets and to close their factories unless the Government would give up the idea of lowering the duty on sugar brought into Spain from other countries. They say that if sugar is imported without having a tax laid upon it, it will be sold at a lower price than they can afford to put upon their own product. They declare that the workers in field and factory are receiving such high wages that employers' profits are at a low mark.

The growers and refiners say to the Government: "If you don't protect us by putting a

higher tax on imports of sugar, you must lower the duties on other imports." The idea is that all imported materials and articles would then be sold cheaper, and wages would fall.

The way in which tariff rates "hitch up" with wages and cost of living illustrates more clearly perhaps than anything else the vital relation between the citizen and his Government.

### YOUNG BILL SEWALL

Now, here 's a picture we just can't pass by!—Bill Sewall, and the boys of the Roosevelt Military Academy. Mr. Sewall lives in Maine, but he



With World Photo-

MR. SEWALL, AGED 76, OFF ON A HIKE WITH SOME OTHER YOUNG FOLKS

visited the school, showed the boys how to chop a tree, and gave them points on how to use the compass in the woods.

Mr. Sewall was the manager of Colonel Roosevelt's ranch out West, and they call him "the original Roosevelt man." How the Greatest American would himself have rejoiced at the sight of his old friend chumming in with these fine young Americans!

### SOUTH OF CAPE COD

A FRIENDLY critic writes: "Is n't your article in the February WATCH TOWER a little misleading? Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket do lie south of Cape Cod, but the dangerous Nantucket Shoals are some forty-odd miles still farther south

of Nantucket. The vessels coming from Europe would be far off their course and in very dangerous waters if they attempted to pass between Cape Cod, Martha's Vineyard, and Nantucket.

"Again you are in error when you say the predecessor of the Nantucket Lightship was carried to sea and lost four years ago. You no doubt have reference to the Cross Rip Lightship, whose station is between Nantucket and Cape Cod."

THE WATCH TOWER was more picturesque in its language, perhaps, than accurate in its geography. The mix-up of the lightships and the shoals was worse than we realized. Hereafter we'll stick to stabler lights, like Nobska, Tarpaulin, and Gay Head. It was a perfectly respectable New York City newspaper that gave us the story, though!

### HARD TIMES

DAY after day the newspapers have been full of reports of factories shutting down or "laying off" workers. Thousands of men have been unemployed. Wages have been cut. One great railroad asked its men to work one day less a week; otherwise it would have to cut down its force by twenty per cent.

We have had "hard times"; no question about that! But we have not had a panic, such as we had in 1907, and other years before it. There has not been a scarcity of cash; we have not had the sad sight of failure after failure of banks and business firms. Our financial system has stood the strain. Perhaps the Federal Reserve System deserves some credit for this!

If I were a professor of political economy, I could explain the "situation." But as it is, the best I can do is to say that there 's no use complaining. These things have to work themselves out. It will take quite a while, even yet, for the world to get over the shock of five years of destruction.

A scientific knowledge of economics is not needed for this one useful conclusion: that everybody 's got to hold hard! And they do say that better times will begin quite soon now.

### THROUGH THE WATCH TOWER'S TELESCOPE

GERMANY was cruel when she seemed to be winning, and now, more than two years after she was defeated, she is whining and trying to get out of paying her bills. The two things go together, and make a pretty poor exhibition. Sympathy for Germany is like sympathy for a man who has deliberately set fire to a house and is not even

sorry for the destruction of life and property he has caused. Germany has lost a great opportunity to square her account with the world. The stupid blunders she made in the war have been matched by those of the last twenty-eight months. She cannot see what is for her own good. Her stupidity is even greater than her wickedness.

HERBERT HOOVER'S great-grandmother adopted nineteen children and "brought them up," as we say. Mr. Hoover has adopted at least nineteen million youngsters. It 's a big contract, to feed and clothe them all, and no wonder Mr. Hoover wants help! If every American boy and girl gave something, each one's share would be ridiculously small.

THE WATCH TOWER has shown you pictures of some college students just getting into their teens, and of the Polish youngster who beats the gray-beards at chess. In England, a girl of 9—I think it is—has written and published poetry that has attracted much attention. The latest story of an infant prodigy comes from Spain. Urofi Cornia, who is three years old, after being lifted up onto the piano-stool by his nurse, plays, so the reports go, "with extraordinary skill." Great days for the young folks!

IN 1919 we sold \$92,761,000 worth of goods to Germany, and in 1920, \$311,437,000 worth. In 1919 our purchases from Germany amounted to \$10,608,000 and in 1920, \$88,863,000. The total trade between the two countries last year was four times as great as that of the year before.

SOON after this number of ST. NICHOLAS reaches you—perhaps on the very day you read THE WATCH TOWER—America will be observing, on April 6, the fourth anniversary of our declaration of war against Germany. In February, there was renewed discussion of the proposal that this country, like France and England, should bring home the body of an Unknown Soldier, to be buried with highest national honors at the national capital. General Pershing, General Lejeune of the Marines, Secretary Baker, and a number of civilians of national prominence declared themselves in favor of the plan. THE WATCH TOWER man could not see how there could be any discussion, except as to details of the ceremony, for it seemed impossible that there could be any American opposed to the plan. April 6 will be a good day for each one of us to take a fresh start in the business of being a Good American.

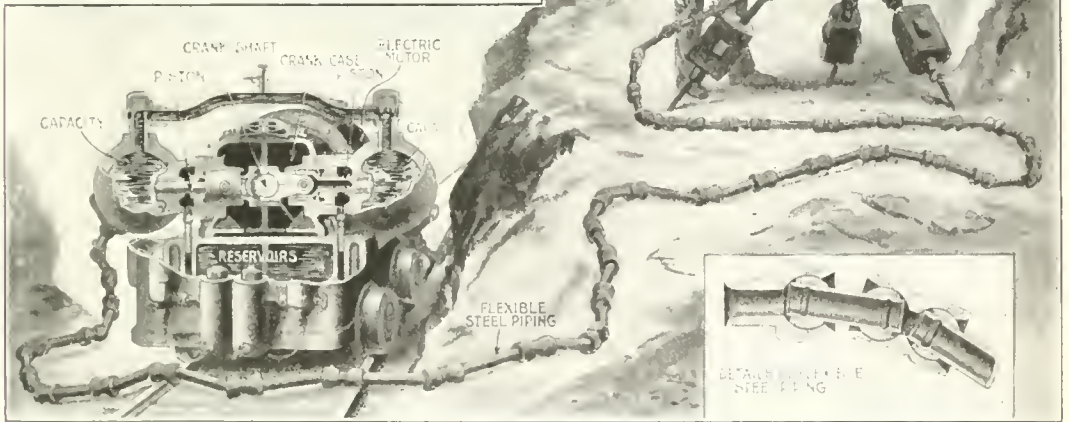


# NATURE AND SCIENCE FOR YOUNG FOLK

## DRILLING ROCKS WITH SOUND-WAVES

WHEN the great war broke out and airplanes came to play an important part in the contest, not only as scouts, but also as fighters, it became necessary to build a small, but very speedy, battle-plane which a single man could operate. The fastest and most easily maneuvered planes proved to be the "tractors," or those fitted with the propeller in front. Then arose the question: how could the pilot fire his machine-gun through the propeller? This proved to be a very knotty problem. In some airplanes the machine-gun was mounted above the upper plane, where it could fire over the propeller; but this put the gun out of reach of the pilot, so that he had to operate it by mechanical means and could not get at it in case anything went wrong. In others, the propeller was mounted on a hollow shaft and the machine-gun fired through the shaft; but this meant that the propeller must be geared to the crank-shaft of the engine, instead of being directly coupled to it, and the extra gearing meant loss of power and added complication. Then the French engineers

geared between the propeller and the machine-gun, which had the disadvantage of being somewhat complicated and yet was a big improvement over anything that had gone before. However, it remained for a Rumanian engineer, George Constantinesco, to provide the final solution of the problem. His invention was adopted on British battle-planes and was known as the "C. C. Gun Gear," but it was kept a deep secret until the war was over. Mr. Constantinesco timed the machine-gun so as to fire between the propeller blades, but in place of a complicated



THE SOUND-WAVE DRILLER AT WORK (SHOWING DETAILS OF MECHANISM AND PIPING)

tried out the daring plan of firing right through the propeller, each blade being protected with a bit of armor-plate at the point where the bullets were likely to strike. It was estimated that only about six out of every hundred bullets would strike the blades, and the advantages of the system far outweighed this loss.

The next improvement was to keep the machine-gun in step with the propeller, so that the bullets would be discharged only when the blades were clear of the line of fire. That meant a system of

gearing, he coupled the propeller to the gun by a steel pipe filled with water, and waves set up by the propeller traveled through the water and operated the gun.

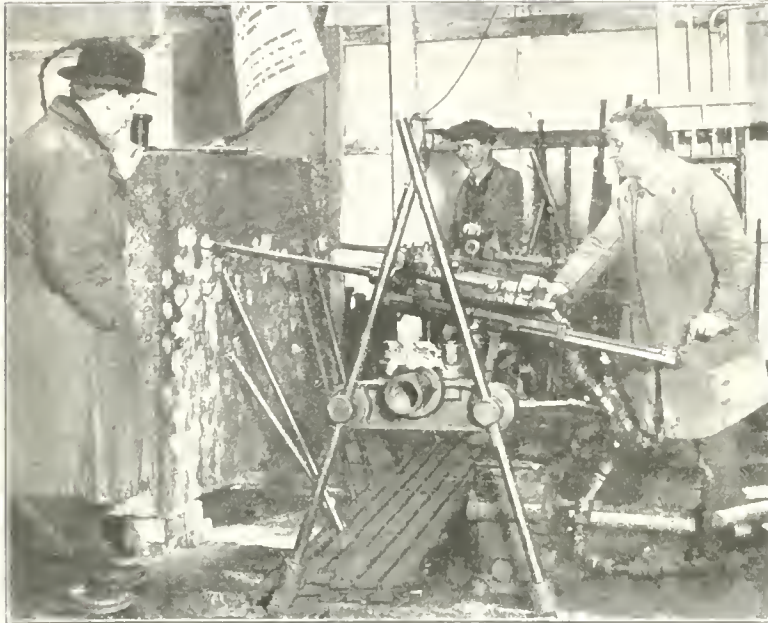
We know, of course, that waves can be formed on the surface of a body of water; but these waves were different—they were pressure-waves that traveled through the water. Now it used to be thought that water was incompressible—that no matter how much we squeezed the liquid, we could not compress it in the least. But we know now

that water can be compressed very slightly if the pressure is enormous, and even a small pressure, if applied very suddenly, will start a pressure wave in the water which will travel out in all directions, just like a sound wave in the air. In fact, sound-waves are pressure-waves, and they travel through water more easily and faster than through air. Submarine signals work on this principle. There

that moved, but just a wave of pressure running through the water; and because these waves traveled as fast as sound and behaved exactly like sound-waves, the inventor called them sonic (sound) waves. No one before had realized that pressure-waves could be produced in water which would be big enough to do any real work.

Since the war, new uses for sonic waves have

been found. The picture on page 559 shows one of the most important developments. In mining, quarrying, and tunnel work it is necessary to drill holes in rock to receive the dynamite cartridges with which the rock is blasted. Usually, air drills are used for this purpose. The drill steel is not furnished with an auger point, but with a chisel point, and it does not bore into the rock, but is hammered into it by the rapid blows of the piston of an air-motor. This is an ideal operation for sonic waves, and so a machine has been built which uses sound waves for cutting into rock. In place



Photograph by Paul H. Rasmussen

DEMONSTRATING THE WAVE-POWER ROCK DRILL ON A BLOCK OF GRANITE

is a big diaphragm in the hull of a vessel, something like the diaphragm of a telephone transmitter, but much larger. When this diaphragm is electrically vibrated fast enough to produce a sound, the sound-waves travel out through the water with a speed of 4800 feet per second. When they reach the diaphragm in the hull of the receiving ship, this diaphragm is vibrated by the waves and gives out the same sound as that produced by the transmitting diaphragm.

Constantinesco's gun gear worked on the same principle, but somewhat more like a speaking tube. When you talk in the tube, sound-waves travel through the air in the tube to the ear at the other end. The tube may be coiled about in any direction, but the wave will follow the column of it through all its twists and turns. In the gun gear water took the place of air. At each turn of the propeller it drove a plunger against the water that started a wave traveling through the water. At the other end of the other end, where it made another plunger move just as the first one had, and it was the second plunger that operated the gun. It was not the whole body of water

of an air-motor, a water-motor is used. The piston of this motor is driven by sonic waves and it hammers the drill-steel.

To generate the waves, the machine shown at the left in the drawing is employed. This consists of a couple of cylinders fitted with pistons which are moved back and forth alternately away from and toward each other by a crank-shaft. The crank-shaft is driven by an electric motor. At each side there is a hollow sphere, known as the "capacity," and these spheres are connected by a pipe, so that the pressure between the two will be balanced. The pistons, as they move back and forth at the rate of 10 strokes per second, produce pressure-waves in these hollow spheres. A pipe line connects the capacity with the rock-drill. The waves run through this pipe with a speed of 4800 feet per second and make the piston of the rock-drill move back and forth in the same way and at the same speed as the generator pistons.

The pipe line is one of the most ingenious parts of the whole system. It must be flexible, so that it can be carried around boulders, and yet it must

be absolutely water-tight, even under tremendous pressure. It is made up of a lot of short steel-pipe sections coupled together with ball-joints so that they can be turned in any direction. The inset shows a sectional view of a small piece of the pipe-line. At the bottom of the generator there are oil-tanks and water-tanks, and there is an automatic device for feeding water into the pipe-line in case of any leakage. A number of pipe-lines may be connected to the capacity, so that several rock-drills may be operated from a single generator. Not only rock-drills, but riveters, hammers, pile-drivers, and a lot of other machines are now being operated by sound-waves more efficiently than by compressed air.

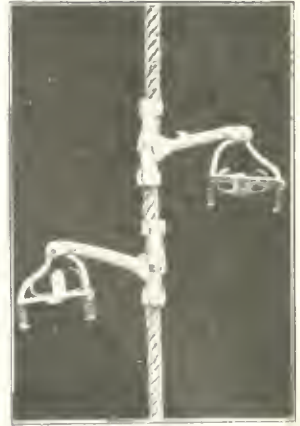
A. RUSSELL BOND.

**A HUMAN SPIDER**

RECENTLY a French inventor astonished the crowds of Paris by walking up a slender cable to the first platform of the Eiffel Tower and then

sliding down again with all the ease of a spider ascending and descending his silken thread. The feat called for no daring, because he was equipped with a special climbing apparatus that removed all danger of slipping and falling.

This apparatus, which the French call an *escalier de poche*, a pocket ladder, consists of three clamps with which the cable is gripped. Each clamp consists of three collars, the center one of which is formed with a lever and is pivoted so that it can swing



THE FOOT CLAMPS



THE INVENTOR IN HIS "POCKET LADDER" AND GIVING A DISPLAY OF ITS SUSTAINING CAPACITY

out of alignment with the other two. When the collars are all in line they will slide freely along the cable; but when the center one is turned, it grips the rope. The levers of the two lower clamps are furnished with stirrups for the climber's feet, while to the lever of the upper clamp is fastened a swing seat for the climber to sit in when he is descending. To keep the climber from falling out of the seat, a belt is strapped around him and secured to the wire ropes of the swing.

When climbing the cable the man stands on the stirrups, which immediately grip the cable and keep him from sliding down. Then, resting his weight on the left stirrup, he raises the right one. This immediately releases the grip of that clamp and permits him to slide it up the cable as far as convenient. Then when he puts his weight on that stirrup, it grips and he can draw up the left one. In this way, step by step, he can walk right up the rope. As long as he is not sitting on the swing seat, the upper clamp runs free and he can slide it up the cable with his hands. Whenever he wishes to rest he merely sits down, and immediately the upper clamp grips. When he wishes to come down he remains seated, taking the weight off the stirrups so that the lower clamps will release their grip and then, by pulling a cord which runs from the upper lever over a pulley, he can raise that lever and ease off the grip enough to slide down the cable at any speed he desires. To check himself, all he needs to do is to let go of the cord or put his weight on the stirrups.

To show how strong a grip the clamps have, the inventor put a board across the swing seat and then three men and a boy climbed on alongside of him without budging the clamps.

A device of this sort should prove valuable for firemen, painters, and steeple-jacks.

A. RUSSELL BOND.

#### THE DEFENSE OF THE HEDGEHOG

The problem of defense is an important one for all living things. It is rather singular to see the manner in which both an animal and a plant have developed their protective scheme on almost

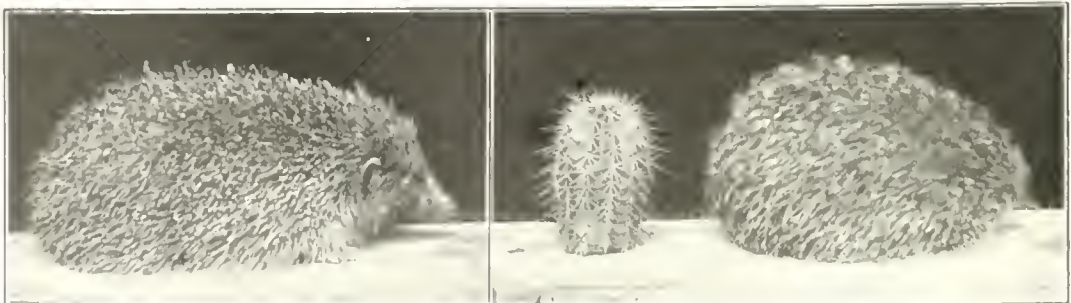
identical lines. There are few better protected animals than the European hedgehog (*Eryinaccus europaus*). At the approach of an enemy the quaint little creature makes no attempt to run away; it simply curls itself up like a ball. The prickles are so attached to the muscles of the back that, when the latter contract, the spines radiate out in all directions. As the spines are quite an inch long, and also extremely sharp, the attacker finds himself faced with a very formidable object. Even a fierce dog is baffled by the curled-up hedgehog.

We have seen that the line of defense adopted by the hedgehog consists in presenting to the world a prickly ball. Now exactly the same plan is to be found in the case of a large number of cacti. These desert species would, in ordinary circumstances, be very liable to attack from animals eager to get at the juicy stems. But every part of the stem is crowded with spines, often long, and always terribly sharp. Many species of cacti grow naturally in a rounded form, and there is no possibility of finding a break in the armament. Like the hedgehog, these plants find safety in their defensive device, and any creatures that tackle them are likely to suffer grievous injury, while the cacti come out of the attack undamaged. Now and again, the Mexican ponies try to kick at the cacti with their heels, and, in this way, clear away the spines; but in many cases the ponies injure their fetlocks more severely than they harm the clever plant.

S. LEONARD BASTIN.

#### THE END OF THE GREAT WHEEL OF PARIS

ONE of the chief attractions of the great Paris Exposition of 1900 was an enormous Ferris wheel, by far the biggest one in the world. This monster wheel was fitted with forty cars, and it carried passengers up to a height of nearly four hundred feet above the ground, giving them a wonderful panorama of the city and its surroundings. During the war, thousands of our soldiers took this opportunity of gaining a bird's-eye view of Paris and neighboring towns.



THE HEDGEHOG BEFORE HE IS ARMED

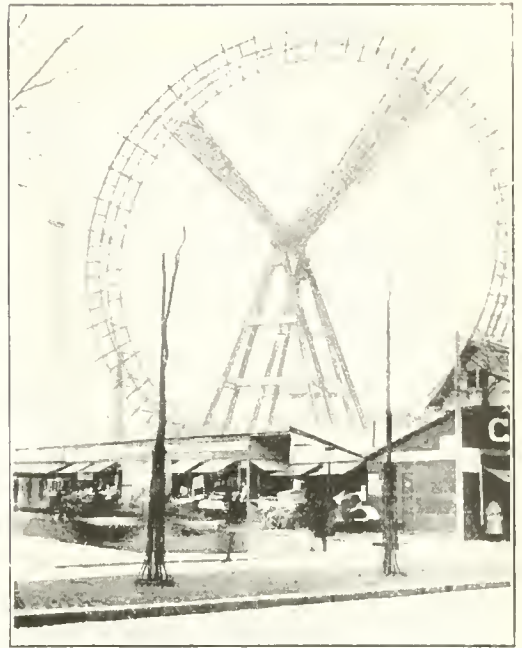
A PRICKLY CACTUS, AND A HEDGEHOG ON THE DEFENSIVE

But the great wheel after twenty years of faithful service began to show signs of wearing out and last autumn was condemned to be dismantled. It was a comparatively easy matter to remove



THE FERRIS WHEEL IN PARIS

the cars, but the task of taking the wheel apart was by no means so simple. The wheel, as the photographs show, was built on the principle of a bicycle wheel; that is, the rim, which was made of steel girders, was held to the hub not by rigid spokes, but by cables, like the wire spokes of a bicycle. These cables were tightened by means of turnbuckles, so that there was an even pull on all of them. The wheel could not flatten at one point without bulging out at another, and the cable spokes prevented any such bulging. If the wreckers had loosened the cables, or if they had taken out any part of the rim, the whole structure would have come

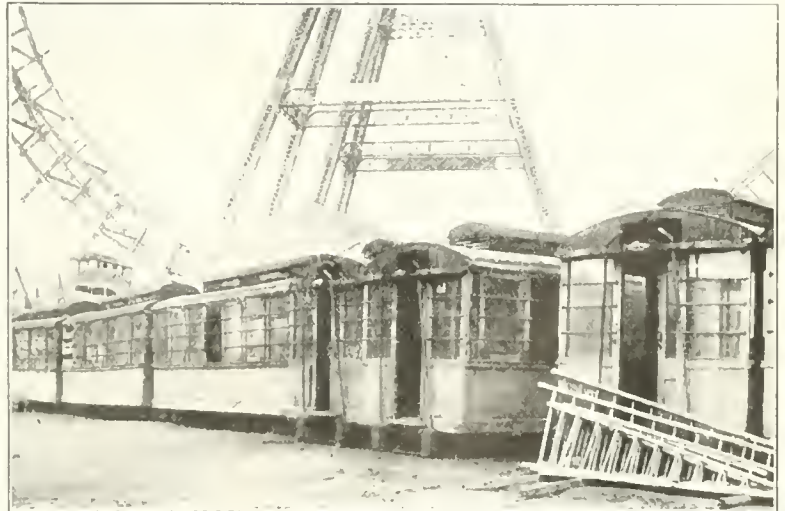


THE WHEEL, ITS CARS REMOVED, SUPPORTED BY WOODEN FALSE WORK

down with a crash, and so it was necessary to put in some rigid spokes to keep the rim from collapsing while it was being dismantled.

The picture printed above shows the elaborate spokes of wooden false work that were constructed.

The cars that were removed from the wheel are

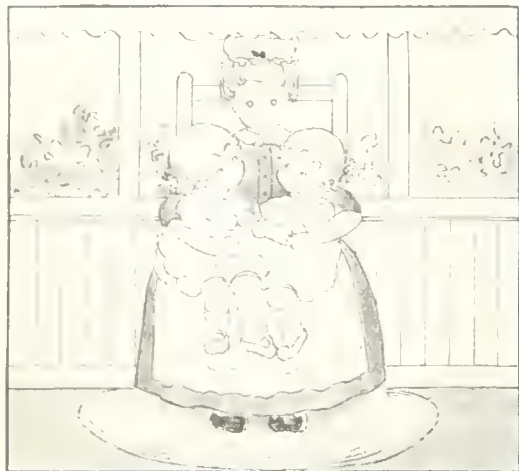


THE CARS OF THE GREAT WHEEL, WHICH ARE TO BE TURNED INTO DWELLINGS

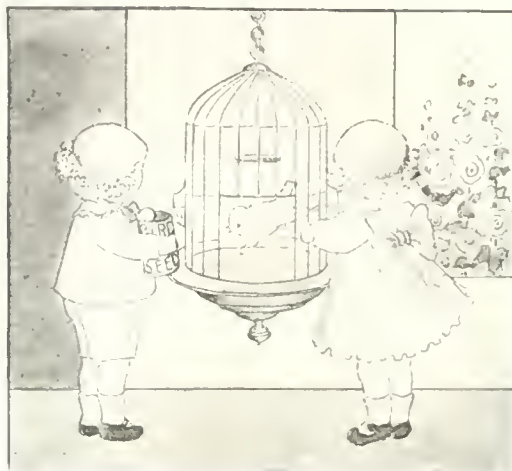
to be used as cottages to house the poor who were rendered homeless by the war.

A. RUSSELL BOND.

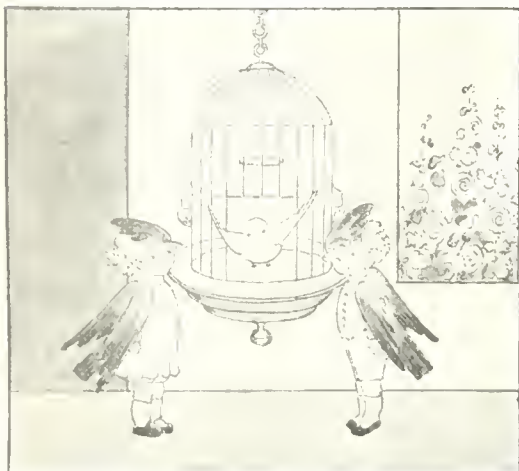
# THE TIPTOE TWINS IN APRIL



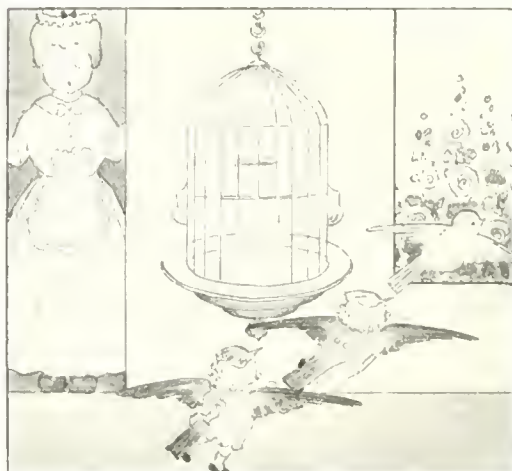
1. NURSE SAID I WAS LATE AND TIME FOR BED



2. BUT THE TWINS ALL DICKY'S SEEDS IN-STEAD



3. THEN THEY GREW SMALL WITH WINGS OF BLUE



4. AND OUT OF THE WINDOW QUICKLY FLEW



5. THEY COULD HEED TO NURSE AT ALL



6. BUT ON THE BLUE BIRDS MADE A CALL

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK



7. THEY NEXT FLY TO THE SPARROW'S TREE



8. AND THEN A ROBIN'S NEST THEY SET



9. TWO CHILDREN TRY TO CATCH THE TWIN-



10. AND THEN A WONDROUS CHANGE BEGINS.



11. FROM BEING TINY THEY GROW TALL



12. AND BIRDS COME FLYING AT THEIR CALL.

ISABEL MORTON FISH



A IIIA... "FOR APRIL," BY FRANCIS MARTIN, GOLD BADGE. (WINNER BADGE WON NOVEMBER, 1923)

"I wish we had some minstrels —  
But all we hear is—*Jazz!*"

declaims one of our young poets this month; and of a truth, there is much in the prevailing rhythmical taste of the day that makes us echo her fervent avowal and her sigh for the "more pleasing music" of the troubadours of old. But the fact is abundantly demonstrated, by her own and her fellow-members' contributions, that the LEAGUE certainly has its minstrels—admirable young singers all, and many of them remarkably gifted! It is merely a trite repetition for us to say that Sr. NICHOLAS takes a just and lasting pride in these proofs that so many of its young readers are not only lovers of good poetry, but possess a genuine poetic talent themselves. Moreover, the LEAGUE'S line of succession never ceases, for as rapidly as one group of clever singers "graduates" into the age of eighteen—and thereby "calas" out of the LEAGUE—another set, no less en-

dowed with the poetic faculty, crowds up to take its place. And it was a pleasure to find among these verse offerings for April, so many tributes to those other welcome troubadours, the feathered songsters that do return to glorify the advent of this joyous season every year—to one of whom a young LEAGUE poet inscribes the lines:

"Earth and heaven are silent but to hear you sing —  
Poet of the flowers! Minstrel of the Spring!"

There is much, or more, that might be said about the other contributions of the month; but let not the young artists or prose-writers or photographers begrudge the space given to the verse-writers, who are perhaps entitled, in any case, to lead the Springtide procession. Each brigade of LEAGUE contestants can confidently prophesy, "It will be *our* turn to lead next month—or the next—or the next!"

**PRIZE COMPETITION No. 253**

(In making awards contributors' ages are considered)

- PROSE.** Gold Badges, **Mary McCullough** (age 14), Iowa; **Dorothy R. Burnett** (age 15), New York. Silver Badges, **Jean Maisenville** (age 14), Michigan; **Julia Frances Van der Veer** (age 13), California.
- VERSE.** Gold Badge, **John Irving Daniel** (age 17), New Jersey. Silver Badges, **Katherine Foss** (age 14), Massachusetts; **Elizabeth R. Beach** (age 17), California.
- DRAWINGS.** Gold Badges, **Dorothy C. Miller** (age 16), New Jersey; **Francis Martin** (age 15), Nebraska. Silver Badges, **Alison Farmer** (age 11), New York; **Elizabeth Robbins** (age 15), Minnesota; **Marcelyn Lichty** (age 14), Nebraska; **William Putnam** (age 12), California; **Gwendolyn Maddocks** (age 14), Massachusetts.
- PHOTOGRAPHS.** Gold Badge, **Bernard Le Frois** (age 12), New York. Silver Badges, **Carlos Peyrè** (age 12), Central America; **Clara F. Greenwood** (age 14), New Jersey; **Margaret Colwell** (age 14), Michigan; **Mary M. Armstrong** (age 12), Pennsylvania; **Dorothy K. Miller** (age 14), New Jersey; **Sanford Schnurmacher** (age 17), Ohio; **Elizabeth Brown** (age 13), Illinois.
- PUZZLE-MAKING.** Silver Badge, **Fred Elich** (age 13), Illinois.
- PUZZLE ANSWERS.** Silver Badge, **Ruth Tangier Smith** (age 11), California.



BY... (NAME)... (AGE)... (BADGE)...

BY DOROTHY K. MILLER, AGE 14. SILVER BADGE



## THE MINSTREL

BY BIRKBECK WILSON (AGE 10)

*(Honor Member)*

MESSENGER of springtime,  
Poet of the air;  
All your soul is music,  
As you northward fair!

Earth and heaven listen  
But to hear you sing  
"Winter's days have vanished!  
Flowers, it is spring!"

"Waken from your slumber,  
Trees are growing green!  
Snowy clouds are floating  
Azure fields between."

As you journey homeward  
Through the smiling air,  
Messenger of springtime,  
Wondrous news you bear!

Still you carol blithely  
Lytic songs of love—  
Budding earth below you,  
Sunny skies above.

Earth and sky are silent  
But to hear you sing,  
Poet of the flowers,  
Minstrel of the spring!

## A BRAVE DEED

*(A True Story)*

BY HARRIET B. MEYER (AGE 10)

A BRAVE deed was done by Thomas Alva Edison when he was a boy. He used to sell papers at Mount Clemens station, and one day, while he was idly whistling, he suddenly saw something which gave him a start. He saw a small boy, perhaps five years old, lying between the tracks and playing, right in front of the onrushing train! With an exclamation of surprise he dashed his papers to the ground and tore down the main track. Edison caught the child by the waist and rolled to one side—not a minute too soon, for the train struck Edison's heel. The two boys were picked up by the frightened trainmen; and even though they were cut and bruised, both were safe. The grateful father, who was the station-master at Mount Clemens, offered to teach young Edison the art of telegraphy. It is needless to say that the proposal was eagerly accepted.

## A BRAVE DEED

BY MARY MCCULLOUGH (AGE 14)

*(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won July, 1910)*

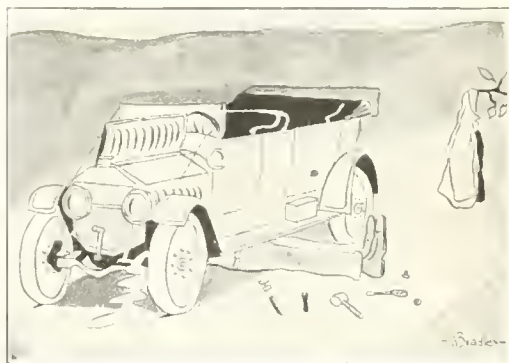
NOT all the brave deeds that are performed are done on a battle-field, or in times of great and unexpected danger, by any means. The following is a brave deed—one of those which are done quietly and often go unrecognized.

Jack Fleeley was one of two children of a widowed mother who barely made enough money for food, clothing, and a little to save, by sewing. The other child was a delicate little girl of four years, who was lame. If enough money could be secured to pay the expenses of going to a certain noted doctor, the treatments for her cure would be given free of charge. But small as was the amount of money needed, it seemed an unobtainable sum to Jack's mother. She had been

saving a little for several years, but there was so little to save and at the beginning of the winter prices were so high that every cent was needed for food and clothing. There was enough to buy an overcoat for Jack, which he needed badly.

In talking about it, Jack's mother said she wished he could use an old warm coat of hers, but that this was hardly possible. Jack thought of the money that could be saved and then said quietly, but resolutely: "I will wear the coat, Mother, and the money can go with your savings."

Much as Jack's mother hated to do this, she finally consented. All winter he wore the coat, and, although hurt by the jeers and unmanly fun of the other boys, tried not to show it and bore it heroically for his little sister's sake.



"SOMETHING WRONG." BY WORTHEN BRADLEY, AGE 10  
(HONOR MEMBER)

## A BRAVE DEED

BY DOROTHY R. BURNEH (AGE 15)

*(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won May, 1919)*

THESE last years we have heard much of brave deeds. Every paper we picked up during the war was full of them, and they are still continuing. "Brave Deed of a Little Girl," "Heroic Act of a Fireman," "Courageous Work of an Engineer"—all these are common headlines.

But let us analyze the phrase. What is a brave deed? We all answer at once, "A brave deed is something noble, unselfish, and courageous that some one does for some one else by risking something one cares for."

This is all very true, but are n't we too apt to think of brave deeds as consisting only of showy, reckless acts? Do we remember the patient, self-sacrificing actions of earth's truest heroes? Look at that mother yonder, who has given up all hopes of ease and comfort that her children may have the chance in life that she was denied. Is her sacrifice not a brave deed, what is? And see this bent, prematurely gray father, who has toiled and struggled long hours each day so that his family may live in comfort. Then there is Mary, a high-spirited, hopeful girl just starting in life, who has given up her cherished ambitions to care for an invalid mother. John, too, who is sending his sister through college at the expense of his own career, is a real hero.

It is n't so much the showy deeds that are bravest—the deeds one does on the spur of the moment, not considering the consequences,—but the deeds whose cost one has counted, and which are done deliberately, putting aside all thought of self. They don't make such a sensation, and few ever notice them, but, after all, are n't they the greatest?

For, "They also serve who only stand and wait."

THE MINSTREL

BY KATHERINE LOSS, AGE 14

*Silver Badge*

Oh he, the merry minstrel,  
From those gallant days of yore,  
Of an art which will never be forgotten,  
Come and live the life once more.

His place is with the wanderers,  
His life is gay and free,  
Till we never hear the tunes that come  
O'erland o'er from thee.

Their had it more pleasing music  
Than a modern player has!  
I wish I had some minstrel,  
But all we hear is "Jazz."



4. "A BIRD OF THE SOUTH," BY GWYNDOLE MADDOCKS, AGE 11  
*Silver Badge*

THE MINSTREL

BY MORTIE L. CRAIG, AGE 14

*Honor Member*

Where the live oak rises to a towering height, draped  
gray with the humming moss,  
And the pools of water are deep and black, and vines  
swing themselves across,  
Where graceful palm-trees whisper in groups, and  
expressive touch the skies,  
There, in the heart of a ramble swamp, a minstrel  
sings doth he.

He, where growth leaps from the cooling ground, and  
rejoices in a fallen log,  
Waits, curled and uninterloped, moving on through the  
fungus and ferns and beez.



5. "LITTLE GIRLS," BY L. L. L., AGE 13

Down to the trembling edge of the pool grow flowers  
in golden banks,  
But the living creatures struggle for life, and naught  
gives another thanks.

Save only my minstrel, and he alone gives thanks  
thru' the whole day long,  
But only I, of all the world, can hear his wondrous song,  
The snake glides by like a shadow dark, and the wild  
folk love their strife,  
But my minstrel sings on, he only sees the beauty and  
joy in life.

Oh, stop in your growth, you plants and vines! Oh  
hush, you wild jungle things!  
Blush deep with envy all other songsters, and hear  
"that my minstrel sings!"  
He mocks you! He mocks you! Your sweet notes and  
poor, he mocks you very soon,  
Yet through all of it runs a marvelous strain—a strain  
that shall live on.  
He praises the sunshine that falls in flecks through the  
tangle of vines above,  
He sings of his nest in the thicket close by, of his mate  
and of life and love,  
Yet he reminds you all in one glorious song he punns  
the harsh and the sweet!  
I therefore note in the whole wide south that my minstrel  
doth not repeat!

The buzzard is a motionless speck in the sky, and the  
cardinal flashes like flame,  
And the meadow-lark soars, and the butcher-shrike  
darts, yet none has my minstrel's name!  
The blue-jay screams loud, and the brown thrasher  
sings, and the catbird's notes I have heard;  
But no minstrel sings like the one that I know, and he  
is the mocking bird!

A BRAVE DEED

BY HEAVY MAISON, AGE 14

*Silver Badge*

Is there any one on this vast earth who does not ex-  
perience a thrill of admiration, of love, and yet of pity,  
when the name Jeanne d'Arc is mentioned? Every  
nation and every creed must hold her as the greatest  
heroine of the world's history! The story in itself is a  
simple one, but so wonderful that it will be handed  
down through every generation and will continue to  
live in the hearts of every one to the end of time.

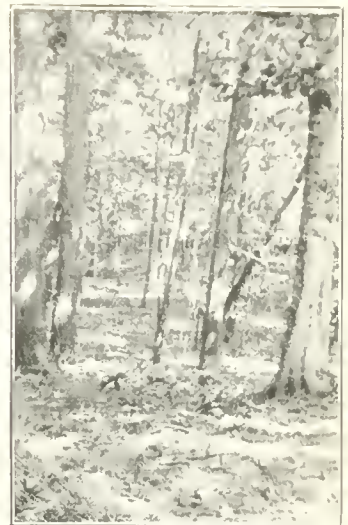
Has there ever been a greater deed performed, or  
will there ever be, than that of the simple little maid of  
Domremy, who went to the aid of her country?



6. "LITTLE GIRL," BY BETTY J. WELLS, AGE 13



BY 'SIE D BARBER (AGE 17)

BY SANFORD SCHURMACHER, AGE 17  
SILVER BADGEBY ELIZABETH BROWN, AGE 17  
SILVER BADGE

## "SUN AND SHADE"

The wonderful story of how she led the armies of France is known to all. And then the tragic ending, when she was unjustly condemned to death, and burned at the stake at Rouen, when only twenty years of age.

Oh, Jeanne d'Arc though the world will go on and on, your brave and glorious deed will never be forgotten!

## TWO MINSTRELS

BY ELIZABETH R. BEACH (AGE 17)

*(Silver Badge)*

SWEET comes the song of the lark in the meadow,

Winging its way o'er the dew-sprinkled lea;  
Silver notes—how they float over the tree-tops,

Winging their way from the heavens to me!  
Just as the morning comes over the mountain,

Just as the stars put their lanterns away,  
On the breeze, o'er the trees, thrilling with gladness,  
Echoes his song as he greets the new day.

And in his prison the golden canary,

Barred in his wicker cage, swinging away,  
Hears the song borne along over the meadow.

Longs to be out where the world all is gay,  
Just as the earliest beams of the sunlight

Pour through the window in glittering throng,  
Lifts a throat, chirps a note, as the sweet minstrel  
Answers the challenge and bursts into song!

## A BRAVE DEED

*(True Story)*

BY JULIA FRANCES VAN DER VEER (AGE 13)

*(Silver Badge)*

THE family always spent the summer at a little cottage in the woods, up the Allegheny River, about four or five miles from their home. They were accustomed to walk to it in the spring and back home again in the autumn.

One summer when they were there it rained quite hard and often. It raised the river higher than they thought, and when they started home they found they could not take the path they usually took, for the water rushed angrily over it. Nothing was left to do but to take an upper path. It ran along the edge of a high, rough precipice, at the bottom of which rushed

the muddy river. The path was full of ruts and breaks, too. This made it very hard to travel, especially as they had their little seven-year-old girl with them.

Then they came to a very bad place; and before they could stop her, the little girl lost her footing and rolled over the precipice. The mother stood and gasped, stiff with fright. The father was almost as helpless, but the twelve-year-old brother leaped over the precipice and seized his sister by her frock, just as she was within a foot of the river! Then, with the other hand, he clung to a clump of strong bushes growing from the side.

Yes, she was saved, and her brother risked his life to save her.

SUN AND SHADE BY CLARA J. GELLSWOOD, AGE 14  
SILVER BADGE

## A BRAVE DEED

BY DOROTHY DELL (AGE 16)

THE class was having its final test in mathematics, and the results would decide largely those who were to pass. The last problem was exceptionally hard, and when most of the class were working on it the teacher was called from the room, leaving the pupils on their honor. It was not long before they all began to talk and copy from the paper of the boy who sat next to Jeanne, for he was very bright and the only one who had got an answer for the problem. It was a great temptation for



"SOMETHING WRONG."  
BY ELIZABETH ROBBINS, AGE 17  
(SILVER BADGE)



APRIL  
1921

BY ALISON FARMER,  
AGE 11  
(SILVER BADGE)



BY DOROTHY C. MILLER, AGE 16  
(GOLD BADGE, SILVER BADGE,  
WON MARCH, 1921)

"HEADINGS FOR APRIL"

her, as she could see his paper very plainly. But she kept her eyes on her own work and repeated over and over in her mind: "A Girl Scout's honor is to be trusted." I must be a true Girl Scout." It was a difficult pledge to keep when she saw all the others getting the answer to the problem so easily, and she the only one not having it. But Jeanne worked ever so hard and succeeded in getting a result, which she learned after class was far different from the others.

Next day the papers were returned to the pupils and the teacher was very stern, for all the answers except Jeanne's were wrong, and all the wrong answers were the same. Then the teacher told Jeanne to rise and said: "Class, here is a real Girl Scout. Would that you were all Scouts, for there are not many people who can do as brave a deed as this. For this is what I call a truly brave deed!"

A BRAVE DEED

BY MARGARET SIMON (AGE 17)

"Oh, Bob! I don't want to. I'd rather walk down."  
"All right, baby," Bob scathingly replied.

Ruth lost all pleasure in the afternoon, because Bob laughed at her, but she *could n't* go down that toboggan! The slide had been built that summer, and after the

first trip on it Ruth had refused to go again. She never could forget that sickening feeling as the toboggan sank. She was a good swimmer, but she had felt helpless and suffocated. So now she went back to the cottage, because she did n't want to go into the water when Bob was there to treat her so unkindly.

However, the cottage became so hot that Ruth decided to take a swim after the others had left the water.

As she was passing the top of the slide she noticed that some one had carelessly left a toboggan in place. Since it did n't seem likely to slip, she went on.

Ruth was about three steps down the long flight of stairs leading to the water when she heard a scream. She leaned over the rail and saw Eleanor Mae, her chum, frantically splashing in the water and calling for help!

The thought of the toboggan flashed into Ruth's mind, and the next instant she was seated on it and was pushing the starting-lever. She forgot all her fear and was only calculating how close Eleanor Mae was to the foot of the slide. She automatically slid off into the water, as the toboggan reached it, and grasped Eleanor Mae just as she was sinking. She towed her to the foot of the steps, where, to her surprise, Bob leaned over and lifted Eleanor out, saying, "You're all right, Ruth!"

The afternoon had suddenly regained its sunshine! Bob no longer looked down upon her.



BY ELLIOTT CORWELL, AGE 14 (SILVER BADGE)



BY BERNARD LE FROIS, AGE 12 (GOLD BADGE,  
SILVER BADGE, WON DECEMBER, 1920)

## THE MINSTREL

BY JOHN IRVING DANIEL (AGE 17)

*(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won March, 1921)*

UPON this earth, this gloomy earth, in days of long ago  
There lived a merry minstrel bard who wandered to and  
fro.

Upon the road he daily strode and greeted all who passed  
Yet ne'er he feared, when night appeared, no shelter  
from the blast.

Court ladies fair with bleached-blond hair were awe-  
struck by his song.

The thrilling words, like soaring birds, just seemed to  
flit along.

The knight in mail who heard his tale was soothed to  
close his eyes—

No sweeter sound could e'er be found in earth or  
Paradise.

He 'd stroke his lyre and from each wire the golden  
notes would flow

So soft and sweet, a worthy treat, in days of long ago,  
That he was blest, a welcome guest, in palaces of kings,  
For they would pay to hear him play with his vibrating  
strings.

No tales of knights or dragon fights or pillage, blood,  
and fire

Were sung by him 'neath torchlight dim to royalty  
inspire.

He sang no song of human wrong, brave deed or battle  
lust;

For aught he cared, the sword thus bared might better  
lie and rust.

Though in that age the maid and sage were killed with-  
out remorse,

And others sang of clash and clang, his ballads were  
not coarse.

He brought no trace of hunt or chase to slay the stag  
or boar;

He mentioned not Achilles, slain in bygone days of yore.

One legend bright he would recite; while men his subject  
praised,

The golden strain he played again—his listeners were  
dazed.

The old, old song, so sweet and long—not of the gods  
above,

But just the theme which we still dream, yes, love—  
and only love!



BY CARLOS PEYRÉ, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE)



"SUN AND SHADE." BY RAFAEL A. PEYRÉ, AGE 14

## THE MINSTREL

BY NAHALIE C. HALL (AGE 13)

*(Honor Member)*

THE English village sleeping lay,

For curfew had rung;

And in the abbey near, the monks

Had vespers sung.

But from the woods there came a strain,

Sweeter by far

Than any chanting or refrain;

And every bar

Was of a dulcet softness, till

The abbot rose,

Went to the casement, listening still

For the song's close.

But yet the clear notes lingered on;

Some sleepers stirred,

And quietly they harkened long

To the lone bird.

For such the singer was, who kept

Her beauteous voice

To solace those who lightly slept,

And sing "Rejoice!"

But when morn came, of song bereft,

The voice so frail

Warbled and died away, and left—

The Nightingale!



BY MARY M. WEM-TRONG, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE)

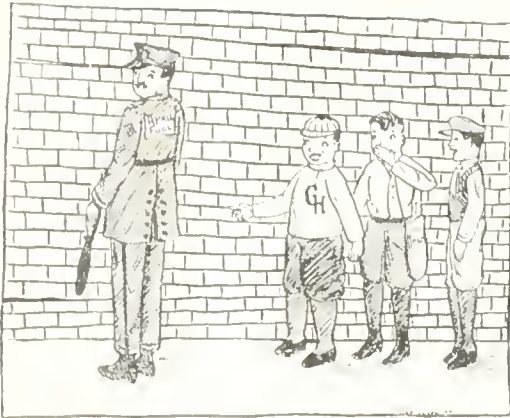


ILLUSTRATION BY BOB BOSTON, MEMBER OF AGE 10

THE MINSITRI

BY DOROTHY BOND (AGE 11)

Oh for the sage and the sunshine!  
 Oh for the wind-swept plain!  
 For the purple mantled mountains  
 The cañons, the clouds, and the foam  
 The city is gay and lively  
 And exciting, too, in a way,  
 And operas, plays, and dances and shows  
 O'er every one hold sway.

Big do, for the clits and the canons—  
 Oh, for the birds and the bees!  
 I for the meads and sandy arroyos,  
 The snow-capped rivers and trees  
 For the city is hull and noisy,  
 The air is crowded and dense,  
 The stars seldom shine, and the wind never blows,  
 And I would I could go—whence?  
 Out where the sun shines so much longer  
 Where the stars are big and the wind never  
 stronger;  
 Where my heart beat in tune with my horse's  
 Where sky and earth and sunshine meet  
 Out where the West begins!

A BRAVE DEED

A True Story

BY HELEN BUCKLEY BRAND (AGE 12)

In a little village in Belgium lived Father Damien and another son of a poor peasant, Father Damien. They were planning to go to the island of Molokai one of the Hawaiian group, where there were hundreds of lepers taken from other islands and exiled to this

place. But this brother fell sick and just before he died he called Father Damien to him and asked him to carry out his plans and go to Molokai to help the lepers. So Father Damien gave up all his home comforts, and knowing that he was giving up his life, he went to Molokai, never to return to his own land.

There he worked among the lepers, living with them, teaching them, praying for them when they were dying and burying them when they were dead. One day as he was attending one of them he accidentally spilled some boiling water over his legs. He was surprised to find that it did not hurt. He went to a doctor and was told he had leprosy. But even then he was not discouraged, and went on working with more zeal than before, for he knew he could not battle against the disease much longer.

In a short time he died, sacrificing his life for a noble cause, and performing a brave and golden deed.



PHOTOGRAPH BY MERIAM (AGE 14)

SPECIAL MENTION

A list of those who took part in the special mention contest.

- |                        |                        |                        |
|------------------------|------------------------|------------------------|
| <b>PROSE</b>           | <i>Elizabeth Stone</i> | <i>Elizabeth Stone</i> |
| <i>Helen Eberly</i>    | <i>Katherine H. "</i>  | <i>Carol Kautman</i>   |
| <i>Edwin Turner</i>    | <i>Jackie Du P.</i>    | <i>Maryna Helms</i>    |
| <i>Maria J. Fowler</i> | <i>Wang</i>            | <i>Eden D. Goetz</i>   |
| <i>Frances Giddie</i>  | <i>Elizabeth R. "</i>  | <i>Marianne George</i> |
| <i>Kathleen de S.</i>  | <i>Robert J. "</i>     |                        |
| <i>Maria T. J. "</i>   | <i>Elizabeth P. "</i>  |                        |
| <i>Suzanne R. P.</i>   | <i>Ernest Ho</i>       |                        |
| <i>Mignon Vogel</i>    | <i>John Mori</i>       |                        |
| <i>Dorothy King</i>    | <i>Elizabeth V. "</i>  |                        |
| <i>Elizabeth H. P.</i> | <i>Dorothy M. "</i>    |                        |
| <i>Maria H. S. "</i>   | <i>Anna Lee</i>        |                        |
| <i>Wendy Whinnery</i>  | <i>Robert Shapiro</i>  |                        |
| <i>Elizabeth D. W.</i> | <i>Henry B. "</i>      |                        |
| <i>Maria Gwyn</i>      | <i>Stephania B.</i>    |                        |
| <i>Virginia Reize</i>  | <i>Constance J.</i>    |                        |
| <i>Virginia Wray</i>   | <i>Carrie</i>          |                        |
| <i>Archie Spies</i>    |                        |                        |
| <i>John J. Miao</i>    |                        |                        |
| <i>Elizabeth Green</i> |                        |                        |
| <i>Elizabeth G.</i>    |                        |                        |
| <i>Elizabeth M.</i>    |                        |                        |
| <i>Elizabeth P.</i>    |                        |                        |
| <i>Elizabeth L. M.</i> |                        |                        |
| <i>Elizabeth T.</i>    |                        |                        |
| <i>Margaret P.</i>     |                        |                        |
| <i>Elizabeth I.</i>    |                        |                        |
| <i>Helen Lee</i>       |                        |                        |
| <i>Elizabeth C.</i>    |                        |                        |

DRAWINGS

- Anna Meyer*
- Lucille Dyer*
- James Ryback*
- Meredith Scott*
- Miriam Sabin*
- Janet Ryan*
- Paula I.*

PHOTOGRAPHS

- Stanley J. Scott*
- Ernest I. Lee*
- Helen F. Carr*
- James C.*
- Perkin, Jr.*
- Harold Campbell*
- Patricia Robinson*
- Elizabeth R.*
- Margaret P.*

A FRESH

- Rita M. Vero*
- Maria B.*
- Margaret H. H.*
- Ruth Arnold*
- Laura I. Carter*
- Richard A.*
- Katherine D. P.*
- Marianne G.*
- Elizabeth P.*

ROLL OF HONOR

A list of those who took part in the Roll of Honor contest.

- |                             |                         |                          |
|-----------------------------|-------------------------|--------------------------|
| <b>PROSE</b>                | <i>Mildred Peter</i>    | <i>Anne Lee River</i>    |
| <i>Deborah Dow</i>          | <i>Annett E. Kirk</i>   | <i>Margaret Hearn</i>    |
| <i>Anna H. Fairley</i>      | <i>Emogene Giller</i>   | <i>Patricia Sherman</i>  |
| <i>Elizabeth F. John</i>    | <i>Harriet Cranston</i> | <i>Dorothy Nettleton</i> |
| <i>Elizabeth F. Johnson</i> | <i>Maryon D. Adams</i>  | <i>Emily Stiles</i>      |
| <i>Elizabeth J.</i>         | <i>Elizabeth W. "</i>   | <i>Mildred Lusk</i>      |
| <i>Elizabeth W.</i>         | <i>Elizabeth O.</i>     | <i>Mary H.</i>           |
| <i>Elizabeth C.</i>         | <i>Maria L.</i>         | <i>Anne G. P.</i>        |



ILLUSTRATION BY BOB BOSTON, MEMBER OF AGE 10

Elizabeth Kerr  
Leora Calkins  
Katherine Tobr  
Helen B. Pendleton  
Samuel Steinman  
Jeannette Whitty  
Catherine Herbert  
Myra E. Baxter  
Marie Peyré  
Pearl Handleman  
Blanche Lehman  
Jean Gephart  
Florence C. Korkus  
Dorothy Barrett  
Sarah Schwartz  
Constance M.  
O'Hara  
Mary N. Childress  
Norma P. Ruedt  
Theodosia Smith  
Mary O. Benton  
Dorothy D. Ryder  
Mary F. Berry

Elizabeth Brooks  
Frances W.  
Coppage  
Emma Rounds  
Lillian Diebold  
Lillian Goodman  
Kathryn Lissberger  
Virginia Seton  
Janet Barton  
Helen Reigart  
Charlotte L. Groom  
Max Goodley  
Margaret  
Redington  
Elizabeth Brooks  
Beulah Simons  
Isabel Coltman  
Margaret P. Drake  
Carol P. Schmid  
Edith Hargrave  
Jean L. Jaquith  
Marie Louise  
Burton

Carolyn E. Dormon  
Estelle Farley  
Mary A. Skelding  
Rosalea Spaulding  
Gladys Rasmussen  
Clarence W. Gray  
Barbara Taylor  
Virginia Kinsell  
Anna Diller  
John E. Cowles  
Florence C.  
Roever  
E. K. Graves  
Lucia G. Martin  
Mary E. Crosley  
Elizabeth Boies  
Grace H. Pfafflin  
Norman M. Kastler  
Edgar S. Downing  
Ethel Hunter  
Edward Lader  
Harry B. Mackey,  
Jr.

## WHAT THE LEAGUE IS

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE is an organization of the readers of the ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE. THE LEAGUE motto is "I live to learn and learn to live."

THE LEAGUE emblem is the "Stars and Stripes."

THE LEAGUE membership button bears the LEAGUE name and emblem.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE organized in November, 1899, became immediately popular with earnest and enlightened young folks, and is now widely recognized as one of the great artistic educational factors in the life of American boys and girls.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE awards gold and silver badges each month for the best original poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers.



"SOMETHING WRONG."  
BY WILLIAM PUTNAM, AGE 14. SILVER BADGE!

## PRIZE COMPETITION No. 257

Competition No. 257 will close May 3. All contributions intended for it must be mailed on or before that date. Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for August. Badges sent one month later.

**Verse.** To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "In the Woods," or, "By the Sea."

**Prose.** Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject "An Outing Adventure."

**Photograph.** Any size, mounted or unmounted, no blue prints or negatives. Young photographers need not develop and print their pictures themselves. Subject, "Neighbors."

**Drawing.** India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "Going Up," or "A Heading for August."

**Puzzle.** Must be accompanied by answer in full. **Puzzle Answers.** Best and neatest complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be addressed to THE RIDDLE-BOX.

No unused contribution can be returned unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelope of proper size to hold the manuscript or picture.

## RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and upon application a League badge and leaflet will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, must bear the name, age, and address of the sender and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt—and must state in writing that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender.

If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write in ink on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include "competitions" in the advertising pages or "Answers to Puzzles."

Address: The St. Nicholas League,  
The Century Co.  
353 Fourth Avenue, New York

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Dorothy  
Dayton  
Neil Shawhan

## PHOTOGRAPHS

Alice McNeal  
Amy Evans  
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## PUZZLES

Ruth E. Thulin  
Betty Hutchinson  
Dorothy Neuhof  
Eleanor Waste  
Sarah F. Daland  
H. Lockhart  
Cortright  
Dorothy W. Doty  
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Helen Symonds  
Catharine  
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"SOMETHING WRONG."  
BY MARCELYN LICHTY,  
AGE 14. SILVER BADGE!

Robert Mitchell  
Felice Miller  
John Roche  
Mary Herley  
Fleanor Day  
Alice Crone  
Margery Kenelm  
Burton Lord

## THE LETTER-BOX

SANTO DOMINGO CITY, D. R.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I get you every month and you don't know how I look forward to the mail in which you come, I am so interested in your stories.

Just think! I live in the very city where Columbus is buried, and not far from our house is a beautiful old ruin which was the house of Diego Columbus when he was governor of this island.

There is an old fort here which is just like those in fairy stories. It has a big wall around it, a moat, and a place where there was once a drawbridge. It is called Fort San Jerónimo, and was founded by Sir Francis Drake. I am enclosing a picture of it, in which you can



see the fort, the moat, a little bit of the Caribbean Sea, and the coconut-trees which grow along the shore.

When you enter the harbor, the first thing which attracts your attention is another stately old fort, and it gives you a feeling of awe to realize that Sir Francis Drake, Cortez, and many others once sailed past it.

Your devoted reader,

MARGARET SCHWABL (AGE 13).

COLUMBUS, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never been so fortunate to have the pleasure of taking you. Many of my friends *love* me their copies, but they just won't give them to me.

My parents think it is an excellent magazine for children, but my father is a chaplain in the regular army and we are moved so much that it would be hard to keep track of us. I am fourteen years old and will go to high school in February. I was born in Chicago, and I have lived in Oklahoma, Indiana, Ohio, West Virginia, Washington, D. C., and the Philippine Islands. I have visited in Japan, Honolulu, California, and Guam, and I shall probably visit France soon.

A LOVE OF ST. NICHOLAS.

ELIZABETH SUDHURAND.

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I cannot remember when I first began to take an interest in you, long ago. I find every issue of it. Nothing is more interesting than the present issue. I took Annetta, Hans, Laman, and Emily

Benson and Alden Arthur Knipe are the most talented writers of their type of stories. The ones you are printing now are exceptionally good.

When school commenced in the fall, our school, the Washington Irving High School, chartered the steamer *Washington Irving*, and the greater part of our five thousand girls enjoyed a wonderful, never-to-be-forgotten trip up the beautiful and historic Hudson River. We passed West Point, Sunnyside, and numerous other points of interest. We went as far as Newburgh.

Our school believes in self government, and so, as far as possible, the affairs of the school are managed by the students. We have a regular staff of school officers—president, recorder, and secretaries of traffic, social service, etc. These girls are elected each term by the teachers and pupils, and are literally the head of the school. We also elect an editor for our school paper, the "Washington Irving Sketch-Book."

What fun and excitement prevail through the school at election time! We have regular ballots with which to vote, and great secrecy shrouds this affair. Previous to the voting, the candidates conduct campaigns and make speeches, while their friends make posters praising their virtues.

Wishing you everlasting success and prosperity,

Your devoted reader,

GERTRUDE GREEN (AGE 14).

LINCOLN, VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I feel so happy after solving all your puzzles in one evening that I just have to tell you how smart I am—especially as I am only 6 1/2 years old.

Yours long since,

EDWARD B. RAWSON.

For all who "believe in fairies" and what right-minded person, young or old, does not? Here is a vivid picture of them by a little nine-year-old poetess whose delf and dainty line give promise of a time, not far distant, when their young author will be welcomed to a high place among the verse-writers of the ST. NICHOLAS LETTER-BOX.

Fairies in a ring,  
Dance and sing;  
Stop and clasp,  
Each other grasp,  
Whirling, now fast, now slow,  
While the wind will gently blow,  
Little fingers go tap, tap, tap,  
Little hands go clap, clap, clap,  
Little voices for to cheer  
As little people do appear,  
Little feet to dance and trip,  
Little lips to form the word,  
Little men to mind the heed,  
Little eyes to see the fun,  
Hear the noise of their drum!

SARAH FRANKS (AGE 9).





### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER

**GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.** Initials, Rhode Island, From 1 to 7, New York, 8 to 12, Idaho; 13 to 17, Texas; 18 to 24, Florida; 25 to 30, Denver. Cross-words: 1, River, 2, Harry, 3, Otter, 4, Dixie, 5, Ended, 6, India, 7, Stoke, 8, Lower, 9, Awful, 10, Nasal, 11, Dough.

**CENTRAL ACROSTIC.** From 1 to 2, President. Cross-words: 1, P, 2, Crv, 3, Check, 4, Lists, 5, Chide, 6, Caddy, 7, Trend, 8, Annie, 9, After.

**ENDLESS CHAIN.** 1, Defer, 2, Erato, 3, Toast, 4, Stile, 5, Legal, 6, Alone, 7, Negro, 8, Robin, 9, Iter, 10, Frode.

**HEXAGON.** From 1 to 7, eager; 2 to 3, Ralph, 3 to 4, house; 4 to 5, error; 5 to 6, risks, 6 to 11, since, 1 to 13, eagle, 2 to 13, hope; 3 to 13, horse; 4 to 13, entire; 5 to 13, ridge; 6 to 13, sun, 7 to 8, gap, 8 to 9, jar, 9 to 10, rat, 10 to 11, Ted; 11 to 12, din; 12 to 7, nag.

**ILLUSTRATED ACROSTIC.** Central letters, Inauguration Day. 1, Feb, 2, Mt, 3, Feb, 4, Aug, 5, Egg, 6, Sum, 7, Arm, 8, Cat, 9, Sty, 10, Pie, 11, Hoe, 12, One, 13, Adz, 14, Bat, 15, Dye.

**FAMOUS STORY-TELLER'S PUZZLE.** Initials, Jacob and

Wilhelm Grimm. From 1 to 14, The Golden Goose; 15 to 20 Rumpelstiltsken; 30 to 41, The Blue Light; 42 to 48, Catskin; 49 to 57, Old Sultan; 58 to 63, Peewit; 64 to 71, The Raven. Cross-words: 1, Javelin, 2, Antique, 3, Cockpit, 4, Operate, 5, Breadth, 6, Against, 7, Nickels, 8, Delight, 9, Winning, 10, Integer, 11, Lightly, 12, Hateful, 13, Enclose, 14, Limited, 15, Magnify, 16, Growths, 17, Request, 18, Idiomatic, 19, Mortify, 20, Movable.

**PHOTOGRAPHIC CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.** Camera.

**NUMERICAL ENIGMA.** "My strength is as the strength of ten, Because my heart is pure."—SIR GALAHAD.

**NOVEL ACROSTIC.** Primals, Mr. Micawber; third row, Little Nell. Cross-words: 1, Mulct, 2, Raise, 3, Miter, 4, Inter, 5, Colon, 6, Adept, 7, Winch, 8, Beech, 9, Eclat, 10, Relic.

**DIAMONDS CONNECTED BY A SQUARE.** I, 1, C, 2, Bat, 3, Cabal, 4, Tan, 5, L, H, 1, L, 2, Cad, 3, Labor, 4, Don, 5, R, III, 1, Later, 2, Abate, 3, Talus, 4, Etude, 5, Reset, IV, 1, R, 2, Bid, 3, Rivet, 4, Dew, 5, T, V, 1, T, 2, Eat, 3, Tacit, 4, Tin, 5, T.

**TO OUR PUZZLERS:** Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine must be mailed not later than May 3, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS RIDDLE-BOX, care of THE CENTURY CO., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

**SOLVERS** wishing to compete for prizes must give answers in full, following the plan of those printed above. **ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER** were duly received from Stokes Dickens—Harriet J. Harris—Mason T. Record—Ruth M. Moses—John F. Davis—Kemper Hall—Edward B. Rawson.

**ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER** were received from Ruth Mary Collins, 11—Ruth Tangier Smith, 11—Marian A. Everest, 11—Helen H. Myler, 11—Herbert Blumenthal, 11—Thelma L. Wade, 11—Elizabeth Noyes, 11—Arthur Knox, Jr., 11—Mary R. Lambert, 11—Curtiss Hitchcock, 11—Annabel Opler, 11—Henry and Spencer Dormitzer, 11—"Ruth and Teetle," 11—"The Spencers, 11—Will O. Tree," 11—Marjorie Baker, for the 8th Grade, 11—"Ninety-one," 11—"St. Anna's Girls," 11—Bell Carey, 11—Miriam J. Stewart, 10—De Losse Smith, Jr., 10—Bernard Le Frois, 9—Winifred Nash, 10—Patty Hamilton, 9—Harriet Rosewater, 9—F. and F. Bleakley, 8—Elizabeth Jacobus, 8—Jessica Heber, 8—Mary I. Fry, 7—Dorothy Mair, 7—Phoebe R. Harding, 6—M. and M. E. Swift, 6—D. Pennock, 6—R. and E. Thulin, 6—Mary Scattergood, 6—Eleanor Gibson, 5—Dorothy Donaldson, 5—Matthew Hale, Jr., 5—Helen Steele, 3—Jane Kluckhohn, 3—J. T. Lees, 3—M. M. Kern, 2—B. Hallett, 2—S. L. Mandel, 2—F. F. Duncan, 2—A. Dunlap, 2—F. H. Babcock, 2—Alberta Zeff, 2—E. Earhart, 2—One answer, F. Y.,—N. H.,—D. Road,—B. P.,—K. P.,—S. S.,—Goddard St.,—"Los Angeles"—K. K.,—R. E.,—H. R.,—E. B.,—D. M. T.,—L. C.,—M. D. M.,—E. R.,—F. B. K.,—L. F.,—P. F.,—D. S.,—B. A. B.,—W. W.,—J. N.,—R. S. F.,—F. S.,—H. E. G.

### CROSS-WORD ENIGMA

My first *i* is in moose, but not in rat;  
My second in moth, but not in gnat;  
My third *i* in bonnet, but not in hat;  
My fourth *i* in slender, but not in fat;  
My fifth *i* in but ket, but not in vat;  
My sixth is in talking but not in chat;  
My seventh in wallow, but not in bat;  
My eighth *i* in carpet, and also in mat.  
My whole is useful in April.

LILLIAN LOISE ROBINSON (age 12), *League Member*.

### NUMERICAL ENIGMA

I am composed of forty-eight letters, and form a quotation concerning true freedom.

My 9-48-14-37-4-41 is preceding in time. My 21-36-42-13-46 is having good qualities in a greater degree than another. My 45-34-17-30-40-18 is renowned. My 39-23-28-36-25-38 is an obsequious or servile dependent.

My 16-27-11-43-15-31 may be used as trimming for dresses or hats. My 26-7-10-22-20-19 is a masculine name. My 1-2-47-33-24-8 is from what place. My 41-32-12-20-35-5 is to address, as with expressions of kind wishes or courtesy.

S. T. KING.

### ADDITIONS

**EXAMPLE:** Add a letter to a bird and make a hood. **ANSWER:** C-howl.

1. Add a letter to a cold substance, and make certain quadrupeds.

2. Add a letter to a jolly friend, and make a jewel.

3. Add a letter to consume, and make tidy.

4. Add a letter to bad, and make a little stream.

5. Add a letter to a useful instrument, and make free of access.

6. Add a letter to a cave, and make a famous garden. The letters to be added spell the surname of a President who was born in the month of April.

FRANCIS C. KIRKPATRICK (age 13), *League Member*.

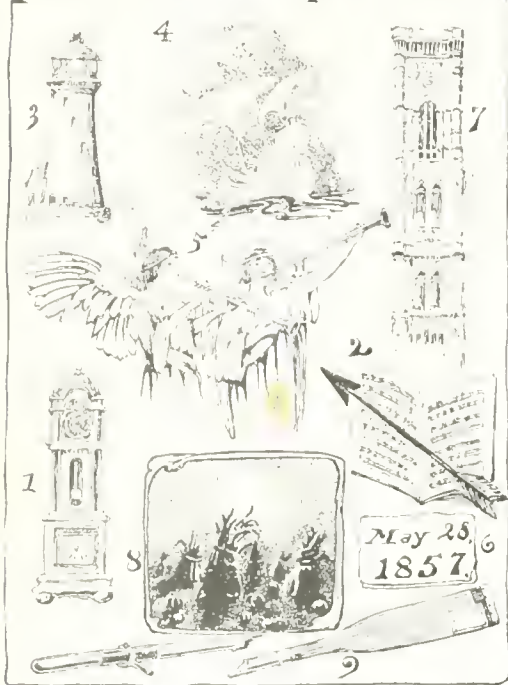
**PRIMAL ACROSTIC**

1. The words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed, and written one below another, the initial letters will spell the name of a beautiful festival.

- CROSS-WORDS: 1. Objects often seen at this festival. 2. Crafts. 3. A cleansing substance. 4. Duration. 5. To reverberate. 6. A tear.

W. H. SANDI, JR., *League Member*

**Pictured Poems**



In the above illustration the names of nine poems are pictured. All the poems are by the same writer. What are the poems and who is their author?

**CHARADE**

My *first* is a crime  
That bad people commit,  
My *second* is a place  
Where many people stop;  
My *third* is a garment  
That is popular in cold weather.  
My *whole* was a man  
Who became a popular hero.

AME CASANO, *age 101, League Member*

**SOME CURIOUS PENS**

- 1. What pen is money paid to a soldier - with w?
- 2. What pen is a prison?
- 3. What pen is a flag?
- 4. What pen is a punishment?
- 5. What pen is a State?
- 6. What pen is a country?
- 7. What pen is a church to try a?
- 8. What pen is an aquatic bird?
- 9. What pen is part of a clock?
- 10. What pen is poverty and destitution?
- 11. What pen is a common but a chief little

- 12. What pen is thoughtful?
- 13. What pen comprises certain books of the Bible?
- 14. What pen is an aromatic herb?
- 15. What pen pushes its way in?

MARY A. HURD, *age 10, League Member*

**RHYMED WORD-SQUARE**

My *first* is an animal that lives in the ground;  
My *second* 's as pretty a stone as is found,  
My *third* is a gentle beast, every one knows;  
My *fourth*, a broad stream, through Bohemia flows.

ELIZABETH HASTINGS, *age 14, League Member*

**A LITERARY ACROSTIC**

(S. S. Badg.) ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE Competition  
\* 17 43 8 39  
\* 48 57 46 27  
\* 28 53 18 2  
\* 36 41 7 38  
\* 14 27 11 45  
\* 13 33 50 6  
\* 21 54 20 40  
\* 47 9 19 5  
\* 12 23 37 1  
\* 42 20 14 32  
\* 3 50 24 16  
\* 10 27 52 30  
\* 35 51 15 22  
\* 31 19 4 34

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Lawful. 2. A large body of water. 3. A substance strewn on the ground to protect the roots of plants. 4. Poem of a certain kind. 5. Egg-shaped. 6. Later in time. 7. Boisterous. 8. The surname of the first Englishman to circumnavigate the earth. 9. A hinge. 10. A masculine relative. 11. A fruit. 12. A little arm of the sea. 13. A lighted coal smouldering amid ashes. 14. The subject of a discourse.

When these words have been rightly guessed, the initial letters (indicated by stars) will spell the name of a famous play. The letters indicated by the figures from 1 to 19, from 20 to 29, from 30 to 39, from 40 to 47, and from 48 to 56 will name five other famous plays.

FRID FLICH, *age 13*

**KING'S MOVE PUZZLE**

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
W	A	G	H	O	S	B	P	H
10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
C	O	N	R	C	E	R	K	E
19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
R	A	Y	F	E	N	A	E	A
28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36
C	R	E	A	I	T	A	S	K
37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45
W	P	S	L	G	N	O	P	C
46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54
A	O	O	H	E	L	D	O	E
55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63
R	R	I	W	A	T	W	N	O
64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72
B	O	N	R	K	L	U	I	E
73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81
R	I	O	V	U	R	E	P	G

Begin at a certain square and move to an adjoining square (as in the king's move in chess) until each square has been entered once. When the moves have been correctly made, the names of thirteen well known birds may be spelled out. The path from one letter to another is continuous.

ETHEL EARLE, *age 12, League Member*

